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The Magazine Women Believe In ★ January, 1946 ★ 15 Cents



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The Heart Divided A COMPLETE NOVEL By Nelia Gardner White

SALE



**BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN** says, "Graduating from Smith College in '39, I came to the JOURNAL and, like Janie in *Meet Three Career Girls*, got a job as a secretary. Became a staff writer, had a wonderful time buzzing around the country on How America Lives stories, but right now I'm wildly interested in babies: at home awaiting the birth of my first. Married to a lawyer and live in Villanova, Pennsylvania, in a reconverted barn. The homemaking instinct in me is solid although sporadic, and if I'm not melting the feet off a silver platter (by putting it into the oven to warm), I'm forgetting to salt the potatoes or chill the lettuce. Cats and reactionaries make me nervous, and so do horses—only more so."

JOURNAL

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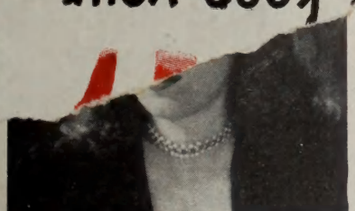
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ancing
keep your



**BEE HARGROVE,** author of *High as My Heart*, writes, "I'm a born-bred-and-love-it New Yorker; youngest member of a large and zany family, and my childhood was idyllic except for broken bones and failures in arithmetic. I like writing, but it requires the persistence of a highstrung beaver and I belong to the grasshopper class. Right now I am earning my bread at Young and Rubicam, Advertising; and, to forestall the weary question, so far as I know I am not related to 'Private Hargrove.'"

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It's W. L. White's "They Were Expendable"—carved out of some of the most dramatic events of all time.




This is M-G-M's heart-stinging story of some of the most heroic headlines of recent years.

★ ★ ★ ★

And it's the story of "Brick", who loved a boat. And of "Rusty", who loved a girl.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Montgomery (back on the screen after his war-years with Uncle Sam's Navy) is magnificent as "Brick", who'd rather command a PT-boat than a battleship. The part's a natural for the star who was skipper on a PT-boat when they were shooting for keeps.

★ ★ ★ ★

John Wayne is "Rusty", who scoffs at the "sea-going mousetraps" and wants to transfer to something that can deliver a man-sized punch. But that was before the fighting started!

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a tremendous thrill in watching those suicidal "sea-scooters" in action! The thrill of battle, of terrible peril. And a surge of pride that will quicken the beat of your heart.



There's a thrill, too, of a gentler kind, in the wistful, wishful romance between the hard-bitten PT-boat Commander and the Army nurse. Lovely Donna Reed makes a perfect "Sandy", the tireless dungareed angel of mercy who tends their wounds and steals their hearts.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a gripping sense of realism in "They Were Expendable"—evidence of the directorial deftness of Captain John Ford, U.S.N.R., the expert screen play of Comdr. Frank Wead, U.S.N. (Ret.). Cliff Reid is associate producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack Holt, Ward Bond and a consummate cast back up the stars with stellar performances.

★ ★ ★

The screen can offer no greater thrill than this story of gallant men and women who never expected to return. "They Were Expendable."



★ ★

We salute them. —*Leo*




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even your biqgest wash comes

**WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING**

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*Tests Prove Oxydol Washes Clothes CLEANER and WHITER!*

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Prove this yourself! Next washday use Oxydol. Remember—

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★ Be Patriotic! Avoid Soap Waste! ★




STUART

*"Hello, there!" Dorothy Black arriving at LaGuardia Field from England.*

# NEW YORK—IT'S WONDERFUL!

## *By Dorothy Black*

New York, U. S. A.

*My dear Bruce and Beatrice:* I know just what a mouse must feel like which has been cooped in a trap for six years on a low diet. I love my dear country. I shall shortly return to do all I can for her. But never have I been gladder to see the white cliffs of Dover disappear in that gale that is always blowing when I set out to sea. Of the incredible discomfort of contemporary travel, we will say nothing. It was worth it. When the plane touched down at LaGuardia and gave me back my own tummy, life began anew.

For the first few days I felt as if I had been hit on the head with a fancy hammer that produced stars too vivid, colorful and numerous to be described. There is so much of everything. The shops are Ali Baba's caves of luxury. The piles of oranges and lemons and bananas stun one who for five years hasn't seen one. I intend buying a lemon just to carry around. The clothes are wonderful. In England my coupon ration allows me one pair of stockings per month between now and April. Nothing else. Should one go in for that stout wool underwear so needed in our unheated houses she can't have any stockings. It is quite a problem to decide just where to be cold. The multitude of dishes, and the richness of them, here makes life a long battle not to overeat. Ours is a fatless diet just now, in which the potato and the pig's foot play a large part.

But I think what gets me most of all is the nonsense. We are really quite adequately fed, even though we may groan a bit when it is tripe and onions again. And we are more or less covered in all areas that really matter, even though our stockings often look like discards from a baby elephant's front legs. But of nonsense there is none. Not a handsome toy, no *bijoux fixé*, no lovely towels with pink roses, none of those wonderful pearls which, were they all they appear, would mean a girl need never work any more. And the shopwindow I found it hardest to pass by was the one in which a Teddy bear, colored rose pink, with endearing blue soles to his feet, lay cozily on a small blue bed with a dimity cover!

Meeting a darling boy I have known since he was six, now at twenty-two a war veteran badly smashed up and on a pension, was the other side of the picture. But at least they don't have the problem of how on earth to feed him and build him up again. That's one of the hard things to bear in Europe today. The boys who come home need more than most families can give them.

Yes, America certainly seems to have everything. Except hats and hope. Oh, the hats! Even in England in wartime we never rivaled the ghastly confections poised in shopwindows, the feathery masses nestling in bandboxes like fowls gone broody there. The fearful and awful felt erections, like Kubla Khan's stately pleasure dome with caves of ice, one sees borne along on the heads of some of the best-looking girls in the world. Something looks as if it had gone wrong in the hat department. Too many milliners seem to be arranging what look to me like little tea trays spread with a textile meal.

And I am struck by the strange despondency, the lack of trust in the future, and the gloomy outlook of people who, it seems to me, are having a whale of a time. Too many folks over here seem to think more war is imminent, the world's engine knocking, if not seizing up, and the atom bomb like an unattractive bogey lurking in some unspecified place just around the corner. About to End It All! And soft music plays, and the crème de menthe is frappé.

In a similar party in London, after a dinner that has been one of those gastronomic feats a girl prefers to forget, we would all sit sipping our Aberdeen cocktail (glass of water with a cherry in it) looking out maybe onto a bomb site. (That is one of the things that still seem so odd over here. Nothing has been blown down, or shattered, or wiped out.) But everyone would be full of plans and high hopes. Admittedly the immediate future doesn't look all that rosy, but we don't just think maybe we'll get by. We know we will. Over the horizon there is coming a glorious tomorrow in which the atom bomb figures merely as a rather handy invention which is shortly going to provide everyone with a washing-up machine.

There is a wonderful moral here, I am sure, but I don't know what it is. So I will end, with best love from one Englishwoman who is having a wonderful time.



# Cakes and Pies and Real Home Fries . . . that's what a G.I. dreams of!

**Lady—make his dreams come true!**

# CRISCO improves all 3

## CRISCO CHOCO-LIGHT CAKE

*Now—Better Cakes on Every Count! For lightness — richness — moistness — texture, the new Crisco cakes top the cakes you used to make.*

Measure into mixing bowl:

**1½ cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)**
**1¼ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco**
**1 tsp. salt • 1 tsp. soda**
**2 squares melted bitter chocolate • ½ cup milk**

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (all by itself):

**¾ tsp. baking powder.**

Add: **½ cup milk • 1 tsp. vanilla**
**2 eggs, unbeaten**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) which have been rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. (*Crisco has a baking secret. It makes cakes lighter than the most expensive shortening. With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe!*) Frost with chocolate fudge icing. All Measurements Level.

## 1. CAKES THEY'RE LIGHTER! THEY'RE RICHER!






## CRISCO APPLE SCOTCH PIE

**6 to 8 apples**
**1½ cups brown sugar**
**1 cup water**
**2 tsps. vinegar**
**4 tbsps. flour**
**⅛ tsp. salt**
**1 tsp. butter**
**1 tsp. vanilla**

**Double-crust recipe Crisco Pastry**

Peel, core and slice apples. Heat half of sugar with water and vinegar. Add apples and simmer until tender. Remove apples from syrup. Mix remaining sugar with flour and salt. Add slowly to syrup and cook until thickened. Remove from stove; add butter and vanilla. Line 9" pie pan with Crisco pastry. (*Yes, ma'am! You can get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! Just follow the easy, sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label—be sure to use Crisco—and you'll say good-bye to pie failures. And Crisco pastry is digestible!*) Fill with apples and add hot mixture. Cover with strips of pastry arranged in lattice fashion. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 10 minutes, then lower to moderate (375°F.) and bake for 25 to 35 minutes. All Measurements Level.

## 2. PIE CRUST FLAKY, TENDER EVERY TIME!



## 3. FRIED FOODS CRISP, LIGHT DIGESTIBLE!

### CRISCO PAN-FRIED FRENCH-FRIES with Barbecued Meat Balls

Cut raw potatoes into small cubes. Soak in cold water several hours. Dry thoroughly. Fry in skillet in half inch of Crisco. (*No need to fear upset digestions! Foods fried crisp and light in pure, all-vegetable Crisco not only taste better—they're so digestible even children may eat 'em!*) Stir potatoes to brown on all sides.

**Barbecued Meat Balls**—Mix 1 tbsp. flour, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 cup tomato juice, 2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Bring to boil. Brown meat balls in pure, snowy Crisco. Add sauce and simmer for a few minutes.

**NEW CRISCO COOK BOOK**—Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in the United States, including Hawaii.

***CRISCO is America's largest selling Vegetable Shortening—IT'S DIGESTIBLE!***

LADIES' HOME Journal

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# LAST TRUMP

TWO thousand years ago an event fully as epoch-making as the birth of the atomic bomb occurred, when Christ was born and pronounced the principles of what was to become Christianity.

What Jesus had to pronounce was that the world could be saved only by love.

Today the world has once again been shaken to its foundations—this time by the birth of the atomic bomb.

What the atomic bomb means to humanity is that the world can be saved only by love.

Because human beings fear love—so recently have we emerged from the jungle—only a handful of the great religious geniuses have understood Jesus and followed him. A handful of religious geniuses and those many loving women who through care and sacrifice have nurtured humanity from the cradle to the grave.

But many, fearing love, have, down through the centuries, put off until tomorrow what should have been today's imperative. In fear, we have lived and fought who might, in love, have created God's world.

Now the atomic bomb, born in hate, has been released on a world appalled at the destruction which awaits us all unless we learn to love one another enough to trust one another.

Suddenly we find ourselves our brothers' keeper. Suddenly our great fear is not to love.

Will humanity, which would not choose love, be forced by the basic primal law of self-preservation to accept love as its only choice save destruction?

Out of the crucifixion of those who died at Nagasaki and Hiroshima (as well as of our own men who died in Europe and the Pacific) may come the final redemption of the world.

If not, we cannot, like Jesus, cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

But only, in the agony of the world's death, after two thousand years of patience, "Why, in Christ's name, have we, by our final choice, forsaken God?"

**BRUCE GOULD.**

# TOWARD THE "BIG ONE"

## *By Dorothy Thompson*

THERE seems to be practical unanimity among scientists and persons of a philosophical bent of mind, that with the discovery of the atomic bomb we shall either have "one world" or "no world."

Actually that was obvious to the thoughtful even before the atomic bomb was discovered. This war was not "just another war," but was, in itself, a revolution more profound than any political revolution that has ever occurred in history.

The beginnings of that revolution—the first whisperings—were to be seen and heard over a century ago with the introduction by revolutionary France of conscription; the beginning of the concept of "total" war. Before that, for centuries, wars had been waged by "mercenaries"—professional soldiers—and were always for limited objectives: the changing of this or that frontier, the adding of this or that province to the domain of this or that monarch. Being thus waged between hired soldiers who had no other profession or interest, and often between monarchs who were kinsmen, or who, in any case, wished to preserve the monarchic principle, they were relatively humane, attended by many codes, and excluded entirely the notion of the "war of survival." Every European state has survived repeated wars of this kind, some ending in total defeat, such as that twice suffered by France—in the Napoleonic wars and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71.

The Congress of Vienna, which settled the fate of Europe after Napoleon's defeat, was participated in by France, in the person of Talleyrand, and the peace treaties left France intact. The peace treaty made by Bismarck's Germany after the defeat of France again, in 1871, took away, to be sure, the partly German-speaking provinces of Alsace and Lorraine (against the opposition of Bismarck) but assessed reparations which were paid in five years without even a fluctuation of the French currency, and left France an army. No particular credit attaches to Bismarck's "generosity." The concept of the destruction of a state—its disappearance, as a power, from history—was simply not part of eighteenth or nineteenth century thinking.

The emergence of democracy, the growth of science, and the radical revolution in weapons of war—the discovery of aviation, the possibilities of destruction by robots and by planes and weapons from far-distant bases, V-rockets, and the rest; the primary war role assigned to industry, bringing both the industries and the masses of industrial workers directly into the war picture and making industries primary targets—all these things with which we are now so woefully familiar, but which are radical innovations, pitted whole peoples against whole peoples, engaged for the first time in history every civilian, and turned every industry and communication system into a battlefield.

The concept of "breaking enemy morale" is an old one. In ancient China, I have read, hostile armies faced each other in terrifyingly hideous masks, from behind which they emitted blood-curdling yells, the decision being won by those who first "scared the others to death." But "breaking enemy morale" had hitherto been confined to the morale of armies, or, at most, of governments. For the first time, in this war, on a huge scale, demoralization extended to all the people of the enemy, through the tactic of "saturation" bombing. No immediate military objective lies behind it. It is of barbarous wantonness, destroying homes along with factories, the most glorious works of art along with ball-bearing plants, and little children along with productive workers. Its object is to create panic, civilian disorganization, refugees cluttering roads, and break the will to fight even through a father's concern for his baby, or a son's for his mother. It is the logical accompaniment, however, to the "total," "people's" war, and the "progress" in weapons of war.

Finally "total victory" presumes the permanent destruction of the war-making powers of the enemy. Since a primary war-potential is basic industry, not only must the arms of the victor—it is argued—be broken, but all the factories capable of ever again producing such arms must be dismantled, destroyed, or controlled forever. The vanquished does not pay "reparations" in money; he is forever deprived of steel plants, chemical plants, physical laboratories, shipyards, civil aviation—all means by which men not only make war but earn their livings. The enemy is thus *(Continued on Page 102)*

# "...Still going strong without a single thing done for it!"



"I want to say a million thanks for our G-E Refrigerator. It was the first piece of furniture we bought for our home in 1931. Today, it is still going strong without ever having a single thing done for it except defrosting."

*—from an unsolicited letter by Mrs. Calvin M. Weese, Elmhurst, Illinois.*



The 1931 G-E Refrigerator owned by Mrs. Weese. Inside the famous old "G-E Monitor Top" is the "sealed-in-steel" refrigerating unit that has operated for 14 years. The *modern* G-E Sealed Unit — more compact, more efficient—is hidden *within* the cabinet base.



Your *new* G-E Refrigerator will be far lovelier — and packed with features undreamed-of in 1931. But, *most* important, it will be built around the hermetically sealed G-E Unit"— for years of attention-free *service!* The refrigerator above is the 7-cubic-foot De Luxe model, now available.

**Only $188.25,** *including Federal Excise Tax, a 5-year Protection Plan and delivery to your home.*

For better living — this G-E Home Freezer, to keep delicacies summer-fresh all year 'round! Because it holds so *much* food, dependability counts for even *more* than in a refrigerator. That's why G-E Home Freezers, too, are built around the famous sealed-in-steel Refrigerating Unit!



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## The soundest way to choose your coming refrigerator

It's only natural to pay most attention to things you can *see* and admire!

That's why we believe you'll fall in love with G-E Refrigerators' time-saving, work-saving convenience and features.

But we hope you'll also remember your real reason for *buying* a refrigerator . . . *safe, efficient preservation of food.*

A refrigerator must preserve food *every day and night* . . . every week—year after year after year!

Its cooling mechanism is the *best* reason of all for choosing a General Electric Refrigerator! For 19 years ago, G-E engineers developed a radically *new* type of unit—so free from trouble or wear that it could be *permanently* sealed up *in an airtight steel case!*

Not a drop of oil could leak out. Not a speck of dust could seep in. It was safe from moisture, air, and corrosion—built to last and last and l-a-s-t!

It was this unit that made the G-E Refrigerator famous. Mrs. Weese's 14-year-old G-E, untouched by any repairman, is only *one* of *a million G-E Refrigerators in service ten years or longer.*

Today's "sealed-in-steel" G-E unit, greatly improved, is smaller—concealed. It has far more freezing capacity; uses far less current. And it is *more* reliable than ever! General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

**FOR GOOD LISTENING:** *Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E. S. T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. S. T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E. S. T., CBS.*

HELP WIN THE PEACE—BUY AND HOLD VICTORY BONDS




## GET THE GALS TOGETHER!

IN every week there are seven nights. Sometimes they're long, sometimes they're short, but if you have to set aside five for hitting the books—why, a gal has a right to have fun once in a while! So if your Friday and Saturday evenings are crowded with invitations for basketball games, juke-box dances and solo movie dates with all the smoothest characters in school, that's wonderful! If your top bureau drawer is cluttered with dance programs, ticket stubs, pressed gardenias and a couple of exchanged class pins, *you're* wonderful! But you aren't satisfied just to have your fun, tuck it away in your diary and then forget about it, are you? Any high-school gal likes to *talk* about the fun she's having!

Or maybe you *aren't* having all the good times you should have. Every day in the week is just another blue Monday to you with no loves in your life, no phone that jingle, jangles with big plans for the week end and no prospects of a Van Johnson, j.g., cropping up in *your* life before prom time. Empty evenings loom up like black clouds hanging over your social schedule. You may have a whole headful of ideas that are fun and interesting to do, but you just can't get the gang together to do them. You feel that you could be a smooth and smart gal, but you just don't know how to get started! The answer is easy. Round up your gal pals, the girls with whom you have the most fun—and start a Sub-Deb Club!

## IF YOU'RE A MEMBER

You can start a club with anywhere from four members to more members, all gals your own age and with your own interests. Some clubs meet once a week, some once a month, but all of them get together with big and exciting plans for doing more work, having more fun and more future! How would you like to spend some Friday night soon at a "personality clinic," analyzing and planning smoother clothes, make-up and hair-do's for yourself and your friends? Why not make it a Sub-Deb Club meeting? Or would you and your crowd like to spend your spare evenings sewing doll clothes, making scrapbooks or repainting toys for your local orphanage or children's hospital? Why not make it a Sub-Deb Club meeting? And how about a big old-time boy-girl barn dance with cornstalks in the corners, apple cider and doughnuts, some good Johnny Mercer recordings and more than enough dates to go round? (That should make an interesting evening!) Why not make it a Sub-Deb dance with you on the arrangements committee *and* right out there dancing in the middle of the floor?

A good Sub-Deb Club is a combination of a lot of things. Some clubs specialize in fun with parties, dances, scavenger hunts, picnics, skating parties and bowling sprees. Others go in for more serious work in community service, lending help to the local hospital or orphanage, working for the Red Cross and other volunteer organizations. And still other clubs concentrate on making themselves the most attractive girls they possibly can be—and devote meetings to personality development, how to wear their hair and clothes, behave on dates and get along with families and friends. And the best clubs do a little of everything. Sounds fun, doesn't it? Then why not form a Sub-Deb Club yourself?

## HOW TO BE A CLUB

Select about six of your best friends, girls who you know will have a lot of bright-eyed enthusiasm when it comes to making plans and carrying them through. Go into a serious harpy-huddle and hash over the reasons why you think a Sub-Deb Club is a good idea, just what aims you will have in mind and about how many members you would like to have to start off. Membership should be decided entirely on the basis of friendship and common interests (and since any girl in your school likes to have fun—that's enough "common interest" for membership!). Most Sub-Deb Clubs meet in the homes of the members, rotating on schedule; some have special Sub-Deb clubrooms and others use the recreation rooms of their high schools. So get the gang together somewhere and get down to business. A club name is all-important, so select a name that's easy for others to remember and will stand for your club alone. You can call yourselves The Sub-Deb Club if you want to; you can baffle the rest of your friends with a secret name or choose a combination of letters from the Greek alphabet. Elect a president at the first meeting, or appoint a temporary chairman and postpone elections until you all have had time to discover which gal has the most promising talents for a Mme. President. But do elect a treasurer for club dues, a secretary to keep the club records, and a permanent correspondent. And that's where we come in!

### "NO FUNDS—NO FUN!"

It's sad but true. Any club's activities are largely dependent on that comforting sound of cash! Cash in the club treasury and plenty of ideas for investing in fun! So here's the formula for making money and spending it in the new Sub-Deb booklet called FUN AND FUNDS, No. 2225. It's five cents and all requests should be addressed to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

## LOOK IN THE LETTER BOX!

Drop us a note here at Sub-Deb headquarters to have your club enrolled as an official member of the National Sub-Deb Club Federation. We'll send you a Sub-Deb Club Handbook, complete with a club constitution and a list of ideas to start your club off on the beam, and a registration blank. When you return the registration blank, filled out with the name of your club and the names and addresses of all members, to Sub-Deb headquarters, you will receive a certificate of membership in the National Federation of Sub-Deb Clubs and an individual membership card to be carried at all times by official members. And your permanent correspondent will receive each month, for the club, a club letter, and a copy of the newspaper, THE SUB-DEB SCOOP, free of charge. It's filled with news of other Sub-Deb Clubs and new ideas for yours, besides poems, stories, articles on good grooming, boy-girl relations and smooth parties—everything to make your club bigger and better! There is no charge for registration or the newspaper. So if you want to have fun and lots of it—make yours a Sub-Deb Club! Let's hear from you!

# Your Cold...

## the plain truth about it

***Can you avoid catching cold?***

***And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity?***

***Oftentimes*—YES.**

It is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

**1.** That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

**2.** That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

**3.** That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

### *Tests Showed Fewer Colds*

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

*That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.*

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

### *Gargle Early and Often*

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

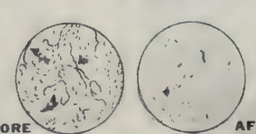
However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



**Germs reduced as much as 96.7%, in tests.**

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.




AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

# "Yes, this happened to me!"

*—says Mrs. Laurene Donaldson of Connersville, Indiana*




The pictures of Mrs. Donaldson at the left were taken by a photographer in her home city—the first, when she weighed 186 and was just starting the DuBarry Success Course; the second, seven months later when she had reduced her weight to 129. Below is the slender, lovely Laurene Donaldson today.

## Soldier's wife loses 57 pounds, becomes a slender beauty

"I CAN hardly believe it myself," says Laurene Donaldson, when she looks at these pictures. "It's like being a new person, living in a new world.

"For several years I had been getting heavier, putting on pounds after the birth of each of my children. Finally, I faced the situation. I weighed 186 and had to wear a size 40 dress—at the ripe old age of 26, mind you! I was miserable about my looks and my husband's remarks about my size. Almost in desperation, I decided to find out about the DuBarry Success Course. Frankly, I doubted whether it could help me. But the very first week after I enrolled, I began to look and feel so much better that all those doubts vanished. I went through the course again and again, and in seven months lost 57 pounds.

"Now I wear size 14, find more styles to choose from and for less money. Equally important to me is my increased energy. I feel so buoyant I want to sing again, and I do —all day long!"




**HOW ABOUT YOU?** Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight, remodel your figure, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour —look better, feel better, be at your best. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon on Fifth Avenue, New York.

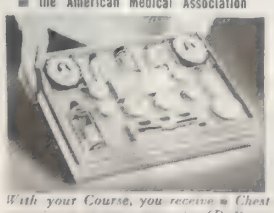
**Why not use the convenient coupon to find out, without obligation, what the Success Course can do for you?**

*DuBarry Success Course*

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



*With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SA-2, 693 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If defective or not as advertised, this will be replaced or a refund of money

Miss
Mrs. _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone No., if any _____ State _____


# Our Readers Write Us

### Cost Per Child—5c.

*Washington, Missouri.*

*Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould:* Hot meals are served to 440 students of the three Washington public schools daily at 5 cents per meal. Sample menus for two days: Roast beef and gravy, mashed potatoes, fresh sliced tomatoes, bread-and-butter sandwiches, milk. Meat balls and spaghetti in tomato sauce, cabbage slaw, biscuit and butter, milk, raw apple.

Several factors make possible the low price. One is the operation of a vegetable garden by the schools. Another is the reimbursement of 9 cents a meal made by the government. (This program serves also to prevent waste of surplus farm products and to prevent the dropping of prices below the cost of production.) A third factor is the co-operation of retailers and wholesalers.

Three full-time cooks are employed, and six high-school girls help serve. Tickets are sold at 25 cents each, good for five meals. The decrease in price from 10 cents to 5 cents has practically doubled the number of meals served; and teachers and parents feel that the program promotes health and scholarship.

Very truly yours,
C. J. BURGER,
*Superintendent, Washington Public Schools.*

The latest report from Superintendent Burger shows that 10,152 hot lunches, at 5 cents each, were served in one month; receipts exceeding costs by $11.65!—ED.

### Journal Coming Up!

*Sandvika, Norway.*

*Dear Editor:* For five long years I have read and reread my few old copies of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

We have a tiny farm outside Oslo, producing what we need, and so much for sale that we struggled through. We have been lucky and feel very rich in possession of one cow, a horse, pig, a sheep and some hens—and have also been able to help our family, friends and others.

I think we must have a little more time before we can feel real happiness again, here in Norway, as all over the world. We remember too well the dreadful things done to friends, relations, people we know of. We are a little nation—a big family—and so many of our members were deported, never to come back again. Things we whispered about, and hoped to be rumors, we later read about in the papers in dreadful details.

The day in May when Norway "came to herself," and all our splendid "home boys" suddenly came out in the light, how proud we all felt. From sixteen-years-young boys to gray-haired stern men, we saw them take possession of all important places in their daily suits, and with the Norwegian colors and symbol on their sleeves—how we love them. When our beloved crown prince came back, we had absolutely *no* voice left at all, and then the foreign troops, the ships, the gift boats. I tell you, after all these years, it is a fairy tale—a dream.

It has now been announced in the newspapers that we each may buy a square of chocolate very soon, so please when may I have my copy of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL?

Yours sincerely,
MRS. ELI LUND.

### U. S. A.—Which Style?

*The Hague, Netherlands.*

*Dear Editors:* In June, 1940, I received my last copy of the JOURNAL, despite the German occupation and the fact that in that copy was an article against Hitler.

I'm very curious what the JOURNAL is like now. I'm very interested in modern American literature, and have read a lot of books by Hemingway, Dos Passos, Steinbeck, Sherwood Anderson and many others. But sometimes I'm puzzled about the big difference between their stories about life in the U. S. and your point of view.

Thanking you for the pleasant hours given me by the JOURNAL.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. L. LUTHMANN.

The United States, 3000 miles wide, 2000 miles deep, supports many people, nourishes writers of all kinds. To know and understand them all is to understand America.—ED.

### 50 Million Good Neighbors

*Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.*

*Dear Editor:* Could you not tell your readers something about my country and people? We are about 50 million people who have been so lamentably misrepresented and misunderstood.

Walt Disney has carved himself a comfortable niche in our sympathy with his Pluto and the Armadillo, Saludos, The Three Caballeros (even if the words "saludos" and "caballeros" are Spanish and not Portuguese, which is spoken here). Nevertheless, there are a lot of people who still think of Brazilians as mannequins with plastered hair, wild gestures and a preposterous way of losing their tempers.

Yours very, very gratefully,
CRENSA COSTA.

The How America Lives editors are looking forward *com muito prazer* to the day when they can fly down to Rio!
—ED.

### We Should See to That

*Long Beach, California.*

*Dear Sir:* The article you printed, What Made a Hero?, *made me furious.* The calm assumption that because a man came from a poor family his courage was something to wonder at. What should have been questioned is why didn't this boy with such fine courage have a better chance in life? Schooling, enough to eat and some pleasure.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. RICHARD I. TAYLOR.

### Mother of Sixty

*Sacramento, California.*

*Dear Editor:* Who would have filled the jobs of working mothers during the war if other women had not cared for thousands of helpless children? In Sacramento alone we have more than three hundred licensed foster mothers. They wear no badge and nothing has ever been mentioned about their part in the war effort; yet the foster mother works twenty-four hours per day. Most of these homes are run on a non-profit basis.



***"Mother" Brotzmann and brood.***

In the past two years and nine months I have cared for more than sixty children staying with me from one week to more than two and a half years. They were children of people in all walks of life, in all branches of the service, orphans, a number whose parents got into trouble with the law. A few were problem children. Love, a pleasant home and proper care brought them out of that. I could have

*(Continued on Page 13)*



Soft little hands...how easily they make a man's heart turn over.

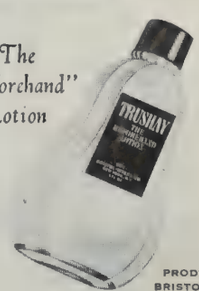
So keep them lovely always! You can, with Trushay's help. For this creamy hand lotion has a special "beforehand" use.

Before household tasks, before dishes and laundering ...put Trushay on your hands to help guard against soap-and-water damage.

Trushay is really different. Rely on it...whenever and wherever you need it.

# TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion




PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS




# *Why have doubts? Use* MODESS – *with the triple-proved* DEODORANT!

**WHY WONDER** whether you're likely to offend—now that Modess offers you the triple-proved deodorant?

It's been proved effective by Modess scientists; proved a winner in 26 tests by independent laboratories; proved a favorite way to guard daintiness by girls who've tried the New Modess.

**NO SEPARATE POWDER,** no nuisance!

**A SOFTER NAPKIN!** 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

**A SAFER NAPKIN!** 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

**YOU PAY NO MORE,** so ask for luxurious new Modess with Deodorant today. Box of 12 costs only 22¢.

**FREE! Send today!** For your copy of "Growing Up and Liking It"—a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation—write today, to Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 332-L, Milltown, N. J.

**Modess comes two ways. Full size and Junior size. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, ask for Modess Junior.**



*(Continued from Page 10)*

filled several positions with a good salary. However, I love children, and they mean very much to me; that is why I am a foster mother. Sincerely,

OPAL BROTZMANN.

**Moving With the Times**

*Tucson, Arizona.*

*My Dear Ladies:* I am an old one-legged Presbyterian minister on my way to heaven. This month I stopped long enough to read the JOURNAL—204 pages of beauty and cleverness.

What a change from Ruth Ashmore, when the word "corset" was your editorial taboo! For the fun a mere man gets out of reading your ladylike mag, I say thank you, and sign off with

Still vertically yours,

EDWIN I. STEARNS.

Not even the JOURNAL can compete with heaven, but we hope our reverend friend will stay with us for a while. ED.

**What's What?**

*Foley, Alabama.*

*Dear Sir:* I have three questions I've already asked friends, relations—no one seems to know. Maybe we're a bunch of dumb hicks. I don't know.

My questions are: What is meant by left of center? What is center? What's the difference between right and left? I'm bewildered! Truly,

MRS. EARL HARRISON.

Few persons in America will admit they are either "radical," which would be left of center, or "conservative," which would be right of center. The Democratic Party includes in its ranks more radical groups than the Republican Party has. It has none. What is somewhat more surprising is that the most conservative group in America, many of the Southeastern Democrats, are not only included in the Democratic Party but, for years, have been the continuing core of it.

The Communists and Socialists are left of "left of center."

Hoover Republicans are, probably, right of "right of center." ED.

**Children Need Children**

*Akron, Ohio.*

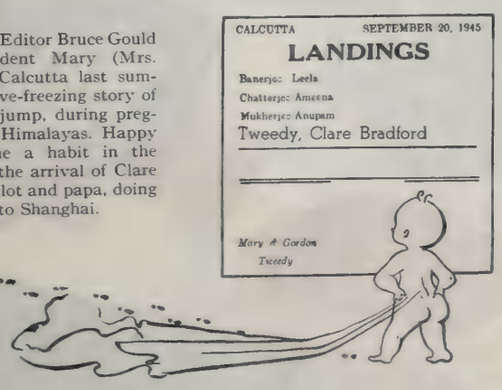
*Dear Editors:* My daughter became ill with rheumatic fever when she was six. For several months now she has appeared as well as anyone, but the doctor has absolutely forbidden strenuous activities because she has an enlarged heart. It is hard for her to realize why other children can run, roller skate, and so on, when she has to sit playing quiet games.

My husband and I play with her, but no amount of reasoning or gifts can make up to a child for child companionship. The thing we really need is understanding on the part of parents. One neighbor said, "You can't expect well children to sit with a sick child." I wonder. We boast of the excellent training we give our youth. Shouldn't children be given this lesson too? If they could only realize the *joy* they'd bring to a convalescent who looks perfectly well but isn't, by spending part of their regular sitting time with her! And what child doesn't spend a lot of time just sitting around? Sincerely,

*Name withheld by request.*

**"Arrived Safe"**

When globe-circling Editor Bruce Gould met Time correspondent Mary (Mrs. Gordon) Tweedy in Calcutta last summer, he heard the nerve-freezing story of her forced parachute jump, during pregnancy, while flying the Himalayas. Happy landings have become a habit in the Tweedy family, with the arrival of Clare Bradford. Progeny, pilot and papa, doing proudly, have moved to Shanghai.




**Were Their "Moms" Menaces?**

*Port Arthur, Texas.*

*Dear Friends:* Too many people fail to see the absurdity of a Scheinfeld basing an attack on mothers upon those of such men as Lincoln, Roosevelt, Truman (how did he miss Washington, who was profoundly influenced by his mother?) and persons who have enriched the world as did Stephen Foster, Byron, Goethe and others. Or who reached success as did Shaw and Belasco.

Would that more mothers might fail thus. Sincerely yours,

L. W. VINSON.

**Bachelor Girls?**

*California.*

*Dear Editor:* We are twenty-two and twenty-four years old; both college graduates. We do not want to be old-maid schoolteachers, but unless we find out what our troubles are, that is surely what we will be. We are average or better in looks, but not the glamour type. Both of us are home-economics majors—one specialized in sewing, and the other in cooking. One of us is an average dancer, the other better than average.

We get along with people very well, but when it comes to young men, it just seems we cannot find anyone who comes up to the standards by which we have been raised. (We are referring to morals.) Are there no young men left who are looking for wives like us? Yours truly,

MARY and ANN SMITH.

**Short and Sweet**

*Patuxent River, Maryland.*

*Dear Editors:* Your magazine seems to be one of the few things that did not deteriorate as a result of the war.

MRS. L. R. MERRILL.

**Against Conscription**

*Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.*

*Dear Editors:* Conscription has brought poverty, ruin and shame to every country that has tried it, because military training makes independent thinking a punishable crime. Shall we adopt the method which has been responsible for the defeat of France, Italy, Germany and Japan?

Sincerely,

RUTH JOHNSON TURNBULL.

**Living War Memorials**

*Houlton, Maine.*

*Dear Editors:* Ricker Junior College, of Houlton, has planned a new gymnasium which is to list the names of the dead of the two World Wars.

Yours very truly,

HELEN KANE DOUCETTE.

**"This Was Our Finest Hour"**

*Fullerton, California.*

*Dear Sir:* Our community, Fullerton, in Southern California, has completed plans for a living memorial which I feel is perfect.

In one of our lovely hillside parks a grove of sequoia trees is to be planted, one for each boy who gave his life in this war. A slab of sequoia wood from one of the fallen giants from Sequoia National Park is to bear a suitable inscription.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. H. A. GRAHAM.


Back home for good means a lot of romancing



GAYLA HOLD-BOB? hair-do entr...

...netic ...ris (from ...fumes. . . . ...ned his liv- . . . The Army ...ds of dog suitable ...r shepherd, Belgian long-lasting, sp...oberman pinscher and Hold-Bob pi... ...nree of them are Ger- . . . Removing carrot tops roots more moist. . . . Of ...can babies born this year, 85 ... of the boys and 88 per cent of ...rls will marry. . . . ***Jennifer ...es'*** pet midnight dish is banana pie.

...ul said suddenly. "That's what I ...pstone: 'He lived out of bounds.'"

...m Eliza was working magic. It was ...lay with white billowing clouds and ... half hour because she doesn't like to drive fast and won't ride in a car going more than thirty miles an hour!

COPYRIGHT 1946 GAYLORD PRODUCTS, ...


● Invisible heads, ...

...ome JOURNAL staffers saw good-...oking, thirty-year-old ***Harold ...aylor*** installed as president of ...rah Lawrence College. President ...aylor quoted Hobbes, Spinoza, Jus-...ce Holmes and a former student. ...x-student—JOURNAL poetry chief, ***Marjorie Lederer,*** S.L.C. '44.

*...hat to do with all those Christmas cards? ...d them to hospitals for children and ...ridden veterans to paste in scrap-...s.*

*... to new authors from* ***Hugh ...hler,*** *who reads an awful lot of ...r manuscripts: don't booby-trap ... stories with paper clips, pieces ...traw and pages upside down or ...ward, hoping to catch the editor ...ping. It only makes him mad.*

...recent visit to Philadelphia in be-... of the Community War Chest ***Joan Crawford*** arrived an

**As to books, 1946 opens up with a certain new elegance. BRIDESHEAD REVISITED, by *Evelyn Waugh*, is a most distinguished novel, beautifully written, of sophisticates in England between wars—romantic nostalgic re-creation of a day already nearly forgotten. . . . Less esoteric is the straight American novel, THE STARS INCLINE, by *Clyde Brion Davis*, a correspondent's return from war and his first sight of his newly divorced wife.**

So many readers ask who eats the food in ***Ann Batchelder's*** color spreads we might as well tell. Take this month's pictures for I Just Love a Party. Well, ***Alice Hinn*** ate most of the cheese trees; ***Louella Shower*** went in for the radishes with anchovies; ***Harold Fowler*** cleaned up all the little boiled potatoes, and ***Donald Stuart*** finished off the shrimps.



# Generations ago, THE QUEST FOR PERFECTION STARTED

It began with the founder himself . . . the constant endeavor to make the best still better which has become traditional with Swift's Premium Ham. The perfecting of this product was one of Mr. Swift's deepest personal interests . . . he saw it universally acknowledged the finest of its kind. Today, in keeping with his tradition, the Swift's Premium Ham you buy is even finer in flavor and texture . . . even more outstandingly the leader.

# Swift's Premium Ham


## Why have doubts . . . with the triple-proved

**WHY WONDER** whether you're likely to offend—now that Modess offers you the triple-proved deodorant?

It's been proved effective by Modess scientists; proved a winner in 26 tests by independent laboratories; proved a favorite way to guard daintiness by girls who've tried the New Modess.

**NO SEPARATE POWDER,** no nuisance!

**A SOFTER NAPKIN!** 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

ick and a red e package.





BROWN-SUGAR-CURED!

## *Fifty Years Ago in the Journal*



IN January, 1896, there were over 600,000 telephones in the U. S. There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight was written, but never became popular until the Spanish-American War. France annexed Madagascar, Utah was admitted to the Union, Harvard students ran a "rescue mission" for sailors, and the French poet Verlaine died.

*"What course can a young man pursue if he happens to be thrown with older men who tell stories to which he does not care to listen?" a young man asks in the January, 1896, JOURNAL. The answer: "Assert your manliness and leave them. . . . No man can afford to listen to stories wherein the sex to which his mother belongs is in any way slighted or belittled, even by inference."*

**"Bernadine: I do not think that a marriage between a man of seventy and a girl of eighteen would result in happiness," advises Ruth Ashmore.**

*"At a dinner, you are not forced to drink wine, but do not commit the faux pas of turning your glass over, or, as one woman suggested, stuffing your gloves in it."*

**"Peas," remarks Mrs. Burton Kingsland, "should not be eaten with a spoon. In England, such a breach of the proprieties would be regarded with horror."**

*The ever-popular Frank Stockton, Jerome K. Jerome and Julia Magruder wrote stories for this fifty-year-old JOURNAL, as well as ac-*

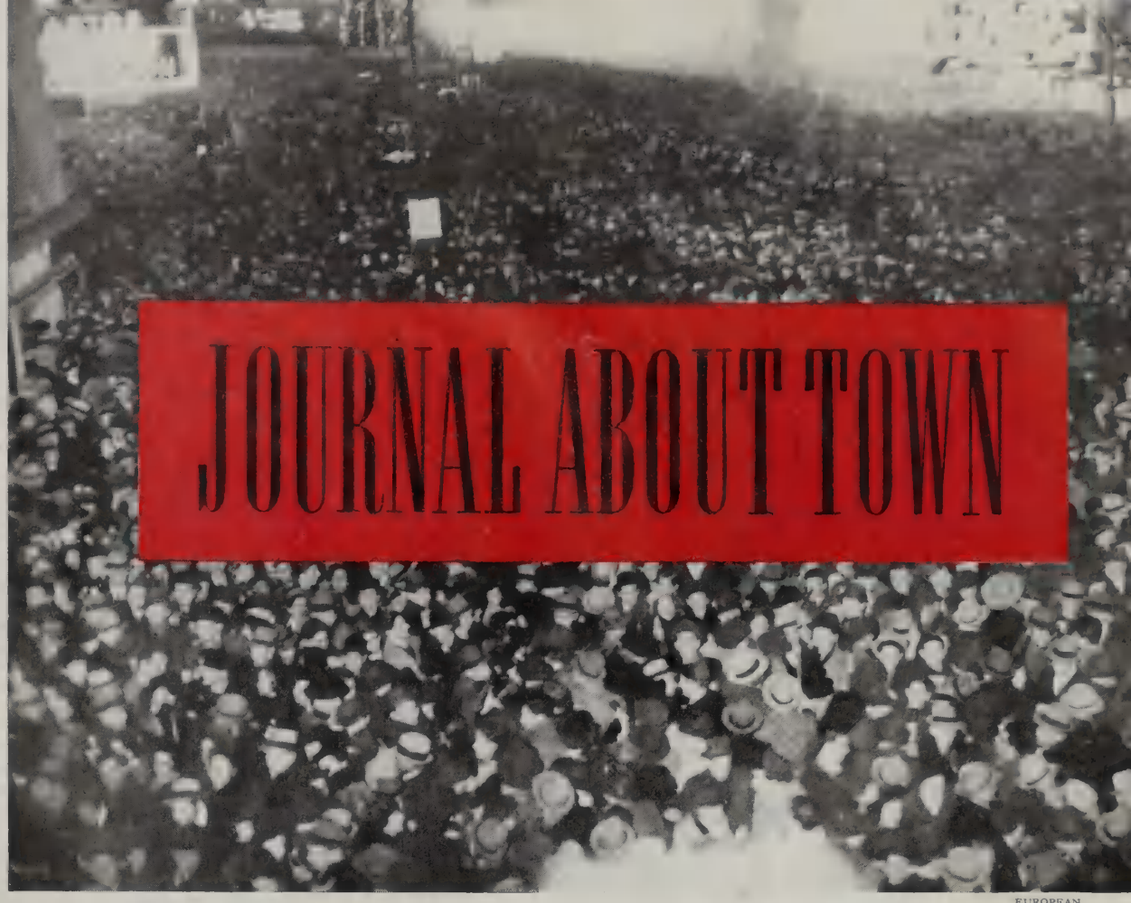


*tress Mary Anderson and Rudyard Kipling.*

**"Ninety-nine: It is never good taste to wear white shoes on the street."**

*"Gladys: Some persons undress in a sleeping car and wear a nightgown; others wear a simple flannel wrapper over their body clothes."*

**"The progressive dinner party has suffered a revival this winter. As 1896 is a leap year, it is arranged so the men remain in their original seats throughout the entire meal, while the women progress with the courses."**



# JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

EUROPEAN

*When New Year's comes to Times Square, it is greeted by a crowd equaling the population of a large city.*

**GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK**

**IF you live in Philadelphia, Detroit or Los Angeles, and want to see as many people as all your fellow citizens packed together in one place, you had a chance on Times Square, August fourteenth. But if you live in Cleveland, Baltimore, St. Louis, Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington or San Francisco, whose populations lie between 700,000 and 900,000, you still have a chance in the same spot, every twelve months, to see how that many people look in a mass. Mostly making a noise. Right about now, on New Year's Eve, we won't quite see them all from the Workshop—but we'll certainly hear them!**

*A few years ago the great photographer,* ***Edward Steichen,*** *in his sixties, told* ***Richard Pratt*** *he was retiring to breed delphiniums. Now, as Capt. Edward Steichen, USNR, D.S.M., after a bril-*



*Unretired Captain Steichen.*

*liant war record in and out of battle, he is retiring again. "Are you still going to breed delphiniums?" Mr. P. asked him. "Oh, sure," he said, "but I am going to do photography, too, and work on television, and maybe run a museum—I'm going to do a lot of things. No more retiring for me!"*

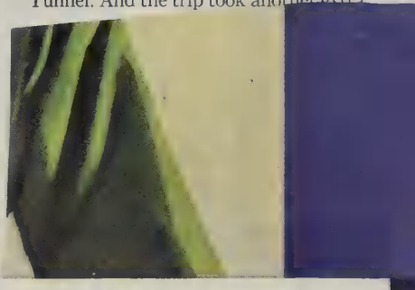
***Lucille Ball's*** hair is a mixture of red, orange, auburn and blond, and most of it belongs to M-G-M. "Who could grow this much, anyway?" . . . ***President Truman*** styles his piano playing "the beer and pretzel variety." . . . The Grand Canyon is deepening at the rate of one inch a year. . . . Actress ***June Knight,*** who waited a year for a phone, sent out "new arrival" notices when it came, giving its weight and so on. . . . Yale just graduated a fourteen-year-old boy. . . . ***Van Johnson's*** eyebrows and lashes are so light they have to be dyed for pictures. He parks his gum behind his ear. . . . Synthetic chemicals have replaced ambergris (from sick whales' intestines) in perfumes. . . . ***Gary Cooper*** once earned his living drawing cartoons. . . . The Army found only five breeds of dog suitable for war: German shepherd, Belgian sheep, collie, Doberman pinscher and schnauzer (three of them are German!). . . . Removing carrot tops keeps the roots more moist. . . . Of all American babies born this year, 85 per cent of the boys and 88 per cent of the girls will marry. . . . ***Jennifer Jones'*** pet midnight dish is banana pie.

**Some JOURNAL staffers saw good-looking, thirty-year-old *Harold Taylor* installed as president of Sarah Lawrence College. President Taylor quoted Hobbes, Spinoza, Justice Holmes and a former student. Ex-student—JOURNAL poetry chief, *Marjorie Lederer,* S.L.C. '44.**

*What to do with all those Christmas cards? Send them to hospitals for children and bedridden veterans to paste in scrapbooks.*

***Hint to new authors from Hugh Kahler, who reads an awful lot of your manuscripts: don't booby-trap your stories with paper clips, pieces of straw and pages upside down or backward, hoping to catch the editor napping. It only makes him mad.***

On a recent visit to Philadelphia in behalf of the Community War Chest drive, ***Joan Crawford*** arrived an hour late for her own party. She had to take a roundabout route from New York, Miss Crawford confided to ***Jeanne Lenton,*** of the JOURNAL Sub-Deb department, because she was afraid to drive through the Holland Tunnel. And the trip took another extra



**ul said suddenly. "That's what I**
**ostone: 'He lived out of bounds.'"**

m Eliza was working magic. It was
lay with white billowing clouds and a
half hour because she doesn't like to drive fast and won't ride in a car going more than thirty miles an hour!

**As to books, 1946 opens up with a certain new elegance. BRIDESHEAD REVISITED, by *Evelyn Waugh,* is a most distinguished novel, beautifully written, of sophisticates in England between wars—romantic nostalgic re-creation of a day already nearly forgotten. . . . Less esoteric is the straight American novel, THE STARS INCLINE, by *Clyde Brion Davis,* a correspondent's return from war and his first sight of his newly divorced wife.**

So many readers ask who eats the food in ***Ann Batchelder's*** color spreads we might as well tell. Take this month's pictures for I Just Love a Party. Well, ***Alice Hilan*** ate most of the cheese trees; ***Louella Shower*** went in for the radishes with anchovies; ***Harold Fowler*** cleaned up all the little boiled potatoes, and ***Donald Stuart*** finished off the shrimps.



# PPY NEW YEAR—I'M YOUR DAD!"

*Why ha*

…rt a new year,
…of future joy,
… I'm getting
…g you, my boy—
*… New Year, I'm your Dad!*

"How'd you ever get so husky?
Where'd you get that wrestler's clutch?
Glad you've got your mother's dimples,
And those eyes I love so much—
*Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!*

"Now I see you I know better
Why I've had to be away;
Dads like me want kids just like you
To grow up free, strong, and gay—
*Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!*"

This happy scene is being reenacted now in many thousands of American homes. Before long it will take place in many more.

We speak these thoughts not only as Americans but as a "friend of the family" as well. For 67 years now Ivory Soap has been one of the first and closest friends of 'most every baby in the land.

You see, Ivory's pure, mild lather has helped protect babies' angel skin for generations. Today the great grandchildren of Ivory's first babies are being bathed with Ivory Soap—and they, too, chuckle when they discover that Ivory floats like a boat.

To every one of America's brand new babies, Ivory says, *"Welcome! We wish you a Happy New Year—and if your Dad's away, we hope he'll be home soon."*

99 44/100 % PURE 

IT FLOATS

# The Heart Divided



*The Journal's complete-in-one-issue Novel*

WHITE

**"Out of bounds," Paul said suddenly. "That's what I want put on my tombstone: 'He lived out of bounds.'"**

IN the breakfast room Eliza was working magic. It was a very bright blue day with white billowing clouds and a high wind. As Eliza started her oatmeal, a fat cloud came into sight past the beech tree. If it didn't get across the window till she'd finished her oatmeal, she would go to Aunt Pauline's. It began to move very rapidly, changing shape as it came. She dipped into her oatmeal with a zest she seldom showed for food. At the same time, she half wished she might lose. She had been at this same point for a long time now, wishing, wishing her wish to be unfulfilled. It is hard to be not wholehearted about anything when you are a child.

She loved going to Aunt Pauline's. In the first place, Aunt Pauline lived in a place called Yew Valley, and Eliza liked the sound of that name very much. In the second place, Cousin Paul was there, and Cousin Paul was a strange and fascinating boy. In the third place, there was the screen, that she never tired of looking at. And over the whole of Aunt Pauline's household hung an aura of elegance, of efficiency, of worldliness that gave Eliza the feeling of belonging to a most prosperous and aristocratic family. But her mother hated going there—Eliza loved her mother deeply—and so the wish against the wish came into being.

She had known from the moment she had come downstairs this morning that a quarrel was in progress and that it was about going to spend the day in Yew Valley. She had even known how it would come out. She knew she would go; but

she wished, too, that just once her mother would win. No one ever did win against her father—no one. But Eliza felt that if only her mother would change her tactics a little, she might win. Already, at nine, Eliza was wiser about some things than her mother. She knew that you couldn't beat her father with passion or anger; you had to keep yourself very still and cold inside, the way he did.

"You never get tired of trying to make a lady out of me, do you, Ned?" That had been what Eliza had heard when she first came down this morning.

*Oh, don't! Don't!* Eliza had wanted to cry to her mother. It was the kind of thing that could turn her father into real ice. Her father had laughed, but not as if he were amused.

"To tell the truth, I wasn't thinking of you," he had answered. "I just thought I'd like to say good-by to Pauline before we went."

"Yes, and then Pauline can give me a few quiet hints on how to behave in Paris," her mother said.

"Well, she's lived there off and on over the years. You don't know Paris, do you, darling?"

"I'd rather get my education firsthand. And you know very well that you're not going only to say good-by to Pauline. You want Eliza to stay there while we're gone—but she's not going to, no matter what you and Pauline have cooked up between you. She's going to Academyville."

"We haven't 'cooked up' anything between us, as you so elegantly put it. But I certainly think it would be a good idea if Eliza should stay with Pauline. She'd have a good school there, and Paul to play with; your mother's old and strict and Academyville isn't too exciting, is it?"

"It's exciting enough for a child. And the last thing on God's earth I'd want for her is that she get to be a prig like Paul!"

"Paul isn't a prig. He's a very mannerly youngster. . . . Oh, well, suppose we leave that to Eliza."

Eliza realized with a small shock of apprehension how clever that was of her father. Her father knew she preferred staying with Paul, he knew she didn't like going to Academyville. He knew her mother wouldn't dare try to find out which Eliza liked best.

"Leave it to Eliza!" her mother said hotly. "As if she knew what was good for her!"

"So you'd rather condemn Eliza to a lonely winter than let Pauline have her way about anything? You're so maternal!"

Eliza, sitting on the stairs tying her shoes, untying them, tying them again, felt a queer pinched-up feeling inside. That wasn't fair, she knew, and yet she could see how it seemed fair to her father. It wasn't, Eliza knew, that her mother wanted her to be lonely—it was just that she couldn't bear it to have everything decided father's way. If she just wouldn't storm so, if she'd just plan in secret—and yet it was the stormy way she was that made her so beautiful to Eliza. She crept quietly up the carpeted stairs, came down again more noisily, so they'd hear her and stop quarreling. She went out and sat at the table in the breakfast room and Mittie brought her orange juice and oatmeal.

The oatmeal was gone. She looked up quickly and the cloud still showed along one edge. They would go to Yew Valley.

THEY went to Yew Valley. Her mother wore her green velvet dress, by far the most beautiful one she had. It had a soft fichu of cream lace and a ruffle of cream lace at the wrists and going a little way up the sleeves. There were gold studs on the wide belt.

"It isn't a cocktail party," her father said.

"Well, it's Sunday," her mother retorted. "Because we're going to the country doesn't mean that we're riding to hounds or anything, does it? I'm not the tweedy sort and I see no reason to pretend I am."

And there Eliza was again, on that hairline of decision, not knowing which side to be on. She felt such a warm delight, looking at the green velvet dress, and yet she knew, too, that it would not fit in Aunt Pauline's house, that everything would be simpler if her mother would compromise enough to dress in the manner of Aunt Pauline when they went to Yew Valley. And yet why—why shouldn't her mother wear what suited and pleased her? Why should her father always have the final say about good taste? About everything? That was the real point, and Eliza knew this, whether she could have put it into words or not.

They sat, all three, in the front seat, but they didn't talk much. Eliza, sitting in the middle, was the buffer. She absorbed what conversation went on—she was the medium through which it passed. It is not easy, at nine, to be in the middle.

For example, when they passed the Friends' school, her father said, "It's a comforting thought—to know the Friends are still taking such an active and progressive part in education. Looks nice there, doesn't it, chick?" That meant, really, that he wanted Eliza to go to the Friends' school with Paul while he and Eliza's mother were in Europe. It wasn't just a general, impersonal observation.

"It looks just about like the Academyville school, doesn't it, darling?" her mother said. "It's always seemed very funny to me how the snobs, when they want to be especially snobbish, go back to their beginnings, as if they'd just discovered something wonderful. And it's always something plain people have known right along!" Her voice had a passionate scorn and an ugly bitterness in it. She couldn't do it the way father did. She left no doubt that she was being personal—and yet, really, father did the same thing, only more cleverly.

Yew Valley was spread before them. It was a lovely place, old and quiet and hard to get into. People who lived there just took it for granted that they were better, more intelligent than other people. Aunt Pauline hadn't been born there—she had moved there because it was Uncle Robert's home—but she acted now as if it had always been hers. That assumption of Yew Valley citizenship on Aunt Pauline's part infuriated Eliza's mother.

They came to the house. It was set far back from the highway and led up to by a gravel drive lined with big, carefully trimmed apple trees, now heavily loaded with fruit. Outside the drive, at either end of the house, stood a huge holly tree. Eliza never saw these holly trees without a sense of excitement. Holly was something you saw in wreaths at Christmastime. Trees of holly were rare, extraordinary possessions that gave you a special quality just by being the possessor. They were like Paul, very beautiful and strange, with sharp points that hurt and yet were at the same time exciting.

Uncle Robert came to the door himself. Eliza didn't like him much, but she didn't think about him much. Her mother had once called him, in Eliza's presence, a "stuffed shirt." Eliza didn't know exactly what that meant, but she thought it appropriate, all the same. He never said anything that counted.

"GLAD to see you, Ned—Julia," he said now heartily. "So you're leaving us soon? Come along in—Pauline'll be down directly. Eliza, you'll find Paul out by the pond, I think."

Eliza wanted to go and wanted not to at the same time. She didn't want to be told what to do by Uncle Robert. By obeying, she made herself beaten the same way her mother was beaten by the Griggs family. But she wanted terribly to see Paul and she went out through the sun porch that stretched across half the house at the back, and down the slope toward the pond. She saw him stretched out at the edge of it with a stick in his hands, and had a small rush of resentment toward him for not having been at the house to welcome her. It was like Aunt Pauline's being upstairs. But she loved Paul very, very much, so she ran down the slope, and only walked more slowly when she was quite near him.

He didn't turn even when he knew she was close.

"Hello," she said, but she said it flatly, not eagerly at all.

He pulled himself up on an elbow. "Oh—hello."

He was beautiful, Cousin Paul. A slender, graceful boy with fine, curly dark hair and great brown eyes that looked at you very directly and told nothing. Eliza was at once filled, as she always was at such moments, with a desire to impress him. She sat down in the grass beside him, crossing her legs.

"My father and mother are going to Paris—Paris, France," she bragged.

"How do you suppose mermaids breathe in water?" Paul asked, entirely ignoring this exciting information, which of course he knew already.

"There aren't any, really," Eliza said.

"How do you know? As a matter of fact"—Paul used a phrase he was very fond of at the time—"there's one in the pond here. I've seen her."

"Silly!"

Paul was looking at her speculatively. It was a look she knew and feared. "You're the silly one," he said. "And you just the same as called me a liar."

"I didn't. But mermaids are just in Hanschristianandersen."

"But I said I saw one. Right in the middle of the pond. As a matter of fact, I saw her this morning."

"How did you get out there?"

"On the raft. As a matter of fact, she looked like you, except her hair was yellow. I don't think she was grown up, quite."

"Mermaids are always grown up," Eliza retorted. "*Always.*"

"How do you know if you never saw one? If I say she was little, she was little. I was going to show her to you—but if you don't even believe she's there ——"

Eliza stared at the water. The world was so still and golden. Like a dream in which anything could happen. She had a feeling as of being enchanted, but it was a queer enchantment, half evil, half good. She had been enchanted by Paul before and she knew the sensation quite well. She always intended to resist it—she never did.

She made one more effort. "You can't see into the pond, anyway."

"Some days you can. She wears a gold chain around her neck."

The little mermaid began to come real. "Where would she get a gold chain from?" Eliza asked practically, but her voice was growing thin and strange.

*(Continued on Page 65)*

*There's no denying that love can be a tightrope. Sometimes, though, it's wisest to lose your balance.*

**WHAT SHE WANTED WAS A WHOLE LIFE, IN ONE PIECE, WITH ONE PERSON.**

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



**"I don't feel sorry for myself," said Nancy. "I simply get hungry for a little appreciation every now and then!"**

THEY'D been married a little over a year when Joel came to the conclusion that women put entirely too much stock in love and romance. Apparently it wasn't enough that a man went to work every day, stayed sober and didn't chase after other women; he also had to be a fount of romantic sentiment, gushing at frequent intervals. Joel couldn't gush, and said so.

"I don't want you to gush," Nancy replied, dusting a pottery lamp. "All I'd like is a kind word now and then. But getting you to say something nice is like pulling teeth."

Joel grunted, as much in reply as from the strain of lifting the radio over the edge of the drugget so Nancy could vacuum behind it.

"You have such nice shoulders," Nancy said, stopping to watch. "Especially when you're so tan."

He was working stripped to the waist, partly because it was hot and partly—to be perfectly honest—because this wasn't the first time Nancy had admired his shoulders.

"They'll do," he said modestly. But he swaggered ever so slightly.

It was Saturday afternoon and they were cleaning their still very new three-room apartment. Joel worked at the bank until one, so they did it in the afternoon when he could help. Nancy had Saturdays off and usually devoted the mornings to week-end shopping and washing her clothes.

"Joel, you still love me, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"Then why don't you say so occasionally?"

"It seems to me I do more than just say it. Do I ever miss a day's work? Don't I give you my whole pay? Do I ever get drunk or fool around with other women?"

Nancy sighed and crawled under the table.

"You ought to be married to some husbands I know," Joel continued in tones of righteous reproof.

"I know. You're so wonderful."

Complacently: "I've seen worse."

Nancy sniffed.

Imprisoned among what the furniture salesman had assured them were Duncan Phyfe legs with brass tips, Nancy dusted assiduously, while Joel stood the couch cushions on end.

"I suppose you'd like me to talk like a movie hero and kiss your hand every time I see you," Joel said. "Why you women put so much stock in just words is something I'll never understand."

Nancy came out from under the table and sat back on her heels. She was wearing shorts and a halter, and she'd put up her hair in pigtails for coolness. She looked, Joel thought, utterly charming and absurdly young. Characteristically, it didn't occur to him to tell her so.

"Would it be just words if you said you loved me and paid me a compliment now and then?" she demanded.

"No, but ——"

"You think that I keep myself looking nice, don't you? You appreciate the way I plan the meals and darn your socks and stick to our budget, don't you?"

"Sure, but ——"

"Then for heaven's sake why not tell me so? I don't want you to be making up pretty speeches that don't mean anything. Just tell me how you really feel about me once in a while."

"But doggone it, you know how I feel about you. Just because I don't say so every ten minutes doesn't mean I've stopped loving you. I don't change that easily."

Nancy gave him an enigmatic look. "I've found that out."

She got to her feet. Joel gazed appreciatively at her legs. He'd never known a girl with more beautiful legs, and after some fifteen months of seeing them every day he still enjoyed looking at them.

"I'll tell you what I think part of the trouble is," he said. "Movies and love stories and even soap advertisements fill a girl so full of the idea that the most important thing in the world is love and romance, that when she gets married she expects it to be one long love scene. And when she finds out it isn't, she starts feeling sorry for herself."

"I don't feel sorry for myself. I simply get hungry for a little appreciation now and then."

"What gives you the idea you're not being appreciated?"

"What's the nearest thing to a compliment I ever get around here?" she retorted. "I'll tell you. I know it by heart." Striking a pose, she lifted bored eyebrows and imitated Joel's drawl to perfection: "'Not bad.' That's all I ever get. 'Not bad.' Or a pat on the fanny."

"Say, it's not every girl I pat on the fanny." And chuckling like a young man highly pleased with himself, Joel carried three ash trays and a sheaf of old newspapers into the kitchen.

Trays and newspapers disposed of, he got out their tank-type vacuum cleaner—reconditioned good as new—and removed the dust bag, then climbed to the roof to empty it into a paper bag.

When he returned, Nancy was gazing warily at the cleaner. "There's something the matter with this switch," she said. "I touched it and got a shock."

"Probably a loose connection."

"Shouldn't we take it to the repairman?"

"I think I can fix it."

He got a screw driver and pliers and took the switch apart, resecured a raveled, loosened wire and put it together again, while Nancy sat on the floor watching everything he did. He slid in the flat plug, pushed the switch and the cleaner whirred into life.

"You're so smart," Nancy said admiringly.

"It doesn't take any special smartness to do a job like that." Still, he felt pleased.

"But you seem to know how to do so many things."

"Oh, I'm quite a handy person to have around."

While Nancy vacuumed, Joel cleaned the bathroom and kitchen. Being instinctively a good workman and quite as proud of their home as Nancy, he did a thorough job; and being a thoughtful young man, he wondered if Nancy's occasional dissatisfactions might not be based on something more substantial than normal feminine perversity. She wasn't the kind who talked just to make a noise. Girls were notable for getting queer ideas, but Nancy wasn't like most girls. She was so unlike most girls, in fact, that he'd married her.

They finished about the same time, Joel wiping off the sink as Nancy was putting the cleaner away in the hall closet. She came into the kitchen and dropped on a chair.

Joel got a bottle of ginger ale out of the refrigerator. "Want some?"

"Just a mouthful. What I really want is a bath. I feel so sticky I don't like myself."

Joel poured. "This is the part of cleaning house I like best."

The ginger ale stung his taste buds—cold and delicious.

Nancy gazed over the edge of her glass at the spotless kitchen. "It does look nice when it's all cleaned up, doesn't it?"

"M-m-m."

"You're so good about helping me, too, after working at the bank all week."

"You work all week, too, don't you?"

"But most men would leave it all to their wives, or get indignant and say it was women's work."

"It's just as much my home as yours. I like to see it looking good too."

"I know, but most men don't look at it that way."

"I don't say there might not have been a time when I'd have hated to be caught doing something like this. But as I told Richie"—Richie was Nancy's brother—"I've got better ways of showing I'm a man than by letting my wife mop the floors."

"Richie has no sense." She rose. "I'm going to jump in the tub."

She was breast-deep in water that was a pale green with bath salts when he entered the bathroom. He examined himself in the medicine-chest mirror, sliding a hand over his face. "I don't really need a shave, but I suppose I ought to, seeing as how I'm going out tonight with my best girl."

"Meaning me?"

"Uh-huh."

Nancy slid deeper into the water, lifted out one knee and beamed, soaping it.

Joel began smearing brushless cream on his face. "Think our budget can stand a soda after the movie?"

"Of course, Joel. We're not that poor."

"Well, we had the furniture this week. And next week's the rent."

"You'd be surprised how I've learned to squeeze that budget. I'm getting so economical it's a sin."

They'd have needed to squeeze it lots harder if Nancy hadn't kept her job, Joel reflected, drenching his razor with hot water. Some girls insisted on quitting as soon as they married, but Nancy had raised no objections whatever to working at least until their furniture was paid for. She'd get all the staying home she wanted, she said, when she had a baby. With luck, that might be next year. Scraping, Joe tried to imagine Nancy with a baby, himself a father. The effort merely made him dizzy, so he stopped.

Nancy pulled the plug and stepped out on the bath mat. "Are you going to take a bath or a shower?"

"Shower. Sitting-down baths are for girls." He had his shower and dressed. *(Continued on Page 137)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM





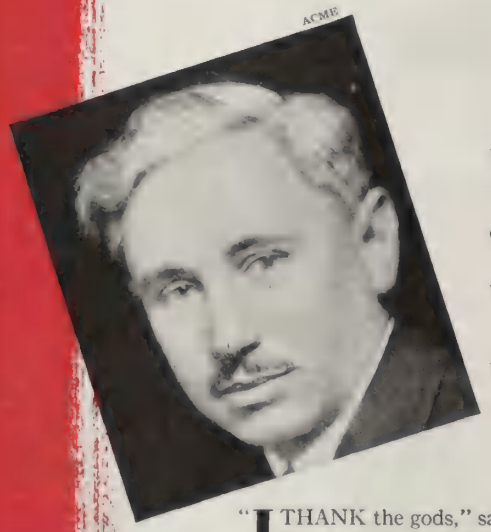
# Love Me

WOMAN'S INTUITION DOESN'T INCLUDE MIND READING. IN OTHER WORDS, MISTER—SAY "I LOVE YOU."

BY THOMAS BELL

# WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

## By Will Durant




**Will civilization survive the partnership of science with modern warfare—or are we building our future on a living volcano? Will our children see the suicide of civilization or a brave new world? asks the man who wrote The Story of Philosophy.**

"I THANK the gods," said Plato, "that I was born a Greek and not a barbarian, a man and not a woman, and in the days of Socrates."

Even a philosopher's thinking is two thirds prejudice. The Greeks called all non-Greeks *barbaroi*, probably meaning babblers, people of uncouth speech. The word was flagrantly unjust, for Egyptian, Babylonian, Hebrew and Persian were highly developed languages in Plato's days. The "barbarian," knowing the zest of cool air on the naked body, sleeping under the stars and living under the sun, earning or making his bread with the toil of his hands, unhampered by laws and unspeeded by machines, innocent of cities or factories, dispensing with books but loving song and dance, educating his children fondly to a hundred useful skills, and killing in a thousand years as many men as a civilized person can kill in a day—such a "barbarian" might reasonably laugh at "civilization," and dismiss it as the prejudice of all prejudices, the conceit of all conceits.

Every nation has exaggerated the splendor of its own culture, and has underestimated that of others. Every vigorous people thinks itself the chosen people. This collective egotism is as necessary as individual egotism.

We of the United States are no exception to the rule of national conceit. We have our excuses: our democracy has given us for a century more liberty than any other people has ever enjoyed; our economic system has produced wealth more abundantly, and distributed it more widely, than any other system or country in history; our educational system has opened the doors of opportunity to every mind in every rank—almost; our freedom of thought and speech, of press and worship has withstood all assaults of obscurantism and bigotry; and the zest and camaraderie of our life come like an electric charge to any people that makes contact with American youth.

And yet—our economic system normally leaves a substantial minority of our people in poverty and slums; our democracy is tarnished with occasional corruption, incompetence and waste; our educational system gives us more skill than wisdom, more cleverness than character; our freedom has a string on it, and does not deter us from racial discrimination and hostility; we lead the semicivilized world in divorce and crime; our music is barbarous, our art (except architecture) is mere groping, our literature has deteriorated since Emerson. We destroy historic cities, architectural masterpieces and noncombatant populations with indiscriminate air raids, and kill 60,000 men, women and children at one blow. We love our civilization, and our enemies call us Huns.

What is civilization? Does it admit of objective, impartial definition? How do the people of the earth today rank in the degree and quality of their civilization? Is our civilization doomed by its own science?

### The Constituents of Civilization

Civilization is order and freedom promoting cultural activity.

Order is civilization's first law, and the mother of freedom, as chaos is civilization's last travail, and the mother of dictatorship.

Four forms of order are needed for civilization: biological, political, economic, moral.

Biologically: there must be order in the relations of the sexes and the generations. The family—which is the biological nucleus of civilization—pursues this aim through marriage and parental care. Marriage is an unnatural institution, whose original purpose was to secure economically an economic helpmate, but whose modern purpose is to channel within orderly limits unreasoning impulses that might otherwise tear a society to pieces. A low birth rate marks a high civilization. Public services of health and sanitation, by lessening illness and mortality, are a major contribution to civilization.

Politically: there must be protection for life, labor, enterprise and property, and for the society as a whole. Primitively the tribe and the clan achieved this through kinship rule and custom; usually in civilization it is accomplished by the state through regional government and laws. Since internal disorder or external attack may destroy a state, we must reckon a police force and an army as indispensable appurtenances of civilization.

Economically: there must be order in the production and distribution of desirable goods; in their secure transport—the history of civilization is in one aspect the history of the wheel; in their provident storage and safe exchange; in the provision of capital to finance these operations; and in the relations of the groups or classes of men and women engaged in these operations.

Morally: a civilization requires order in the conduct and relations of men. Civilization is artificial; the order it entails runs counter to our most powerful impulses. Our individualistic instincts of acquisition and pugnacity, our racial instinct of indiscriminate mating, are stronger than our social inclinations to associate and imitate and conform; these last must be encouraged, the others must be controlled, to ensure the order that makes civilization possible.

Here again the family is the nucleus of civilization. Parental discipline and fraternal strife smooth the projecting corners *(Continued on Page 103)*

INTERNATIONAL



## Henry A. Wallace

You can't pick the most civilized nation by a score card, any more than you can pick the best dairy cow by a score card. When dairymen abandoned the score card and began to depend rather on the milk scales, their emphasis was shifted from "static form" to "dynamic function." If we wish to discover the significant civilizations of the future, we must place the dominant emphasis on "dynamic function." Measured by dynamic function, the United States undoubtedly stands first, Russia second and England third, with France and a number of other nations in a tie for fourth. The Durant score card puts the Scandinavian countries second. I would share with him a strong admiration for these countries, but would rank alongside of them, or at any rate only a short distance behind, Holland, Belgium, New Zealand and Australia. Germany and Japan in the future can, if they will, be in the same category with these countries. But none of these countries has in it the dynamic power to influence world civilization such as is possessed by the big three.

(If I were using Durant's score card I would find it hard to avoid getting an answer very similar to that which he gets. However, I would find it necessary to include Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, New Zealand and Australia and give them a score not far behind the Scandinavian countries. As a guide to the future I find the Durant score card misleading, and that is why I propose an approach based on dynamic functionalism.)

Forgetting national boundaries, let us look for a moment at civilizations on the basis of racial cultures. The Latin civilization is undoubtedly the mother of the Anglo-Saxon Germanic culture. We Anglo-Saxons have a right to be proud of our mother, but we cannot disregard the enormous *élan vital* of the Slavic races. When distinguished Latins of the last century like De Tocqueville and De Hostos, perceived so clearly the great future of the Slavic culture, we of the twentieth century would be foolish to ignore the inevitably great contribution the Slavs will make to the future of civilization.

As I look into the future, I also have great faith in the eventual development of great civilizations in Latin America and China. These developments will depend in large measure on how well we in the United States measure up to our opportunity for world leadership during the years immediately ahead. If we fail in the task, the Slavic culture will dominate the twenty-first century as certainly as the Anglo-Saxon Germanic civilization dominated the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early twentieth. All this I say not in a spirit of promoting competition between cultures, but rather for the purpose of suggesting friendly emulation in world-wide co-operation, looking toward the raising of the standard of living of all peoples.

PIX



## Thomas Mann

I found no reason to quarrel with the author. The article is no more and pretends to be no more than an ingenious, entertaining and historically well-founded contribution examining the degree of civilization of the different nations from various points of view. . . . If there is one objection I'd like to make, it is this: that Mr. Durant has too greatly limited the number of states to be examined. He has completely left out Italy and Switzerland. One doesn't see why. The smallness of Switzerland is no excuse, since he has included the Scandinavian countries. Considering the fact that the world owes its entire musical and commercial terminology to Italy, and taking into account the high degree of civilization prevailing in Switzerland and demonstrated by its unexcelled schools, hospitals, and so on, one must regard the exclusion of these two countries as an injustice. Who knows how many points the old culture of Italy and the oldest European democracy, Switzerland, would have scored!

KEYSTONE VIEW



## Christopher Morley

I once said to myself that the test of Civilization—which to save space I shall call C—was having leisure to define it. I see little room for dissent from the framework Durant sets up. He expressly repeats his "diffidence" in judging. Anyone who rebukes or reproaches must remember his basic axiom, that C exists by geological consent. It is too often forgotten that barometer and thermometer are two of the telltales of C. Order, Durant keeps saying, is at the bottom of C, and certainly the climates of Britain and Scandinavia are more orderly than our own; hence, partly, their higher score. . . . Humanity, so jealously competitive, will spring upon his score sheet, which is the least important part of this fine essay. What I should like to see in large, bold type are his suggestions for present statesmanship.

ACME



## James Hilton

Civilization is a crust over the prevalent turbulence of mankind. The crust is thin, and its occasional promises of permanence (so far as one may judge from history) always false. But sometimes the promise is plausible; the crust feels almost firm; and then, for a little while, men build more than they destroy. The Romans did; so did the cathedral builders of Christendom; so did our railway-building forefathers a century ago. For whether one serves God or Mammon, an act of building is an act of faith, and the last of the world's great mass-building efforts was one that bore witness to a general belief that the world was "improving."

If we doubt this today, it is with reason reinforced by the sad declension in values of the three basic inventions of our past century—first, the railway (almost wholly peaceful), then the airplane (half apt for war and half for peace), and now atomic energy, which, so far as uses for it have yet been found, is wholly and catastrophically destructive.

To seek a listing of modern nations in regard to the quality of their civilization is to beg the more crucial question of whether the world today is in any true sense civilized at all. If we do beg it, however, such a listing of nations will only show that the highest "civilization" was reached and is currently retained by those countries that, either by luck or contrivance, escaped the worst ravages of two world wars.

I would therefore nominate as follows: Switzerland and Sweden (sheer luck); the United States (size, which is also luck); Britain; France; Germany; Russia (a hard case: her Czarist civilization was mediocre; what followed is still in birth pangs); China (the saddest of all the war victims).

I think it possible that in 100 years the balance between constructive and destructive activities of mankind will have swung to the former again. And as a wild guess I would forecast the world's greatest cities then as Johannesburg, Los Angeles, São Paulo (Brazil), and Alma-Ata (Siberia).

HIRSCHBERG



## André Maurois

I accept Will Durant's definition of civilization, though I would prefer a simpler one: the art and science of living in a society. I agree with most of his conclusions as to what an ideal government should do to preserve civilization. But I completely disagree with the way in which he applies his tests to rate the leading nations. . . . It is arbitrary, and to me unacceptable, to attribute the same value to the various factors of civilization: culture, freedom, economic order, biological order. I do not think Mr. Durant listed the nations correctly, because no one could list them correctly. France is neither first, nor third, nor sixth. She is France, not better than Britain or the United States, but just as necessary to world civilization, though for different reasons.

POLLY THAYER



## Jacques Barzun

Mr. Durant's epigram on civilization as "order and freedom promoting cultural activity" is one of the briefest and best things that have been said on the subject. I agree with everything he says up to the point where he begins to wreck his own definition by playing with the notion of testing and rating national cultures.

He admits that this is "reckless play," but I wonder whether he knows how reckless it is, for having shown order to be chiefly a means to culture, he falls into the trap of equating the two. An example, taken from sport, will illustrate what I mean. That graceful and lethal aspect of American civilization known as skiing is something we borrowed from Central Europe; it has spread from Switzerland, where Conan Doyle had done most to introduce the art after its first emergence in Norway. The remoter origins of the snow skid take us back to the ancient Scythians. The question is, to which nationality do we credit skiing—not forgetting that Conan Doyle was Scotch-Irish?

I have purposely caricatured Mr. Durant's assumption: the sober way to put the matter is to say that no historian can for a moment admit as many "civilizations" as Mr. Durant talks about in his confusion between passing political forms and cultural activity. In the western world there is but one civilization, the European, which began in Greece and Asia Minor long ago. Since then, the additions and interminglings are beyond computation, and it is a mole's-eye view to try comparing local variations at the expense of the underlying unity established by Rome, by Christendom and by the industrial revolution. . . . Anyone is at liberty to match nationalities, preferring buttered toast to sauerkraut or proclaiming in a patriotic voice that American hotels are the only ones that supply ice water free of charge. But the pastime must not be mistaken for a judgment about civilizations.

TO FRANKIE, GROWING UP WAS LIKE SITTING AT THE EDGE OF A CROWDED DANCE FLOOR, AMAZ

# TomBoy

## By Gertrude Schweitzer

SHE came into the house from school, banging the screen door, yelling, "Hi, mom, I'm home!" and clumping up the stairs to her room, all in one unbroken pattern of sound and motion. If her mother had not answered her, she would have paused to investigate. As it was, the familiar expected voice barely registered on the surface of her brain, suggesting that everything was normal.

As soon as she had reached her room and disposed of her books, she pulled off her cotton school dress and slip and threw them down on the bed. She put on a pair of wrinkled dungarees and a man's old, frayed white shirt, rolling the dungaree legs up to her knees and the sleeves of the shirt up to her elbows, and letting the shirttail hang out long and wide.

Up to this point, her costume was not unusual. In common with thousands of other American girls, she now, standing in her nice, comfortable, warm home, before her well-filled clothes closet, presented the pitiable picture of a child whom need has forced to wear her big brother's inappropriate, unbecoming, outgrown garments.

But from there on, her uniform deviated. She wore no charm bracelets, no jewelry at all except a wrist watch. Her thick, dark hair was short, and its wind-blown appearance had been achieved not with shears, bobby pins or curlers, but by the blowing of the wind. And there was no lipstick on her wide, upcurving mouth, no lipstick at all.

A moment later she tore down the stairs again, carrying a fishing rod and whistling shrilly and tunelessly. In the hall she skidded to a stop just short of colliding violently with her mother.

"Oops!" she said, grinning. "Sorry!" She stood with her legs wide apart, the fishing rod on her shoulder, towering over her small, dainty mother. "I'm going fishing with Skeet. Be back for supper."

"Frances, you haven't forgotten?" Her mother's smile was brilliant, charming. "Beth's party tonight?"

"Ohmigosh! Do I *have* to go?"

"Of course, dear. How could you not go to your cousin's sixteenth-birthday party—an event like that?"

"Suppose I was sick. If I was sick I couldn't go."

"But you aren't sick," her mother said firmly, "and I'm sure you aren't going to be sick." A strained heartiness came into her voice. "Besides, it's going to be a lovely party, and I'm sure you'll have a wonderful time."

The girl shrugged. "I never do," she said cheerfully. "I never have a wonderful time at parties."

"You might," the mother said, "if you only weren't so ——" She paused and looked her daughter up and down and made a helpless gesture with her small hands, not finishing the sentence.

But the girl, walking along the road with her fishing rod to meet Skeet, knew exactly what her mother meant. She was a tall, lanky girl with hard muscles, a long, swinging stride and a deep, slightly hoarse voice, and she knew that it was a constant shock to her mother that she was not, instead, small and fluffy and soft-spoken—the kind of girl her mother must have been. She was sorry she was such a disappointment, but she would not have changed into a girl like that if she could. It was bad enough to be any kind of girl, when boys were the ones who did all the things that were fun, but at least she wasn't one of those silly, giggling idiots.

As though to illustrate her point, a battered-up jalopy clattered by her on the road, and her cousin Beth called to her in a high-pitched, affected voice, and then turned to the boy next to her and giggled, for no reason at all. Beth's hair was a long, golden, gently curling cascade around her shoulders, and her mouth was a vivid flash of laughing red, and her eyes, looking up at the boy, were meltingly soft.

The girl watched them pass. Then she picked up a pebble and tossed it strongly through the trees, admiring the length of the throw. In another year she would be sixteen herself, but she would never be like Beth, mooning at a boy that way. People would be after her even more then, telling her a girl of sixteen had to act grown-up and ladylike, talking about boys in that sly, sidelong way they had that they thought was funny, but she wouldn't care. She was going to be different. Maybe she would be a flier, and fly planes all over the world—make records, like Amelia Earhart and those—and when she jumped out of her plane, tall and agile in her pilot suit, she would take off her cap and goggles and smile at the assembled crowd, and they would gasp and say:

"A girl! Can you believe it—a girl! Who would have thought a girl could fly a plane that way?"

A long, low whistle distracted her from thoughts of the future. She returned the whistle, slid through an indiscernible gap in the bushes and came out upon the edge of a pond, where a boy sat dangling a slack fishing line in the water.

"Hi, Skeet!" she greeted him, meanwhile readying her own equipment. "How they biting?"

"Not so good, Frankie," he said. His voice was still in an alarming state of transition, although he was old enough for it to have settled down, and its strange hoarseness, alternating with sudden shrill squeaks, had given rise to the rumor that he had once swallowed a mosquito which had bitten him in the throat. Hence the nickname.

The girl sat down beside him, unflinchingly impaled a worm upon her hook, and threw her line into the water. They did not speak again, after their exchange of greetings, until they knocked off for a snack. Then Skeet said, between bites of peanut-butter sandwich:

"They're after me to go to Beth Calvert's dance tonight."

"Who's after you?"

"Oh, you know—ma and Mrs. Calvert and Beth. They're low on guys, so they want me to go." He screwed up a long, freckled nose and rubbed one square brown hand over his sun-bleached hair. "What would I do at a dance, tell me that? I got no use for women, and all that stuff."

"I've got to go too," she said. "On account of Beth being my cousin, I can't get out of it. But I don't see why you ——"

He grimaced. "Yeah, I don't see why either. But ma and Mrs. Calvert are friends, and ma thinks this would be helping her out." He gave a short, bitter laugh. "She should know what a help I'll be at a dance!"

They both stared moodily at the water. "Well, anyway," Frankie said, "we can kind of stick together."

Frankie grimaced at herself in Beth's mirror. It seemed to her that she looked as uncomfortable and unnatural as she felt, but actually the long white dress was very becoming, its billowing skirt covering her lanky legs, rounding her bony lines, the tight-fitting bodice emphasizing her strong slimness. There was in her movements none of the conscious awkwardness that harried some of the other girls, but a kind of free-swinging, wild, boyish grace that was softened by the flowing dress.

Frankie saw none of this. She saw only an absurd, artificial femininity—something deceptive, of which she wanted no part. She belonged in a shirt and dungarees, lying on the bank of a pond with a fishing pole—not here at a dance, mincing around in this silly dress.

"My, you look nice!" Beth's voice was sirupy—the special voice she reserved to be overheard by boys. "Your gown is *sweet!*" Her smile was supercilious, her eyes patronizing the white dress. Her own dress was an unrelieved black, close-fitting, deeply cut—a sixteen-year-old dream of a dress.

"Thanks," Frankie answered in her clipped, husky voice. "I don't feel sweet—I feel like a dope. Let's go."

"My goodness, you sound as if you're going to be tortured or something." Beth led her into a room filled with boys and girls. "You know almost everybody, don't you? You'd think they were going to *bite* you."

It was true that Frankie knew almost everybody—but not on these terms, not all dressed up like this. a girl among boys, a girl who looked *sweet*. They were the same boys with whom she had gone *(Continued on Page 96)*



ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

T VERY MUCH ALONE




High
As
My
Heart

# "IT'S HARD TO HAVE HAPPINESS HANDED TO YOU ON A SILVER PLATTER,

## YET NOT BE ALLOWED TO HAVE EVEN SO MUCH AS A NIBBLE ★ BY GEE HARGROVE

"MINNA," I said in the tone of One Who Has Suffered—Minna is a coworker of mine with an equine countenance and a fourteen-carat heart—"this has been a witch of a day."

And so it had. A screaming-meemie of a day, starting with my leaving my cosmetic kit at home and having to use a weird orange lipstick of Minna's, and ending now after two solid hours of dictation from Mr. Michelovsky, who strains a robust Russian accent between clenched stumps of teeth and a noisome pipe. And the in-between had all been part of the maddening pattern: an important carbon in wrong side to with Michelovsky doing heavy ballet waiting for the original; Smithy smiling her feline smile as she asked wonderingly whether I'd applied that lipstick with a toothbrush; I even got stuck between floors in the elevator for twenty minutes of my lunch hour, and me a claustrophobe.

Oh, a witch of a day indeed. I sighed with a desperate thankfulness as I dragged on my gray jacket at five-fifteen. *'Mid pleasures and palaces*, my thoughts ran. Maybe mother'd had enough points for lamb chops after all. Even if it was meat loaf again, there was coffee gelatin for dessert. *I'll stop at Petit Paris for some of those pastry butterflies. And after dinner I'll just loll like a rag doll.* I was so lulled by these soothing thoughts that even the hour's ride on the subway couldn't cause my good humor, creeping cautiously out of its lair, to retreat.

Still, I retained a certain amount of wariness. It's been my bitter experience that a sadistic day like that doesn't usually drop me obediently out of its maw at five-fifteen. It wasn't, in fact, until I opened the door and sniffed the divine scent of broiling lamb chops—some perfume manufacturer should patent it—that I dared to relax completely.

MOTHER kissed me fondly over the potato masher. "Hello, darling. You look gaunt. Or is it just that ghastly lipstick? Your jacket's buttoned wrong. Here, darling, give these potatoes a final whip while I answer the phone. Don't forget the warm milk and the dash of salt."

She was back in a jiffy—a noble deed, for mother dearly loves telephonic chitchat, and a half hour is her usual minimum. But the keen maternal eye discerned that I'd had my quota of that day's raveled sleave of care. She gave me a tender pat on the *derrière*.

"I've drawn your bath, little one." (Mother is five-two in heels to my five-eight.) "I'll have dinner on the table as soon as you're ready."

"Mother," I intoned solemnly, kissing the top of her askew feathercut, "you are out of this world."

"Is that good?" she smirked exaggeratedly. "Use my geranium oil," she called after me. "It lifts the morale like a derrick."

As I stood rubbing myself to a glow with the outsize blue bath towel, I felt like the Ancient Mariner right after the albatross had slipped off. *Life*, I thought Edgar Guestishly, *is once more bright-hued and home brings surcease from trouble.*

I CLIMBED into my trusty dungarees—the ones with the white patch on each knee from the day I scrubbed the kitchen floor with bleaching water—and my brother Jed's old checked shirt, leaving the tail out in a truly sharp manner. I had scrubbed off every vestige of the misbegotten tangerine lipstick, and came to the table shining-faced, sans a smitch of make-up, and with my hair pulled into two pigtails tied with red ribbon à la Judy Canova.

Mother refrained from comment beyond a mild, "Well, darling, you certainly look wholesome."

"That's me," I agreed cheerfully. "Neat."

It was during my second helping of coffee gelatin that she reminded me that tonight was the night for the Red Cross bridge. *This*, I said to myself, *gets better and better. Solitude. Blissful, all-by-myself solitude.* Not that I don't adore mother, but it's only when she's not around that I can play my records in peace. She simply cannot understand music as anything but a pleasant background for conversation, and she says it makes her nervous to see me sitting like a brass monkey—her very expression—during something like Clair de Lune.

Bursting with good cheer and three lamb chops, I helped her whiz into her black eyelet, picked out the turquoise choker and bracelet she wears with it, told her by all means the small hat and no, positively not another dab of rouge. Then I closed the door after her and waited the usual five minutes. Sure enough, within the specified time, I heard the agitated tapping of returning spike heels and pulled the door open again.

"Would you, darling?" she called out breathlessly. "On my vanity chair, the two cans of oysters I promised Mrs. McCann." She sat briefly on the hassock. Mother's incurably superstitious; she always sits down when she comes back for something. We've had that hassock re-covered three times.

I raced back with the oysters, kissed her good-by again and, this time, closed the door with finality. Mother has never been known to come back twice, just as she's never been known to leave once.

I hustled through the dishes, having had the good sense to leave them soaking in hot soapy water. I've had experience with cold lamb-greased dishes before. Then, then . . . the evening stretched unshackled before me. I was squatting in front of the record cabinet, choosing my entertainment when the doorbell rang. I sat with Morton Gould's Pavanne clutched to my bosom. Maybe if I didn't move, or breathe, or even consciously think—just maybe whoever it was would go away. Half a minute snailed past and I said to myself, *The light, you fool.* Of course they'd see the light under the door. I snarled softly as I padded to open it on the second for-heaven's-sake-answer-it peal. *Dear God, not an evening of Dora Hollis and that Ouija board.* Then I heard the bark. Not Dora, praise the Lord. Rover.

YOU heard me. I said Rover. Jed bought him and named him uncompromisingly. No Sean or Brian Boru or Kevin Barry, even if he was an Irish setter. Basic English for this dog. Things had come to a pretty pass, Jed maintained, when people used dogs and houses in Connecticut as pegs on which to hang their whimseys. He pitied the animal whose fey owners explained with a pixy laugh, "We call him Cassius because he hath a lean and hungry look."

I reached the door in two bounds. My sister Pat was standing there with a weekend case in one hand and Rover's leash in the other. My niece Penny immediately wrapped herself boa-constrictor style around my stomach just as though she hadn't seen me night before last.

"Midge, would you mind awfully? It's Ted's mother again—another heart attack. I hate to ask you. But it's practically Penny's bedtime anyhow, and she won't be too much trouble really."

My sister Pat is a replica of mother, only with gorgeous red hair. She's a cute thing and she looked so worried and apologetic that I told her that Penny looked like a day in the country compared with the Ouija board I'd expected. I sent her on her way with my blessing and a promise to make Penny take her halibut oil.

She was back three minutes later—I told you she's like mother—with a two-pound box of fudge. "Here, Midge. I forgot to give you this. Only one piece for Penny, though. You're a positive angel not to crab, Midge." She grazed the hassock swiftly, hugged Penny hard and dashed off.

She needn't have been so grateful. My niece is a dream *(Continued on Page 122)*



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I wanted the night to never end . . . to keep on dancing forever and ever so that I could stay in his arms.

# CHANGE—WITH A CAPITAL C

**Color at your throat is magic. Do it with beads, a ribbon scarf that may double for a sash. Amazing how a single touch can change the silhouette, make a dull thing gay. This year there's more reason than ever to do things to year-old or two-year-old dresses and suits to give them the current, catchy look. Focus on the neckline, waistline, blouse fashions, ideas for evening. Reconversion takes little time or material, few major operations on clothes.** ★

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
*Fashion Editor of the Journal*



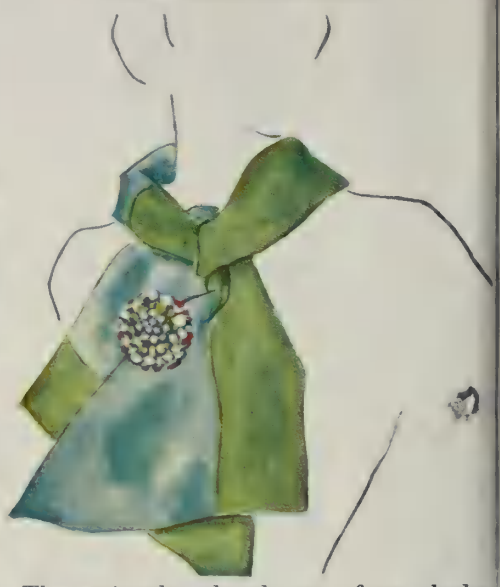


*Buy strands of brilliant beads, or use those you have; tie with velvet ribbon.*

## THE RIBBON TOUCH



*Perfect suit scarf attached to ribbon or flat fold tying easily under a collar. 2212.*



*Three triangles, cleverly cut, of two shades of ribbon; for suit or dress neckline. 2212.*

*Make an Ascot of satin or satin ribbon; four loops at each end; dot with sequins; use as neckline stock, or sash (below). 2211.*

**A new way to tie a necklace, a new way to wear a scarf—an original sash—brings a dress or suit back into circulation.**

## SASHES WITH BOWS



*New silhouette for a straight black dress: a deep swath of bias black taffeta around the hips with a two-fold pouf in back. 2213.*



*Presto change: Ascot shown on suit above becomes a sash; tied in front on a dress. 2211.*



*. . . Or tied in the back to make a bustle: no end to its uses, or its glamour!*

*A double peplum of gathered grosgrain or satin ribbon, tied front or back. 2214.*



*Butterfly bow and matching wrist-length gloves; bright-color satin for black dinner dress. 2215.*







*Simple sleeveless weskit, made of bright Guatemalan cotton; small flat buttons. 2216.*

SKETCHES BY REYNALDO LUZA. PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL





*Bright jersey slip-over with a wrap-around sash. 2219.*

# A BLOUSE WILL DO IT

*Polka-dot surah surplice sash-blouse, 2217, and matching gloves bring a bolero suit out of the discard. Glove pattern, 2223.*

*Sleeveless plaid surah with a bow neckline and cap sleeves dresses up any black suit, or separate black skirt. 2218.*

Order by pattern number, 5 cents for each number, from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

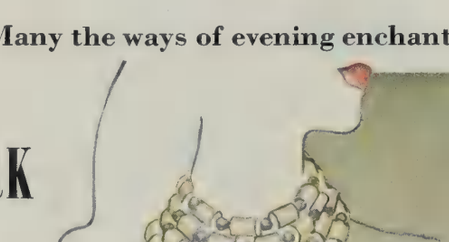
**A bright blouse pulls your suit together, makes it new. Many the ways of evening enchantment: a skirt, a necklace, scarf**

# MAGIC AFTER DARK





*Up to your chin, in satin Ascot with ostrich-feather ends; long enough for sash. 2220.*

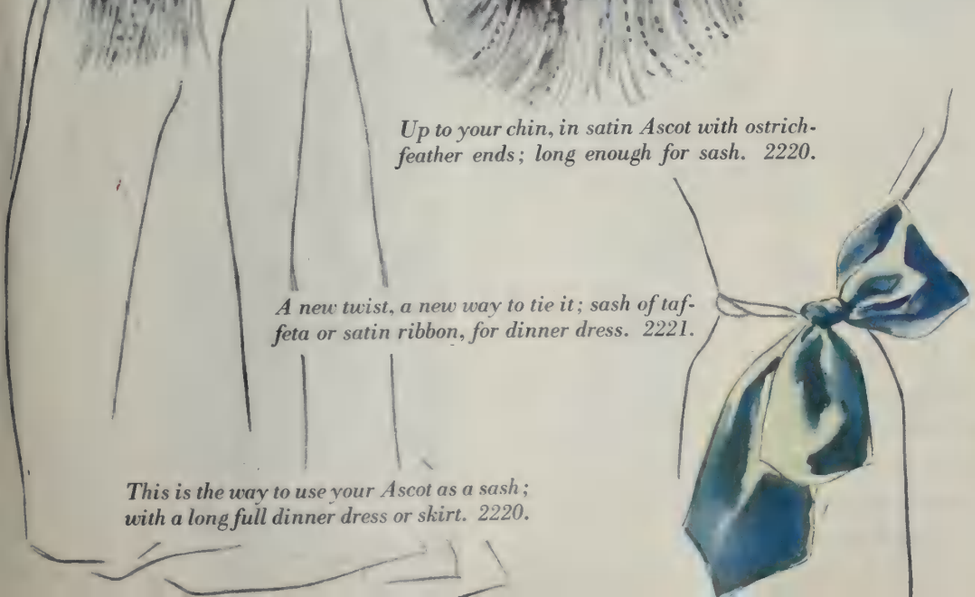


*Wooden beads like kindergarten counters with metal beads between—collar necklace.*



*Make the newest evening fashion: a full dinner skirt of moire; with off-the-shoulder blouse, pendant on a moire ribbon. 2222.*

*A new twist, a new way to tie it; sash of taffeta or satin ribbon, for dinner dress. 2221.*



*This is the way to use your Ascot as a sash; with a long full dinner dress or skirt. 2220.*

(Continued on page 101)

# NEWS IN . . . FASHION, FABRICS; BELTS, BUTTONS; SCISSORS, PINS



**Favorite fabrics like fine flannel are back again, perfect for this dress with diagonal line; 1737.**

**BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
*Fashion Editor of the Journal*

**News is in skirt fullness, achieving a silhouette with a new look in spite of lingering restrictions. Hollywood Pattern No. 1733, above, has it, plus a new close throatline, sleeves with a turnback cuff. To make in wool jersey, finish with an important belt. Suit No. 1734, a January-to-spring fashion—skirt with a rising waistline, soft front fullness, single-button jacket. A joy to make with new and better woolens available; an artist-designed print for the blouse and gloves.**

The belt is the most important single accessory of the year—new width, new buckles, and a concise new look at the waistline. No. 1735 has easy fullness in the skirt, modified deep armholes, collarless neckline inviting jewelry. Made of fine black-and-white-striped jersey. Could be in any other soft woolen or rayon mixture. And no small matter for precision cutting, you can now buy good scissors—and better pins are available too.

Those matelassé crepes you've been missing; wonderful for a suit dress, 1739; plastic buttons; small scarfs.

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

**Back views, sizes and prices on Page 130.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL SKETCHES BY LEE LUNZER © HOLLYWOOD

Small waistline, small collar, straight shoulders—news marks of this slim young suit, 1736; flannel or jersey.

News maker today and tomorrow—a beautiful black dress. It takes a soft sheer fabric like fine rayon jersey to do justice to this molded fashion with the center-front shirring, 1738. Also good news for women who love pure silk: raw silk is being imported in considerable quantity—a reparations fabric from Japan. Allotments are being made for piece goods, stockings, underwear. Rayon sheers are back again.

# Two Homes in One

**YOU CAN SEE FROM THE GARDEN SIDE HOW NICELY TWO HOUSES CAN MAKE A SINGLE HOME GROUP FOR A LARGE FAMILY, IN-LAWS OR RELATIONS, OR BE TWO INDEPENDENT HOUSES**

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

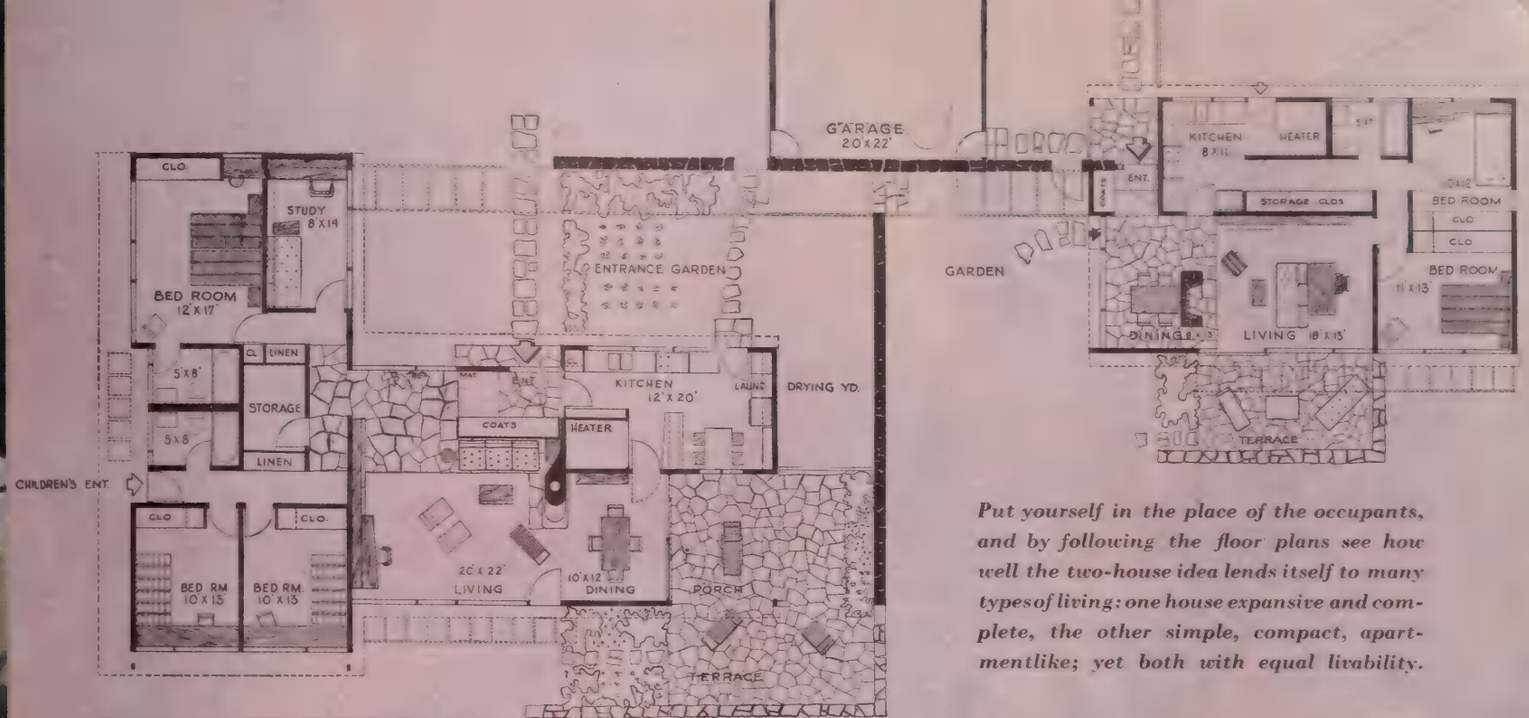
THIS is a home for the Joneses. They have four children, from sixteen down to three; and with quite a few guests and a good deal of entertaining, the answer would seem to be an extra-big house. As things stand now, the Joneses could afford it. But families get smaller, and a big house becomes top-heavy. So their interesting solution is a two-house home. There is the little connected guesthouse for living and play, to serve as an overflow where older children can make themselves at home and there is always room for overnight or week-end visitors, of whom the Joneses have many. Then there is the larger house in which the life of the family centers. When in time the family gets smaller, there is always a choice of two houses to fit either one with the familiar atmosphere of home.

Let's say, for another situation, that the parents of two or three younger children have a newly married son or daughter who would like to live next door. For such an arrangement the setup suggested here would be ideal, as a look at the plan and picture will prove—the starting-out couple having a home whose rent and running cost would be in keeping with a beginning income. And for a situation somewhat in reverse, the smaller house would make an easily managed place for an elderly couple, with the larger house a good companion home for the family of their children.

For still another situation, a really good-sized family, of which several members might be wholly or partly self-supporting, could use both houses as a single home, sharing the cost and care, and coming together whenever they wished for meals and entertainment.

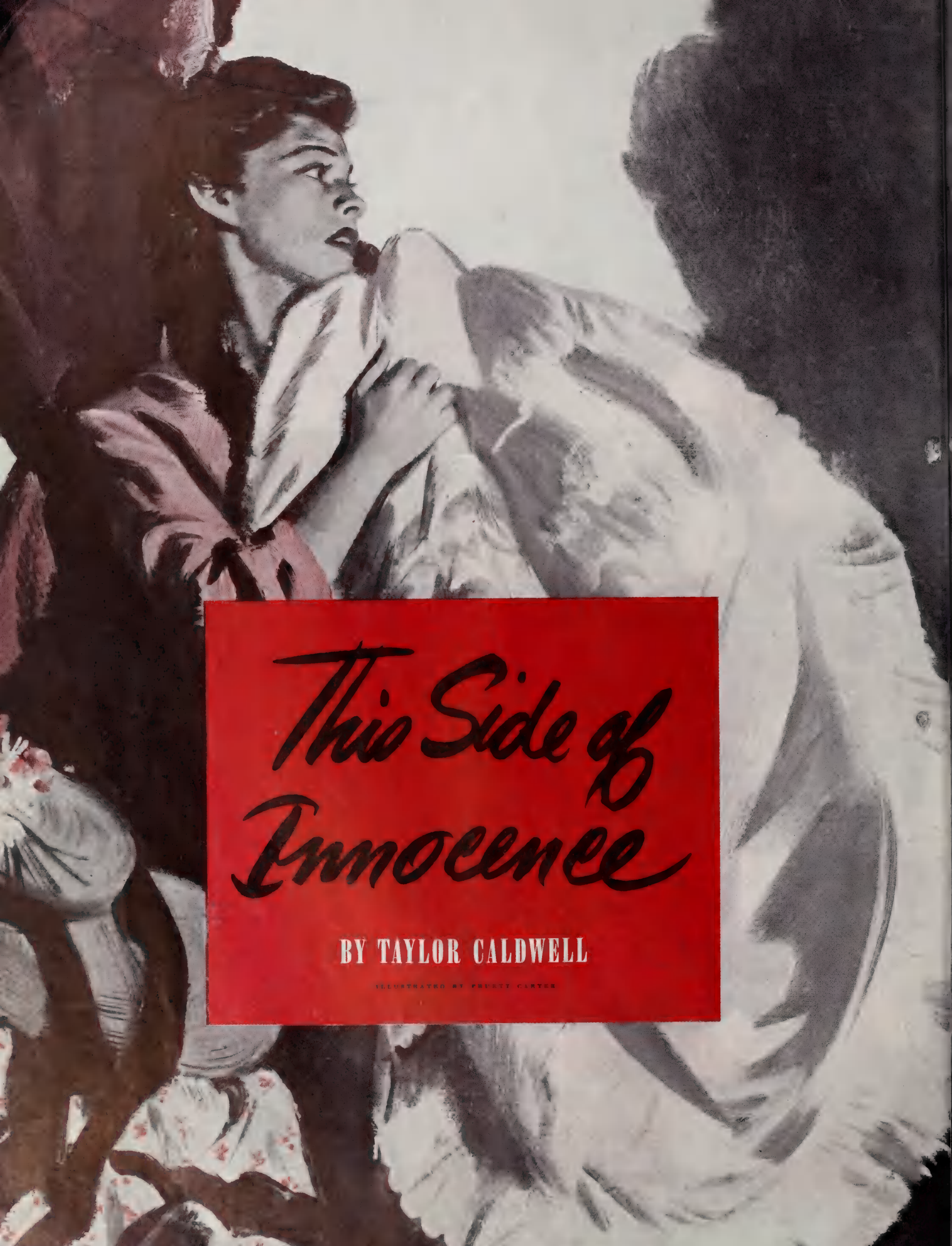
In any variation on these familiar themes, the beauty of this combination home would always be the friendly independence of the two co-operating establishments. Standing on adjacent lots, the two houses would be connected by an arbored walk and separated by a garden wall: the walk, one that could be disconnected at any time; the wall, one that could be high or low. Thus either home could be a source of income or revenue if it should ever be desirable for the family to occupy but one and rent or even sell the other. While the double garage shown here is one to be shared, there could of course be two garages instead.

You can easily imagine a whole community made up of combinations of this kind, where family ties could be preserved, and where families of different sizes and different incomes could live next door in a pleasant and practical fashion. You can also think of either house as a house to build by itself; and you can think of either as a house to be built at once out of pre-war materials, or soon out of the newer, simpler manufactured parts.




*Put yourself in the place of the occupants, and by following the floor plans see how well the two-house idea lends itself to many types of living: one house expansive and complete, the other simple, compact, apartmentlike; yet both with equal livability.*

HOUSES DESIGNED BY **HUGH STUBBINS, JR.**, ARCHITECT; HOUSE MODEL BY RAYMOND BARGER STUDIOS; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPH BY PRATT.



# This Side of Innocence

BY TAYLOR CALDWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



*She had the air of a prisoner caught in the midst of despairing flight. Doctor Hawley said, "Alfred, may I talk to Amalie alone? It will only take a few moments."*

# PART THREE IN THE STORY OF THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED THE WRONG MAN

JEROME, dancing with Amalie at the party announcing her engagement to Alfred, asks her to run away with him. "A proposal without benefit of book?" she asks him, and he agrees that it is. Yet after Amalie's wedding to Alfred, Jerome is despondent and regrets that he did not stop the marriage. "I could have prevented it in some way."

Jerome, the Lindsey family black sheep and dilettante painter, has returned home to Hilltop because he thinks that his cousin Alfred's marriage to the vixenish Amalie will rob him of his own money. But much to everyone's surprise, Jerome settles down to work in his father's bank.

When Amalie returns from her honeymoon she cannot deny to herself a repulsion toward Alfred and an intense love for Jerome. Meanwhile, Jerome has become engaged to Sally Tayntor, daughter of Brigadier General Tayntor, who has given her a dowry of $100,000.

Alfred plans to take old Mr. Lindsey and young Philip, his son by a former marriage, away for a short rest at Saratoga, leaving Amalie at Hilltop with Dorothea, Jerome's sharp older sister. On the afternoon they leave, Dorothea goes for a short call and Amalie plans to rest. However, an electric storm comes up which terrifies Amalie. She runs from her room, sees Jerome, and falls into his arms, sobbing incoherently and crying out the most heartbreaking words of love.

*III*

THE storm raged without pause until sunset. By that time the rain began to slow, and at eight o'clock it stopped. Wheels grated only slightly on the wet gravel as Dorothea, in her carriage, looked up at the silent, unlighted house. She tried to reassure herself that Amalie was a strong and dauntless woman, but she remembered with some misgivings her father's remarks about Amalie's failing health. The storm had been fierce enough, indeed, to intimidate anyone.

Amalie's window was unlighted, but as the carriage rolled under Jerome's window Dorothea saw the golden bloom of a lamp. She alighted from the carriage, glanced up again at the window. And then she became rigid.

Quite distinctly she saw that Jerome was not alone, that the one with him was Amalie. They were held together in an embrace which even Dorothea recognized as passionate. She saw their faces merge; saw the gleam of Amalie's arms about Jerome's neck.

Dorothea heard a raucous sound, and it was some moments before she identified it as her own shocked breathing. She was shaking to her very bones. All at once she longed for her room, for her bed.

The front door was unlocked. She crept up the stairs in darkness. Once behind her closed door, she went to her bed and lay, her arms flung out on each side, her face like iron. Perhaps she fell into unconsciousness, for she was next aware that a wavering light was shining in her face. A servant was entering with a lighted candle.

"Oh, Miss Dorothea!" she exclaimed. "I did not know you were here. Mr. Jerome said you were probably staying the night in the village, but I thought I would turn down your bed in case ——"

Dorothea heard her own voice, calm and neutral: "I just returned, Nancy, and I am feeling very tired. May I have a cup of tea here in my room?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! At once!" The girl went out hastily.

Dorothea pushed herself to her feet. She said aloud, "I must control myself. I must not give way!"

She washed her hands, threw cold water on her face, smoothed her hair. Then she sat before her unlighted hearth and shivered.

What was she to do? Should she go to Jerome and say, "I know what there is to know"? Should she go to Amalie and denounce her? Should she inform Alfred?

She knew, or thought she knew, Jerome. He was a blackguard and a villain without conscience or scruple. It was quite possible that he would laugh in her face. It was even possible that Jerome, knowing he had been discovered, might decide to run away with Amalie. What of the honor of the family? What of Mr. Lindsey? Would his health survive the shock of a shameful disclosure? No, she could not tell Jerome that she knew of his crime.

Could she denounce Amalie? What if Amalie went at once to Jerome and informed him of the denouncing? The same results would ensue as if Jerome had been told.

For a few moments Dorothea lost control of herself, and all her fierce hatred rose up like battering fists on the door of reason. Oh, the shameless creatures! How could they do this thing to Alfred? Dorothea was certain that the occasion had been planned. Jerome had gone to the village alone, so that he could return alone. Amalie had refused to accompany Dorothea, had waited for the return of her lover.

Dorothea sprang to her feet, hands clenched, eyes flaming. She ran to the door, was actually in the corridor before she came to her senses. When she did so she was trembling so that she had to grope her way back to her chair. She collapsed, covered her face with her hands, rocking back and forth in anguish.

What had she almost done? She had almost destroyed Alfred. She had most certainly almost destroyed her father. She had been on the verge of bringing even greater calamity to this house.

She stopped rocking and stared before her with parched eyes. Were the guilty to be free, never to be reproached? It seemed there was no solution. There was no solution but silence.

She said aloud, "I have only to watch them, and prevent them from ever doing this again."

Dorothea rose and went to her mirror and studied her blanched face. Yes, she looked ill. She would take to her bed. She would implore Amalie to sleep with her, declaring that she dared not be alone. Amalie could not refuse. Then, at the very thought of sharing her virgin bed with that vile creature, Dorothea turned violently sick.

But Dorothea did not have iron in her soul for nothing. It took her only a few minutes to master her sickness. It was for Alfred, she told herself with cold despair. She rang for a maid and asked that Amalie be sent to her.

DOROTHEA was compelled to draw heavily on her reserves of strength and determination during the next two weeks. She must never leave Amalie "unguarded." But she must not make this obvious. She was naturally robust of constitution, and she must pretend to be afflicted by vapors sufficiently disabling to demand Amalie's presence at night.

She was merciless in her constant demands. It meant nothing to her that Amalie became more quiet, more stern-lipped and ghostlike as the days passed.

The family physician assured Amalie that Miss Dorothea was suffering from certain delicate nervous and physical symptoms common to women of her age, and Dorothea took full advantage of this diagnosis. So Amalie could not be puzzled by Dorothea's bitter silences, her hard words, her criticisms. Amalie endured it all with abstracted courtesy. Perhaps her own desperate state of misery made her overlook intemperately vicious remarks. She did her work in a removed and mechanical state that suggested the actions of a sleepwalker.

Jerome never saw her alone for an instant. But he did see her bemused, white face and hear her voice at the dinner table. She did not turn her eyes his way; he had no method of communication in Dorothea's constant presence.

A gloom, reminiscent of the dark days of February when Mr. Lindsey had been ill, fell over the house. Finally Jerome could stand it no longer. He wrote a note to Amalie, sealed it, gave it to Jim.

"It is a matter of some importance," he informed the little cockney. "And it is necessary that Miss Dorothea be unaware of it."

Jim's gnomelike features darkened apprehensively.

Shortly before luncheon, Amalie came downstairs to arrange flowers for the table, and here Jim found her. He approached hastily, whispered, "I was to give you this, ma'am." He pressed the note into Amalie's hand and fled, for Dorothea was in the hall. The door swung to behind him.

Amalie had hardly time to thrust the note into the bosom of her dress before Dorothea entered. "Was someone just here?" she demanded.

*(Continued on Page 44)*



# The TRANSFORMATION

**TWO MEN, EACH LACKING WHAT THE OTHER HAD, WANTED HER ★ BY BERYL MARKHAM**

NO one had much to say about John Craig at first. People waited for him to reveal himself, and when he did—a few words at a time—they said that he was smug, even arrogant. Perhaps they meant self-sufficient and proud. He was both of these and a little more.

I first saw him at a gunsmith's shop in Nairobi. He was a huge man, young—twenty-six, perhaps—and he knew nothing of guns, nor did he want to. He was new to Kenya, but not to farming, and he had bought a tract of uncleared land up near the Mau forest, where leopards had of course begun to prey upon his livestock. He needed a rifle, he explained to the clerk; and as he examined three or four, I saw that he handled them without respect or appreciation. His hands were strong and insensitive, and he would jerk open the breech of a finely made weapon as if it were a rusted piece of machinery. In the end he chose a light Springfield of excellent design and walked away holding it as if it were an ax.

The clerk shook his head and looked at me. "He'll prop windows open with it," he said, "and let the barrel rust."

"I suppose so," I said. I didn't care whether or not he split wood with it, but I remembered the way he used his hands.

It proved to be the way he used everything. As we learned more of him we saw that his mind was as harsh as his touch. He was not cruel, but there was no sentiment in him that one could see, nor much curiosity except about material things that he could turn to his needs. What he did not understand he shrugged away. But he worked wonders with what he knew.

In very little time he cleared a hundred acres of his farm, blasting the stumps of massive trees, dragging boulders with teams of oxen, and finally gouging the soil in precise and parallel furrows—for he did not seem to plow the land, but to harass it with a kind of anxious fury until it bore. He had no talent for the earth and pretended none, but he knew it chemically and made it yield.

His house was built in a matter of weeks. It stood high and alone on the rim of the Rongai Valley—a dark intrusion on the gentle sky line. It was clean and square and bleak. Nothing could get into it that he did not want to get in, and among those things was cheer as other people knew it. Still, as a house, it was beyond criticism. It was solid, tight—a flawless shelter—and when the last nail had been sunk into its cedar planking, John Craig decided to marry.

IT was not an extraordinary decision except that it was so deliberately made and that, to the surprise of everyone, he set his mind on the one girl who was almost beyond his reach and certainly beyond his understanding. She was Anne Barton, whom Craig had met not more than twice, and who was in any case in love with another man—Larry Abbot, an independent pilot, the possessor of countless friends, but with not a shilling to his name.

Everyone knew about Anne and Larry; they seemed almost of a single identity, though for all of that it was a strange relationship. For three years their eventual marriage had been taken for granted, but it remained "eventual"; it never happened, simply because Larry remained too improvident to make it happen. Yet he and Anne were inseparable, and his adoration of her must have been as plain to John Craig as it was to everyone; but it had no effect on him. He was ready to marry and Anne Barton was the girl he wanted.

He went to Anne and made his fantastic proposal with such bluntness as can come only from a man of massive ego—and he was turned away with more grace, but with equal bluntness.

Anne Barton was essentially feminine, essentially gentle, and she had more wisdom at twenty-two, I think, than is commonly combined with beauty. She was a slender girl with chestnut hair that shone above deep eyes with a curious light in them. Perhaps they were sad eyes—they were at least musing—but she had a wealth of laughter nonetheless—laughter hoarded, as it were, against the moment and the friend. She lived alone in Nairobi, working as a secretary in order to live, but for the love of it she worked at being a sculptress; and while she had never had formal training in this, her hands could and did communicate to clay the strange intensity that was always in her eyes.

Of course she turned John Craig away, but not with anger or out of any affectation of outraged pride. She told him that he ought to see more of women—of other women.

"It's not enough just to be a man," she said, "even a strong and competent man. Women are not beggars, John. They don't have to take what's offered them. They choose, and the qualities they want are not what you think them to be. It's strange you haven't learned that. But one day you will."

He went away then, a giant of a man stung deeply, yet proud and unbelieving because he could not believe in anything except himself—and I cannot say that he ever changed in that. And yet because of what happened a little later during his inevitable quarrel with Larry Abbot, I am not sure, nor will I ever be.

I was myself a free-lance pilot in those days, and since Larry had taught me much of what I knew about flying, we saw each other almost daily at the Nairobi airport. His passion for the work was so intense that he had no room in his head or heart for the business of it. He made a living with his two planes, but it was a bare living when in East Africa at that time he might have made a small fortune. He was a slender man—about twenty-four then—with nothing arresting about him except searching gray eyes, fine hands and a smile that he seemed to reserve for small tragedy. Everything held a meaning for him, and he would spend hours in his plane, alone and often by night because, as he once said, he was fascinated by "the furnishings of darkness."

All in all, he was as different from John Craig as a plane is different from a plow; and it was this difference, among other things, that made it seem inevitable that he and Anne must one day marry. And yet, though he was deeply in love with her, he was equally in love with solitude, and Anne was afraid of that. Very often he would slide into the cockpit of his plane, wave a hand and take off, to be gone for days on profitless flight. He would fly into Tanganyika, or Abyssinia, or perhaps into the Belgian Congo, and when he came back, strangely refreshed, he would go to Anne, finding her in her tiny studio of half-born figures of clay, and they would talk for hours and laugh together—and make dreams that never came true. He offered her everything of the spirit, and she returned in kind and seemed happy. Yet, being a woman, she could want fulfillment of a kind he did not understand, and his repeated plea for marriage was turned back again and again because she believed that he thought of it too lightly—not as the profound and deep responsibility she wanted it to be. This was a constant hurt to him, so it was natural that when word of Craig's heavy-handed proposal to Anne reached Larry's ears, he was shocked and angered—shocked by what seemed to him the boorishness of it, and angered because it had never occurred to him that, marriage or not, Anne was not wholly his own.

"CRAIG may not know any better," Larry said to me, "but it's no excuse! How can you go to a woman you scarcely know and say, 'Look, I've got a farm and a new house and some cows, and now I want you for a wife'? What kind of man will do that?"

We were standing by the hangar at the airport, waiting for the low clouds to rise from the runway. Larry's rusty hair was tangled by the antics of a feeble morning breeze, his flying clothes—shirt, slacks and sneakers—were crumpled, but somehow neat. He swung his goggles from his forefinger in a little nervous arc.

"What kind of man?" he demanded again.

I didn't answer at once. I knew what kind of man, but I also knew about Larry—about his gentle irresponsibility, the ease with which he could detach himself from practical matters. It seemed to me that he was half a man, the sensitive, generous and forever-undecided half, while John Craig was the other half—muscle, mind and ego. Neither man was complete. Each, I thought, lacked the virtues of the other, and because of that their mutual contempt must in the end congeal into hard constructive hatred, though at that time they barely knew each other by sight.

"John Craig is not a subtle man," I said. "But he meant no insult to Anne. He just doesn't understand gentleness or tact."

"Or much else," said Larry, "except his farm and his boorish vanity. What he can't bend, he wants to break. But there are ways of curing that."

He shrugged then, and went into the hangar, and I went toward my own plane, which was already on the runway.

My father's farm and John Craig's were neighboring, and I would fly up from Nairobi on week ends or when the business of transporting mail and hunters into the hinterland slacked off a bit. On those occasions I would sometimes see John working in his fields or *(Continued on Page 63)*

*He went to Anne and made his fantastic proposal with such bluntness as can come only from a man of massive ego.* ★ ★ ★ ★

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

# BEGONIA HOBBY WINDOW

IF you want a plant that will make a collector of you before you know it, just start off with a few kinds of begonias on a window sill. They may sound old-fashioned and familiar, but no one knows them all, and hardly anyone realizes how various they are. Of all the plants you can keep under your thumb the whole year round, and keep a window constantly colorful and exotic, and probably end with a little assortment that no one else has ever matched, there is nothing to equal this extraordinary family.

When you mention begonias, some people see a spectacular Christmas plant completely covered with pink petals, like icing on a cake. Some see the luscious waxy flowers of the tuberous types, which seem to run right through the rainbow. Some remember the glossy dark round leaves of an easygoing plant on the window sill back home, and the way it would suddenly send up a spray of blossoms like a bursting rocket. Some think of prim little ever-blooming plants—red, white and pink—in beds and pots, with leaves from polished pale green to queer dark rose. And some think of the kinds called rex, which in many ways are the most remarkable of all, with crinkled leaves that are ribbed and splotched by strange and unexpected colors.

You want a window that is sunny in winter and shady in summer, and a room with a certain amount of moisture in the air. And if you are starting from scratch, you can safely begin with any you see in the picture below, which are fairly easy to get as small potted plants at a greenhouse. In the photograph are the well-known little *semperflorens*, almost always in bloom; the popular Coralline de Lucerna and *haageana;* the palm-leaved *ricinfolia*, and various hybrids of rex in the foreground.

*By Richard Pratt*

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR



# If You Ask Me

## BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

***We civilians worked in different ways during the war. Please tell us what we can do for the peace. Surely we can have county, state and national federated organizations for peace that would be effective. Please be definite.***

We can join with the organizations which are working in our localities for peace. I think perhaps the most effective thing we can do is to get together all the groups in our neighborhood and see how we can live together with good will at home, and then apply that good will to whatever position we take, or our country takes, toward the rest of the world.

Our most effective aid to peace is our citizenship at home and the way in which we choose our representatives, the way in which we watch their actions where international questions are involved.

There are many national organizations working for peace: the United Nations Organization, the Women's Action Committee and several others.

***Although I am only sixteen years of age, I would like your answer to this question, as someone very dear to me has entered the service. Why hasn't the "duration of the war" been proclaimed by the President? I'm asking this in the case where someone enlisted before the war was over in the Army Air Corps and didn't get called until he was eighteen. On the orders it says he stays in only six months after the duration.***

I imagine the President will not proclaim the end of the war until actual peace treaties are signed, and a United Nations Organization is set up.

The end of hostilities is never the end of a war, and the President may feel that it is necessary to keep on with certain powers which can be exercised only during the period of war.

***Several people have told me that, from the very time your five children were born, you had help and never bathed one of them yourself or fed them or put them to bed, or even pinned a diaper. I do not believe this, as I don't think there is a mother, no matter how much help she has, who would not want the pleasure of doing some of these things. If you will answer this question, then that story will be settled for good.***

I did have help from the time my children were born.

However, every mother, I think, at times takes complete charge of her children, and I was no different from any other mother. Every mother, for the reason you give, would miss a great part of the joy of motherhood if she did not bathe and dress and feed her own children. I did all these things every day of my life when my children were growing up, and I became a good trained nurse in the course of the years and nursed my family through various contagious diseases and serious illnesses.

***How soon will it be before civilians will be able to travel in Europe—Italy and France—as tourists?***

I do not think anyone can tell you that positively, but I should imagine it would be some time off, and certainly not until the armies of occupation are brought home. I can not imagine, however, that traveling as a tourist will be pleasant even after that. The destruction of beautiful buildings which some of us have known and loved in the past will make being a tourist a sorry business; and if we are conscious of the destruction which must have gone on among the people, I think most of us will prefer to stay at home unless we can be useful to the countries we visit.

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*Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

***Do you make new-year resolutions? If so, do you keep them?***

I haven't made many new-year resolutions in my life. Those I have made, I have kept.

***What hobby in your lifetime has given you pleasure for the longest time?***

Reading.

CARTOON BY BEN ROTH. REPRINTED COURTESY OF COLLIER'S.



**"I let him kiss me once, and he's been trying to scrape up an acquaintance with me ever since."**

***I would like to know your views on necking, petting, and so on, for teenagers—or anyone, for that matter. Also late hours and good-night kisses. There have been many opinions expressed on this subject, but they all seem to beat around the bush so you don't know any more than when they started.***

You must remember that I am sixty-one years old and therefore "necking" and "petting" have very little charm for me! That holds good for good-night kisses! Seriously, however, I think a girl is wise if she does not make herself cheap. I know that it is ordinarily said that unless a girl allows a young man to kiss her or lets herself be handled with familiarity, dates are apt to be few and far between. I have always doubted that, because I have always thought a really nice young man would understand quite well that until a girl was really attracted to him, she did not care to be mauled, and that she could be just as good fun and just as informal and friendly without the type of demonstration which sometimes leads one into more than one had counted on.

I think, also, you have to remember that someday you are going to meet someone you care for a great deal, and then you may be sorry that you have given other people so much of what you would like to have kept for a really great love.

***Your granddaughter, Miss Dall, is quite a young lady now. Are you contemplating encouraging her mother to have young Negro men present at her debut or any other of her grown-up parties?***

I have never contemplated interfering with what my children or my grandchildren do. I would neither encourage nor discourage any plans which they had for social recreation, nor interfere in any way in which they wished to conduct their lives. Once your children are grown up and have children of their own, the problems are theirs, and the less the older generation interferes, the better. I should hope, however, that like any other mature person, my granddaughter would know men and women of all races and appreciate them for what they are worth.

***How in the world can you be so nice and polite to these nasty people that ask you personal questions like the one in the October issue who thinks it's unfair for you to have a widow's pension?***

Why shouldn't I be nice? If people really want information, they are entitled to have it within certain limits, and if they are just trying to be disagreeable they are hurting themselves and not me.

***Do you think that labor unions should have the right to participate in determining what industrial prices and profits should be?***

I think we are coming probably to a period where our old ideas are going to change somewhat. There was a time when we thought it was nobody's business but the individuals' how much they worked, or under what conditions they worked, or how much profit an employer made, or what was charged to the consumer for the goods that were on the market. As we have developed, we think it is within our rights to know under what conditions any work is performed, and whether the wages paid make it possible for a family to maintain a decent standard of living. If we are interested in that, it goes without saying that we are interested in finding out whether a business can really pay these wages. We can only do that as we know what the recompense of management is, what the profits are to management and to the stockholders, what the remuneration is for distribution and whether the ultimate price to the consumer is a fair one or too much of a mark-up.

It should not be just labor unions and management who are interested in these questions. It should be the public as a whole, and the information should be available to any citizen. In fact, it seems to me quite fair that reports should be given on negotiations of contracts between labor and management, since all these points should come up for consideration, and those who are going to buy should be as interested as the people who are to perform the work and the people who own the business and are going to profit by what is sold.

***Do you think there should be compulsory courses for girls in community work to correspond to a year's military training for boys?***

I think girls should have exactly the same opportunities that are given to boys. The only variation is that they should do the kind of work which they are best suited to do, but as far as possible should have opportunities for education in citizenship responsibility. I think that the girl has just as much responsibility in the life of a community and of the nation and of the world, and therefore should have the same opportunities for training and preparation.

***Is it true that you and the late President were cousins? Do you think there is any danger in cousins marrying cousins?***

Yes, we were fifth cousins, once removed. I have been told that when the relationship is close it is not wise to marry; but we were so distantly related that we might not have known of the relationship if our families had not been friends and our names the same.



*There are appetizer trays and appetizer trays, but one as tempting as this gets a party off on the right foot from the start.*

# I just love a Party

BY ANN BATCHELDER





*For this party you make one sandwich cake instead of spreading and cutting a lot of different sandwiches.*

IF no one ever heard me say that, it's some-
one who doesn't know me very well. I
can smell one a mile off. And you can't
fool me. Unless it's as formal as mother's
lace parasol, I can tell you what *kind* o
party it's going to be before I get my stock
ings on, for I am psychic. They don't need to
write "Formal" or "Informal" or attach
any R.S.V.P.'s to *my* bids. I have rubber
stamps for all those quaint notions, in case
I should break my arm or didn't have a drop
of ink in the house. The answer is "Sure"; or
for less formal invitations, it is "You bet
with bells on," or something equally refined



PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

*So everybody likes the smörgåsbord idea, eh? Well, here we've laid out (with the help of an oversize lazy Susan) a miniature version, complete with pickled herring, hot fish balls, salad, aspic, smoked salmon and cheese.*

Now there are parties when about all that is required of you is the making of a variety of sandwiches of various shapes and kinds. For that kind of party, I have an idea that saves a lot of work and gives other people something to talk about.

***When is a cake not a cake?*** When it's a sandwich cake. This means making something that looks like what it isn't. All dressed up with this and that. Frosted? Not at all, except frosting that is the thing that, as our old cook used to say, is "all to taste and nothing for hopin'." For *this* frosting is a cream-cheese "fixin'," and you'll be surprised; only don't file it under frostings—just put it down under what goes with what. Finishing touches, that's the idea. And now let us get on with the works.

### THE "CAKE BUSINESS"

Make up a couple (or double) of my well-known (I hope) roll receipts. How many times I have told you of them. I've found none better, nor ever expect to. Instead of making into rolls, bake in nine-inch layer-cake pans. Or you may prefer a long cake instead of a round one. In which case bake in long loaf pans. It's a cake you are making and not a batch of rolls. That is all. You can, of course, buy baker's bread, round or long.

### Fillings are the Next Steps

*Here is Number One:* To 4 cups of ground cooked smoked tongue, add 2 tablespoons of prepared mustard, 1 small onion, grated, 1½ tablespoons of horse-radish, 1 cup of mayonnaise. It won't need much salt, but can stand considerable pepper.

*Number Two:* To 1 five-ounce jar of sharp spreading cheese add 1 cup of finely chopped toasted or salted almonds. Have your cheese warm and it will spread away like anything.

*Number Three:* Peel half of a ripe avocado. Put through a sieve. Add ½ cup of chopped hard-cooked egg, 1 grated onion, ¼ teaspoon of curry, 1 tablespoon of mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste.

*Number Four:* To ¼ pound of cream cheese add 3 slices of crisp bacon, crumbled, and 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley. Add cream enough to soften. Season with Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper.

Now to get down to business. Have ready some softened butter or margarine for spreading, and cut your bread into six

*(Continued on Page 60)*

# Nine a Day

**1** That Pilgrims weren't Puritans is made as plain as the difference between a beard and burnsides, in SAINTS AND STRANGERS, by George J. Willison. Do not be deceived about goings on in Colonial America. Read this book. Mark it and inwardly digest it. Then read it again.

**2** Add a little ground ginger to the sirup when you make candied orange or grapefruit peel. That's a hint. You know what to do with it.

**3** Now that corned beef raises its old-time bonnet again, it doesn't *have* to be hash. Slice it, grill it with mustard sauce and bring it on with creamed potatoes. Or with scrambled eggs for supper.

**4** Does corned beef bring up memories of ham? Does to me. Heat some slices of cold boiled ham to serve with a cheese soufflé and a pineapple-and-cream-cheese salad. Good enough for a party for a duchess or for Mrs. Jones.

**5** For supper Sunday or secular (vocabulary on the up and up): Small toast slices in a shallow baking dish. Sautéed mushrooms next and poached eggs on top. Cheese sauce a-swimmin' about, browned under the broiler. Why, it's a receipt I'm telling you.

**6** Poached dates, well pitted (poached in vanilla sirup, you know), served with chilled custard is a chi-chi dessert and likely to be admired by all.

**7** Keep your fruitcake or cookies in their pristine elegance of moistness by putting a piece of raw apple in the cake box. Change it sometimes as you would your breastpin. Or other things.

**8** Pitless but not pitiless are the garlic olives. Then there are olives bottled with curry, too, and dill. They're welcome surprises at any party.

**9** Chickens deserve distinguished treatment after some of the snubs they've stood for. Well, a stuffing of seasoned boiled rice with finely minced onions and sliced truffles does it. Fry the stuffing in butter or margarine first.

**10** On the subject and in the groove, as they say. Wrap your chickens in heavy parchment paper and roast till well done. Unwrap and brown at the last—but only to the color of pale topaz. (It's topaz I mean, if topaz is the color I think it is.)

**11** *Second chapter on above:* Take the chickens from the pan. Add a tablespoon or two of butter or margarine and a can of truffles, sliced. Also add two cups of small oysters. Mix with the juices in the pan some of the oyster liquor, the juice of half a lemon, heavy cream to thicken, and when boiling, pour over the chickens.

**12** *Now it can be told, Beacon Hill division:* Breakfast in 1858: stewed pigeons with baked mushrooms, deviled gizzard, venison pasties, liver pudding, pork, cheese, flannel cakes, buckwheat cakes and fish balls. Men must eat and women must weep. Those that survived.

**13** Season about three dozen clams and scallop with a rich cream sauce. Add a little lemon juice. Don't forget the onion, cut fine. Let there be pepper too. Bake and brownish let it be, set it down not too far from me.

**14** Thick slices of pineapple, fresh or canned, are a fine thing to bake with a slice of ham. Oh, you knew ham and pineapple are *in* again, didn't you? Sure they are. Aud it's high time we began to brush up on some of those old favorite receipts.

**15** Creamed oysters in little puff-paste shells are very pleasant eating at a New Year's party. And you needn't wait until *next* New Year's either.

**16** *News and not so newsy:* They say they have put those fabulous crepes Suzette in jars and cans. Just heat and eat. Life can be so colorful, can't it?




CURRIER & IVES

**17** You probably know what a "brace" of game is. Perhaps there's a hunter of renown come to town. But there's also a game farm, and they'll send you a brace of pheasants, for instance. Currant jelly too. Also receipts.

**18** Crusty topping for gingerbread: Cream 3 tablespoons confectioner's sugar with 1 tablespoon butter. Add 2 tablespoons grated orange rind and ½ cup chopped nuts. Spread on gingerbread before baking.

**19** If you must have a carrot in your cuisine, try a can of chicken, peas and carrots. Late-for-dinner number.

### WINTER PICTURE

**Will you come where the snowflowers hide**
**Under the winter green?**
**Now is the snow's low tide,**
**The silent hidden scene.**

**Who will gaze on the burdened tree,**
**Touch the uncovered nest?**
**See what the thorn berries see**
**In their fretful rest?**

**See the white breakers ride**
**At the snow's low tide.**

**20** *From an old cookbook:* "This soup (mock-mock turtle) makes the eater wish his throat a mile long and every inch of it palate." And even *I* have been accused of extravagant language!

**21** Little rice muffins, scooped out hot and filled with jam, are a delicate deliciousness that belongs on the tea table. A variety of jams fits all appetites.

**22** Take some of those golden pippins, as golden as the heart of an alderman just before election—maybe not as yellow—but anyway, bake until tender. Cover with flavored meringue stuck with sliced nuts and bake in a most reluctant oven until light brown. Serve with cream.

**23** For my doubloon give me crisp lettuce, orange slices and alligator pear for a salad. Dressy, but not fussy. (French dressing made with lemon.)

**24** *Excuse it, please.* Who invented fish balls, and where's his or her monument? Go ahead and make up a batch—part with canned salmon, part with codfish. Size of a big marble, fried in deep fat, and there's something "hors d'oeuvrey" enough for anybody. Stick one of each on a toothpick. Line forms on the right.

**25** Broiled stuffed chicken or turkey legs are, as they say, "something." Baste as you broil—but not all the time. There's a time to broil and a time to baste. And a time to refrain from basting.

**26** Bridge luncheons are on the wax. (Were on the wane for a spell back there.) Heat two or three cans of concentrated cream of mushroom soup. Add a tablespoon of chopped chives. Add a cup of heavy cream. Salt and white pepper to taste. Fill individual casseroles, cover with herb-flavored buttered crumbs and brown. Garnish with sautéed green chopped peppers. Go to town with a green or tossed salad and *hot* hot rolls.

**27** Cauliflower and almonds. So what? Cook the cauliflowers whole. Drain. Cover with a beaming red-hot cheese sauce. Shower with toasted almonds. The sometimes despised member of the cabbage family becomes the well-beloved.

**28** Yams, boiled, sliced and candied, are twice the yams the yam addicts dream of when done with orange juice in the sugar. Brown? To be sure. Orange marmalade in place of both juice and sugar does the trick too.

**29** Sliced sautéed mushrooms and finely cut fried sausage give wild rice that come-hither you've wondered about.

**30** That canapé tray or what not should show as much variety as the apron table at a church fair. Remember the little pastry shells stuffed with grilled sausages.

**31** I don't know why, but it just came to me that a patch is good only as long as it sticks. This has nothing to do with anything—and so Happy New Year!

By Ann Batchelder ★ January 1916

# fresh HOTHOUSE MUSHROOMS





# rich COUNTRY CREAM




LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

## . . . a truly wonderful soup

It's just about an unbeatable combination—this soup of hothouse mushrooms and sweet cream. And right from your first spoonful you know it's going to be a delight . . . You see, the mushrooms are rushed fresh to Campbell's Kitchens to retain all their delicate flavor. Then Campbell's cooks blend them with rich, extra-thick cream and add a trace of seasoning and plenty of mushroom pieces. Result: this satin-smooth soup—just the soup to lend a festive air to parties—or a party touch to family meals. Have it soon!

Campbell's
CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS, but—

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!




PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

## THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

*(Continued from Page 35)*

Amalie pushed the last flower into its bowl. She said, "Did you expect to find someone?"

Dorothea stiffened, but before she could speak, Amalie was saying, in a gentler tone: "Forgive me. I am afraid I am somewhat nervous." The two women sat down to their silent meal. Amalie said, "It is so bright outside. Would it not be possible for us to go out for a short walk, or a ride?"

Dorothea grimly fished for her smelling salts. "I am afraid you have not understood Doctor Hawley, Amalie. Have you forgotten that he said I must rest constantly, no exertion, no disturbing—conditions?"

Amalie said, "No, I have not forgotten. But you seem quite strong, and the mild weather might do you good."

"I feel exceptionally weak today," said Dorothea. "I shall have to ask you to come to my room with me and go over the household accounts while I rest in bed."

*You selfish, inconsiderate wretch!* thought Amalie, following Dorothea to the latter's bedroom. All her listlessness was gone. It was as if Jerome's note, which lay in the hollow between her breasts, had given her renewed life. She helped Dorothea remove her boots, assisted her into bed. Then she announced that she would bring her knitting into the room for work after the accounts were finished. She ran to her own room, shut the door, locked it. Then she took out Jerome's note and read it.

It was brief: "Can you escape the gorgon today for a few minutes? Or in the evening? There is much to discuss." It bore neither salutation nor signature.

Amalie crushed the note in her hand. Her face had come alive, brilliant, tremulous. She opened a drawer in her bureau and hid the note deep under piles of garments. She took up her knitting bag and returned to Dorothea's room.

She seated herself tranquilly and discussed household accounts with Dorothea. Her voice was soothing and low, her needles clicked sleepily. Dorothea, who always napped briefly in the afternoon, let her eyelids fall. She fell away into an uneasy sleep.

Amalie rose and tiptoed from the room. Once safe in the hall, she ran to her own room, hastily threw a shawl over her shoulders, tied on a bonnet with fingers that shook absurdly. She caught up her reticule, fled down the stairway.

She let herself out through the back door. She ran to the barn. Two of the stableboys came toward her, pulling off their caps.

"I'd like the buggy, please," she said.

One of the boys hesitated. "You'll be driving alone, ma'am?"

"Yes." Amalie's breath came fast.

She winced as the buggy was driven from the barn. What a fearful clatter the wheels made! The boy helped Amalie climb into the seat. She gathered up the reins in her gloved hands and turned the horse onto the graveled driveway.

The wheels rolled with a gentle swaying motion. Now she had reached the road to the village, and the hill lay behind. She slapped the reins briskly on the horse's back, her heart pounding. The wheels skimmed and bounced on the road; the mare threw up her head, her mane flowing.

It was fortunate that the village streets were unusually deserted this warm afternoon. At the bank Amalie sprang out, tied the horse and walked swiftly up the long stairway. It was after banking hours. She put her hand on the door of Alfred's office and entered, closing the door behind her.

The office was empty. All at once Amalie's calm left her. How terribly indiscreet she had been! Terror and misery made her run swiftly toward the door of Jerome's office. She flung it open. Jerome was at the window. He heard her enter, turned and came to her.

"There was no other way," she said huskily. She felt the wretched blood in her cheeks.

He hesitated. Then he drew out a chair and said, "Sit down, Amalie. Jamison, or one of the clerks, may come in at any moment. We must settle things—now."

"Yes." Her lips formed the word soundlessly.

"We must go away. Before Alfred returns on Saturday. He will divorce you. We must leave tomorrow night."

She pushed back her bonnet with a distracted hand. "No. We cannot do that."

"May I ask, my dear, what you propose as an alternative?"

She tried to speak, swallowed thickly. "We must wait until Alfred returns. We cannot run away like criminals. We owe it to all of them to be honest, to make plans that have dignity and decency."

He smiled unpleasantly. "'Dignity—decency'? Do you imagine Alfred will sit down with us and discuss our ——"

She put up her hand in a wild and defensive gesture as if to avert a blow.

Jerome said with sudden gentleness, "My darling. You see how impossible it is."

She was silent. For now the enormity of the situation struck her as it had not before. She had come as a calamity to that house on the hill, disrupting the peace, mortally striking at a dying old gentleman, a crippled, loving boy, an honorable man. She had betrayed them all.

She said in a strained voice, "It would be best if I went away. Alone."

Jerome tapped the desk with slow fingers. "You mean, I should follow later?"

She shook her head. "No. I—I could leave a letter for Alfred ——" She could not continue. She put her kerchief to her mouth. Then she withdrew it and went on: "I could say I had decided to go away, and beg him not to try to find me. It would—hurt him, immeasurably. But it would not injure him as much as if ——"

He got up and came to her and took her cold hand. "My dear," he said, and for the first time there was emotion in his voice. "Do you think I wouldn't follow until I found you?"

Then it seemed to her that her heart broke. She pressed her face to the back of his hand, and tears burst from her eyes. She said, "Oh, Jerome, tell me you love me! Tell me you have not changed or I shall really die!"

Jerome took her face in his hands and kissed her. She put her arms about his neck and he felt their frenzied and clinging strength. He looked into her drenched eyes, so imploring, so vulnerable.

With lips moving against hers, he said, "My darling, my love." Her arms fell from his neck. He wiped away her tears with infinite tenderness. He said, "Let me take care of this, Amalie, my dearest. You must understand this is the only way, our leaving together at once."

She whispered, "Your life, Jerome. I have ruined it. The bank—you have made a place here. Now I have destroyed everything. And your father—it will kill him."

"I think not," he replied with more confidence than he felt. "After a little he will be glad that we are happy. And we are going to be happy, you know."

"But how could you be happy, forever cut off from your father? And Alfred ——" She was wringing her hands.

His brows drew together. "Do you think I care for that bigot, that stick? This will well repay him for years of stuffiness and righteousness!"

But she had become very still. "You are cruel," she said, staring at him motionlessly.

*(Continued on Page 47)*

**Grandma (looking at granddaughter's new bathing suit): "If I could have had dresses like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older today."**

Tonics and Sedatives Column, The Journal of the American Medical Association.

**CHRISTINA MUIR NEWBERRY II**
**daughter of**
**Lt. Col. and Mrs. Phelps Newberry**
**engaged to**
**James Douglas Darling II**

CHRISTINA AND JIM met early last spring in Overbrook—one of Philadelphia's fashionable "Mainline" suburbs—while Christina was visiting her brother, who is with the Ordnance Department.

A few weeks later Christina said "yes" . . . she's *another* charming Pond's bride-to-be—tall, slim, with shining dark hair, green-gray eyes.

Christina has a happy little way of knowing *just* what she likes and why. And Pond's Cold Cream is one of her "likes." "I don't see how there could be a nicer face cream anywhere," she says.

*This is how she uses Pond's:* She *smooths* silky, fragrant Pond's Cold Cream on face and throat—then smacks over it lightly to help loosen and dissolve dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's—using quick little whirls of her fingers to work it all around. Tissues again. "This second creaming is grand to make your face feel *extra clean* and *soft*," she says.



Christina's fine, clear complexion is beautifully soft and smooth

# She's Engaged!



## SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!

*You'll find Christina's way of using Pond's Cold Cream delightful.* Copy her twice-over Pond's creamings every night and every morning—for in-between-time freshen-ups, too! Watch your skin look softer, smoother, prettier!

You'll see why it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a luxurious, *big* jar at your favorite beauty counter, today. Start giving your complexion Pond's simple beauty care!

**A few of the many**
**Pond's Society Beauties**

MRS. MORGAN BELMONT — THE LADY GRENFELL
THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE
MRS. RICHARD R. DU PONT
THE COUNTESS OF NORTHESK — MRS. A. J. DREXEL III
GLORIA VANDERBILT STOKOWSKA



*CLOTHING NEEDED!* Christina helps regularly at the Needlework Guild in Detroit, where she lives. Here she is helping to list and pack new clothes to send away. Never before have so many people needed "just everyday clothes" she says. There are clothing relief agencies *you* can help where *you* live.




*ASK FOR A* BIG *JAR OF POND'S!* You'll love the luxury-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. It has a nice *wide top* that lets you dip in with both hands so you can whisk out all the cream you need! Get *your* big Pond's jar today!

# 1. Are you the angel your husband married?






*Every woman* has a hard time staying angelic amid problems. Just take soap-shopping lists. You have baby, hubby, and you to keep clean! You need soap for dishes, soap for duds . . .



*And gosh* but a busy family eats up soap fast! You just get baby all set in the nursery, when Pop shouts he needs soap in the shower! So . . .

# 2. Maybe it's time to get married again—





*Get wedded* to pure, mild Swan—make it your one-and-only! It's the astonishing new floating soap that behaves like *four!* You can Swan baby, dishes, duds, and *you*—just think how this simplifies soap-shopping!




*So you're a lucky angel* when the grocer says, "Yes, we have Swan today!" (Millions of cakes, you know, are shipped each week.) And Swan's the perfect "helpmate"—*ideal* for almost every washing job!

# 3. And you'll all Swan happily ever after!





*Here's gentleness for angel complexions*

Swan's pure as fine castiles! Mild as starlight! Agrees perfectly with even baby's angel skin. So imagine how this gentle floatie will help your cheeks stay petal-soft!



*Heavenly-fast suds for dishes!* And May-mild Swan helps hands stay pretty. Helps duds stay glowing! Ask for Swan, *four swell soaps in one.* If your grocer says, "Sorry, I'm out of Swan,"—remember, more's on the way!

"You deserve a halo, too, Joanie!"




YES, she's the funniest angel in radio! You'll love THE JOAN DAVIS SHOW! And you'll go for Andy Russell who sings like heaven!

*So tune in:* CBS, Monday Nights.

And here's a tip for *every* night or day: Uncle Sam says *don't waste soap!* It's made of vital materials.

(Continued from Page 44)

She was remembering the night when Alfred had told her of his loneliness. She had come perilously close to loving him then, in her compassion and in her sudden knowledge of his integrity and hidden desire for the affection of others.

Jerome was alarmed at Amalie's expression. He took a step toward her, but she moved away from him.

"You have always hated Alfred," she exclaimed. "You never understood him. You jeered at him; you attempted, always, to make him appear a fool. But you have never deceived others."

"Very clever," said Jerome softly. "So I have attacked a hero. And now you have the audacity to call me cruel. Don't you think the same epithet applies to you also?"

Her face had become pinched and gray. But she regarded him without wavering. "Yes," she said clearly. "We are both disgusting. It will be better for Alfred never to see either of us again."

He leaned against the desk and smiled. "That, my pet, is what I have been attempting to tell you." They looked at each other now without love or passion. "It is settled, then, that we must go away at once?"

She was twisting her bonnet strings in her tremulous hands. "No. We must first talk to Alfred. We must make him see that he is not suffering any loss in my going."

"And you intend to tell him as soon as he returns?"

The ribbons were tight and drawn over her fingers. "Yes. The proper occasion must present itself. It will."

He came close to her. "Well, let me tell you, my dear, everything is not in your hands. I have a few ideas of my own. You are not going to make a fool of me." He turned abruptly. "Perhaps you think it might be pleasant to deceive your noble husband on other occasions, with me as your compliant accomplice. Perhaps I have underestimated your cleverness, my pet."

Amalie did not stir. She only gazed at him with insensely purple eyes.

"Or," he continued with cold violence, "you would think it most obliging of me if I removed myself permanently and never returned to my father's house?"

He waited, but she did not speak.

Then he exclaimed, "Amalie! My darling! Forgive me. I know what I have been saying is not true."

The bonnet strings fell from her fingers. She put her hands over her face. He did not know what to do. He wanted to take her in his arms, but that seemed impossible just now.

"Why don't you trust my judgment?" he pleaded. "I am stronger than you, my dearest. See here—I have another plan. Why do you not go away, and stay with a friend of mine in New York? In the meantime I will talk to Alfred, and thereafter join you. You will be spared all—unpleasantness, and I assure you that I am quite capable of managing the situation alone."

She dropped her hands. Her cheeks were streaked with tears.

"Thank you, Jerome," she whispered. "But I cannot do that. I cannot run away like a thief. I owe this much to Alfred." She looked blindly about for her reticule. It was on the chair she had left. She picked it up, then turned to Jerome imploringly. "Please, please," she murmured. And flung out her hand.

He was silent while she, in turn, speechlessly pleaded with him. When she saw that he would not soften toward her, or understand, she went to the door and hurried through it.

Dr. Willis Hawley regarded Amalie with kindly and concerned worry. The physician was an elderly man with a brown face and curiously alive eyes the color of old amber. He was not only physician to the Lindseys but a family friend of many years' standing as well.

He said regretfully, "Well, now we know definitely. But there is plenty of time, Miss Amalie. You are still young. Twenty-three it is, isn't it? But there is a more serious matter than this disappointment, which is temporary, I hope. You are not well. I have noticed, on my visits to Miss Dorothea, that you have been failing, my child. It is not anemia, nor any organic trouble, I am certain. I know how devotedly you have cared for old William and Miss Dorothea. But I may tell you frankly that Miss Dorothea is in no danger. Middle-aged ladies are frequently petulant and demanding. You must not worry unduly about her. I might even suggest a little neglect of her, for your own good. The air, the sun, quiet walks and drives, simple meals, sleep—all these will restore your health. I have a tonic for you, but it will have no benefit unless you take better care of yourself."

He walked to the buggy with her. He must talk to Alfred, he reflected. The girl was extremely ill. He watched Amalie drive away, and returned to his house, shaking his head. Yes, he must have a talk with Alfred on his return.

Amalie allowed the horse to draw the buggy home without any direction on her part. Indeed, she was incapable of control. She found no consolation or hope anywhere.

*I have no one to blame, not even Jerome,* she thought. *I knew, the first night I saw him, that we belonged to each other. He, at least, was honest enough to accept that. He asked me to go away with him before I married Alfred. I knew that I could make him marry me; a woman always knows that. But he had no money, no immediate prospects. So I am more guilty than he. I was a coward.*

The buggy was climbing the slope now. Amalie lifted her aching eyes to Hilltop. She could not bring misery and shame to that house. She must go away. It was better for one to suffer than several. She had no illusions that Jerome would speak, after she had gone. She knew him too well. He was too selfish, too expedient, too unscrupulous. He was, moreover, a realist. She needed only this one embittered reflection to make her resolution firm.

She left the buggy at the stable. She discovered that a terrible weakness had come over her, and every step toward the house was an effort. She could hardly push open the heavy oaken door, and the mild exertion made her heart beat suffocatingly in her throat.

The hall was warm and dim as the door closed behind her, and silent. She began to climb, and every step was agony. She was already an exile, already an intruder.

The door of her room was closed. She pushed it open. Dorothea sat there, her arms folded across her grim breast. Amalie saw her mouth, its bitter hatred. She saw Dorothea's eyes, burning in her gray gaunt face.

"Where have you been?" said Dorothea.

Amalie made herself close the door behind her and advance toward the dresser. She put down the bottle which the doctor had given her. "I have been to see Doctor Hawley. He gave me this tonic."

## *Quotient*

**By Catherine Haydon Jacobs**

**Love's flight was far**
**Beyond my reach,**
**While you were strange,**
**And vague of speech;**

**And yet, how fair**
**A flight to see,**
**Although its course**
**Bewildered me.**

**Last night there stole**
**Within my hand**
**What I had wept**
**To understand.**

**Now love goes by**
**On wounded wing,**
**For it became**
**Too sure a thing.**


# Pneumonia fights a losing battle!  Since 1934, prompt medical care and new drugs have halved  deaths among pneumonia patients! But pneumonia is still dangerous, because some kinds defy penicillin and sulfa.  Although pneumonia usually attacks those weakened by fatigue,  unusual exposure, or grippe, it can also strike healthy  people!

**Don't Give Pneumonia a Chance!**

**If you start** to sniffle and sneeze, take care of yourself—for a severe or protracted cold is often the forerunner of pneumonia.

Drink plenty of fruit juices, milk, and water. Go to bed if possible. If the cold is a bad one, or hangs on more than a few days, consult your doctor.

Pneumonia's first warning is often a severe chill, followed by a fever. It may already have attacked if you have coughing accompanied by pain in the side or chest, rapid, labored breathing, or thick, rust-colored sputum.

**If any of these symptoms appear, call a doctor at once! Go to bed and remain absolutely quiet!**

Only your own physician can determine whether it is advisable to use serum, sulfa drugs, or penicillin in your case. Even then they should be used only under his direct supervision.

Unfortunately, certain infections such as virus pneumonia do not respond to such aids. In cases like these, *prompt diagnosis and medical and nursing care* are even more essential, and it will increase tremendously the probability of recovery without serious complications.

While medical science is helping to bring pneumonia down in the "cause-of-death" list, its *prevention* is still up to you! For further information about pneumonia, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 16-J, "Respiratory Diseases."

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**THE WAR IS NOT OVER** against Infantile Paralysis! Add your support to the annual campaign of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, from January 14th to 31st. The Foundation's research, and its epidemic aid and assistance to Infantile Paralysis victims must go on!

Dorothea said, still very quietly, "Did you see—him? You sneaked away while I slept. You ran away—to see him. Shameless, abandoned woman. I have known about you two for a long time. I have tried to hide my knowledge—for Alfred's sake." Her voice broke now, cracked with savage pain. "You have made it impossible."

Amalie said softly, "I am going away—alone. Tomorrow. None of you need ever see me again."

Dorothea reached out and grasped her arm. "I cannot prevent your going. But—I can tell Alfred, and my father. Your lover will not dare remain here, for he will know that Alfred will kill him. Go, if you wish. Run away, hide. But you will be guilty of more than adultery. You will be guilty of murder."

"Your father," whispered Amalie.

Dorothea's face tightened malignantly. "My father." The grip on Amalie's arm had become agonizing. "Do you think I care for anybody but Alfred? I have never cared for anybody in all my life but Alfred. When he married that young fool who died, I thought there was nothing left for me to live for. When she was laid in her grave, I was happy. I knew that in time he would realize that we loved each other ——"

In spite of her terror, in spite of her growing faintness, Amalie was astounded. She felt Dorothea's breath in her face.

"And then," cried Dorothea, "you came! You disgusting creature! You seduced him into marriage. You took him from me, and now you think you can disgrace him forever. You betray him and laugh at him in secret. But you fail to reckon with me!"

Sheer terror gave Amalie the force to wrench her arm from Dorothea's grasp. She exclaimed, "I am going away. I will go now. But, for God's sake, don't hurt Alfred more than he has already been hurt. If you—you ever cared for Alfred, have pity on him. Don't tell him. Let him forget me."

"No!" Dorothea replied. "I will tell him everything!"

Amalie clutched the edge of the bureau with slipping hands. "You do not love him," she said. "You want to revenge yourself on him because he preferred other women to you."

Dorothea straightened. She lifted her hand and struck Amalie full in the face.

Amalie did not wince, did not cry out. She stood still, in absolute silence, and the whiteness of her cheek slowly reddened into the full fingerprints of Dorothea's hand. There was no fear, no terror in her eyes now. She said clearly, "You have called me shameless and disgusting. But you are more shameless and disgusting than I. It is you who would ruin Alfred and break his heart, not I. And only out of vengeance and hatred."

Dorothea lifted her hand again with a frantic gesture, as if she would strike Amalie down. But Amalie smiled contemptuously.

"Do not touch me again, Dorothea. If you do, you will be sorry." Her hand closed on a candlestick on the bureau behind her. "And now you will listen to me. I have told you I will go away. But I will stay here until Alfred returns, and until I have told him myself. I have more pity for him than you have, and I swear to you that if you denounce me before I have spoken to him, I will tell him of this scene and what you have told me! He will know everything, and he will reproach you for having been the cause of his misery and pain, for he will know that but for you his suffering would have been less." She caught her breath. "And now, please go out of my room. Leave me alone. I—I am ill, I think."

Still staring at her, Dorothea backed away slowly. She reached the door, fumbled for it blindly. Then she went out.

When Jerome returned from the bank he saw neither Amalie nor his sister. All the rooms were still and empty. He went up the staircase to his room.

Jim was waiting for him, very sober. Jim said, "The ladies won't be down to dinner,


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ONLY $6.95 NO PRICE INCREASE
Over half a million women have found ironing is faster, easier and pleasanter with the MET-L-TOP Ironing Table. The ventilated white-enameled top carries away steam and helps keep the pad dry. Clothes iron dry with less pushing and dragging of the iron. The MET-L-TOP Ironing Table is ALL-METAL, FIRE-PROOF, WARP-PROOF. All parts welded or riveted together—doesn't become wobbly—gives a solid, firm ironing surface. Enjoy this new way to ease your hardest household task.
At leading department, furniture, hardware and utility stores.
Met-L-Top Division
GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY CO.
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin
Manufacturer of CREAM CITY WARE Since 1880

I'm told, sir. Miss Dorothea is indisposed, and Miss Amalie has a headache. Shall I bring up your tray, or will you go downstairs?"

"Bring up a tray, by all means," said Jerome. He added, "Bring up one for yourself too, Jim. We'll eat together."

Mr. William Lindsey had always been certain, with Confucius, that good manners solved all sorts of difficulties. Jerome, strolling over Hilltop's grounds that evening, speculated on the uses of good manners in his present predicament. Good manners demanded a basis of good taste. Jerome could only assure himself that in so far as good taste was concerned, he possessed none.

He stood on the slope below Hilltop, in the grove of pines. And it came to him that in his abandonment of good taste he had, for the first time, known what it was to live. Bad taste had forced the drawers of Alfred's secret files, and had brought Jerome, for the first time, into contact with the lives and the miseries and the frustrations of others. Bad taste had entangled him with the wife of his cousin, his adopted brother. But this entanglement had brought him the first deep passion of his life, his first physical and mental and emotional fulfillment. There was definitely something wrong with the exercise of good taste.

> **Whenever you are angry, be assured that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit.**
> —EPICTETUS.

Five months ago, he reflected, he could have withdrawn himself without much difficulty. A woman unknown could be sentimentalized about and deserted with only a touch of sweet melancholy. But a woman intimately known, understood, became part of a man's flesh and blood, and he could no more abandon her than he could voluntarily abandon himself. Even if he willed it consciously, he could not really leave Amalie.

Nor could he leave the bank. With profound amazement, he understood now that for some inexplicable reason he was bound up with the bank and its problems. He did not quite comprehend, as yet, why he was so concerned with the affairs of Riversend, and he had a secret conviction that part of his concern lay in his detestation of the smug and iron-willed Alfred. However, he found that power to control and order the affairs of others, especially those others who were at the mercy of Alfred Lindsey, was unexpectedly sweet.

He could not leave his father now, either. Nor his home. When the family returned, there would have to be an open consultation. Certain facts might have to be suppressed, for the sake of decency and future harmony. But Jerome did not doubt that he could present the problem with dignity and reason. Certainly there would be a stinking uproar, but he and Amalie had only to stand their ground quietly and openly.

He got to his feet and went back to the house. There was no sign of his sister or Amalie. Someone had lit a lamp or two in the library. He rang a bell, sent for Jim. The little man came quickly.

"Jim," said Jerome, "I want you to go to Mrs. Lindsey's room and ask her to come downstairs to me here."

"But the lady 'as retired, sir."

"Unretire her, then," said Jerome. "Go on, be off with you, Jim."

Jerome walked up and down the library. He felt a quite pleasant and exciting strength, an exhilaration. He had discovered that it can be an agreeable and exciting thing, to make hard decisions.

He heard a slight sound and looked up, to see Amalie on the threshold. She was very white and still, in her gray cotton frock with the cream-colored collar and cuffs. Her eyes were heavily shadowed, her lips without color.

*(Continued on Page 51)*


FASTIDIOUS HOMES



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- Cleans quickly
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*Used as directed*

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D'SAPEER is not a "cover-up." It is a scientific chemical deodorant that quickly destroys practically all household odors.

D'SAPEER (Cedar Pine) is especially recommended for removing odors from clothing and shoes . . . odors of perspiration, nausea, smoke, medicines and doggie odors. Used by dry cleaners.

D'SAPEER is harmless to fabrics—does not spot or stain. It's easy to use—economical—a little goes a long way. At leading drug, hardware, department stores and beauty shops—or order direct.

Price, (with Atomizer) Postpaid: 4 oz. Bottle $1.25; 8 oz. Bottle $1.65. Refills (without Atomizer). 4 oz. 60¢; 8 oz. $1.00; Atomizer 65¢.

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It takes LESS TIME-LESS RUBBING with Old Dutch Cleanser

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***"We Saw It Proved!"*** These typical housewives saw Old Dutch and *every cleanser popular throughout this country* scientifically tested—cleansers used by nearly 9 out of 10 women—and they report:

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***No Scratching At All!*** In special tests for gentleness, Old Dutch was the only cleanser tested that did not scratch at all. *"Old Dutch seemed to shine as it cleaned,"* these women said.

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FASTER! EASIER made with SEISMOTITE

No other cleanser—at any price—can make that claim. Old Dutch not only dissolves grease—Seismotite gives it a special cleaning action no other material possesses.

*For fun*—LISTEN TO TENA AND TIM—60 CBS STATIONS DAILY



*Troops off the Queen Mary getting their first taste of home*

# "Bro-ther, it must rain milk back here!"

It's midnight, and the huge troopship has just eased into harbor. Beside the gang-plank, a swing band plays. Spotlights pick out banners; crowds pack the pier railings. And right up front with the "welcome committee" are truckloads of *milk*.

Hardly does a soldier thump his barracks bag down on the dock before he dives for an ice-cold carton of milk. When a whole division lands at once, it takes about 35,000 half-pint containers to satisfy their thirst!

These men have a hefty craving for fresh milk to "catch up with." That's why it flows so freely at home-coming receptions, at processing centers, and at hospitals, too, where one recreation worker claims it outranks blondes in popularity!

Out of service, it's more than likely this army-fostered appetite for milk, ice cream and other dairy products will carry into civilian life. A good point to remember, for the cook who takes over from Uncle Sam.

And while you fill your ex-fighter's order for these favorite foods, National Dairy continues its effort to safeguard their purity and improve their quality. Our laboratories — incubator of many important wartime developments — continue to find *new* ways in which milk — "nature's most nearly perfect food"— can contribute to the nation's health.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

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**NATIONAL DAIRY**
**PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 49)

Jerome said gently, "Come in, Amalie. I must talk to you."

He did not move toward her, as she came into the room and sat down. He sat near her, and smiled.

"My dear," he said, "I have been thinking. You were quite right; we cannot run away like criminals. When Alfred and my father return, we will tell them of our feeling for each other, and demand your release. Alfred cannot refuse; my father, I know, will help me. It will be very disagreeable for a while, but in the end things will resolve themselves, with dignity, if only we have the firm conviction and the courage."

She whispered, "Jerome." She tried to smile, and he found the effort almost unbearably touching.

He exclaimed, with a sudden quickening, "My darling, do you realize how much I love you? What at first was infatuation is now something much more steadfast, for I know now how much integrity you possess, and how much honor and courage and pride. You do believe me, Amalie?"

"Yes." Her voice was only a murmur. After a moment she said, "I was afraid you did not want me any longer. That was the only thing I could not have endured."

He took her face in his hands and kissed her lips gently. Then they sat close together, and Jerome said, "I have had a letter from my father today. Alfred"—he hesitated—"is obliged to remain in New York for two or three weeks longer. My father has asked me to go to Saratoga and bring him and Philip home. It will not be too hard for you, to be alone for a few days, Amalie?"

"No." Her face was sad again. "Philip. I love Philip so, Jerome. How can I bear to have him estranged from me? He trusts me, and loves me, and he has been so lonely."

He was quickly jealous, and frowned. "Oh, Philip. You need not fear for Philip. He has quite a mind of his own. Even his father could not prevent him from seeing you, if he wished."

**Tell everybody your business, and the devil will do it for you.**

**An old dog does not bark for nothing.**

**Money comes like earth scooped up with a needle: it goes like sand washed away by water.**

But her sadness was heavy in the droop of her head. "I am only sorry that we must hurt those who trust us," she said. "If I could only be sure that they will not hate us so much!"

He smiled unpleasantly. "That is a possibility we must face also. And the sooner the better."

She stood up and walked restlessly up and down the room. "There is another thing I must tell you, Jerome. Dorothea knows."

He regarded her with disbelief. "But how? That is impossible."

She flushed and looked away. "Nevertheless, she knows I saw you today, and she accused me of everything. I did not intend to tell you. But I think, now, that you should know."

He stared at her. "You must tell me all about it, at once."

She told him, in a low voice thick with shame, and he listened with increasing rage. When Amalie had finished, he started toward the doorway, but she caught his arm.

"Wait, Jerome," she pleaded. "I think we need not fear Dorothea. She—wants Alfred. I—I have persuaded her that the less she pretends to know—about us—the more likely it is that Alfred will turn to her. She will say nothing. I beg of you not to allow her to know that I have told you."

"So that is why she has been so confoundedly vicious," he said. "Well, she deserves Alfred, and he deserves her. I could wish neither of them a better punishment."

"Jerome!" Amalie's voice was a cry of pain.

But he was excited. "Your Alfred is no saint! I have looked at his books and his ledgers. Do you know what he is doing to this town? He is keeping the people half starved and hopeless. He grabs farm after farm, forecloses mortgages, rents out those farms to sharecroppers whom he gouges and subjugates. That is the pious gentleman you would spare, Amalie."

She was silent, thinking of stories she had heard in Riversend, when she had taught school there. She was remembering the Hobsons, who would have been dispossessed but for her intercession.

Jerome misunderstood her silence. "I tell you," he went on, "that I will do all I can to frustrate him! You may as well know that now. I will remain here, and work, and everything that he has done will be undone."

She put out her hand and laid it on his arm. "Jerome!" she cried softly. "Do you mean that? That is why you are staying? You really wish to help Riversend and the farmers? You are not just staying—for your inheritance? You really want to do all this?"

Jerome smiled. He put his hand over the hand on his arm. "Yes, dear," he said.

She began to cry, and he knew she was crying with joy and amazement. He took her in his arms, and pressed her cheek against his. She clung to him.

"You don't know how happy you have made me, Jerome. I did not know that you thought these things about Riversend. I thought it was just hatred for Alfred. I've misjudged you. Forgive me."

When Jerome had gone to Saratoga a heavy somberness settled over the house. Dorothea went to her room immediately upon completing her household tasks. She seldom spoke to Amalie except when necessary, and her voice was dull and remote.

The servants sensed the tension in the house. They knew that it lay between the two women. They did not have any fondness for Amalie. She had come from their own class, and they resented her new estate. She was an "upstart," and so they were as impertinent to her as they dared to be.

Amalie longed for, and yet dreaded, the return of the family. She felt herself completely friendless. Jerome had been gone for three weeks, and there was no immediate sign of his return with his father and Philip. Alfred wrote that negotiations with Mr. Regan were unavoidably extended. Finally she found that days would pass with hardly a word exchanged between herself and Dorothea and the servants.

Her sickness became stronger. She debated whether or not she should call upon Doctor Hawley. But the thought of entering the village made her shrink.

One morning she summoned enough strength to visit the gardens, and returned to the house with a basket of roses. She arranged them in the library vases. She heard a small sound and turned to see Jim sidling into the room.

He came to her, glanced behind him quickly, then whispered, "Ma'am. Mr. Jerome will return on the thirtieth, he says."

Amalie's hands remained among the roses. She gazed at Jim in pale silence.

He studied her with anxiety and fondness. "If you'll pardon me, ma'am, but you're ailin'! It's the heat, perhaps? Sometimes I can't abide it."

She tried to smile. She thrust roses into cool water. "It is bad, isn't it, Jim?"

He cleared his throat. "The master won't like it at all, ma'am."

A thin color ran into her cheeks. "What do you mean, Jim?"

"He told me to look after you, Miss Amalie. He'll not like to see you like this." He came closer, staring at her earnestly. "Ma'am, I want you to know you've got a friend in this 'ouse."

She was so weak now that tears came easily to her eyes. "I know I have, Jim, and thank you."

"If there's anythin' I can do, ma'am, you've just got to let me know."

"Yes, Jim." She touched his arm with her chilled fingers, then moved away, her head high.

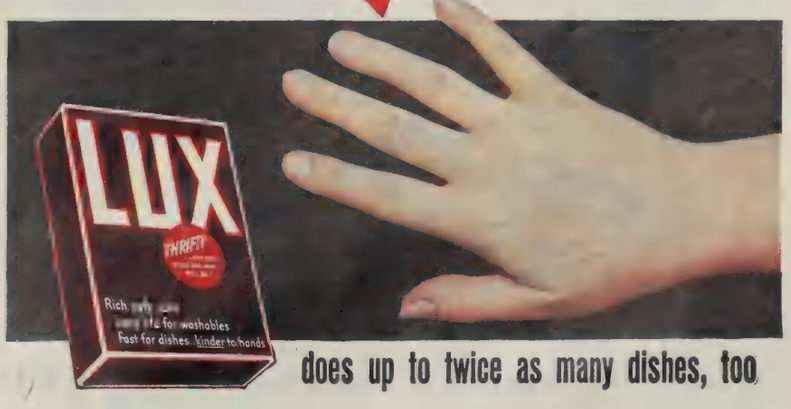

"How John hated his boss to see my dishpan hands"



"Then changing to LUX took away dishpan redness"

• A husband's pride is hurt when his wife's hands shout "dishpan drudge!" Just changing from strong soaps to Lux makes hands soft, smooth, lovely again. Scores of tests proved it.

Lux is thrifty, too. Does up to twice as many dishes (ounce for ounce) as other leading soaps tested.




does up to twice as many dishes, too




*No need to take time out for bothersome washing and scalding. Just use and throw away!*

**TEAR OFF TO SIZE . . .**

Tear off enough Cut-Rite to extend beyond the rim of the bowl at least an inch on all sides. Center the Cut-Rite on the bowl and hold it firmly in place with your left hand.





**PLEAT AND TWIST . . .**

Still holding the waxed paper firmly in place, start by pleating a corner, then twist and tuck under-and-up to the rim of the bowl.

**A SNUG COVER . . .**

Continue to twist and tuck under-and-up, working on the bias, and turning bowl away from you as you go . . . until you have completed a snug-fitting roll.



SEE HOW EASY it is to cover pie plates, jelly jars, round or oblong bowls with Cut-Rite. Flavor-saving Cut-Rite covers are transparent—you can see exactly what's inside when you open your icebox door.

Use simple little Cut-Rite tricks. Keep cake fresh by sticking toothpicks in the frosting and wrapping it in Cut-Rite. That half onion, that tiny portion of beets or string beans take up almost no icebox space wrapped in Cut-Rite and saved for tomorrow's salad.

And remember, Cut-Rite is so extra heavy, one thickness is enough for even the juiciest sandwich! Start tomorrow to protect foods with Cut-Rite. A product of the Scott Paper Company.

***Get Cut-Rite with its famous sawtooth cutting edge in the big 125-foot roll***




**CUT-RITE**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**TEARS-RITE · SAVES-RITE · LOOKS-RITE**


He followed her with his eyes, and sighed. A lovely young creature, this, and a lady, for all they said in the servants' quarters. He did not blame the master much. Still, it was a mess.

Next day Amalie received a letter from Alfred saying that he was on the way home. The news unnerved her completely. When she tried to get up the next morning she found herself too ill, overcome with an apathy which she could not shake off. And so it was that Alfred found her, almost unable to speak, unable to lift her head from her pillows.

AMALIE awoke, lifting eyes heavy with lassitude. The sun thrust, a bar of hot yellow steel, through the part in the draperies. She discovered that she was alone. Alfred had spent his first night at home on the couch in the dressing room in order that he might not disturb her. She raised herself on her elbow, feeling the warm moist weight of her hair on her neck and shoulders, and sickening under it. Her whole body was invaded by that sickness. She fell back on her pillows and moaned. All at once consciousness seemed too terrible to bear; she closed her eyes, pulled the sheet over her shoulders.

The dressing-room door opened softly, and Alfred tiptoed into the room in his crimson dressing gown. He came to the bed. She opened her eyes, and when she saw him his silhouette suddenly melted with the flood of her tears. He drew a rocker to the bedside and sat there, watching her with intense gravity and sadness. She wiped her eyes, then stared at him blindly.

He said, "What is it, my darling? Are you ill?"

She stirred, tried to lift herself on her pillows. He stood up and helped her competently. The effort had exhausted her.

Alfred said in quick anxiety, "I have sent for Doctor Hawley. Amalie, what has happened to you? Can't you tell me?"

The long bar of light brightened until the room was suffused with a warm incandescent dusk. Amalie thought, *I ought to tell him, now, while we are alone.* But her lips and tongue were numb and stiff.

Alfred waited for her to answer, then, sighing, went to the silver pitcher and bowl on the commode, dipped a linen towel in the cool water, and returned with it. With slow and gentle hands he wiped Amalie's hot white face. He smoothed back her hair tenderly. Then he sat down again.

"Amalie," he said, "if you are unhappy, you must tell me, so I can help you." He leaned toward his wife and took one of her cold hands.

Amalie bent her head, and the veil of her black hair swept across her cheek. She whispered, "Yes. Yes."

"What do you mean, Amalie? Am I to blame for something which has changed you so terribly, and has made you so ill?"

Her head bent even lower. "Oh, no, no, Alfred. It is not you. You are everything that is kind and good. It is I who am wrong."

Alfred was silent, but his hand tightened about hers.

There was a subdued knock on the door, and Jim entered, carrying Amalie's breakfast tray. Alfred frowned. What was Jerome's man doing here, instead of a female servant? He stood up and coldly took the tray from Jim. "I will be down shortly for my breakfast," he said. He watched the little man retreating and thought there was something furtive in his movements.

Alfred looked down at the tray with concern and distaste. There was only a plate of hot toast there, and a silver pot of tea. "Is this all you eat in the mornings, Amalie?" He lifted the silver cover from the toast.

"No. Please," said Amalie, in a voice of husky misery. "I am afraid I do not want it."

"Nonsense. You have neglected yourself. We must stop this foolishness."

He waited again. But Amalie only looked emptily at the tray on her knees. Alfred moistened lips, suddenly dry and salty.

"Once you asked me to take you away from this house, to build a home for you and me and Philip. I was wrong, perhaps, in insisting that we remain, even though Uncle William gave me the impression that eventually this house will belong to me. Amalie, my love, if it will make you happier, we will leave."

AMALIE'S fingers touched the warm teacup. She tried to lift it, but it seemed too heavy for her. Alfred raised the cup to her lips. She drank a little.

"Is that what you would wish, darling, to have a home of our own?"

She thought, *If I had never seen Jerome!* She forced herself to speak. "Alfred, you ought not to have married me. You are too good for me, and I am afraid."

This so touched Alfred that some of his fear and alarm disappeared. "Nonsense! We shall have the happiest life, my darling. I will not press you now, but I do hope that soon you will help me to decide whether we shall stay here or not. I want only the best and the most satisfying, for you." He left her side and began to walk up and down the room. "I ought not to have left you," he said tenderly. "I ought to have taken you with me. But I thought—I thought ——"

"Yes," she said with bitter simplicity, "you ought to have taken me."

Again he was pleased, and touched. He hesitated. "You are sure that you cannot join me at breakfast?"

"No. Please." She closed her eyes. "I think I prefer to remain in bed for a little longer, Alfred."

"Yes. Perhaps that is best. Doctor Hawley will be here at nine, and we must have

*(Continued on Page 54)*




*"Remember the good old days when we only had to listen to the commercials?"*

# The meal-ready meat most folks like best!




**Treet O'Brien**

Cut six thin slices of Treet and dice the rest of the meat from one tin. Fry diced Treet with 4 cups cubed cooked potatoes, ¾ cup sliced onion, ¼ cup diced green pepper, ¼ tsp. salt for 20 min. Fry the 6 Treet slices 1 min. on each side. Serves 4 to 5.

**Mmm . . . Good! That's Treet!**

More people choose Treet than any other meal-ready meat! And no wonder—for Treet is all choice pork, carefully selected for Treet alone! And it's sealed in the tin before cooking, so Treet is extra flavorful, extra tender and high in vitamins! Compare it with any other meal-ready meat and you, too, will say: "Yes, Treet is the meat that's best!"

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10¢
3 CAKES FOR 27¢

Cashmere Bouquet

ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

CASHMERE BOUQUET




*(Continued from Page 52)*

his opinion." He bent and kissed her forehead. Then he retired to the dressing room, where he dressed for breakfast. When he opened the door again Amalie pretended to have fallen into a doze.

She heard him go down the stairs. Acid tears burned her eyelids. Then she forced herself to get out of bed. She stood by the window and looked out. The valley below floated in a heat haze beneath a sky like a hot opal.

Amalie turned from the window. She began to shiver in spite of the heat, and she was transfixed with pain.

She bathed her face and hands, combed and brushed her hair and then twisted it in long black braids that fell far below her waist. She fastened a long dressing gown about her. Then, overcome once again by that strange fainting sensation, she sat down in a chair near the window. She began to rock a little, her face stiff and passive between the black braids of hair.

All at once she had a poignant sense of approaching calamity. She started to her feet, staggered, caught at the curtain beside the window. She must get away from this house at once! She ran to her wardrobe and tore out a light gown of flounced dimity tied with cherry ribbons. She snatched a wide hat of yellow straw, a pair of black slippers from the floor. She laid out her lace petticoats, her stockings, her corset. Her hands were trembling and fumbling. She did not hear the grating of Doctor Hawley's buggy on the gravel drive below. She did not hear his voice and Alfred's rising up the staircase. When the door opened she started back so frantically, clutching a petticoat to her breast, that she had the air of a prisoner caught in the midst of despairing flight.

"Well, well," began DoctorHawley,cheerfully, "so here we are!"

"She seems to be better," said Alfred, with pleased surprise. "You decided to dress, my love?"

**Moderate riches will carry you: if you have more, you must carry them.**

**Of big words and feathers many go to the pound.**

But Doctor Hawley had paused. His smile disappeared. He saw Amalie's face, frenzied and distraught. He saw her eyes, darting from him to her husband like the eyes of a cornered animal.

Alfred moved toward his wife, but Doctor Hawley held him back."Alfred, may I talk to Amalie alone? Would you wait outside for a few moments?"

Alfred turned to the doctor, frowning.

"You see," said Doctor Hawley with elaborate casualness, "a lady sometimes tells her doctor—things—which might embarrass her before her husband." Doctor Hawley gently pushed Alfred toward the door. "It will take only a few moments," he said. "Then I'll call you."

Amalie saw Alfred's pale and anxious face until the closing door shut it away from her. Then she sank down upon the side of the bed, still clutching her petticoat, and her head dropped forward.

DOCTOR HAWLEY watched her for several moments. "Why are you frightened, my dear?" asked the doctor at last.

Amalie replied faintly, "I am not frightened."

"Yes, you are. And you are very ill." He took her hand, felt its coldness, felt the pounding beat of her pulse. He regarded her gravely. Then he drew a chair close to her and sat down.

Alfred paced uneasily up and down the upper hall. The grandfather clock below chimed the quarter hour and he glanced at his watch. He ought to be at the bank now, with his dispatch case of papers. He was not accustomed to being home on weekdays, and this gave him a sense of disturbing unreality. He heard the swinging of a door downstairs, and saw Dorothea's white ruffled cap. She looked up at him and began to mount the stairs.

"I heard Doctor Hawley come," she said. "What is wrong with Amalie?"

"I do not know yet. I am still waiting." He paused, then said with rare impulsiveness, "Stay with me, Dorothea."

"Do not distress yourself," she said. "I have been with Amalie all these weeks, and I assure you that she has not been very ill."

"She appeared so this morning."

Dorothea shrugged. "The excitement of your return, perhaps." She hesitated, then touched Alfred's sleeve briefly. "This is not like you," she told him. "Again I assure you that Amalie is not ill. She has been suffering from the heat."

HE looked down at the hand on his sleeve and, again with an impulsiveness unusual for him, he pressed his fingers over it. "Dear Dorothea." He was surprised when she snatched her hand away. Her austere face flushed crimson. "What is wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing. Nothing at all, Alfred. But I wish you would not treat me as if I were your grandmother." She gave a short, unmirthful laugh. "After all, I am not quite thirty-seven."

Females were certainly unpredictable, thought the bewildered Alfred. "I am sorry," he said, though he did not know why he should be. "Certainly you are younger than I. But you have always been so reliable, my dear, and so competent ——"

"Perhaps," she interrupted dryly, "it would have been better for me not to have been so reliable, and so competent."

This novel idea so distracted Alfred that he did not hear Doctor Hawley emerging, and started when he heard his voice.

"Well, well," said Doctor Hawley, "we can have hopes, after all. The happy occasion—er—must have occurred just before you left Riversend, about two months ago." He put his hand on Alfred's shoulder. "This time I think we can make our plans. I do indeed."

All at once every sound in the house appeared to die away, and there was a profound and echoless silence.

The physician said in a more insistent voice, "Don't you understand, Alfred? Your wife will present you with an heir in about six and one half months."

Alfred said huskily, "That is impossible. You are mistaken."

The doctor smiled. "I've just completed—ah—quite an intensive examination of Miss Amalie," he said. "You can be assured, this time."

Alfred said nothing, but the grayness deepened on his face. Then, with a terrible effort, he repeated, "You are mistaken."

The smile left the physician's face. He said, "May I talk to you alone for a moment, Alfred? Is there somewhere we can go?"

Alfred gestured stiffly at the closed door of Mr. Lindsey's bedroom. He went to the door, opened it, and Doctor Hawley followed. Alfred closed the door. He said expressionlessly, "I have told you it is impossible. You must say you are mistaken."

"Alfred," said the doctor quietly, "I am not mistaken. I thought you would be delighted."

"I would be delighted—if it were true. But it is not possible. I have not—I have had nothing to do with my wife for months. So you must understand that it is impossible."

Doctor Hawley fumbled for a chair and sat down, pulled out his kerchief and passed it over a face that was cold and damp. He muttered, "Perhaps I am mistaken. I ——" Then he could speak no more.

There was a deep silence in the room. "No," said Alfred, after a time, and very quietly, "I see that you are not mistaken."

He waited. The doctor, an old and stricken man, twisted his handkerchief over and over in his fingers.

"You have told—my wife?" said Alfred.

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

Breath entered the doctor's lungs painfully. "She—seemed stunned. She is very

*(Continued on Page 56)*

# Are you in the know?



**How to belittle a too-big foot?**

- ☐ *Wear shoes with instep interest*
- ☐ *Choose cut-out toes*
- ☐ *Shun fussy, light-hued shoes*

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!



**Is this the technique for a—**

- ☐ *Water wave*
- ☐ *Pin curl wave*
- ☐ *Finger wave*

*You, too*, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. *Now, Kotex contains a deodorant.* Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.



**Do you think she's carrying a—**

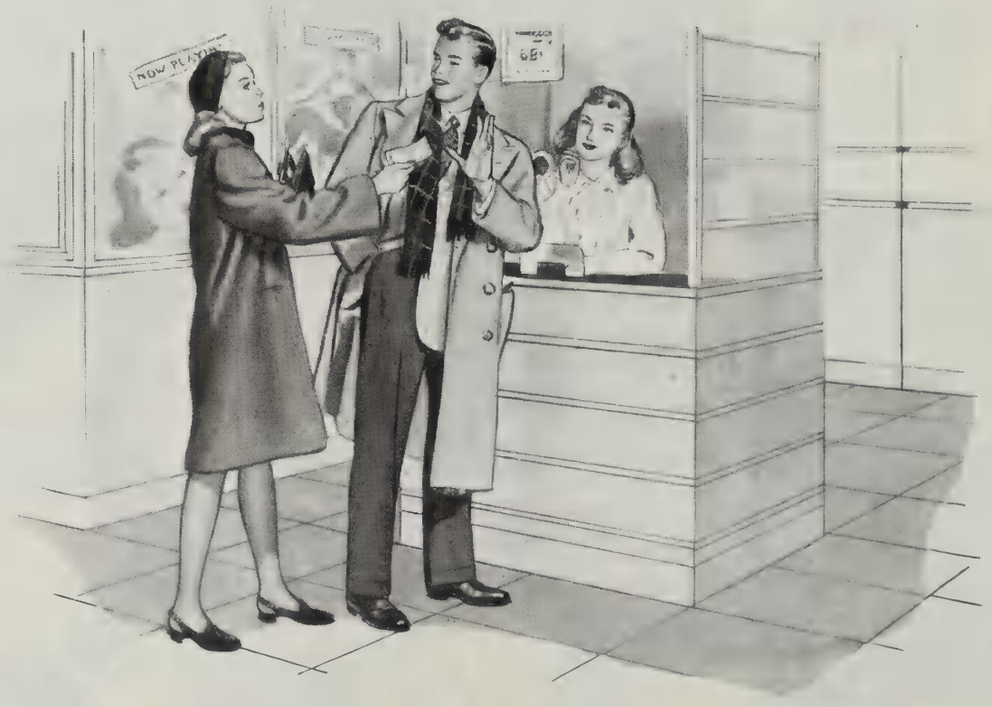
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- ☐ *Knitting bag*
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**Should you let him pay your way if—**

- ☐ *It's a pre-arranged date*
- ☐ *You meet unexpectedly*
- ☐ *You never saw him before*

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—*unless* it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. And you're free from bunching . . . roping!




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(Continued from Page 54)

ill." He wrung the handkerchief more tightly over his fingers. "But it is still possible that I am mistaken. God forgive me! There have been mistakes before."

Alfred walked to the door, opened it. "Good afternoon, Doctor Hawley."

The doctor pushed himself to his feet. He exclaimed, "Alfred, you must be reasonable! It is quite possible that I am wrong. In any event, she is terribly ill, poor creature. There are symptoms which are misleading ——"

But Alfred stood by the door, waiting. The doctor passed through it. Alfred remained in his uncle's room until he heard the outer door close. Then he went back to his own apartments, and entered.

Amalie was fully dressed. She had filled her old straw valise with hastily packed clothing. As she heard Alfred enter, she swung about.

If there had been the slightest doubt in Alfred's mind before, there was none as he saw Amalie's preparations for flight.

He shut the door and stood with his back to it.

He said, "It is true, Amalie?"

There was no terror in her eyes now, only a frozen steadfastness. "Yes."

"Did you know before Doctor Hawley came?"

"No. Had I known, I should have left days ago." Then she said, "Forgive me, Alfred."

He regarded her almost musingly. "Who is it, Amalie?"

But she only said, "Forgive me."

"I only want to know why you did this, why you betrayed me. You see, I must understand. What have I done to you?"

"Nothing! It was nothing you did, Alfred." She put her hands to her throat. "You should never have married me. You must let me go. Let me go out of this house and forget that I ever lived."

"You may leave this house," Alfred told her. "But, first, I want to know who your—who the man is."

"I can't tell you," she whispered.

He struck her heavily in the face. Darkness rushed against her, smothered her. She did not even feel her fall to the floor. She lay in a swimming pool of blackness, which slowly revolved. From far off she heard a cry, heard the sound of a dim struggle about her.

At last she opened her eyes, and she saw that from somewhere Dorothea had appeared. Dorothea had thrown her arms about Alfred. Amalie heard her voice, beseeching, "No, Alfred, you must not touch her again! You must not do this! If you kill her, what will happen to you? She is not the only one to blame, believe me! If you will wait, I will tell you ——"

Amalie raised herself on her elbow. She cried out, "No, Dorothea, no! You must not tell him!" Her head was swimming. Something warm and sticky was oozing over her chin and lips, something salty and sickening. A horrible pain was beginning to strike at her.

But neither of the others seemed to hear her. Amalie tried to get up. On hands and knees, she began to move toward them.

Alfred said, almost inaudibly, "What are you saying, Dorothea?"

"No!" cried Amalie. She had finally reached the woman, grasped her dress in weak hands.

But Dorothea apparently did not hear her. She was looking at Alfred. "There was a storm," she said. "He knew I was away, and she must have been frightened. I—I do not know, exactly ——"

Alfred regarded his cousin steadfastly. "You are not trying to tell me, Dorothea ——"

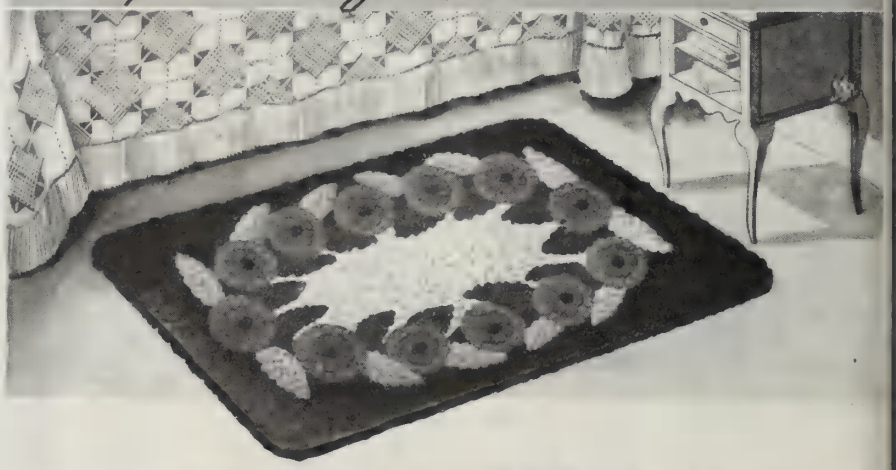
"Yes, Alfred."

"Jerome," he whispered.

Amalie let Dorothea's dress slip from her grasp. She lay in a curled heap upon the floor, once more sinking into darkness.

Alfred Lindsey looked about the neat bare bedroom in the Hobson farmhouse where


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Amalie had spent the two years before her marriage to him. He deposited her valise on the floor. Mrs. Hobson, who had asked no questions, and knew she must not ask them, bustled in meekly behind Alfred and Amalie, carrying a kerosene lamp. She placed it on the table, then left the room.

Amalie removed her bonnet and shawl, and hung them on one of the nails driven into the wall. Alfred watched her in silence. They had not spoken to each other since that terrible day. What Alfred had had to convey to Amalie had been done through Dorothea. Amalie had remained in her bedroom until today.

Dorothea hated Amalie; but when she took the trays to her sister-in-law's room, when she saw that bruised face and the filmed eyes, something contracted in her heart, and something like virulent anger against Alfred pervaded her. Only by sternly recalling Alfred's provocation was she able to forgive him.

It had frightened and repelled Dorothea that she had been able to pity Amalie; it threw her into the wildest uncertainty when she discovered that she had had to check herself, on several occasions, from speaking to Amalie with concern and sympathy in her voice.

Three dreadful days had passed. Dorothea waited, knowing that Alfred was making some plan.

When he finally announced that he was taking Amalie back to the Hobson farm, her relief was almost hysterical. She conveyed this information to Amalie, who made no reply. However, on the designated afternoon, in the midst of a heavy rainstorm, Dorothea discovered that Amalie was quite prepared when she went to summon her.

The servants were not visible; Dorothea had seen to that. Alfred was waiting below, pulling on his gloves, his greatcoat buttoned. He had not looked at Amalie directly. But he had taken her valise from her hand. Dorothea watched them go, and could not understand the sick pain which weakened her.

The buggy curtains were drawn; they had sat side by side for the last time. Alfred stared straight ahead, grasping the reins. He was to remember that ride all his life, and never without the freshness of new agony and sorrow and despair.

The Hobsons, informed briefly to expect Mrs. Lindsey, were waiting. They seethed with curiosity, but they would not question. Mrs. Lindsey, they had been told, would remain with them at their farm for a few weeks.

And now Amalie and Alfred stood in this room. He saw her bruised and swollen cheek in the dusky lamplight; he saw the unblinking fixity of her eyes. There was nothing to keep him here now. But still he could not leave.

**He that can't paint must grind colors.**

He said hoarsely, "I believe you have agreed to remain in this house until after the divorce, Amalie."

Amalie's white lips moved. She said, "Yes."

"Is there anything else you wish?"

She shook her head.

He moved toward the door, turned again. "Have you anything to say to me, Amalie?"

Slowly she turned her face fully toward him. "Yes!" she said. "Forgive me, Alfred. You have not told me that you forgive me."

He was silent, trembling. "Oh, Amalie," he said. And then again, "Oh, Amalie!"

She did not move, only stared at him eagerly, pathetically.

"I forgive you. Yes, I forgive you, Amalie." And then he said a strange thing: "And do you forgive me?"

"There is nothing for me to forgive," she said gently. "You have given me a little peace, Alfred."

His own grief was unendurable. He took a step toward her. "Amalie," he said, "if





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you need anything, at any time, will you let me know?"

But she said, "No. You must forget me as soon as possible."

He could not restrain himself from crying, "But what will you do, Amalie?"

She shook her head. "I do not know yet. Go home, Alfred. Don't think of me again." She turned away from him and he went on through the door.

Though Jerome had spent much time with his father in Saratoga, he had refrained from discussing the bank and his own plans. For the old gentleman, to Jerome's alarm, appeared much weakened. When he consulted the physician, he was informed that Mr. Lindsey's heart was steadily if slowly failing, and that any unusual excitement or anxiety might cause a collapse.

Then, on the day they were to leave for Riversend, Mr. Lindsey received a delayed letter from Alfred, in New York. "I thought of coming to Saratoga myself," Alfred had written, "but now that Jerome is with you, and there are pressing matters which must be attended to at home at once, I have regretfully decided to go there instead."

*So,* thought Jerome, *I must talk to my father now.*

He had only four hours before the train left. Mr. Lindsey sat in his room, reading his newspapers. He and Jerome were alone, for Philip had gone for a last stroll over the hotel's grounds. Jerome seemed absorbed in a volume of Charles Lamb.

He looked up, smiled at his father. "May I read you this small selection?"

Mr. Lindsey's smile was amused. "Jerome, you are never casual. Read me the selection, and I will try to guess your underlying motive."

Jerome laughed and began to read: "'A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence.'"

Mr. Lindsey folded his transparent hands together. His smile still lingered. "Well? So we are on this side of innocence, you are implying? The day of the 'garden' is done?"

Jerome, as usual, was delighted by his father's perception. "Yes, of course. But Alfred doesn't realize that."

Mr. Lindsey was silent, and suddenly grave.

"In other words," Jerome continued, "Alfred believes that power and wealth live only in the land. For that reason, it is essential for him to prevent any invasion of our community by the new industrial spirit. That is because he feels vulnerable. His kind can exist only in the atmosphere of the status quo."

He paused. But Mr. Lindsey was still thoughtfully silent.

Jerome continued: "He knows that if he continues in the old way he risks nothing, and he and the bank will remain secure. He isn't attracted to expansion, for new industries in Riversend, he thinks, will threaten some of his control."

Mr. Lindsey said, "I am interested in your analysis of Alfred. Whether it is true or not, I am not yet prepared to say. But go on."

"Well, during my years in New York I often heard discussions between Jay Regan and his friends. I wasn't much interested at the time, but much of the talk now returns to me with exciting meaning. I know now that these men no longer vision an agrarian America—a country of small villages and towns—but the building of an industrial empire. A new democracy is coming into being, a capitalistic-industrial democracy, with opportunities for the enterprising individual that it is impossible to be too extravagant about. The emphasis is passing rapidly from the garden to the town. From the barn to the factory."

Mr. Lindsey coughed. "But you have forgotten one thing. Man is more than factories. He is life. I do not know if it is true, that America is passing from the garden to the town, from the barn to the factory, as you have said. But in an agrarian society, man is comparatively free. In an industrial society, I fear, he would be the bondsman of a few."

"Father, I have lived in large cities. I have felt the stir and urge of expansion since the war. I know that the future is in industry, transportation and building. And I know that banking must be a medium for adventure, to finance this new industry. Other banks realize this, but not ours. Because of Alfred. He sees the arching of the new tide above his head, and he is terrified. Of course, there are many like him. And these are the danger to America, the gray men, the little stony dwellers in the little stony towers. America will not be balked by them. But they can do much damage before they are eliminated. It is sad that, in their elimination, they will eliminate others too."

## *Love Song*

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

There is none, oh, none like you
  Through time and all estranging,
Ever wide the expanding view
  Through which my heart goes ranging.

Ever fruitful, ever new,
  The golden apples ever falling,
Still the silver streams pursue
  Through green rivers, falling, calling.

Ask not where old summers flew
  Or leaden hours now airy-light,
Nor where the cherry blossoms blew
  Nor what made dark winter bright.

In the brilliant, darkening blue
  Of your drowned eyes, drowned I lie;
There is none, oh, none but you
  In the harassed earth and sky.

Other lovers bid adieu
  When the sparkling seasons cease,
Still my wild heart follows you
  Trapped, imprisoned, yet at peace.

"Such as our bank," suggested Mr. Lindsey wryly.

Jerome nodded. "Yes."

Mr. Lindsey sighed, moved in his chair. "Alfred and I have had many discussions," he said reluctantly. "I know he believes that only land is stable. He believes that speculative business and industry are precarious. I can see his point of view."

But Jerome was suddenly elated. In spite of his father's noncommittal words, he felt a stir in him, a reluctant and secret agreement. "I know what is wrong with Alfred," said Jerome. "He was poor for so long that he is afraid, instinctively, that he might lose what he has gained. He is afraid to risk anything, even for the promise of greater prosperity."

Mr. Lindsey studied his son. "Jerome, what plans have you?"

Jerome had not expected this sudden capitulation. He had expected to argue long and tenaciously. So he could only stare for several moments at Mr. Lindsey, and his dark eyes, restless and extraordinarily alive, jerked in his narrow face.

Then swiftly, talking eagerly, he outlined his ideas. Mr. Lindsey leaned forward to hear. There was a flush on his transparent old cheek, a quick blue fire in his eyes.

Finally he said, "Jerome, you certainly sound—convincing!"

Jerome laughed. "You mean 'plausible,' do you not? I have always admired your precision of speech. Is this new slovenliness old age, or just good manners?"

Mr. Lindsey chuckled. "Well, I have always thought a good-mannered man slovenly. He is afraid to take up issues; he side-steps challenges." But Jerome waited impatiently. Mr. Lindsey glanced at his watch. "I believe it is time for us to prepare to go to the station, my boy."

The heavy twilight had settled down when they arrived at Riversend. Jerome had sent a telegram to Alfred, informing him of their hour of arrival. But the carriage which awaited was empty of all but the coachman.

Mr. Lindsey asked for news of the family. The coachman spoke cautiously. Miss Dorothea had one of her colds again, and was in bed. Mr. Alfred had been suddenly called away to Horton Hills on a matter of importance. He would return that night. He hesitated when asked of Amalie. The young lady, said the man, had not been too well.

Apprehension grew in Jerome. When the carriage drew up at the door he bounded out, impatiently assisted his father. He flung open the door of the house. There was no sound, and no one in sight.

"It is good to be home," said Mr. Lindsey wearily. He allowed Jerome to help him up the stairway.

The house seemed completely deserted. Philip went to his own room, and the quiet shutting of the door echoed through the corridor. But Mr. Lindsey's room had been prepared. There were late roses in glass bowls on the tables. His bed had been turned down.

"It almost seems as if we were unexpected," said Mr. Lindsey. "Dorothea must indeed be ill. And where are all the servants?"

"Never mind. Let me help you undress," said Jerome. He seized the bell rope. "We'll soon have someone here with tea for you." Jerome piled the pillows neatly under his father's tired head.

Mr. Lindsey smiled. "You have hands as tender as a woman's, my boy."

There was a knocking at the door. Jim appeared on the threshold with a steaming tray. He brought it carefully to Mr. Lindsey's bedside table. He asked if there was anything else he could do.

Jerome said quietly, "I will change, myself. And, Jim, will you bring me a tray too?"

"Yes, Mr. Jerome," said Jim. Their eyes met and held. Jerome went out into the corridor and listened. Still no sound. He felt Jim pluck at his sleeve. "Sir, please come into your room," the little man whispered. "There's bad trouble here."

They went into Jerome's room. Jim shut the door soundlessly behind them.

"I tried to warn you, sir. I sent a telegram. You didn't get it?"

"No. Out with it! What is the matter here?"

Jim put his hand urgently on Jerome's arm. "I don't know it all. They try to keep it from me. Mr. Alfred came 'ome and the young lady was ill in her bed. Mr. Alfred told one of the lads to go for the doctor. That was Monday night."

"Yes, yes, go on."

The little man's face twisted. "I tried to listen. But it was no go. I only know the doctor comes the next morning. Then, later, in Miss Amalie's room, I heard her scream. I didn't hear anythin' else, though I listened. Mr. Alfred didn't go to the bank at all. Still hasn't been. It was given out that Miss Amalie was ill and Miss Dorothea took her trays in and out. Then, two days ago Mr. Alfred took Miss Amalie away in the buggy."

Jerome caught his arm. "Where is she?"

Jim shook his head. "That I don't know, sir. There's been lots of talk. Nobody knows wot it's all abaht. There was Mr. Alfred's lawyers here, too, shut up with him in the library. That was last night."

Jerome pushed past Jim and went out of the room. He ran quickly down the stairs, reached the library door and flung it open.

Alfred was there, standing with bent head. He must have just come in, for his tall hat, his gloves and cane were laid on a table. He watched Jerome close the door behind him. His face was ashen, heavily furrowed.

"Where is Amalie?" asked Jerome. He stopped, and the two men looked at each other in a silence which grew more frightful with each slow second.

Alfred's lawyers had advised him well. "Remember," one of them had said, "Jerome Lindsey is the old gentleman's son. You've had the worst provocation any man can have. But the less violence and recrimination, the less you will get the old gentleman's back up. If you control yourself, it is likely that the old gentleman will send Jerome away."

The lawyers left out of their calculations the fact that Alfred had for his wife the deep passion and love which only a silent, restrained man can possess. They knew nothing of Alfred's tearing anguish at the very thought of her. Nevertheless, the lawyers' advice had been received by Alfred with more reason than they had believed. If Jerome had not burst in upon his cousin with the open challenge of his demand for Amalie, Alfred might have acted to the entire approval of his lawyers.

But when he saw Jerome now, all the advice of the lawyers was lost. In one flashing and terrible moment, Alfred saw the essence of all his years with his cousin. He remembered all the taunts, all the delicately vicious words and ridicule.

There was no reason left in Alfred now, no caution. The primordial man, rising heavily and fiercely, stood naked and terrible in Alfred's eyes. And it was this which had caused Jerome to stop suddenly, and to look at his cousin.

Jerome's first emotion was incredulousness. He had hardly thought of Alfred at all, except as a lumbering and faintly ridiculous figure. He saw now that he, Jerome, was a fool, and that his folly might cost him his life. He forgot Amalie in the pure instinct that awakens in a man when his very existence is threatened. He could only stare at Alfred with intense awareness and calculation.

Alfred did not know of his cousin's fear. He saw only that slightly lifted face, the stiff outthrust chin, those narrowed and penetrating eyes. He saw that the muscles about that insolent mouth had sprung out in thin cords. And then, suddenly, he knew that Jerome was afraid. He was afraid, this blackguard, this wretch. He was afraid, for the first time, of him, Alfred Lindsey!

Alfred said, "She is going to have a child—your child."

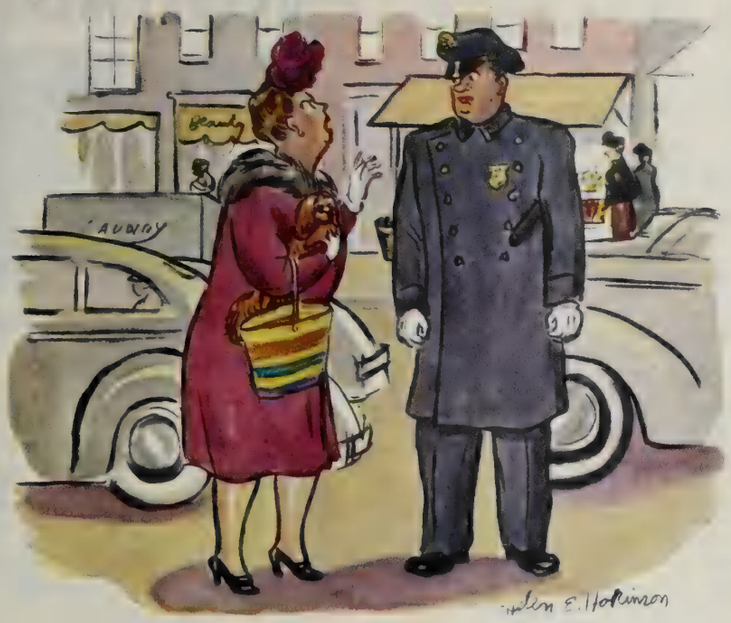
Jerome did not speak. Suddenly his eye leaped aside, looking for a weapon with which to defend himself. Alfred's words had not reached his complete consciousness. In fact, he hardly heard them.

Alfred noted the swift side glance. He saw his heavy cane on the table near him. His hand darted out, seized it. Before Jerome could move, Alfred had struck him savagely across the face.

Jerome staggered back, raising his arm to shield his face. The force of the blow sent him reeling. He heard a roaring in his ears; his vision was clouded, and through fog he saw Alfred looming over him. He saw his cousin's arm lifted again, and again, and yet he did not feel the blows that battered him. He had only one thought: escape. For now he knew, completely, that if he could not get away he would surely die.

Far off, in the dim reaches of space, he heard a cry. He no longer saw Alfred. He was floating in semidarkness, and he was conscious for the first time of an unbearable agony. He felt himself tossed and thrown off, sailing, swimming, and he saw before him a cloud of darkness which rushed closer and closer, spreading about him. Finally it engulfed him, and he sped into it, far from the pursuing agony of his own flesh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)




*"... she snatched it—the very last box of Jell-O Pudding —just as I was reaching for it!"*

**The war's tribulations** aren't quite over in the grocery stores yet—and we are even sorrier about that than you are.

But until sugar becomes more plentiful, we just won't be able to make nearly as much Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings as we used to.

So naturally, these favorite sweets of yours are often going to be gone, or nearly gone, when you look for them at the store.

And all we can suggest is to keep looking—and when you do find some, treat them like the treasures that they are!

Save them for high days and holidays! Bring them in with pride to crown that home-coming yuletide feast!




**When the sugar shortage** eases up, the makers of Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings will once more be able to make all that folks want. So watch for the good days coming when your store again will always have *plenty* of America's favorite desserts!






**Decorate** mellow Butterscotch Pudding and sunny Vanilla with gay Christmas candies. Stand up spicy cinnamon toast points in rich Jell-O Chocolate Pudding. Old-time desserts—all three! Homey, substantial, and overflowing with that real old-fashioned flavor!

## Jell-O Puddings—

*Like Grandma's—only more so!*

**Key your table** to Jell-O's enchanting color! . . . Vivid Cherry cubes laced with custard sauce . . . Orange in a tart topped with strawberry preserves . . . Lime beneath a snowy marshmallow flower . . . Strawberry glistening in a fruit-filled, blaze-bright mold! Genuine Jell-O with the famous "locked-in" flavor!



## What's found only in Jell-O?

## That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

Jell-O is a trade-mark owned by General Foods

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS

# Say Shefford for fine cheese




## Homespun or high style



**Homespun—Melted Shefford Cheese Sandwich**

Everybody knows the ingredients:
A slice or two of bread, toasted
Generous slices of Shefford Cheese
(*We suggest Shefford American or Shefford Chevelle* Brand cheese food*)
A sprinkling of paprika

Put the cheese on the toast, sprinkle with paprika, and place under the broiler until cheese is melted—and the answer is good eating in a sandwich. It's that flavor of real cheese that makes a Shefford sandwich something extra in enjoyment.

**Chevelle is a trade-mark owned by Shefford Cheese Co., Inc.*



**High Style—Poularde au Fromage**

Blend ⅓ cup flour with ½ cup cold chicken broth; add to 2 cups broth; cook in top of double boiler, stirring occasionally until thickened. Add dash red pepper, 1½ cups diced boiled or steamed chicken, 1 cup cooked peas. Add 4 oz. Shefford Chevelle Brand cheese food, diced (notice how smoothly it blends in). Remove from heat, stir until Chevelle is melted (one of the advantages of Chevelle is its faster melting). Add 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced, and more salt if needed. Turn mixture into 1½ quart casserole.

Make a soft biscuit dough, substituting ½ cup yellow corn meal for same amount of all-purpose flour in your regular 2 cups flour biscuit recipe. Cut out small biscuits ⅓ in. thick. Brush tops with 2 teaspoons melted Blue Bonnet Margarine or butter; dip tops lightly into 1 tablespoon corn meal. Arrange biscuits on chicken-Chevelle mixture. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 30 minutes or until browned. Makes 6 servings. (Note that the mild, fine flavor of Chevelle enhances, not smothers, the other delicate flavors.)




You can use Shefford Cheese for the simplest sandwich or the most elaborate main dish. But whatever way you use it you'll get the same good flavor—the honest, natural flavor of fine cheese made from good milk by old-time cheese experts. 19 varieties and flavors—with solid food value.

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC., Green Bay, Wis.




## I JUST LOVE A PARTY

*(Continued from Page 41)*

**thin slices. Round or long, it makes no difference. But eliminate the crusts. (I love bread pudding, don't you?) Spread each slice with the butter, then with a filling. The tongue mixture will do for spreading two layers, the others one each. You will have six layers of bread and five layers of filling. When put together, wrap in a damp towel and then in waxed paper. Chill in the refrigerator—best if you leave it wrapped overnight. Season regular cream cheese highly and add enough cream to make it whip up to be spreadable like your best frosting. Frost the cake with this. Decorate your "cake" with green pepper holly leaves and pimiento berries, or any appropriate decoration. Don't make a house with smoke coming out the chimney. I can't think of any way to make smoke. Keep it simple! Chill in the refrigerator. Cut into small slices, not wedges. Serve as you would sandwiches. You see, it turned out to be a sandwich cake, and is really easier than making a lot of different sandwiches.**

This cake will probably make everyone think you're crazy, running a cake into such goings on as this, but you'll fool them; and what's more, most of them will go home with your receipt, and plenty of ideas for fillings of their own, and that will be music in your ears. I know. I have seen how it works.

***Another grand slam.*** This, my dears, is none other than an Appetizer Plateau—it's really a tray of appetizers set up in plateau fashion. Shows off better, as you can see, but I don't see why we can't call it the supporting cast, for I know you have guessed long ago, having looked at the picture and all, that this plateau is designed for holding up those delicious little morsels we grab at so ravenously when we get to this kind of party. Just like me faced with a fine big angel cake. Can't leave it alone.

***What's on the tray?*** First there's the pincushion. The thing into which you stick appetizers on toothpicks. Grapefruit, eggplant, apples and such have been used for years and years. We have used bread to make a plateau. Just plain unsliced sandwich or Pullman loaves from the bakery. Trim off the crusts, make two long blocks about fifteen inches long and three inches high, and one short block about eleven inches long and two inches high. You will cut your bread to fit your tray. Skewer the blocks of bread together with the short block on top of the other two. (You've played with blocks sometime in your life.) Brush lightly with salad oil and toast in the oven until golden brown. Place your plateau on your tray and arrange any appetizer you may wish to serve on it. (Maybe you will be having turkey soon and the bread will do for stuffing. I wouldn't advise another bread pudding.)

Now let's look into the appetizers on the plateau. First you'll notice, marching down the top—for indeed they could hardly get around very handily underneath—the cream-cheese-and-parsley Christmas trees. Maybe a little belated for Christmas trees; but don't be dated—it's still the holiday season.

### PARSLEY-CHEESE CHRISTMAS TREES

**Season cream cheese with Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco and salt to taste. Drop heaping teaspoonfuls on a plate of chopped parsley. Roll around until cheese is well coated with the parsley, then roll into cone shape. Stand up with the point of the cone at the top. Chill until firm. Put the end of a toothpick through the center of small round crackers. Top with cheese trees. Stick into bread plateau, eggplant, grapefruit or whatever you use as a holder. Decorate the tops of the trees with a tiny spotlight of red pimiento. Chill well.**

Few things are so good, so wanted and so hunted down on any appetizer affair as cheese. Make it up into anything from Christmas trees to a night-blooming cereus—and that's going some. So, in case you need a brand-new and startling cheese pastry, I'll hand it right out now and be on my way.





**WAFFLES made with DUFF'S WAFFLE MIX**

*Your cupboard is never bare when you have this handy fully-prepared mix on the pantry shelf! Quick as a wink you can turn out crisp golden waffles that hit the spot with hungry families any time of day!*




JUST ADD **WATER** *—that's all!*

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Those folks back in 1850 loved their maple syrup. But they missed what we give you in Vermont Maid Syrup—uniform quality flavor, year after year.

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**Vermont Maid Syrup**




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JUST ADD WATER —that's all!




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MAESTROS OF THE SALAD BOWL



*2 spoons white vinegar, 6 spoons of olive oil, pinch dry mustard, black pepper, salt and paprika. Mix dry ingredients, whip in vinegar, then oil. Add garlic, leave in dressing overnight.*

BARNEY OF CAFE SOCIETY

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*Great Name in Olive Oil*


## CHEESE PASTRIES AS WE LIKE THEM

With a pastry blender chop ¾ cup of grated American cheese and ½ cup of butter or margarine into 1 cup of flour, mixed with ¼ teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Make into dough to be rolled. Chill. Roll out a small amount as thin as for pie-crust. Cut out with a small cutter, or mark into one-inch squares or diamonds. Put on greased cooky sheets. Sprinkle some with paprika and some with poppy or caraway seeds. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., until puffy and golden. *Don't overbake.* They burn fast because they are rich, and they need watching. Store in a tin box when cool if not to be used at once.

***Going on from here.*** We've got a lot to do with all these party plans coming up. No time to stop and visit, so I'll just jot down some of the other things that you might use as appetizers. There are any number of others. You will have your favorites.

***"Sub Special."*** This was a favorite midnight snack on board our famous submarines. If you have some Navy boys at the party, they are pretty sure to like it. Drain 1 can of sardines, the kind that are packed in oil. Mash. Add 4 tablespoons of mayonnaise, ½ cup of chopped dill pickles packed with garlic, 1 tablespoon of pickle juice, 1 small onion, grated, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, juice of half a lemon, salt and pepper to taste. Spread on crackers, or use to fill tiny pastry tart shells.

***Pickled Shrimp.*** To 1 cup of vinegar, add 2 tablespoons of water, a few whole cloves, dash of pepper, 1 bay leaf, 1 onion, sliced, 2 teaspoons of salt and 1 teaspoon of sugar. Bring to boil and pour over 1 pound of shrimps, cooked, shelled and veined. Let stand overnight or a day or two in jar in refrigerator. Drain and put on toothpicks. (Good in a regular shrimp salad too.)

***Anchovy Radishes.*** Very simple: merely slice the tops off small crisp radishes, drain rolled anchovies and lay on top. Hold together with toothpicks for easy handling and eating.

***Caviar and Smoked Salmon Canapés.*** Use rectangular or square crackers for a base. Mix a small jar of caviar with a little grated onion and a squeeze of lemon juice. Lay a strip of smoked salmon through center of buttered cracker. Put seasoned caviar on both sides.

***Tiny Salami Biscuits.*** Make up half of your baking-powder-biscuit receipt. Roll thin (not more than a quarter inch thick). Cut out with small nickel-size cutter. Brush each round with unbeaten egg white and put two together, egg-white sides in, with a round slice of salami, cut just a little bigger, in between. Bake ten to twelve minutes in hot oven, 450° F. Serve hot.

***Liver Pâté Egg Balls.*** To 1 can of prepared liver *pâté* add 1 tablespoon of prepared mustard and 1 tablespoon of finely minced onion. No additional seasoning. Chill. Shape into small balls and roll in the finely chopped whites and yolks of 2 hard-cooked eggs.

***Appetizing suggestions.*** Instead of any of these you could have: (a) Slivers of ham rolled around small strips of watermelon pickle; (b) Slices of smoked turkey rolled up in horn shape filled with a good potato salad, the potatoes cut fine; (c) Minced radishes on toast rounds spread with highly seasoned butter—garnish with slice of black olive; (d) Large stuffed olives wrapped with anchovy fillet; (e) Very small ham sandwiches, dipped in fritter batter and fried in deep fat; (f) Nice pieces of lobster, well seasoned and rubbed with garlic—dip in fritter batter and fry; (g) I must get on to the next party.

***Miniature smörgåsbord.*** How the Swedes do carry on with their *smörgåsbords.* And how everybody loves to eat their fixings. But there's one thing: unless a Swedish waiter is leaning over your shoulder you may pronounce it as you please. I was born in Vermont myself. I love a party, but I love being born in Vermont better. It means a lot more to me. Now there's one thing you always find on every *smörgåsbord,* and that's fish balls and meat balls. If this causes an international incident, why, that is just too bad. But I stand on the historical fact that the fish ball came from New England.

*(Continued on Page 63)*


SWIFT'S **Prem** IS TASTIER!

*It's the one with*

**TENDER BEEF ADDED!**




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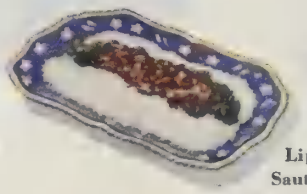
# Glamour Luncheon

## STARTS OFF WITH OLD-FASHIONED CHICKENY NOODLE SOUP

"GORGEOUS!" "How lovely!" "What a beautiful table!" your guests will exclaim when they see this strictly "glamour" luncheon.

First course is as wonderful-tasting as it is wonderful-looking — Lipton's Noodle Soup. Rich and chickeny-tasting—with the homemade goodness of the soup grandma simmered for hours in her own soup kettle. Lipton's tastes just like *real, old-fashioned* noodle soup with oodles of tender egg noodles in its golden, parsley-flecked broth.

But this grand soup mix takes just a jiffy to prepare! And thrifty? Why, a 10¢ package of Lipton's serves 4 to 6 with big, steaming bowls of fragrant, fresh-cooked noodle soup.



*Glamour Luncheon*

**Lipton's Noodle Soup**
**Sautéed Chicken Livers***
**Fluffy Rice** **New Peas**
**Avocado and Orange Salad**
**Lipton Tea** **Chocolate Peppermint Cake**

***Sautéed Chicken Livers.*** (As glamourous 'n glorious as your first course of Lipton's). Sprinkle 2 lbs. chicken livers with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Sauté in hot fat (butter preferred) until nicely browned. Remove from pan. Keep hot. Brown ¼ teaspoon finely chopped onion in pan. Add 2 tbsp. sherry, 1 cup water and ¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce gradually; cook, stirring until slightly thickened. Season to taste. Add livers and reheat. Do not boil. Serve hot on rice. Serves 4 to 6. Put Lipton's on your grocery list today. It'll add glamour to any meal!




10¢
ALSO IN THRIFTY 3-PACK CARTON

**LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP**

*Made by the makers of that brisk Lipton Tea*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*(Continued from Page 61)*

So, instead of Swedish fish balls you'll do well to stick to my well-known and much admired receipt for fish balls which you've made so many times. Make them into the littlest things, like glass agates. (Do you remember them in the old gingham marble bag?) Fry them and fry them in scads. Drain. Dust with a dusting of paprika. Keep them hot; let the guests stab with a toothpick and watch them disappear like—well, don't watch. We're all human, aren't we? And no sauce or fancy work on these. Seasoned right, they'll be perfect. And now New England gives the floor to Sweden. After all, this is a Swedish kind of party.

### SWEDISH MEAT BALLS (KOTTBULLAR)

**Have ground by that be-aproned grinder man at your favorite market ¾ pound of beef, or part veal and part beef, ¾ pound of pork, and for this special receipt have him put it through the grinder twice. Soak 1 cup of grated bread crumbs in ½ cup of milk and add with a beaten egg to the meat. Season well with salt and pepper, a pinch of thyme, one of marjoram and one of allspice. Stir in ⅓ cup of finely chopped onion. Shape into small balls. Dust with flour, brown in fat on all sides in a large skillet. Lift out about a dozen at a time, as they brown. When all are browned, add water to the fat, return the meat balls and simmer until tender and gravy has thickened from the drippings. This makes nearly a hundred very small meat balls. Use half the quantity for a smaller party.**

Now for some of the other things. Pickled herring you can buy, also headcheese and sardines in tomato sauce, but an aspic you should have to adorn your spread. And here is one.

### SHRIMP-AND-VEGETABLE ASPIC

**Cook, shell and vein 1 pound of fresh shrimp. Season lightly. Have ready 1 cup of cooked peas seasoned with salt; and 1 cup of shredded carrots seasoned with salt and mixed with 1 tablespoon of chopped onion. Now soften 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin in ½ cup of cold water. Add ¼ cup of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons of sugar, 1¼ teaspoons of salt, ¼ teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, a few drops of Tabasco sauce and a dash of pepper. Mix thoroughly and add 1 cup of boiling water—stir until dissolved. Cool. Arrange half of the shrimp on the bottom of a quart-size mold, cover with gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. For the second layer use the cup of cooked peas and cover with gelatin mixture. Chill till firm. Repeat this same procedure for the third layer, using the shredded carrots and chopped onion. After this layer is solid, finish the mold with the other half of the shrimp and the rest of the gelatin mixture. Chill until firm, unmold and serve.**

***Not beyond your ken.*** Now for two or three things you may have forgotten or your mother never told you. Don't neglect salads at any party. Or oysters in cocktail sauce, hot clam juice, all sorts of bread and rolls and buttered temptations. Olives and pickles? Why, of course. And for your *smörgåsbord*, if any Scandinavians are there, you should have one thing I almost forgot.

### HERRING-AND-BEET SALAD

**To 1 cup of diced pickled herring, add 2 apples, cut fine, 4 or 5 cooked potatoes, diced, 5 or 6 beets cut into strips, and 2 tablespoons of minced onion. Season with salt and pepper. Mix 1 cup of sour cream with 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise, a little sugar and vinegar to season. Mix with the fish, vegetables and apples. Marinate in refrigerator for at least an hour.**

And last—because, I guess, one always keeps the last note of Home Sweet Home till the last swish of taffeta at the dance you don't forget—I've kept some of the things I like best. Just simple things.

***Smoked Salmon Cucumber Rolls.*** **Season cream cheese with salt and pepper and add finely chopped cucumber. Spread slices of smoked salmon with this. Roll up and chill.**

***Dill Cheese.*** **Add sour cream to cottage cheese to make it creamy. To 1 pound of cottage cheese add 3 tablespoons of sour cream and ½ teaspoon of dried dill. Salt and pepper, of course.**

***Lobster Stuffed Eggs.*** **One small lobster or 1 can of lobster meat, cut into small pieces, mixed with mayonnaise and sieved egg yolk, lemon juice, salt and pepper, will stuff about 10 hard-cooked-egg halves.**

After which I shall bow myself out, change my shoes, brush my hair, give a last look in the kitchen mirror and go to the party. I just love this part of it—I *love* a party!

## THE TRANSFORMATION

*(Continued from Page 37)*

with his cattle. He was unchanging, outwardly content in his loneliness—tall, rough-handed, blunt. Somehow he gave the impression of a man cut from the society of other men by the mere fact that he did not know their language of casual talk and quick laughter, and could not learn it.

I used to ride through a corner of his pasture, and I found him there one morning stretching wire on fence posts. His tools were a small bar with a claw in it, and a hammer. He would catch the wire in the claw, then draw it taut against the post and staple it. Twice while I watched he broke the heavy strands as if they were clotheslines, because when his strength began to pour through his massive arms, he seemed unable to check it—though of course when he was finished his fence was tighter than anyone else's.

When the work was done, and not until then, he looked up and nodded. In the bright Kenya sun his large tanned face was for once striking and a little pathetic. He wiped sweat from his jaws and his neck and stood waiting for my opinion of his place. I could see the question in his eyes. They were like the eyes of an arrogant child demanding praise. But at the same time they were guarded and sharp with challenge.

We were on a rise of ground, and from my saddle I could look over his farm. It was finished. It was so complete, so precisely arranged that it might have been a painting by a commercial draftsman. It was too orderly, and I felt that even the cattle had taken their places in the various fields out of deference to the whole design.

"What do you think of it?" he said.

"You've made a fine thing of it. It's like a blueprint—exactly like a blueprint."

The comparison pleased him. He looked proudly at what he had built. Then at once he turned on me in frowning petulance.

"Good," he said, "good! Then tell me this. You've lived here all your life, and you know Anne Barton. If my farm is what you say it is—*is there any reason why she shouldn't want to live on it?*"

Perhaps a Breton peasant might have asked that question—some man to whom a woman was no more than a practical complement to his cow barns, his henhouse and his kitchen. But Craig was no peasant.

"There's nothing wrong with your farm," I said. "But women don't marry farms. Not Anne, at least, and it's time you knew it."

He only shrugged. "She can't live on dreams," he said, "or on air—especially with a man who spends most of his time in the middle of one or the other." It was an obvious reference to Larry, and it was sharper for the truth that was in it. But more than that there was disdain in it, and contempt.

"It's true that Larry is no farmer," I said. "He'd be no good at it. But then, you're no flier—and probably if you tried you would be no good at that."

He straightened immediately and cocked his head a little to one side, as if he couldn't believe what I had said, and I knew that I had blundered. He was no man to admit inferiority in anything, and now he felt challenged, though indirectly, by a man he instinctively and jealously hated.

"A plane is a machine, isn't it?" he said.

I nodded. "A plane is a machine." It would have been futile, I thought, to point out that such planes as we then flew were something more than just machines—and something less. They were fledgling things of wood and wire and cloth. More often than not they were equipped with engines too powerful for their fragile frames, or—as in Larry's Klemm—with an engine so feeble as almost to require of the pilot the sensitive touch of a pianist to keep them in harmony with the weather and the wind.

And yet John Craig was saying, "I know machines. I can handle machines, though I never thought it much of a way to test a man. Still, it seems the idea appeals to women—men in ships, men in planes, men with their feet off the ground. Well, if that's what's wanted, it's easy enough. I'll fly."

It seemed at the moment no more than a boast born out of simple masculine pride. It was as if he had said, "I know women. I can handle women!"

I reined my horse toward my father's farm. Glancing back, I saw that Craig had undertaken to split a log of cedar for his fence. He did not do it patiently by the use of a wedge and hammer, but by wrathful, even wild, blows of his enormous ax; and somehow that picture came into my mind at once when, two days later, to the astonishment of both Larry and myself, Craig strode across the Nairobi airport and demanded that Larry teach him to fly.

It was a strange and disquieting moment. Nurtured by silence, the enmity of each toward the other had grown and had taken the formless and unreasonable shape of all things that thrive without light. There was no understanding—not even enough for anger.

They looked at each other for a moment: Larry, slender, motionless, outwardly at ease, smiling his bittersweet smile; and Craig, big, but bigger still with arrogance, framed in the hangar door. Craig held a scrap of newspaper in his hand. It was the small advertisement Larry had run for months, not really to increase his income but to please some insistent friend who sold such ads. There it was, in John Craig's hand, and he was saying:

"You're Abbot, aren't you? Well, as you know, I'm John Craig, and I want to fly. You can show me the tricks."

All the condescension in the world was in his voice—all the patronizing inflection of the sturdy realist addressing the dreamer. And the dreamer might easily have laughed him away. It was what I hoped for—expected, I think. But there were more subtle shades to Larry's nature. I looked at his face and saw that he was still smiling his dry, mirthless smile. His gray eyes, aglow with irony, were very steady and very thoughtful. He knew the challenge for what it was. He shifted his glance from Craig's face to Craig's massive hands that were like great, insensitive clamps. Then he looked with meaning at the fragile little plane already shivering on the runway under the morning wind. The plane was sky-blue, and on its fuselage was neatly painted the name: "ANNE." He turned to me and nodded toward the scrap of newsprint in John Craig's hand.

"The power of the printed word," he said, smiling his sardonic smile; "it brings all things to all men. All right, Craig, we fly."

They took off at once: Larry at the controls, with more than a hint of disdain in his manner; Craig in the rear cockpit, his shoulders squared in arrogance. And when at last the little craft was airborne, droning its reproach against the sky, I could not help thinking that no smaller world could be contrived for two men so hateful of each other. But in an instant they were gone, with time and the distance closed behind them, and I went about my own work, servicing my own plane for a routine flight to Mombasa.





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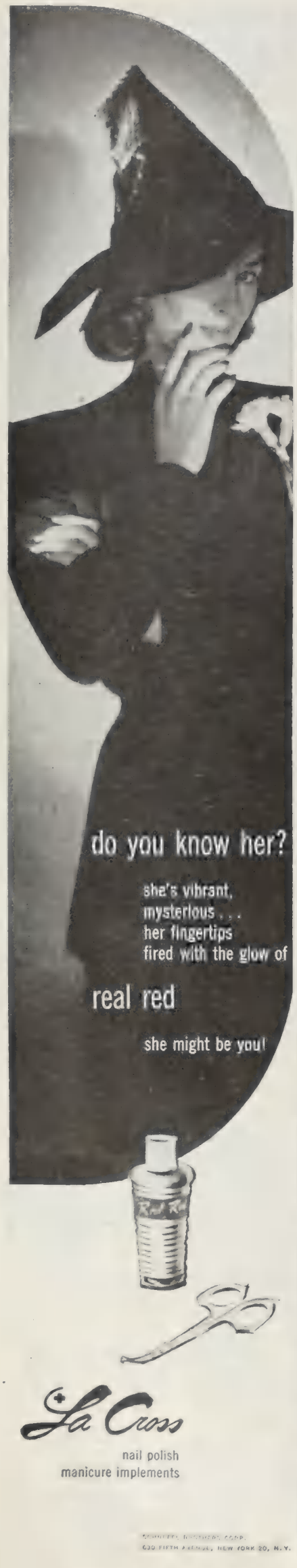
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What happened after that is difficult to tell, because a part of the story is lost.

I returned just before dark, landing my Avian on the rough plot we called an airport, and I saw then that Larry Abbot and John Craig had not come back. There was no word, nor any sign of them, but I was not immediately worried. I saw to it that flares were lighted on the edges of the runway, and then I went into Nairobi telling myself that they would come in by night.

But they did not come in that night, nor the next night, nor the night after that, and there was no message. There was nothing.

On the second day I went to Anne and told her what had happened, and I saw at once that she was afraid for Larry—for both of them. She did not hate John Craig, but she feared the fury of his jealousy and strength. And she knew Larry; she knew his tenacity, his determination to humiliate the big man. It was like a knife against a bludgeon.

"It's not just a legend," she said, "that this country does strange things to men. They get drunk on the bigness of it. They throw restraint away, and reason goes with it. They should not be together in that plane!"

She was not given to hysteria, but she was deeply concerned. I watched her pace her tiny, cluttered workshop—a slender, vital yet very feminine girl. Almost a child, I thought, and it came to me that she was out of place among her pedestals and lumps of clay. It was make-believe, and I suddenly knew why, because I remembered that once she had stood with a clay figure that she had made, and had looked at it heavy in her hand, and then had softly said, "I wish it were a child—*my* child." It was a thing that Larry could never understand because it would have meant the sacrifice of his constant flirtation with unreality. It would have meant responsibility, regularity, worry—the coarser threads that go into the weaving of happiness. Nor could John Craig have understood it.

I stood up and moved toward the door. "I'll take off in the morning," I said, "toward Marsabit. They went north."

We had no radios then; nor any short-wave station in East Africa, for that matter. When a plane vanished, you did the simple thing: you looked for it, hoping that if it had forced-landed, it had found some better place than the vast Mau forest, the slopes of Kilimanjaro or the steaming elephant country to the south. I knew all the hopes. I had searched before for lost planes—and found a few.

But I did not find this one. No one ever did, though there were countless parties organized. And then, after eleven interminable days and nights, we learned by messenger that two men had crawled one morning from the rim of the Koroli Desert to the shelter of an Indian trader's camp. They were John Craig and Larry Abbot, of course—and they were nearly dead.

Men have been lost and found before—many in Africa; some in the Koroli Desert, a place of monstrous rocks burning in a sea of sand—and most times such men have a story to tell, and they tell it. These men did not. A few natives and settlers remembered seeing the plane in broad daylight and clear weather. Some said its course was erratic, its control unstable. Others said it flew straight for the desert, willfully guided there. Perhaps it does not matter, and perhaps the story of John Craig's and Larry Abbot's eleven days and nights in that prison of rock and sand does not matter either, since neither man would ever speak of it.

And yet, one wonders. I, at least, am haunted now and then by the patchwork story of the Indian trader who had nursed them, in his way, for many hours, and who seemed, when I spoke to him long afterward, an incurious man, but one of precise memory. He was a Sikh, and I remember his great turban of dirty cloth that seemed so white against his earthy skin, so fresh above his tired eyes.

"I saw them at dawn, *mem-sahib*," he said, "not men to the eye, but mounds of flesh for jackals. Yet they breathed, and the jackal does not touch what breathes, *mem-sahib*. I brought them here."

His trader's shack—his *duka*—was four walls of mud and daub, his merchandise the cherished luxuries and tinsel of a dozen native tribes. The men had crawled, he said, part way, and he had helped and guided them. They needed water and he had given that, and bathed their lips and burning eyes until they slept.

"Then they were not hurt," I asked, "except by the sun?"

He looked at the sun, as if to question it, and then he looked at me. "The sun, *mem-sahib*, may sometimes choke a man, but it leaves no mark upon his throat."

I hesitated, but he would not be hurried. "Which man?" I finally asked.

The old Sikh shrugged. He was explicit. "The mark of the big one was on the throat of the other. A strong mark, *mem-sahib*—a death mark, almost—but the fingers of the big one's hand were broken." He smiled musingly. "A little man can break a little bone," he said.

"I see," I told him and nodded.

So it had come to that. I wondered what had given impetus to that silent, lonely struggle in the sand. Two men—both strong, but one immense—shuffling, swaying, groping, each for the other's life. A knife against a bludgeon—the quick, sharp cleverness of Larry, the knotted muscles of Craig.

"And after that?" I turned again to the Sikh.

"There was blood on both," he said. "And this, *mem-sahib*, was a strange thing to my eye—that when I found them, the wounds of each were wrapped, with care, in the clothing of the other!"

I got no more from him and never will; it was all he knew. But when I left, he handed me a crumpled note in Larry's writing—a note the Sikh had picked from the floor where Craig had lain.

"I cannot read, *mem-sahib*. Does this have meaning?"

To me it had. It was the kind of note that was exchanged between the cockpits when the roar of the engine was too loud for speech. I read it slowly:

Better admit you can't fly, Craig—just yet, and maybe never. You're over the Koroli, and in trouble. I can take over, and I will—*when you ask it*. Give your pride a breather. Live and learn.

That was it—Larry, smiling still, and still sardonic, watched the little plane under Craig's thick-handed guidance plunge and

## *Apple Polish*

**By**
**Georgie Starbuck Galbraith**

Because I dote on you, I try
To be the apple of your eye
By using every female trick
To keep me polished bright and
slick.
So I'm annoyed excessively
Those times you happen in and see
My hair in curlers and no make-up
Gracing the face with which I
wake up.

It further burns me when you say
You really like me best this way,
For the eye that I'm the apple of
Is not completely blind with love.
And well I wot, if I should take
Your words as true, how fast you'd
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For pippins who maintained their
gloss
Despite your gallant applesauce!

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tremble over the hot, swift currents of the desert. And there was Craig, out of control, tramping the rudder bar, clutching the stick as if it were his heavy ax—and swearing to God that he would see them crash on the Koroli sand before he asked for help. And they *had* crashed because each must test the mettle of the other like sabers crossed in battle. Steel against steel. Pride against pride. Male against male.

And yet, in the end, as the old Sikh said: "The wounds of each were wrapped, with care, in the clothing of the other!"

Enemies—comrades for a while—but they did not become friends. It would be easier to say that whatever they had endured had bound them together and made them friends, but it wasn't so. They never spoke again—and yet they were not the same again. It was as if two disparate elements had been somehow ground in a crucible until each took essence from the other.

A little later Anne and Larry were married, and after that Anne had the child she wanted, and a certain crispness crept slowly into Larry's manner and into his life—an alertness, a sense of direction. He planned air routes and turned his dreams to money. He bought equipment and was as hard as iron in the bargaining. He gained stature; and friends who knew him for his bittersweet smile and his careless way admired him later for what they called his "drive." Success came to him, and a woman's happiness to Anne.

Craig saw her once to say good-by. His arrogance had strangely crumbled, and with it his farm. It became in time no longer the draftsman's drawing, but a warm and happily disordered place of foraging livestock and uneven fields. At last he sold it and wandered out of Africa—disconsolately, I suppose—but I had word of him.

Years later a friend from England said to me, "Do you remember Craig?" and again I saw the big man as he had once stood with his great angry ax, splitting a tree as if he were Vulcan forging armor for the gods.

"I remember Craig," I said.

"He's a doctor now," my friend said, "a surgeon in a children's clinic of the London slums."

I looked at him closely, and then I said the only thing that I could say—the only thing that would come into my mind: "A doctor? A surgeon? With those enormous hands?"

My friend nodded, smiling a little. "Yes," he said, "with those enormous hands."

## THE HEART DIVIDED

*(Continued from Page 18)*

"How do I know? Look—you want to see her? If you'll swear not to tell anybody, I might let you. But you've got to *swear*—you can swear on this stone, which is a precious stone." He pulled a small, polished bit of shining stone from his pocket. "Swear you won't tell anybody—and that you'll give me your dessert after dinner." The rider seemed an afterthought, but Eliza knew Paul.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Oh, I don't know—apple pie, prob'ly."

She put her hand over the stone in his palm and said, "I swear," in a whisper.

Paul jumped to his feet, and they walked around the pond to the raft. They got on and paddled slowly toward the middle. Then Eliza wriggled over to the edge and got to her knees, pressing her palms down tight on the raft, and looked over into the water. Her tan-colored, somewhat lanky hair, pulled back with a narrow ribbon, fell forward on either side of her stubborn, square little face; her gray eyes were wide and intense. But all she could see was her own excited small face, with the hair falling on either side.

"That's me."

"You!" Paul said scornfully. "Can't you see the gold chain—and the tail?"

And then—then she felt the raft rocking, felt herself slipping as if Paul had pushed her, and suddenly she was in the water,


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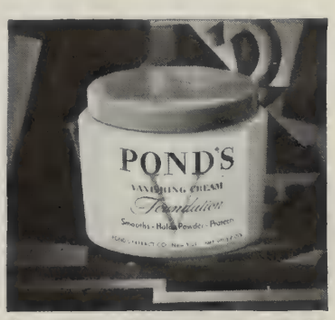
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splashing, struggling, terribly frightened. But Paul had grabbed her skirt and was pulling her toward the raft. She tried to put a hand on it, but it was wet and slippery. At last she climbed on, however, cold and shivering, very, very wet.

"You scared her away!" Paul said angrily.

She was rubbed down by Callie, the upstairs girl, with a huge turkish towel and dressed in a flannel sailor suit of Paul's, with the trousers turned up at the bottom, for Paul was taller than she, and then taken down in front of the fire to dry her hair. Paul had taken on the role of a modest hero. Somehow, while she was upstairs, Paul had given them the idea that it was her idea, that it was her carelessness that had caused the accident. He looked at the grownups with such a candid, wide-eyed, polite manner.

Eliza felt bitterly betrayed, and even the fact that she could see the screen did not comfort her. It was a silvery gray, and there were tree trunks on it of a deeper gray, and up the tree trunks squirrels of yet another gray were scampering. It was the wood of all woods, a secret world of its own.

Aunt Pauline was showing her mother some lengths of chintz. "All the chintzes you see here are so stupid—roses and tulips and the like," Aunt Pauline was saying. "When I saw this imported stuff at Miss Hooker's, I grabbed it. I'll ask her where she got it, if you like—you might pick up something good over there."

The chintz curtains in her mother's room had lilies on them and were new, as Aunt Pauline knew.

"I doubt if we'll buy much," her mother said. "Ned's going on business—it's not a shopping tour."

"Oh, but you're bound to buy something! I can tell you a marvelous dressmaker—not cheap, but I'm sure Ned could manage a dress or two. Her things are so awfully right. She never botches a good line with lace or ribbons or buttons."

Eliza felt a chill, like the one she had had when she got out of the water. She wanted to smile at her mother and say by the smile that the green velvet was lovely, simply *exquisite*, but she couldn't even look at her mother. Aunt Pauline had on a suit of speckled tweed, a plain blouse with a silver pin at the throat. She turned her head so that the fire seemed to scorch her face, and then dinner was announced.

At the table Eliza was being very silent. She was embarrassed because of having the sailor suit on, and she was hating Paul—and loving him at the same time; she was wishing her mother would be as haughtily condescending as Aunt Pauline and she was wishing her father wouldn't always agree with Uncle Robert. Then, unexpectedly, they were talking about her.

"Makes a pretty good-looking little boy," Uncle Robert was saying indulgently. "Look here, Ned, what's this about 'Liza's going to her grandmother's?"

"Julia thinks Academyville would be more fun," her father said.

Aunt Pauline gave her high, amused laugh. "Julia got away from Academyville as fast as she could!" she observed.

"Nobody there to look after 'Liza but your mother, is there?" Uncle Robert asked.

"Isn't that enough?" her mother said.

"Oh, well, seems foolish to put that responsibility on an older woman, when 'Liza'd be more than welcome here and wouldn't be any trouble at all. . . . What do you say, 'Liza? Want to stay here and cheer up your Uncle Bob?"

"Yes, darling, where would you rather stay?" Aunt Pauline said.

Eliza could not answer. She felt her heart beating hard and noisily. She looked at her father and he was looking at her with an encouraging twinkle in his dark eyes. She wanted terribly to stay here, in spite of Aunt Pauline, in spite of Paul's betrayal, in spite of everything. Then she looked at her mother. She was more beautiful than Aunt Pauline, more beautiful than Paul or any of them, but she looked *outside*. She looked as if she were fighting all of them.

"I'd rather go to grandmother's," Eliza lied quite clearly and calmly.

Her mother's eyes were startled and relieved and, for an instant, frightened.

Then the dessert was brought in. It was meringues filled with peach ice cream. Oh, the heavenly, sticky, crunchy chewiness of meringues! Eliza looked at them with a kind of ecstasy. Then she looked at Paul.

"Eliza looks as if she's got a fever," he said.

"I haven't," Eliza denied. "I'm cold."

And then she was curled up by the fire in the big chair and the rest were at the table, and Paul—Paul was eating her meringue.

All the way to Academyville, her mother was sharp with her. But Eliza knew she was still talking to father, through Eliza, the way she had on the way to Yew Valley, though father wasn't there with them. It wasn't anger directed at Eliza at all.

Academyville was very small. There was Main Street and, crossing it, Church Street and School Street and Mill Street. There was a little street called Railroad Street, but there was nothing on it except the railroad station and two small cottages, and there was Hill Street, where Grandmother Goodspeed lived.


## NEXT MONTH

JOB TATUM stood before the fashionable congregation crowding St. Simon's on Easter morning . . . "I am the resurrection. . . ." Beautiful words, drama and power behind them, and yet Job Tatum could feel only rebellion in his heart as he spoke. Where along the way had he lost his faith? When had he ceased to be a minister of the gospel and become the glorified head of a successful corporation?

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*Nicodemus*

Condensed in the
**FEBRUARY JOURNAL**
from the book to be published
by Houghton Mifflin Co.


Eliza was suddenly frightened. She had almost forgotten what Grandmother Goodspeed was like, but now, seeing her, she remembered, and she was afraid. For grandmother was stern. There was absolutely no nonsense about her. She didn't go with the yellow house, which was cheerful, even jolly-looking. She had on a gray dress, stiff with starch. Over the gray collar of the dress was fitted a narrow little tatting collar, and at the throat was a large oval pin, black around the edges but with roses painted against white enamel in the middle. She was small, but her back was as straight as a ruler.

Her mother put the suitcase down on the porch, kissed grandmother.

Grandmother said, "I've been expecting you since lunchtime."

The house had a good hot smell. The stairs were steep, heavily carpeted. Eliza's room was small, but very, very clean, and on the floor was a rug with roses in it. There was a hole cut in it near the chest for the hot-air register. Eliza went and stood on the register. The heat came up comfortingly under her short plaid skirt.

The bathroom was different from the bathroom at home. The floor was covered with linoleum, and over the linoleum were several braided rugs. In the corner was a tank with a little gas fire burning under it. Eliza thought the bathroom a very cozy place. She stayed there so long that when she came out her mother had already gone downstairs. She felt a sudden panic of desire to get to her mother, not to be left alone up here in the strangeness. Her mother was in the kitchen.

"What I don't see," grandmother was saying, "is how you can go off to Europe and leave her behind. I may be old-fashioned—I no doubt am—but I still believe a mother's place is with her children."

Then they saw her standing in the doorway and said no more of that.

"You carry these potatoes in, Eliza," grandmother said.

The dining room was small, with a window full of plants. The table was round and on it Eliza carefully placed the potatoes. They had a smell different from potatoes at home. Eliza had tried to get Mittie to fix some like them, but Mittie had just laughed at her. "You cut them with a baking-powder can," she'd tried to explain. You did too. The can seemed to have something to do with their specialness.

After they had been at the table awhile grandmother said, "You'd better run over to Cornelia's tonight if you have to start back in the morning."

"Cornelia knows I'm here, doesn't she?" Eliza's mother said slowly. "Can't she come over here?"

"She can, but I doubt if she will."

"I guess she'll have to if she wants to see me. I haven't got much time and I'd rather spend it with you."

"Sometimes I want to spank you, Julia, as if you were a little girl Eliza's size!"

"I don't think you can find any real reason why I should go to see Cornelia any more than that Cornelia should come to see me," her mother said. "Perhaps I ought to stay till Monday and take Eliza to school."

"Nonsense; she can go with the Scott girls. Of course—stay as long as you feel you can, though. Goodness knows, you get home seldom enough."

"As often as you get to see me, mother."

"Old people ought never to go visiting, I've always said. They don't fit in and they get to feeling sorry for themselves. I made up my mind long ago that I'd never let myself in for that. I like being independent."

"No one's trying to take your independence away from you."

"It gets taken away when you leave your own things and ways," grandmother said. "What grade are you in, Eliza?"

"Fourth," Eliza said.

"That's real good for nine."

Eliza dried the dishes. She worked slowly, afraid she might drop something, afraid the glasses might not shine enough, afraid grandmother would turn her stern eyes on her accusingly.

After the dishes were done, they all sat in the sitting room for a while. It was all quite calm and pleasant there by the funny square stove with the little windows in the front through which you could see the flames licking up and up, thin and blue. It made you sleepy, watching the fire.

It was when she got upstairs and was undressing that Eliza suddenly felt terribly homesick and frightened. Over the bureau was a picture of three horses' heads, wild-eyed, with manes flowing. All her insides felt queer and shaky. She thought she was going to be sick to her stomach and knew she should go down the hall to the bathroom, just in case, but for some reason the thought of the hall terrified her. She didn't dare go out through the door.

Then her mother came in and everything settled down again. "Cleaned your teeth?"

"Yes," Eliza lied. She couldn't go away from her mother, not right now. Afterward she'd undo the lie and go and clean her teeth. But not now.

She crept into bed quickly, and her mother came and sat on the edge. "You'll write to mother often, won't you, pet? Mother'll want to know everything that happens, about school and the girls you like and everything. You'll have fun, darling. Would you rather I waited and went to school with you the first day?"

"No, you don't have to," Eliza said.

"I could, you know, but there are so many things to do before we sail. Your daddy needs me there to help him. He never wants me away."

*That's kind of a lie*, Eliza thought, and felt better about the teeth lie. She didn't believe her father really needed her mother there.

Then her mother said in a voice that had a little rush of shame and real worry in it, "Listen, Eliza: if you don't like it here—if it doesn't turn out to be fun—you don't have to stay, you know. You can always go to Aunt Pauline's. All you have to do is to write her a letter and someone will come and get you."

"I'll be all right," Eliza said, remembering Paul's beautiful face and the screen and the wide stretches of land where you could run and the big, lovely house and the candles on the table and all the silverware.

"Well, it's up to you, darling. You can always change your mind."

"I'd rather stay here," Eliza said in the same stubborn little voice. Her small body felt all one lump of sorrow.

"You really would, wouldn't you? Daddy seemed to think I was making you do something you didn't want to. But you did choose to come here, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"But you're still free to do whatever you want to. If you ever want to change, you can."

That quietness and sadness was in her mother's face again and Eliza felt she could not bear it. Eliza knew quite well her mother did not want her to change, that this offer was made through a kind of remorse, but she was grateful for it, all the same.

"I like it here," she insisted.

Her mother reached down and lifted her up into her arms and kissed her. Eliza felt a wetness on her face, though she wasn't crying. "I put too much on you, darling," her mother whispered. "Good night, my precious. I hate to leave you behind, but I have to, you see. I have to."

And then Eliza was alone in the little room. The light was out and her mother, in her tweed suit with the yellow scarf at her throat, was gone. Eliza curled up into a tight little ball under the quilts. She felt awful, just awful. She knew she had promised herself to go now and clean her teeth, but she couldn't make herself get out from the round little place she had made for herself under the quilts. She lay there, very tight and lonely, for a long time. Then she heard voices down below and she remembered how, the last time she had been here, she had lain on the floor and listened through the register and how funny it had been. She crept out of bed, dropped down on the floor in a sudden passion of anxiety to hear her mother's voice again.

"I thought she'd be happier here," her mother was saying, "but if you don't want her, don't beat around the bush about it."

"I never said I didn't want her. She seems a nice biddable child and we'll get along all right. It's you I'm talking about. Even if you don't feel any responsibility for your child, I should think you'd have more pride."

"Pride!" her mother said hotly.

"Yes. And don't get so highty-tighty, Julia. I'm an old woman, but I'm not a fool. I'm sorry it's turned out this way, though I can't see how you thought it would turn out any other way."

"Do you know what you're talking about, mother? I'm sure I don't."

"I'm talking about you and Ned. As you know very well. I saw how things were going a year and more ago. I didn't say anything then because I've never been one for interfering between a man and his wife—but I feel as if someone's got to give you a talking

*(Continued on Page 69)*

# Twice-Rich*

**LIBBY'S TOMATO JUICE IS RICH IN FLAVOR . . . RICH IN VITAMINS**

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Libby's

**FAMOUS VEGETABLES**

PEAS • CORN • MIXED VEGETABLES • BEETS • SAUER KRAUT • AND OTHERS

**LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION**

# No sugar at all!...in Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Honey Fudge Cake

**Even when** your sugar canister is overflowing again, you'll still be making *this* cake.

For it's such a *grand* cake . . . full of fudgey richness and Swans Down tenderness and June-meadow honey flavor!

And it's so quick . . . with the amazing new Swans Down "Mix-Easy" method! No creaming . . . beating cut in half . . . fewer dishes to wash.

Yet with all the speed, and the small amount of shortening, and *no sugar* at all . . . you get a rich, long-keeping cake, even-grained and downy-soft like all Swans Down cakes.

**Try it**—even the frosting's sugarless! And remember . . . Swans Down guarantees this cake, *but not with any other flour!*



No creaming!
Beating cut in half!
Fewer dishes to wash!
Richer taste!
Keeps fresh longer!



## SWANS DOWN'S NEW "MIX-EASY" HONEY FUDGE CAKE

***Preparations:*** Have shortening at room temperature. Grease two 9-inch layer pans or one 10x10x2-inch pan, cover bottoms with waxed paper, and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. Use Swans Down Cake Flour. (More women choose Swans Down than all other packaged cake flours put together.)

(*All measurements are level.*)

**Measure into sifter:**
- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
- 1½ teaspoons soda
- 1 teaspoon salt

**Measure into bowl:**
- ½ cup shortening

**Mix in small bowl:**
- 1¼ cups honey
- ⅔ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

**Have ready:**
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 2½ squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

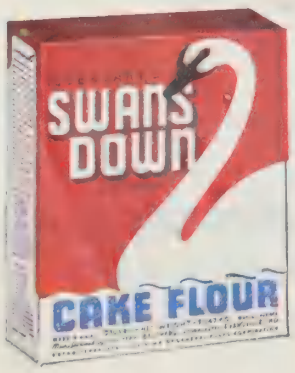
***Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part I***

(Mix by hand or with electric mixer at low speed.) Mix shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ½ cup of the liquid and the eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then beat *1 minute*. Add remaining liquid and melted chocolate, blend, and beat *2 minutes* longer. Batter will be thin. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.)

***Baking:*** Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes for layers or about 40 minutes for square cake. Frost with Easy Fluffy Frosting.

***Easy Fluffy Frosting.*** Beat 1 egg white with dash of salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Pour ½ cup corn syrup or honey in fine stream over egg white, beating constantly about 4 minutes, or until frosting holds its shape. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla.

**TUNE IN: Portia Faces Life—NBC Network**




**Double cost of your ingredients back**... If you don't think your Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake is better than any similar cake you've baked with any other flour, simply write us enclosing the guarantee insert from your Swans Down package, and we'll send you double the cost of your ingredients! Swans Down itself has not changed—you can still use all your old favorite recipes. Swans Down has made supremely fine cakes for 50 years . . . and it's still the overwhelming choice of good cakemakers.

**Watch for New "Mix-Easy" Recipes in your Swans Down box!**

New "Mix-Easy" recipes . . . developed and tested in Swans Down kitchens at General Foods . . . are constantly appearing in Swans Down packages.

## Bake a better cake with Swans Down

*(Continued from Page 66)*

to. If you want to hang onto Ned—and why you do, I don't know, for all he's a good provider—you oughtn't to try so hard. It's just too plain that you're hanging on, Julia—that's what I mean when I say you ought to have more pride. Why don't you let him go to Europe if he's a mind to? Maybe he'd wake up a little when he found out you could be content without him."

"That's enough, mother. I don't know wherever you got the idea that Ned and I weren't happy—unless it was from wishing we wouldn't be. We couldn't be happier, as a matter of fact. I'm going to Europe because we don't want to be apart. Eliza won't miss us as much as we'd miss each other."

"Fiddlesticks! You show your pride in the wrong place."

"If you're thinking of Jeanne Benson, you've got it all wrong. That's just the way people in our crowd talk and act."

"I'd be ashamed to admit it. There were others besides the Benson woman."

"If you weren't such a good Methodist I'd think you were advocating divorce."

"I'm advocating nothing of the kind. I'm just advising you to act a little more seemly."

Eliza's mother laughed, but it was a pretend laugh. It wasn't happy. "I'm afraid you'll have to let me behave as I see fit," she said. "But you can put your mind at rest about Ned and me—we love each other, you know. Even if we did marry in a hurry—even if he is a Griggs and I'm a Goodspeed from Academyville. Pauline would like to agree with you, but Ned and I are the ones to know, I should think."

Grandmother got up from her chair and came over to the stove, shook down the ashes, turned the damper in the stovepipe. Eliza trembled a little, wriggling back from the register, as if they could see her looking down. She got to her feet, went softly down the hall to the bathroom and scrubbed her teeth very, very thoroughly.

In the morning her mother was gone. Without any other good-by than the kiss of last night. Just gone. Eliza felt that she half understood and at the same time half of her passionately protested.

"They have Sunday school before church now," grandmother said. "So you get through with your breakfast and get yourself ready, Eliza."

"All right, grandmother."

"Just plain 'grandma' is enough, dear."

Oh, the hairline tightrope of loyalty on which a child must walk, a child like Eliza Griggs, born with that sight which takes in both sides of a coin at once. Oh, dreadful winter, when you perform on that tightrope for strangers day in, day out. Oh, homesickness so all-encompassing that you feel like nothingness inside your warm blue coat as you climb the hill to school, like dying. Oh, dreadful, dreadful winter.

It was not only grandma who was the audience. There were Aunt Cornelia and Uncle Will. There were the boys and girls at school and in Sunday school.

"Isn't Aunt Cornelia mother's sister?" she asked grandma and grandma said:

"Yes—her half sister."

"What's a half sister?"

"Her father wasn't your mother's father."

"Oh," Eliza said doubtfully.

Before ever she went to Aunt Cornelia's, she was prejudiced against her, because of mother's refusal to go see her that Saturday when they'd come here. It seemed very queer that you wouldn't go to see your own sister. When she saw Aunt Cornelia she hated her, just hated her. She looked a little like mother, only not so beautiful. And not so gay. She had grandma's straight back and grandma's sternness and she never laughed. She had a nice house on Mill Street where you could see the creek and there were willow trees, three huge ones, on the creek bank across from the house.

Eliza went there first with a bowl of plum jelly. She carried it down the hill to Mill Street, down Mill Street to the little white house with petunias still blossoming around the low white porch, set it on the step before she knocked, as grandma had told her to do.

"I've brought you some jelly," she said.

"Oh," Aunt Cornelia said. "Bring it in, dear."

She didn't want Aunt Cornelia, who wouldn't come to see mother, to call her "dear."

"If you'll excuse me while I finish getting the curtains up ——" Aunt Cornelia said in a polite but not really friendly voice.

Eliza hardly knew whether to go or stay. She stayed, sitting stiffly in a straight chair and watching Aunt Cornelia running the curtains onto the rods. "Why don't you have curtains on top too?" Eliza asked.

"Draperies?" Aunt Cornelia said. "They aren't suitable in this house."

"Aunt Pauline has beautiful curtains," Eliza offered. "They came from France, from Paris, France. They're *exquisite*."

"I dare say," Aunt Cornelia said dryly.

"Did you ever go to my Aunt Pauline's house?"

"No, I never did."

"Aunt Pauline's house is exquisite, simply *exquisite*," Eliza said in an affected voice. "It's like a—a castle."

"Well, some like castles and some like cottages," Aunt Cornelia said in a voice that was half angry.

Just then Uncle Will came in. Uncle Will ran the feed-and-flour mill on Main Street. He was a short and sturdy man, not fat, with nice, twinkling eyes, and Eliza liked him. He had on overalls and a blue shirt, rolled up above the elbows. He looked a little dusty with flour all over. He had very thick brown hair and that looked dusty too.

"Hi, peanut!" he said, grinning at her. "When are you coming in and grind a bag of flour for me?"

For just an instant Eliza was a little girl again; she could relax into a world where grownups let you do wonderful things just because you were little, where you only had to pretend in the manner of childhood. "Maybe Saturday—if grandma will let me!" she said a little breathlessly.

"I'll speak to grandma. I need an assistant."

"I've just swept in here—you'd better go brush yourself off," Aunt Cornelia said sharply.

Uncle Will gave her a look. It was a look that laughed at her, yet was sad too. It reminded Eliza somehow of her father, though Uncle Will was certainly nothing like him. "Pernickety!" he explained Aunt Cornelia to Eliza.

For some reason Aunt Cornelia reddened. But she didn't say anything, and Uncle Will went out to the little room off the kitchen and Eliza could hear him brushing away out there, whistling to himself as he did so.

"I guess I'd better go now," Eliza said.

Aunt Cornelia went out to the dining room and took a plant from the shelf by the windows. "Could you carry this to grandma?" she asked. "She's been wanting some baby tears." Eliza felt a quick delight in the name. It was just exactly right for the vine that sprawled over the little crock, for the tiny, tiny leaves. Then Aunt Cornelia seemed to hesitate. She picked up a very tiny pot with a stiff little plant that had only two small branches like a tree and a few fat leaves. "This is for you. It is a jade tree," Aunt Cornelia said stiffly.

"Thank you," Eliza said, not wanting to take the gift, but taking it.

"Good-by, Eliza."

The jade tree bothered Eliza. She didn't like Aunt Cornelia and she didn't think Aunt Cornelia liked her. But there was something about the little tree that fascinated her. It excited her to have it; yet she knew it was not fitting that Aunt Cornelia, not liking her, should have given her a present.

As a matter of fact, no one seemed to like Eliza very much. Not Mary Scott, who generally walked to school with her, not her classmates, not her teachers, not Aunt Cornelia. She bragged too much, for one thing. She knew very well that bragging was neither dignified nor endearing. It was just that she did not know, any more than her mother did, how to establish her own personality in the eyes of others. She knew what she was like inside, she knew she was smart and pretty enough, but she never felt that anyone else recognized her as real at all. So she bragged. She emphasized her urban differences. She used words that Paul or Aunt Pauline used. When a letter came from her mother, she would take it to school and use it as a bookmark, letting the foreign stamp show to impress the boy or girl next to her. That no one liked her she knew and wept over in the night.

Yet there were things she liked. She liked the smell of grandma's house. It smelled warm and clean, and the cooking smell was good there too. There was the smell of chili sauce and molasses cookies and apples and baked potatoes. She liked walking to school alone, especially while the leaves were still underfoot and she could see leaf prints on the walk and frost across the rector's lawn to the line where the sun had begun to strike. She liked sitting in church with grandma after the ordeal of Sunday school, hearing the rumbling of grand Biblical phrases from the pulpit and watching the light through the colored windows. She liked reading the books in grandma's bookcase. She read Ivanhoe and Vanity Fair and

*(Continued on Page 71)*



*"He looks just like me!"*




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*(Continued from Page 69)*

The Hunchback of Notre Dame and found them all exciting. But over and above and below and around all these likes was the homesickness, the longing for her mother, the feeling of desperate necessity to be with her mother and look after her, the longing for Paul.

She was what grandma called "biddable." She did everything grandma told her to, but time went terribly slowly.

One day Mary Scott came over to play. Grandma approved of Mary Scott and had asked her herself. Eliza never asked any of the girls to come see her.

Grandma gave them a plate of cookies and apples and said, "Maybe you'd like to dress up? I used to like to when I was your age. There are some old dresses in the brown trunk in the attic, and if you'll spread papers on the floor and put everything back afterward, you may try them on."

Eliza had never been in the attic before. There was no light but that which came through the small dormer windows. They spread out the newspapers on the floor and Mary ran to the trunks and opened one.

"Oh-h-h!" she cried softly, ecstatically.

Eliza followed her, not quite sure whether to give herself up to this make-believe or to hold herself aloof from it. But in the depths of the trunk lay something so beautiful that Eliza could not resist it. It was a wedding dress of satin, with tissue between its folds and a veil like a cloud beside it. "*Oh-h-h!*" the breathed an echo of Mary's cry.

Eliza got out of her plain skirt and white blouse with the ruffled collar, lifted the beautiful thing out of the trunk. She might have many beautiful dresses in the years to come, but never again would she feel quite the sensuous delight of that satin dress on her slight young body, the thick folds billowing about her, the train swirling on the floor, the filmy dream of a veil spread out to infinity on every side. No one was ever so beautiful as Eliza felt herself to be there in the chilly attic, with Mary's wide eyes on her affirming her beauty.

"I'm Queen Guinevere!" Eliza said. "You have to bow down to me and kiss my hand."

And Mary would have done it, too, had it not been that at that moment grandma's brisk little steps came up the attic stairs and grandma called out, "Did you find the dresses, girls?" Eliza turned, still Queen Guinevere, and grandma said in a different voice, tight and angry, "Where did you get that dress? Take it off at once, Eliza. I said the *brown* trunk!"

It was plain enough to see now that the trunk was black. Eliza, the magic gone, got out of the satin dress and stood there in her little cotton slip.

"Were you married in it, Mrs. Goodspeed?" Mary asked.

"No," grandma said shortly. "It belonged to Eliza's mother." She put the dress away, closed the lid. Then she said, "It's pretty cold up here—you'd better bring some things down to Eliza's room." She opened the brown trunk, took out an armful of dresses and led the way down the steep stairs into Eliza's room. "There—you'll be more comfortable down here," she said, and left them to their play.

They dressed up, but anything was bound to be an anticlimax after the wonder of the wedding dress. Besides, Eliza had something on her mind and she couldn't throw herself into pretending. It was *not* her mother's wedding dress. She knew it was not because once she had asked her mother about her wedding dress and her mother had laughed and said, "Darling, I was married in a green suit at a justice's—I wasn't married in a church at all. But it was binding, darling." So grandma had lied. But that didn't make sense, for grandma just couldn't lie. You couldn't, even if you wanted to, believe that grandma could lie.

At supper Eliza said suddenly, "Why did you say that was mother's wedding dress?"

Grandma looked up quickly. "Because it was," she answered shortly.

"Mother had a green suit when she was married," Eliza insisted.

Grandma gave a funny little sigh, put down her fork and looked at Eliza sternly. "Your mother didn't see fit to wear the dress. Nevertheless, it was hers."

"Why didn't she wear it?"

"She changed her plans. . . . Eat your supper, child, it's getting cold."

So she had that mystery to mull over. It was exciting, in a way, but it was more a weight than a joy. She just couldn't see how mother or anyone could have worn a green suit instead of the satin dress.

One Sunday afternoon she looked at old family pictures. There were lots of mother. Mother when she was about sixteen, always laughing. Then mother with a man.

"Grandma—is that Uncle Will?"

"Yes, child," grandma said.

Uncle Will was in almost every picture with mother. He had on regular clothes and didn't look dusty as he did in the mill. There weren't any pictures of Aunt Cornelia with Uncle Will. But mother sat in a canoe with him, she rode some old spotted farm horses with him, she played tennis with him. Once he had his arm about her shoulders.

"Why did mother always have her picture taken with Uncle Will?"

"They were friends."

"I should think he'd have had his picture taken with Aunt Cornelia."

"Oh, that was long before he married your Aunt Cornelia."

Once grandma said to her, "Would you like to have a party, Eliza?" Grandma looked at her in a worried way, as if she feared she weren't having a good time.

"No, I guess not."

"You don't seem to play much. You're quite welcome to have your friends here, you know, dear."

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**Always listen to the opinions of others; it probably won't do you any good, but it will them.**

**Speak well of your enemies. Remember you made them.**

---

Eliza was too proud to say she didn't have any real friends in Academyville. "I'd rather read than play," she said.

"You'll ruin your eyes. You ought to be outdoors more. Why don't you run over to Mary's till supper's ready?"

"Oh, Mary's such a baby, grandma!"

Mary did seem like a baby. Most of the children did, compared with Paul. And yet Eliza longed to be accepted by these babies, longed for their approval.

Once she overheard grandma and Aunt Cornelia talking about her. "I declare, I worry about the child," grandma said. "She doesn't eat half enough—picks at her food like a bird. I think she's lonesome, as well she might be, cooped up with an old woman. But she doesn't make any effort to have friends."

"She never will have friends," Aunt Cornelia said. "She *wants* people to dislike her."

"Cornelia! What a ridiculous thing to say!"

"Well, it's true. I don't know why it's true, but it is. She always knows exactly what she's doing. Oh, I know what you're thinking, mother—but it isn't so. It isn't on account of Julia I dislike her. It's Eliza herself. She isn't like a child at all—she's like a grownup. She looks at you like a grownup and tries to ape grownup talk. I pity her a little, but I can't like her."

"Shame on you!"

"Yes, I'm ashamed of it," Aunt Cornelia said, and her voice was suddenly lost and lonely and Eliza, listening at the register, felt a quick kinship with that voice. In that moment she didn't hate Aunt Cornelia at all, no matter if she was saying these awful things about her, Eliza.

There was a small silence down below and then grandma said, "Julia ought never to have left her behind."

Aunt Cornelia did not answer that. The silence was very long below, somehow more frightening than the discussion. Then Aunt Cornelia was putting her coat on, the front door was closing, grandma was shaking the sitting-room stove. Eliza crept back into bed.

In the night she had a dream, a nightmare of a dream. She was running across a moor. The ground was bumpy but there were no trees. The air was gray, a not-quite-night gray. Paul was running just ahead of her and he never stumbled, just ran on, swift as a bird. Behind them the three horses, snorting, with manes flying, came galloping. They were enormous and she and Paul were very small and the moor stretched out and out, never ending. You couldn't stop, or the horses would be upon you. "Paul—Paul! Wait for me!" she kept calling, but her voice was too little and Paul couldn't possibly hear it, she knew. She woke up and she was crying, crying terribly hard, and grandma was sitting on the edge of her bed and she was gathering Eliza up into her arms, saying, "There, there, child! There, there! Don't cry, child! Grandma's here!" And she rocked back and forth a little, holding Eliza close to her. She smelled nice, like the little satin bags of sachet in her bureau drawers.

"I had a bad dream," Eliza murmured.

"I KNOW. It's all right now, though. You're awake and grandma's here!" Her voice was nice, warm and loving and nice. "You cuddle down now and grandma'll bring you some good hot milk." Grandma's slippered feet went down the stairs, came up again. "Here, Eliza—drink this, dear."

The hot milk was warm all the way down. Eliza had a queer feeling of utter happiness there in the night. She felt taken care of, a little girl loved and taken care of, with no problems, no mysteries. She curled up under the warm quilts, closed her eyes. Grandma sat there, smoothing back her hair. She fell asleep.

It was only a few days after that when Eliza spent a day and a night in Aunt Cornelia's house. When she came down to breakfast on that morning, grandma was dressed to go out.

"Mrs. Peabody has been taken bad and she wants me to come up," grandma said. "You're to go over to Aunt Cornelia's for lunch, Eliza, and to stay overnight."

So she went, reluctantly, carrying her pajamas and clean blouse in a paper sack, to Aunt Cornelia's house.

Lunch wasn't bad, because Uncle Will was there, joking in his quiet way, giving her the biggest portions of everything; and at supper there was a hickory-nut cake. There never was such a delicious cake, never.

After supper and the dishes, Uncle Will began to cut away at a piece of wood: a deer for Eliza.

"My father can make things out of clay," Eliza said.

"Can he, now? Well, I never tried to do that."

Aunt Cornelia came to the door and said, "Will, aren't you going to the trustees' meeting at the church?"

"Guess not," Uncle Will said. "'Tisn't often we have a little girl spend the evening with us."

"Not Julia's little girl, anyway," Aunt Cornelia said. Her voice sounded as if she hated them, both of them.

But all Uncle Will said was, "No, not Julia's little girl," in a very quiet voice, and went to work again.

After that Aunt Cornelia never said a word.

It was Uncle Will who finally said, quite gently, "I guess it's bedtime."

Eliza looked up, keeping her eyes pushed wide open against sleep. The little deer was almost done. It was beautiful. "What did you do with the spotted horse?" she asked.

"The spotted horse?" Uncle Will said, looking up at her in a surprised way.

"In the album. You and mother rode on the spotted horses."

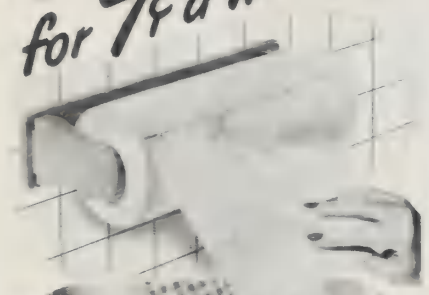
Uncle Will looked toward the sitting room. His face got all tired and sad. "Oh, yes," he said. "No, those weren't my horses. They belonged to John Stacy, up Minnow


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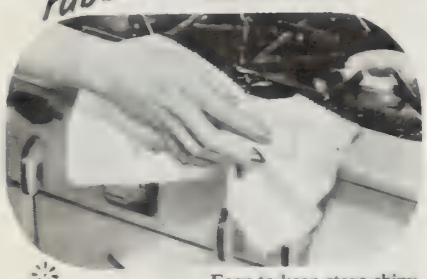
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Run. . . . Better run up to bed now. I'll have this all done for you in the morning."

"It's nice," Eliza said.

In the night something happened, something that seemed like a dream in the morning, but which wasn't a dream. It was Aunt Cornelia. "Get up, Eliza," she said. "Here; wrap this blanket round your shoulders. Come over by the window."

Dazed, half frightened, Eliza did as she was told, went over to the window. Across the creek she saw three great willow trees and they were covered with ice; every fine, sweeping, slender branch was silver. Three magic trees, more beautiful than anything Eliza had ever seen in her life.

"And that, Eliza, is *exquisite*," Aunt Cornelia said suddenly in a sharp, unfriendly voice. "Get back to bed now." And without another word, she went out of the room.

And there Eliza was, back in bed, weighing the gift of the trees against the motive which had prompted the gift, and she was confused and troubled. She knew very well that she had behaved like a show-off, forever saying this or that was "exquisite," talking in a haughty voice with the *r*'s off, like Aunt Pauline, bragging about her possessions. And yet she had at the same time a feeling that if somebody liked her, he'd know she wasn't like that inside. He'd know she had to be that way, to show that she was here under protest, just because her mother'd wanted her to be here. He'd know that she behaved like this because it was the way her mother had to behave. But *why* did mother act like that? *Why* was she always fighting? *Why* did father always act as if he had to hurt her? *Why* hadn't mother worn the wedding dress? *Why* was even grandma against mother? *Why* was Aunt Cornelia against mother? . . . Then through all the *why's* came the wonder, the miracle of the trees. No matter why Aunt Cornelia had shown her the trees, she had shown her them. She forgave Aunt Cornelia, not quite understanding why she forgave her, but in reality because Aunt Cornelia had truly understood that the trees were the very essence of enchantment and beauty. There was something in Aunt Cornelia that was kin to something in Eliza.

Eliza never said anything was "exquisite" ever again.

One day Mary Scott said to her on the way home from school. "I know something about your mother." Mary had a sly, insinuating voice.

"You do not," Eliza said flatly. "You never saw her."

"I did, too, see her, and I do, too, know something!"

"Well, what?" Eliza demanded, unable to hold back the question.

"She ran away—right on her *wedding day!*"

"She did not," Eliza said.

"She did so. My mother said so. She was going to marry Will Dennison—and she ran away and married somebody else. And everybody was at the church and had to go home. And Will was made a fool of, right in front of the whole town, my mother said. And I guess my mother knows, because she was there—and she said she guessed your mother'd found out it wasn't such an easy bed to lie in after all. . . . Who are you going to marry?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody," Eliza said. "And that's all a lie about my mother."

"It is not. You're a liar if you say it is. I guess my mother knows. . . . You have to marry somebody. I'm going to marry Johnny Peters."

"You don't have to."

"You do too. You can't have a house and babies and things if you don't."

"Well, you could live in a hotel, I guess. You don't have to have babies if you don't want to. I'm going to be an actress and I'm not going to marry anybody."

That night she wrote a letter to Aunt Pauline.

*Dear Aunt Pauline:* Can I come and stay with you till mother gets back? I don't like it here. Please let me come. I won't be any bother.

Lovingly,
ELIZA.

But she didn't send it. She kept it in the red box, in case, just in case she couldn't stand Academyville any longer. She knew it would be giving in if she sent it.

In March there was another strange and very terrible happening.

"Aunt Cornelia has a loaf of brown bread for us. Suppose you stop after school and get it, Eliza," grandma said.

That was how it chanced that Eliza was there. She had the bread and was about to leave when there was this sound of steps, heavy steps of several people, on the porch, and then the door opened without any knocking and Jerry, the helper at the mill, and Mr. Hall, the butcher, came in, half carrying Uncle Will. The first thing Eliza saw was the blood. Blood was dripping over everything: on the beautiful hooked rug with the maple leaves all over it that lay in the hall, on the painted floor around it, on Uncle Will's dusty overalls.

"In here," Aunt Cornelia said. She was white as chalk. She led the way into the living room and Jerry and Mr. Hall put Uncle Will on the couch.

"I'll go see if I can hurry up doc," Jerry said.

"Yes, hurry," Aunt Cornelia said.

So the two men went out, as if glad to get away from the trouble. Then Aunt Cornelia went down all of a sudden on her knees beside the couch, put her face against Uncle Will's.

"Oh, Will! Oh, *Will!*" she cried.

"Don't worry," Uncle Will said in a whispery kind of voice.

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**Flattery is that refinement of polite speech that enables a beautiful woman to realize her charms, and an ugly one to imagine hers.**

—H. L. MEADER: Cupid the Surgeon. (H. Altemus Co.)

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"Oh, Will—I love you so!" Aunt Cornelia said. "*I love you so.*"

"Good. That's good," Uncle Will said in that faint, far-off way.

"Don't move, Will. Doc'll be right here. He'll be right here."

"Careless—just carelessness," Uncle Will said almost crossly. Then he shut his eyes and Eliza saw that Aunt Cornelia was crying. It was shocking to see Aunt Cornelia cry. She seemed like someone too strong for tears.

Then the doctor was there, taking Aunt Cornelia out into the hall, and Eliza heard her say "*Off?*" in a frozen way.

Uncle Will's hand was taken off—*off*. That was to be a horror to Eliza forever, but it was not the first thing she remembered about that awful day. The first thing was Aunt Cornelia's voice saying, "I love you so—*I love you so!*" Saying it so that no one could ever have doubted that she meant it. And so the mystery about men and women deepened, the puzzle grew more complex. Aunt Cornelia was cross and cold. She acted as if she didn't like Uncle Will. But she loved him.

Eliza grew taller and thinner that spring. Her square little face seemed to lengthen and her eyes grow bigger.

Twice she went up on the hill and got hepaticas that grew in the thick dead leaves along the ravine bank. She put one in a letter to her mother, after she had pressed it flat in the big dictionary overnight. It got somehow to be May and people stopped talking about Uncle Will's accident. In June mother would be back.

On the fifteenth of May Eliza got two letters from the post office after school. One was to grandma and one was to Eliza. Eliza waited till she was up in her own room with the door shut before she read hers.

*Darling:* It's hard for mother to write this, but you are a big girl now and I think you will understand. You know that sometimes fathers and mothers aren't very happy together and that then they decide not to live together any longer. Mother and daddy have decided they are like that. Daddy is coming home soon, but mother is going to stay over here, because it is cheaper to live here and because there are more friends here. Daddy will come and get you as soon as school is out. Mother will miss you terribly much, darling, but she wants you to stay with daddy and look out for him and love him. Sometime you will come over and visit me here. I promise you. Be good, my sweet little girl.

All my love,
MOTHER.

Grandma sat up late that night writing a letter to mother, but nothing happened. No miracle intervened and canceled out the facts.

On the twelfth of June father came, looking very handsome, a little embarrassed, a little truculent, and took her away. Grandma gave him what she called "a piece of her mind," but father got more like himself then, answering her politely but curtly too.

"I'm afraid it's our affair," he said. He almost ignored grandma's suggestion that Eliza stay there for the summer. "Eliza will be well cared for," he said coldly.

Aunt Cornelia came over to say good-by. Uncle Will had said good-by the night before. Eliza's suitcases were down in the hall, the car was waiting before the gate.

Suddenly Eliza said, "Wait!" and ran upstairs and came down carrying the little jade tree. And then she saw Aunt Cornelia standing there in the hall looking at her in the oddest way, as if there were some bond between them, but one unnamable. "And thank you for the jade tree, Aunt Cornelia," was all she could say.

"All right, Eliza—jump in!" father said.

She looked back and grandma and Aunt Cornelia stood on the steps of the yellow house, watching them drive away.

"Good-by!" Eliza called quickly. But they were off in a sudden rush and she didn't know whether the word got back to them or not or whether they had answered.

## *II*

ELIZA GRIGGS sat in the red leather chair by the window in the seminar room. There was no seminar going on. There was only Miss Elmslie sitting at the end of the long table, turned away, with Eliza's last themes for English strewn on the table close to her hand. It was a pleasant room with long windows looking out on the spring green of the campus. Miss Elmslie's face was anxious and a little tired. She was not only Eliza's English teacher, but also her Senior Adviser. They looked calm and quiet enough, the two of them, a tall student and a teacher with a serene face—except for those anxious eyes—sitting and talking over a term's work. Neither one was actually calm.

"You're not pleased?" Miss Elmslie said after a long silence.

"Why, I don't know," said Eliza. "It's just—comparative. There isn't much to choose from."

Miss Elmslie flushed. "You think yourself ready to compete with Faulkner and Wolfe and Mann?"

"No, of course not. But I'd rather than to compete with Pat and Virginia and the rest."

"Naturally, you want to aim high. It might surprise you to know, Eliza, that not everyone voted for you." She reached out a hand, picked up one of the papers. "Here you have a tale—dramatically told, I grant you—of a miner imprisoned underground after an explosion. I feel reasonably sure you have never been in a mine, have never experienced anything like the agony of a leg being cut off. It is like a trick, your writing of such things. It is nothing of *you*, of your own world."

Eliza turned and gave Miss Elmslie the direct look that had embarrassed teachers and companions for some years now. It was not rude, it was just very direct. "How do you know?" she asked.

"Well, have you ever been imprisoned in a mine?"

"Yes," Eliza said. Then she smiled, in an adult, almost amused fashion, and said, "Not in a coal mine, of course."

*(Continued on Page 74)*

# BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



**Today's the day** the stars sing, the sun rides high. Today a wordless glory fills the air. Today . . . *this* day . . . this prayed-and-planned-for day . . . *this* day the man of your heart comes home for keeps.

For keeps, too, and together, we hope you'll choose your Community. For Community is the silverware craftsmen designed to live through long, glowing years. Each fork, each spoon, is enduringly overlaid with a layer of solid silver at the hard-wear points. See lifetime Community at your jeweler's—50-piece service for 8, in handsome anti-tarnish chest—no Government tax—$62.50. Compare it with silverplate made for the moment. You'll be glad you waited for Community . . . *for keeps!*

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(Continued from Page 72)

Miss Elmslie hesitated. She was truly interested in her students; she was sensitive; she did not like quarreling. Sighing, she put the theme down on the table again. "What are you planning to do this summer, Eliza?" she asked unexpectedly.

Eliza Griggs moved toward the window and stood there with one hand on the blue curtains. She had a look of flight all through her tall, slender young body, and into her somewhat haughty face sprang an incredibly sweet and radiant look of expectation.

"I'll be visiting my mother this summer," Eliza said in a movingly young, ecstatic voice. "In France."

"But how wonderful for you!" Miss Elmslie said sincerely.

These girls, to an outsider, would have looked much alike. Eliza was dressed like them all: scuffed brown-and-white shoes, a gray-and-blue plaid skirt, white Angora sweater with sleeves pushed up above her elbows, a blue ribbon around her hair. But to Miss Elmslie, sitting there, troubled and more inarticulate than was common to her, she was like no one she had ever had in her classes before. A top-ranking student, but one who cared little whether she was top-ranking or not; a girl with talent, but one who scorned the chief literary honor given to seniors; a girl who generally conformed, but who broke rules without compunction when it suited her to do so. Looking at her, standing there by the window as if her spirit had left her body and were already winging to France, Miss Elmslie did not know how to say what she was forced to say.

"Eliza," Miss Elmslie said slowly, "there's something I have to discuss with you."

Eliza came back to the red chair, sat down again and waited inquiringly.

"It seems that you have asked for three home leaves this last month," Miss Elmslie began. "Yet it has come to Miss Truscott's knowledge that you have not been home. It is distasteful to me to pry, but I have to ask where you have spent your week ends."

"At the bay," Eliza said.

"Were you visiting someone at the bay?"

"No."

"May I ask where you stayed?"

"At my Aunt Pauline's cottage."

"Oh. Was she there?"

"No."

"Please, Eliza—I don't like to do this, you know. I know how much privacy means. I've never had a great deal of my own, so I value it too. But the truth is, Miss Truscott saw you and a young man in the Stamford Station a week ago Sunday night and he was kissing you good-by. Miss Truscott fears you have been spending your week ends with this young man."

Eliza studied the toes of her saddle shoes for some time, then lifted her eyes to Miss Elmslie's waiting, sternly embarrassed face. "It was my Cousin Paul," she said in that disturbingly clear voice.

"Your cousin?"

"Yes, my Cousin Paul. The families are always there in the summer. We like to go sailing before anyone's there. Don't you ever get tired of people, Miss Elmslie, of all us girls, and the other teachers?"

Miss Elmslie flushed. "Yes, sometimes," she admitted. "Sometimes I do. But we cannot overlook either your deception as to your destination or the fact that you are spending your time with a young man, cousin or no. How old is he?"

"Almost nineteen."

"Do his parents know he goes to the bay?"

"No."

Miss Elmslie felt a kind of sickness. In Eliza's bluntness, in her refusal to qualify, to explain, to excuse, there was a kind of appeal that Miss Elmslie felt a response to. "I understand, Eliza. But I am afraid, for the sake of your standing in the school, that I shall have to ask you to assure me that you won't go again." She stood up and so did Eliza. The interview was over.

Eliza moved into the corridor. At the door she turned and looked straight at Miss Elmslie and said, "I might have to go."

In the morning when Miss Elmslie went out to take the mail from the mailman, she saw a girl come out of the dormitory carrying a small bag like a duffel bag. She made no pretense of evasion, walked erectly down the drive and into the road that led to the highway. It was Eliza Griggs. Miss Elmslie stood there, shocked into utter stillness, staring after her. After several minutes, she went back into the building and looked at the book where leaves were entered. There was no signature of Eliza Griggs there.

At half past two o'clock that afternoon, Eliza dropped the duffel bag in the cottage at the bay. It was empty and her steps across the floor sounded loud and lonely. For an instant she had a fright—not of being alone in the house, but at a sudden certainty that Paul wouldn't come. It was a fright she had experienced many times. Paul never liked to be the first one anywhere. He liked fires to be laid, food cooked, gaiety established before he arrived.

She went into Aunt Pauline's bedroom, took slacks from her bag, and sneakers, got into them, pulled a white sweater of Paul's over her head. Then she ran out through the hallway to the back shed where kindling and wood were piled. She carried paper and

**The Bedizened Damosel**

*By Ethel Jacobson*

**Smarter girls may cry for pearls**
**And crave tiaras for their curls**
**And shed a tear into their beer**
**For diamond bracelets up to here.**
**Oh, opal rings and triple strings**
**Of emeralds are lovely things;**
**But give me a chunk, a great big hunk**
**Of jewelry that is frankly junk.**

**No millionaire's pursuing me**
**With guerdons of affection;**
**No maharaja's wooing me**
**With gems from his collection;**
**Yet I don't fret and grow upset**
**And chew my nails off in a pet**
**As long as I can satisfy**
**My yen for stuff a buck will buy.**

kindling into the living room, fetched three great logs. As soon as the first fire showed, she was sure of Paul again. Warm and sure. It was always this way. The fear, really intense and horrible, that he wouldn't come—then the surety the fire brought.

Her wrist watch was on the wrist raised to the mantel. She would not look at it. If you looked, only two or three minutes would have gone when you had thought it would be at least fifteen. She tried to think of something. She thought about yesterday and the talk with Miss Elmslie.

*Oh, how do you know*, she continued the conversation passionately, *what I have experienced and what I have not? I have been imprisoned for a long, long time. I know all about it. No one could know it better than I, the feeling of prison. No, I haven't ever had a leg cut off, but I know what it is like. It is not so bad as having your heart cut out, little by little. It is not so bad as that. But now the time is almost gone and I am going to my mother. Do you think I would have stayed here at school if I hadn't had that ahead? And what do you think I would have done without Paul all these years? There has to be a place, one place, where you can be yourself, where you don't feel hurt and old all the time. Maybe that is love—but it hasn't anything to do with sex, not anything at all. He's just my Cousin Paul and he can—can make magic. He's cruel sometimes, but he can make magic. Everything seems more exciting, more possible when you're with him. Then you know you don't have to stay forever with dad and Stella. You know that you can go, can get away, that you will get away. You see, I just walked out of school—nothing stopped me. I saw you standing there, but you didn't stop me. No one can, if you just make up your mind. And no one can stop me going this summer, either.*

Suddenly she heard, far up the shore road, the sound of a car coming very fast. She never doubted that it was Paul. No one but Paul would so swoop along the shore road. The car stopped with a noisy jerk in the sandy road beside the cottage.

Then Paul opened the cottage door, not hurriedly, but as if he'd been not long away, and she turned and said, "Oh, hello. So you made it, after all?" Quite as if she'd half expected he wouldn't.

"Much as ever," he said. He had a very Boston way of talking, almost British. In another she might have found it affected—in Paul it seemed just right. "What a day! You know, Eliza"—he always pronounced it *Ayleeza*, though no one else did—"there's something rather horrible about bloodsuckers. But they'll feed on each other tonight, not on me. They've been after me to join this so-called literary club. So I just told them to come around to my place tonight. Well, there they'll be, I hope, and they can wait. They won't have anything to say, because they need somebody to supply the ideas." He gave a clear laugh, throwing back his head. "Funny, don't you think?"

"Sounds pathetic to me," Eliza said.

"Pathetic? Don't be silly!"

He followed her out to the kitchen and stood smoking, while she fixed some salmon in a brown baking dish, put it into the oven.

"I'll make the toast and coffee," he said.

"Not yet. It'll take a while for the salmon."

"Let's go down and see the boat."

They walked quickly down the sandy road to the pier. There she lay, trim and white, the Akhnaten, her name standing out clearly in a beautiful, clear light blue.

"Seems to be all right. Thought the storm last week might have banged her up a bit." For an instant his voice was quite without affectation. Just the voice of a boy who loved his boat. Eliza felt suddenly wildly happy, happy enough to cry.

They stood there for several minutes in silence, just looking at the boat and the quiet bay. Then they turned and began to walk slowly back to the house.

They went into the house and to the kitchen. Paul began at once to make coffee. Then he took bread and the long toasting fork in by the fire while Eliza set up a table in there near him, put a bright cloth on it, silver and dishes, opened the pickles and the plums, put butter on plates. She carried in the dish of salmon and they sat there in the spring twilight.

"Out of bounds!" Paul said suddenly and scornfully. "That's what I want put on my tombstone: 'He lived out of bounds.'"

"I don't believe you can," she said.

"Oh, but I can! I will. I do. I'm living there right now."

*I feel as if I might never be as happy as this ever again*, Eliza thought. School seemed infinitely far away and unimportant. Paul made his own rules and always had, but she was too much like her mother—she spent her precious time circumventing rules, not making them. And yet, here, with the world all hers, she knew the right feeling that one had to have for freedom. You just *didn't care* what the rules were. You were your own law. That was all there was to it.

Paul was very gay all through supper. When it was finished, he lit a cigarette and said, "Well, that's that. From now on I go on a strict diet. I've got to look so ethereal that the folks'll send me to the South Seas for a year. Oh, I'm going whether they send me or not, but I'm not so keen about working my way."

She gave him a quick, startled look, seeing him sailing right away from her, scudding in a huge sailboat out toward the horizon, never looking back. It wasn't any notion, she knew. He would do it. He would go.

"Want to come along?" he asked, with a sudden lift of dark brows and a look which said he knew, of course, that she wouldn't have the courage.

"I'm going to mother's," she said.

"Oh, yes. So you are—you think. Uncle Ned won't let you, though, when it comes right down to it. And why do you want to? From all I hear, Aunt Julia is getting on very well indeed over there. She won't be delighted to see a grown-up daughter appear on the scene. But you won't go."

"But I will."

"Ten to one you don't. I know too well how Uncle Ned's mind works. He needs you to keep Stella reminded of what happens to wives who don't behave themselves. He ought to ditch her, but he never will—it would reflect on him that he hadn't been able to keep such a beauteous blonde. But he loathes her. She amuses me, though—she's such an out-and-out mercenary, you can't help admiring her."

"I can," Eliza said.

"Detachment—detachment is the key, Eliza."

"You wouldn't be detached if it were your father."

Paul threw back his head and gave that clear, wholly amused laugh. "Let's let the dishes go and read."

"Let's not."

"Slave!" he said, but he pulled himself to his feet and helped her carry the things away. Then they came back to the fire.

Paul read Tonio Kröger aloud. Eliza had a moment of detachment as he read, though at the same time she was terribly moved by the story. She knew quite well that Paul was setting himself up as her intellectual mentor in reading this story. But she didn't mind that, not really. She knew this story very well, but she didn't tell him so.

"Not bad—for a young man to have written," he said at last. Then his brown eyes opened wide in delight at her. "Good heavens, Eliza—you're not *weeping?*" he exclaimed.

"He meant you to weep," Eliza insisted.

"Of course he did!" Paul said scornfully. "Is that any reason why you must do it? I expect to make a good many people weep before I'm done, but I'll never weep myself."

He went upstairs, whistling softly something very quick and merry. Eliza went into Aunt Pauline's room, got into bed. She thought she was going to lie awake and think, but suddenly it was morning and Paul was pounding on her door and she smelled coffee.

Oh, beautiful, exciting morning, with only the wind for company! With no law but the law of the wind to bind them. This was Paul's natural habitat—wind and water and sun. He was not meant for land, for buildings, for desks. On land he spent his time being cruel to people not so clever as he. But on the sea he seemed to be with his equals and he had a glory about him then. This was the magic she had told Miss Elmslie Paul could make. *This was it.*

It was almost noon when they walked up the dock and into the road and saw it at the same moment, the long black limousine.

"Oh-oh," Paul said, grinning a little. "The enemy seems to have us hemmed in. A little strategy is called for."

So they walked boldly back to the cottage. There they all were—Uncle Rob and Aunt Pauline, father and Stella.

"Well, what does this mean, young man?" Uncle Rob spoke first.

"What? What does *what* mean?" Paul asked with a lazy grin.

"Coming down here when you ought to be in school."

Stella spoke. She and Aunt Pauline could not have been more different, but Stella had never let the Griggses high-hat her. She never let snubs get under her skin and managed to keep the upper hand by feline attack, with all claws bared. She had a gift for mimicry and she used it now. Speaking in a voice so like Aunt Pauline's that it was uncanny, she said:

"Oh, Rob, darling, don't be a stuffed shirt! Surely even you must have pursued love's young dream sometime in the far past."

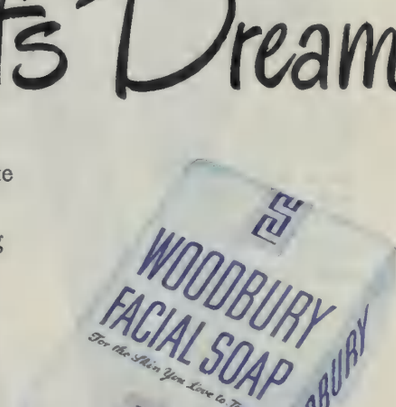
(Continued on Page 76)



# Midwinter Night's Dream

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*(Continued from Page 74)*

Uncle Rob flushed angrily and Paul laughed with real amusement. "What a lovely, clean mind you have, Aunt Stella!"

But Stella did not flush. She said, "I'm a realist, honey."

Father was so furious he was not trusting himself to speak, Eliza saw. It was seldom that happened, for father had almost perfect control over outward show of emotion.

*I was insane to come here. He will use it against me,* Eliza thought.

Paul said, "If you knew how funny you look, standing there like judges! Is this a trial, or what? If you'd heard Eliza's plaintive cry against being cooped up with a lot of frustrated old maids, I'm sure you'd have gallantly come to her rescue, Uncle Ned. A little breach of rules isn't a capital crime, I hope. I'm all for it, now and then."

Eliza stood very still, feeling betrayal sap courage out of her very bones. It was like words heard before, long ago, being repeated. It sounded all right, but it was a betrayal, it was offering her up as a sacrifice. It was Paul who had written, saying to be there, that he'd die if he couldn't get out on the Akhnaten and get the professors and isms blown out of his hair.

"Eliza, go and get your things, if you have any. I'll drive you back to school," her father said then, very clearly and with calmness regained. "I'll be back this evening," he said to the rest.

Then Paul strolled out onto the porch as they were getting into the car. "Ten to one!" he called out, grinning at Eliza as if he hadn't betrayed her at all.

The big car moved backward down the drive. Eliza did not answer, did not so much as lift a hand in farewell.

They had driven for half an hour before her father spoke at all. She made up her mind that he should speak first, that she was as strong as he was and could wait as long.

There had been times over her girlhood when she had hated her father for what he had done to her mother. There were other times, though, when she knew just how her father had felt. For she was like him: she had his restraint, his discrimination, his haughtiness. And yet she could not forgive him for having married mother and then having let her go, just because she didn't dress to suit him or talk to suit him or like his family, just because she had a zest for life that he couldn't quench. And sometimes she felt an unholy joy in the fact that Stella had married him and was a thousand times worse than mother. Oh, she dressed well, but she was a wicked, greedy little cat and she knew how to hang onto father and would hang on as long as it suited her to do so. It was a just punishment. Only why did there have to be so much unhappiness among people? *I will never marry,* she told herself over and over. There was nothing good in marriage, only hurt and disillusionment.

"Well, Eliza?" he said at last, in a grim and distant voice.

"What are you trying to do—make melodrama out of the fact that I went to the cottage for a week end?"

"No, of course not. But it was an outrageous thing to do."

"I don't see anything outrageous about it. We went sailing and read a book—that's all. School gets terribly dull. You'd better be thankful I wasn't having an affair."

"I am. But you must see that it will look to the world as if you were. Conventions are pretty necessary things, whether we like them or not. And the fact that you left school without permission shows you realized this fully. I consider that a very serious thing, Eliza."

"Oh, I don't think I'll be reported."

"Yes, you will. I shall report you myself. Have you ever done this before?"

"Yes, three times," Eliza said.

She saw his hands tighten on the wheel. He didn't talk any more at all till they came to the school.

She got out of the big car, stood there with her bag. "It would be better if you didn't come in," she said.



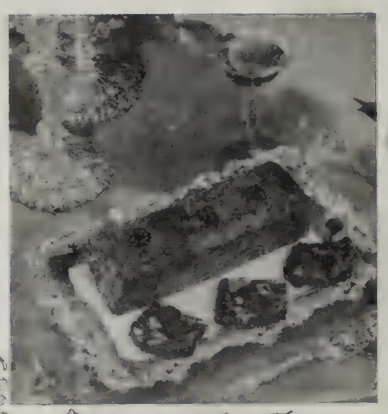

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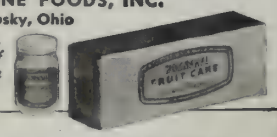
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PLUM, FIG, AND FIG AND DATE PUDDINGS

"No, it might be easier, but not better," e said shortly. "Go up to your room at nce, Eliza. I want to talk to Miss Truscott."

She gave him a small scornful smile, alked across the lounge and up to her oom. At last the gong sounded for supper nd the girls began to pour out into the alls. She rose, washed her face and hands, ent down to the dining room. After supper he slipped away and up to her room again. he had a queer lightheaded feeling. After it as quite dark there was a tap on her door.

"Yes?" she said.

Miss Elmslie opened the door and came in. he looked tired. "May I sit down, Eliza?"

Eliza said, "Of course," and waited.

"Eliza, you know why I am here," Miss lmslie said at last. "You have hurt your ather—and me—very much, Eliza. Miss ruscott was determined o drop you from the chool, but I spoke for you s best I could. I saw you o. I didn't stop you—and o I feel somewhat respon- ble. But you did disobey, nd very deliberately. our father thinks this is just punishment: that ou shall not be given your diploma this une, but after a further summer-school ourse."

Eliza's face seemed to grow smaller, paler. iss Elmslie was deeply troubled.

"I know, my dear, that your summer's lans will be upset—but after all, you broke he rules." Her voice was stern but com- assionate at the same time.

Eliza stood up. "I don't need a diploma," he said. "I wanted one, but I can get along ithout it—and I won't pay that price for it. haven't seen my mother since I was nine nd I am going to see her."

Her voice was sure and clear, and that sur- rised her, for she had never in all her life elt so insecure, so alone. No matter how her eart went groping this way and that after elp, it found none. Not in her father or Aunt Pauline, not in Miss Elmslie, even though she meant to be kind, not in Paul. It was in this moment, rather than in the moments at the bay, that she first fully knew she could never count on Paul again.

Miss Elmslie started to say something, thought better of it, and quietly went out.

A half hour later, Pat Dunning was sitting on Eliza's bed, saying, "I'll have to wait for my allowance. How can you *bear* to part with it?"

Eliza was holding up her favorite party dress, a gray organdy. "I'd rather have the money," Eliza said.

"How about your blue suit?"

Eliza hesitated. "How much?"

"Ten dollars."

"No. It's worth more than that—and I have to have something to wear."

"Fifteen?"

"I'll see. Look my things over, though, and if there's anything else you want, let me know."

After Pat went out, Eliza got out her fund. Fifty-three dollars and forty cents. The dress would be ten more. Maybe she would have to sell the suit; maybe someone would buy her wrist watch. You could get a freighter ticket for under a hundred.

**We should always keep a spare corner in our head to give passing hospitality to our friends' opinions.**

—JOUBERT.

Two days later Eliza had a letter addressed in her father's restrained yet interesting backhand.

*Dear Eliza:* I was sorry not to bid you goodby yesterday, but I was afraid we might both say things we'd be sorry for. I did the best I could for you, as far as the school is concerned, and I think Miss Truscott was very generous with you. It is disappointing not to graduate with your class, I know, but you are fortunate that you are going to be able to graduate at all.

As to your plans for the summer, I must confess I feel a selfish relief that they are not

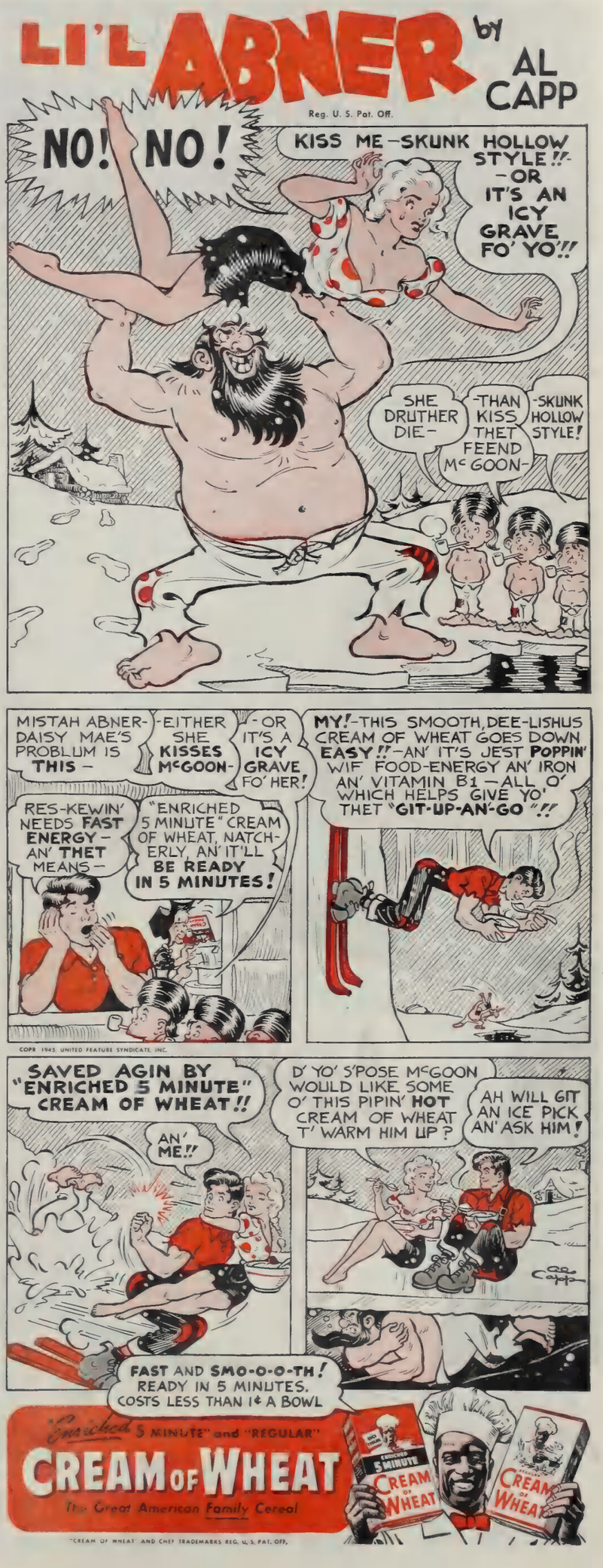
*(Continued on Page 79)*











# HOMEMADE PIES— and you don't go near the oven!

**No pastry — no baking! And talk about good! Any Del Monte Brand Fruit your grocer has will give you fruity richness, sparkling color, tempting flavor! So plan your pie when you get to the grocery store!**

**KEEP THESE PIE-MAKING SHORTCUTS IN YOUR COOKBOOK!**

Whatever the crust, it's the *fruit* that makes the pie! Which fruit? Maybe you won't know till you get to your grocer's, these days of shortages. But you *do* know this — if it's Del Monte, you're sure of *flavor-first* goodness, orchard ripeness, juicy freshness. That's *real* pie-insurance: *any* Del Monte Fruit!

**Refrigerator Crusts:** Roll cookies, Zweiback or graham crackers between waxed paper to make about 1 cup of very fine crumbs. Mix with 4 tbsps. melted butter, 3 tbsps. sugar; pat into well buttered 8-10" pie plate. Or dip pieces of sponge cake, cut ½" thick, in sherry flavoring mixed with a little water and arrange them in a generously buttered 8-10" pie plate.

**Almond Peach Pie:** Make cake crust as above. Prepare 3 cups packaged vanilla pudding; fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white and a few drops almond extract. Pour into crust; cool. *Thoroughly* drain Del Monte Sliced Peaches; place on filling. "Snitch" a fruit slice — taste that rich flavor! Chill 2 hrs.

**Chocolate Apricot Pie:** Use crumb crust (directions above). Make 3 cups chocolate pudding. Fold in ½ cup chopped toasted English walnuts, and 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Pour into crust; cool. Top with Del Monte Apricots, *thoroughly* drained. Mellow-ripe fruit, for sure! Decorate with green candies. Chill pie 2 hrs.

**Rosy Pear Pie:** In crumb crust described above. Prepare 3 cups vanilla pudding; fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white, 2 drops red coloring, 2 drops peppermint flavoring. Pour into crust; cool. *Thoroughly* drain Del Monte Pears — such smooth, tender halves! Arrange on filling. Chill pie 2 hrs.

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*flavor first*

√ In Growing
√ In Picking
√ In Packing
√ In Testing




*Del Monte* FRUITS

CANS OR GLASS
Enjoy the ones your grocer has!

*(Continued from Page 77)*

be consummated. It would have been a iod of disillusionment for you, and one nts that put off as long as possible. And, in selfishly, I shall be happy to have you h me for at least a part of the summer. u will have a full three weeks before summer ool opens, and I am planning to take that e and go to the bay. Stella wants to go to mountains and is, I believe, planning to do We will have a good long stretch for walks sailing and I am looking forward to it with ie eagerness. I need the stimulation of your r, analytical mind, my dear.

You will probably have extra need for money the end of the year, so I enclose a bit more n usual. Lovingly,

FATHER.

Eliza held the letter tight in her hands and d it all through twice. Its cleverness de her angry down to her toes, but its peal touched her all the same. The appeal s part of the cleverness, she knew, and l it moved her. He knew she would recog- e the concessions in it; he knew that lla's going to the mountains—and telling , Eliza, of that going—was a clear call for companionship; and in spite of herself, was proud that he asked for that com- ionship. Then she looked at the check l her face grew quiet and her mouth very n. Fifty dollars. She put it carefully in flat pocketbook with her passport.

ree mornings later, at eleven, Eliza ggs, in her plain blue suit, with a camel's- r topcoat over her arm, stood on the deck a dingy little freighter moving out of timore harbor.

Nowhere is time so kaleidoscoped as on a t; nowhere do you so fast create a world; where do intimacies become established quickly. On the third day Eliza looked from her dessert at the captain's table, l everyone there was someone she had own all her life. Captain Jensen, the ioman, the doctor and his wife, Mr. popoulos, who "dealt in rugs," and rian Vandermeer, the young Dutch en- eer who was going to Germany and Russia look at engineering projects before he rted out on his own. She liked them all fully much, partly perhaps because they e together outside of time, in the ordinary se of the word.

But Adrian Vandermeer was different. ferent, and somehow frightening, because seemed to take it for granted that this rteen days was not all, that they would doubtedly see each other again, in or- ary time. She had never known anyone t like him. He wasn't remotely like Paul, l yet he seemed to have as quick a mind. y he didn't use his mind for the things il did. He didn't seem to care very much ut people, what they thought of him, gs like that. He didn't want to control ple. He was interested in bridges and chinery, roads and such things. He sn't what she'd always pictured as a tchman. There was nothing stolid, phleg- tic about him. He was tall and wiry and y quick and his blue eyes were always used, though he could be serious enough en he talked. But to Eliza, used to iousness, analysis, complexity, his lack of iousness was strangely exhilarating.

"How old are you?" he asked the first e they stood alone together on the deck.

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen, eh?" His brows shot up in amused, incredulous fashion. "As young hat? I thought you were at least twenty. y are you traveling about alone?"

"I'm joining my mother in France."

"Oh? Your father is dead?"

"No. They're divorced."

"That's why you look so old, I suppose," said matter-of-factly. "How about a e of table tennis?"

o they played table tennis together and ked the deck and listened to the radio, yed with the rest of the passengers a com- ated guessing game, laughed a good deal young and very normal way, made bets the ship's log, paying them off with the derful Danish pastries they had at tea- e every day.

The terribly nice thing about him was that while he did the things with her that you might do with any schoolgirl, he simply took it for granted that her mind was grown up, that everyone had complex problems but didn't want to talk about them, that she was capable of coping with them without any help from him. Once she thought, *I feel so free with him. I don't remember ever having felt so free. Not even on the Akhnaten.*

On the last night she walked with Adrian on the deck. There was a wind blowing and her hair whipped about her shoulders and she fastened her coat at the throat.

"You haven't given me your mother's address," he said suddenly and seriously.

"No."

He paused near the door of the tiny lounge where there was light, took a notebook from his pocket and stood, holding it against the doorframe, waiting. She gave it to him and he wrote it in the little book.

"I don't know when I'll be down," he said as they walked on. "But sometime toward the end of July or the first of August, I imagine. I am going to visit my grandmother in Rotterdam first, then go to Germany for a few weeks. I wish you and grandmother could meet. She's quite wonderful."

"I've got a wonderful grandmother too," Eliza said.

They smiled at each other through the darkness, and then didn't talk about grandmothers any more.

"I'll expect you to write to me, you know. American Express, Berlin'll do. You will, won't you?"

"Yes."

---

**My father used to say, "Never suspect people. It's better to be deceived or mistaken, which is only human, after all, than to be suspicious, which is common."**

—STARK YOUNG: Feliciana (Scribner's).

---

They had circled the little deck already and stood again in the light from the lounge door. Then he said, not looking at her, but in a voice oddly urgent:

"You *will* hurry and get to be twenty, won't you?"

Eliza had learned not to be solemn in the way of the young and simple, but she felt suddenly solemn. "I'll hurry," she said.

They hadn't much of a good-by the next morning.

"You haven't forgotten—American Express, Berlin—have you?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Good-by, then—till August, Eliza," he told her.

"Good-by."

And that was all there was to it. There seemed no outward reason why it seemed inwardly so important, why his long, eager, blue-eyed face should stay in her vision so long after he had gone.

She did not look like a girl with problems. She sat there in her third-class carriage, upright, yet with that air of relaxation the poised have, a lovely-looking American girl with her fine, soft, almost straight fair hair to her shoulders, her plain white blouse showing very clean and smart-looking above the French blue of her plain suit, her eyes on the landscape in the almost bored way of the seasoned traveler. But that was only on the outside.

Inwardly she was gathering her forces, pulling the years together toward this ultimate flight to her mother. You cannot have a goal for eight years without being a little frightened when the goal is actually in sight. Her mother had never even urged her to come, and yet Eliza had never once doubted that her mother wanted her. She knew a little better now all the things in her mother that had irritated her father—she was enough her father's daughter for that—and yet she had never swerved from her position on her mother's side.

*Oh, I hope she likes what I've come to be!* she thought with a humility deep and all-encompassing.

The next noon, a little worn from the night sitting up in the train, from her coping with money and taxis, from her thought, she walked up the steep steps to the Villa Marguerita, on a hill outside Menton. At one side of the villa, looking out toward the sea, was a wide terrace, with three large, crooked pine trees at one end. On the terrace sat three people, two men and a woman, in long wicker chairs. Eliza left her bag at the front, walked toward their mildly curious faces.

She took them all in: the violet slacks and yellow silk jersey of the man with the reddish mustache and thinning hair and decadent, melancholy wiseness; the more conventional white linen and blue shirt of the more wide-awake American-looking man; her mother. Her mother, tall and terribly thin, her mouth made up to look wider than life, her dark eyes hidden by dark glasses with light blue tortoise-shell rims, too many rings on her thin hand on the chair's arm, bright cerise sandals to match her jacket, her hair hanging long as Eliza's, but cut with bangs across her forehead. Her mother, but so thin—so thin.

"Hello, mother," she said past the curious eyes of the men, to the hidden dark eyes.

THERE was an instant when her mother became so still, so unnaturally still, that everything in the world quieted and ceased breathing with her. Then the long legs swung over the side of the chair stool and the tall figure was coming toward her with such eagerness, such real and devouring eagerness; the glasses were pulled off with one ringed hand and the dark eyes were taking her in; Eliza's fair head was resting against the cerise jacket and her mother was murmuring:

"Eliza! *Eliza!* Darling! Oh, *baby!*"

Eliza's eyes filled with tears, tears of happiness and relief.

Her mother, with her arm still about Eliza, said quickly to the two men, "Go away. I un-invite you for luncheon. Go away, please. It is my little girl, my baby, from America. . . . André, Laurence—my daughter, Eliza. . . . Now go away and come some other time. I can't be bothered with you now!"

The men got to their feet, protesting, laughing. André, the one with the too wise eyes, was uttering the most preposterous compliments, staring at Eliza with the utmost boldness and plainly finding her exciting and enchanting—saying so in rapid French. Laurence laughed more, but he, too, seemed to be finding Eliza amazing and interesting.

Her mother deliberately turned her back on the two men, moving with Eliza toward the open long windows. "You may come tomorrow," she said over her shoulder to them. She drew Eliza into the small drawing room, pushed her into a deep chair. "Sit there, darling, where I can look at you. . . . And be grateful it isn't one of those gilt-legged French affairs you're sitting in. I can't *abide* French furniture—this may be dumpy, but people like to sit in it, all the same. . . . Now tell me—how did you get here? How did it happen? Why didn't you cable me? When your father's letter came saying you wouldn't be here, I felt such—such a *desolation.*" The word, sounding French and unbearably mournful, hung in the air a moment before her mother rushed on: "You look so grown up, darling. Oh, baby, we've got so much to talk about. We'll never catch up—never! I never was good at letters, was I? . . . Are you hungry?"

Eliza laughed aloud. The laughter sounded, even to herself, giddy with happiness. "I'm starved," she said. "I ate light coming, for fear my money wouldn't hold out. Just a crust of bread'll do."

"Then wait—wait right here. Don't move, darling. I'll bring you something!"

But Eliza, no longer tired, jumped up and came with her mother to the kitchen. The kitchen was gay, with copper pans on the wall and flowers, red geraniums, on the sill. Eliza sat on a tall stool with a woven-rush


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top, and her mother took eggs from a tiny icebox and broke them into a bowl, began to beat them, her rings flashing incongruously in the light.

"But tell me! Tell me all!" she commanded.

"I'm here. That's all that seems to matter," Eliza said, and all the years seemed to vanish, and it was true—nothing mattered out of them at all but that she'd got here.

"But your father was so *definite*. I've just been doing things every minute to forget how *sick* I was—oh, not in-bed sickness, just the 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick' kind. Do you like tomatoes in your omelet? But of course you do!" She poured the omelet in the pan, all with an air of efficiency that no longer required thought. "Do you want to take a cloth out for a table on the terrace? In this drawer."

"Oh, let's sit here. It's nice here," Eliza said.

Everything was suddenly so right. The pure gladness of her mother's welcome, the cleanness and brightness of this kitchen with the copper pans winking away at her from the wall, the blue Mediterranean, the blotting out of Yew Valley and all it stood for, the days ahead with no examinations in the offing, no pretending to do, with August coming and maybe Adrian Vandermeer sitting with them out there on the terrace in the long chairs—it was all too perfect and sweet and right to need words. Even the unfamiliar red mouth on her mother did not hide her mother. The extravagant cerise jacket and bright blue slacks, together with all the rings, were so like her mother. She was not only what she had been—she was more so.

"Oh, but you eat too! I can't be so piggish all alone," she said.

"I'm too excited to eat, darling. I just want to look at you. . . . But how *did* you get here?"

"I ran away," Eliza said. "Oh, they know by now. I came on a freighter. It was fun."

Her mother dished strawberries slowly into two small dishes before she said, "Won't your father be upset?"

"Yes, I suppose he will. But not so upset as I'd have been if I'd stayed home."

"Did you cable him you'd got here?"

"No. I sent a card from Cherbourg."

"You'd better cable." She got up, went and got a pad, put it with a pencil on the table beside Eliza. "Just write you're here—I'll send it," she said.

Eliza wrote obediently: 'Arrived safely. All well. Love, Eliza." Her mother picked it up, went to the phone. Eliza could hear her talking quickly, in French. It wasn't very good French, Eliza noted, with a throb of sharp tenderness, but it was fluent. Then she heard a little thump-thump on the stairs. She picked up her berries and moved toward the terrace, and coming down the stairs—in pieces, as it were—was the longest, most ridiculous dachshund she had ever seen. She forgot the moment's uneasiness at being connected with America and her father again and laughed aloud.

"It's Lord Chesterfield!" her mother called. "Isn't he a love? André gave him to me—for that I forgive him much."

THE laughter died inside Eliza. Something in her mother's voice was suddenly out of a loneliness so deep, so awful that it shocked Eliza into silence. But almost at once her mother rattled on:

"Tell me, does Yew Valley look just the same? Are they just as snooty there as ever? Is Uncle Rob the same old stuffed shirt? And that nasty little piece, Paul—is he as unpleasant as ever? I always thought he'd end up in jail!"

"He's in college, which is the same as jail to him," Eliza said.

"College—Paul? Can he be that old?"

"Let's not think about Yew Valley," Eliza begged. "I want to think about here. It's just the way I thought it would be, only sweeter. I could imagine the sea and even the house, a little, but I never imagined Lord Chesterfield."

"I never told you about Lord Chesterfield? That's funny. Or maybe it isn't—I got him once when I was sick. It was a baddish sort of time. Then Lord Chesterfield came inching through the door, and all of a sudden everything got funny, and I began to get well."

"You never wrote me you'd been sick."

"Oh? Didn't I?" her mother said a little vaguely, as if it weren't important. "But where's your luggage?" she demanded.

Eliza laughed and jumped up. "On the front steps," she said.

Her mother came with her and took her up to a little room that looked toward the heavenly blue sea. A plain little room, but so sweet.

"I don't know why, but it makes me think of grandma's," Eliza said.

"Grandma Goodspeed's? Heaven forbid!"

"It's so clean, I guess that's it."

Her mother gave an odd laugh. "'You can eat off her attic floor'—that's what they used to say of mother," she said.

"And so you could," Eliza said, opening her suitcase, taking out her few dresses. "Only we had to put papers down, all the same, when we played up there. I tried on your wedding dress once."

"My wedding dress?"

"Yes. The satin one. The one you were going to marry Uncle Will in. I used to wonder about that—why you ran away and all. But I see now—it was the same reason, really, that made me run away and come here. But I never could see how you even thought about marrying him. It always seemed awfully queer to me—though he was nice. Very nice."

"I'd never been away from Academyville much," her mother said. "What a love of a dress! I can see your father's taught you how to dress. He never had much luck with me. . . . Do you like to swim?"

---

**A good neighbor is a fellow who smiles at you over the back fence, but doesn't climb it.**

—ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER.

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"Love to."

"We'll go down to the shore after you're unpacked. We have a private path down the hill—you can wear your bathing suit."

"I didn't bring any—I sold mine."

"I'll give you one." She went out and came back with a suit of bright purple.

Eliza winced, but she took the suit. She stood holding it, looking at her mother with a sudden rush of love in her cool gray-blue eyes. "Oh, mother, I'm *here!*" she cried.

And for that day, for the next and the next, that was all that mattered. They talked and talked. They ate and laughed and swam, and talked and talked and talked. All in a passion of gaiety and relief at talking the same language. People came, gay, sophisticated people who were interestingly strange. Eliza didn't like them much. Everyone made a fuss over her. She was flattered inordinately by the Frenchmen. Her mother amused them, too, she saw. She was naïve from their viewpoint, but they liked to come. Perhaps it was the chairs, or the food. Sometimes Eliza had seen mothers who apologized for having children so big, when they still looked young themselves, but her mother was never like that. She was always unstinting in her pride. It touched Eliza, somehow, made her feel peculiarly safe and loved. It was always just as it had used to be when she'd run in from school and her mother had called to her, "I'm up here, darling!"

Once after the terrace had emptied her mother said, "They're a poor lot, aren't they?"

"They're fun," Eliza protested, but a little slowly.

"A poor lot," her mother repeated.

But generally her mother was gay, full of spontaneous chatter, suggestions for fun, for excitement. She bought Eliza a few clothes, collected several young men to beau her about. They were charming boys, all mannerly and with a touch of elegance. One of them, called Jacques, Eliza liked. His mother was American, which made him seem half familiar. André and Laurence were the ones most often at the house. They brought her presents and seemed to vie for her favor.

But all the time, she was conscious of a faint apprehension, a tiny cloud in the blue sky of her happiness. She didn't know just what it was.

One afternoon she sat on the beach in her purple bathing suit and young Jacques Lamont stretched on the sand beside her. Her mother was swimming lazily not far away.

"I wish mother weren't so thin," she said with sudden anxiety.

"She doesn't eat," Jacques said. "She's been thin ever since she was so ill in the winter."

"She's never told me what was the matter with her," Eliza said anxiously.

He looked at her with a sort of mocking curiosity. "Oh, it was a heart attack of some sort, I think. I always think it's rather silly to let your passions devour you at your mother's age, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, just that. She ought to get rid of André—she's not clever enough for him, and it must be wearing trying to hang onto him. He's not much good, anyway."

"André? You mean he's mother's lover?"

HE gave a slow, delighted laugh. "Oh, Eliza, you are wonderful!" he said. "So un-French. Of course he's her lover."

"I don't believe that," she said flatly.

"Oh, but it's true! To tell you the truth, the affair's always intrigued me. I like your mother, mind you. She's got a heart, which is rare around here, I can tell you. But I don't see why André, who hasn't a heart, likes her. Sometimes I think he gets a kind of pleasant shock out of her appallingly bad taste—a perversion, but sometimes I think it's it."

"You sound just like Paul," she said in sudden anger.

She stood up. Even in the purple suit she was lovely, slim and young and exceedingly graceful. She called to her mother that she was going up now, and began to walk up toward the hill path. Jacques called after her to wait, but she didn't even look around and he did not follow her.

On the next night, when her mother had been sitting by her bed telling her all sorts of funny stories about people she knew in Menton and Nice, she fell suddenly silent. She sat there for some time, never saying a word. She had on a dress of gold color with purple stones in the belt. It looked garish but it was the kind of dress she wore.

"Well, you'd better get to sleep," she said at last and got up. Then, at the door, she turned and demanded sharply, almost agonizingly, "What is she like?"

"She?" Eliza asked—stupidly, she knew.

"Stella. What is she like?"

"*Stella?* Why—she's like no one. Like Stella. She—she's beautiful, in a very blond sort of way. Cold and glittering." She felt frightened, confused.

"And knows how to wear her clothes in a Yew Valley sort of way," her mother said in that same angry, demanding voice.

"Yes, she has frightfully good clothes," Eliza said. "But she's horrible, really. She—she's *greedy*. She—she never lets go of *anything*. She—mother, what is it? What's the matter?" For her mother had put her hand up in slow motion to her side and swayed a little.

"I—a little dizzy—it will pass," her mother murmured, and slipped with a little thud to the floor.

Eliza was out of bed in one movement on the floor by her mother. "Mother! Mummy!" she said over and over, then she ran to the bathroom, brought water spilling on her bare feet from her palms, splashed the rest in her mother's face. But her mother did not stir. Eliza ran down the stairs, called the first number she could remember, André's, and André answered sleepily. "This is Eliza—get mother's doctor. She's ill," she said, almost in one breath.

"*Oui*. The pink bottle in bathroom—spoonful in water—quick. I will come."

*(Continued on Page 82)*

red-faced, enormously capable. "Eliza, ld you get hold of some money?"
I don't know. Why?"
Thinking about a partnership. You've n here three years, know the ropes. With y a little expansion, this could be a very d living for the two of us. Would you it to?"
I'd like to very much—but I can't."
Why not?" Miss Hovis demanded im-iently. "You're quite capable. Don't think we could get along?"
Oh, yes. It's nothing to do with you or work. I'd like it. But I have other ponsibilities."
Nonsense! What other responsibili-? You haven't got yourself married be-d my back, have you?"
No."
Miss Hovis got up. hout another word she t for her coat. "Think ver," she said suddenly with a sharp kind-s. "Sleep on it. Good t, Eliza."
Good night," Eliza said.
fter she had gone, Eliza stood up and ked to the window. The fog was too k to see anything but an occasional k of light. The world looked gray and l and frightening.
he phone in the reception room rang ly and she walked toward it, without te. "Miss Hovis' office," she said.
Darling—you haven't left?"
Mother—are you out of bed?"
Of course not! You didn't say where you e having dinner, darling."
I don't know, mother. We may go any-re. You know how Stella likes to move ut! . . . Are you liking the book?"
Not much." Her mother's voice was denly dull.
Oh? I thought it was quite gay. Well, e got to put on my good blouse, darling, my Yew Valley face. I'll be home early. ght, mother."

She went into the washroom, cleaned up a bit, took her gold blouse from the hanger, put it on. She looked very elegant now, very sleek and knowing. She put on a small black-and-gold feathered hat that dipped over one eye. It was still early. She went again to the window, stared down at the foggy world below. Then the door opened and she turned, startled. A flash of lightning, a falcon, a sharp blaze of glory dressed in an air officer's uniform.

"*Paul!*"

"Eliza, my lovely one! My gullible darling! Are you glad to see me?"

"No," she said.

He laughed. "You lie in your teeth!" he said. He sat on the edge of the desk, drew her a little toward him, looked her up and down appraisingly. Then he said, "You really are something, Lizzie. But I always knew you would turn out something pretty special!"

"You always knew everything," she said.

He let go her hands, said reproachfully, "What a welcome! I'm beginning to wish I'd spent my furlough in Scotland." Then his eyes sparkled with a secret wickedness and he went on: "Even Aunt Julia was a little offish."

Her face seemed to freeze. "You've seen mother?" she asked slowly.

"Just came from her. Quite a girl, Aunt Julia! Always intrigued me."

"Why did you go to see mother? You've never liked her."

"*Like* her? I don't *like* anyone, pet. Just wanted to catch up on family gossip, that's all. Aunt Julia's not so inhibited as some branches of the family."

Eliza looked down at her watch, her eyes still cold and distant. "I have to go," she said. "I'm meeting dad."

"All taken care of, my sweet. You're meeting me and we're catching onto the

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—ABE MARTIN: Abe Martin's Barbed Wire (Bobbs, Merrill).





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party for dinner. Mother and dad are here too. Sit down. We've got lots of time."

"Did you tell mother where we were having dinner?"

"I may have. I don't really remember. Why?"

Eliza said, "Let's go, shall we?"

"Let's not. Let's just sit here and be sentimental and reminiscent. Remember the Akhnaten, darling?"

"Yes, I remember the Akhnaten. I remember everything. But I don't feel like hashing over the past tonight. I don't remember it with any great tenderness, you see. I'm glad you're safe—but I'm not really glad to see you, Paul."

He became sober, completely sober. "You can't chuck off the past as easily as all that. We're outsiders in the Griggs clan, 'Liza—we have to stick together."

"I used to think that too. But doesn't it have to work both ways? I suppose you're in a jam of some sort."

His eyes flashed a look of wicked laughter. "A jam to end all jams," he admitted more lightly. "But I will *not* marry her. You know, darling, there are disadvantages in being fastidious. If I'd picked a Daughter of the People—but, no, I had to have one who knew all the answers. She's another Aunt Stella, to a *t*."

"All right. It's nothing to do with me."

"But it is! You know how dad's always been so fond of you. I want you to develop a grand passion for me for a month or two, darling. There's no law against attachments between cousins in this state, you know. If it's to save little Eliza from a broken heart, dad'll come across. It's a bit crude, but I haven't much time, you see. Nothing binding, of course, sweet—just till after the settlement. You will, won't you? You can put it down as a patriotic duty. I have been counting on you."

She stood up. "We'll have to go. And you can't count on me, Paul. Not any more."

He moved toward the door with her. "But I do, darling. Against all reason, I do."

Soon they were walking out into the fog. In the cab, Paul gave an abrupt, really amused laugh. "You know, my sweet cousin, I wouldn't find it hard at all! You always did have a kind of inscrutability that was intriguing—but now you're beautiful to boot."

Then they were walking into the restaurant. Her father and Stella, Aunt Pauline and Uncle Rob were sitting at a large round table toward the front of the long narrow room. The familiar Yew Valley chatter rose up like the fog outside.

Uncle Rob said, "You're looking very pretty tonight, 'Liza. How come you aren't married? Are all the men blind, or what?"

Paul said, not quite gaily, with a touch of sincerity, "She was waiting for me, dad. Weren't you, Eliza?"

SUDDENLY Eliza felt in the midst of the spell that Paul used to put on her as a child. She had such a sense of kinship with him that she had an impulse to reach out and touch his hand on the table, to say to him, *I'll play it your way, Paul. I always have, haven't I?* But in that moment she looked down the room and saw her mother sitting with a man at a table. She had on her dress with the sequins and she sparkled down the vista like a chorus girl. She was made up outrageously, and the man with her was a broker called Hanson, who was peculiarly loathsome to Eliza. Her mother looked up and met Eliza's eyes. The vivacity died out of her mother's face and it stood out, naked in its pleading and defiance, in the midst of the correctness of the gay restaurant. Eliza did not even smile. She turned and said:

"No, I wasn't waiting for you—or anyone. Do I have to be married, Uncle Rob? To tell you the truth, I'm a little off matrimony as an institution."

Her father said, "Don't rush Eliza, Rob. She'll marry when she gets around to it."

"I'll never marry," she said calmly.

"She doesn't mean it," Paul put in quietly. "She's just one of these wise ones of this generation who have learned to wait. But I agree with you, dad—I think she's waited long enough."

"While you're deciding my future, could I have some more coffee?" she said. Her voice was willfully light against the solemnity of the moment. They all laughed, but the solemnity did not quite go away.

It was over at last, that interminable dinner. They stood up and wandered out to the street. Inside, Julia Griggs still sat there with Mr. Hanson. Nothing much had happened. Another of those difficult family parties which took place every few months had been lived through.

"Why don't you come down to Yew Valley for the week end?" Aunt Pauline was saying. "I'm sure Paul would love it—we bore him."

"Sorry. I'm going to be busy," Eliza said.

"Nonsense!" Paul said. "Of course you'll come. I'll take you home now."

She protested, but they found a cab and went threading through the dim traffic. At first Paul didn't speak, but at last he said:

"You let me down, darling."

"So I did. Is there any reason I should hold you up?"

"I counted on you."

She felt a sudden tiredness and trembling all through her. "I'm sorry," she said, and she was sorry. She felt a deep and terrible sorrow for people who counted on other people and were let down.

They had come to her apartment house; the cabman had stepped out and opened the door. Paul got out for an instant. "You will come down Saturday, won't you?" he said.

"I'll see. I don't think I can. Good night, Paul."

She walked into the apartment she shared with her mother. Its lushness and brightness affronted her, but there was a certain air of comfort, a certain lived-in atmosphere that never failed to touch her.

It wasn't more than ten or fifteen minutes before she heard her mother coming down the hall, opening the door. She sat quite still, hands clasped about her knees. But silently she was crying out, *Why didn't you tell me Paul was here? Why did you pretend you didn't know where we were going? How could you go there? Haven't you any pride? Don't you know it's dangerous? Didn't the doctor say you had to stay in bed for at least three days? Don't you know you can't stand these emotional orgies? And did it have to be Hanson? Did you want it to be Hanson, just to show him how far you'd fallen? Oh, mother, mother, darling mother—how could you?*

Her mother was hanging away the dramatic little jacket she had worn. "Well, don't sit there looking like the Grand Inquisitor!" she said suddenly.

"Is that what I look like? Mother, do you know what I'd like to do?"

"What?"

"I'd like to go to Academyville for Thanksgiving with grandma."

"Good heavens! *Academyville!* You're out of your mind."

"No, I'd like to. Will you?"

"Oh, stop trying to be a trained nurse, Eliza! I'd rather crack up having a little fun than rot out twenty years in Academyville."

"Are you *having* fun?" Eliza asked.

Her mother was standing in front of the ornate mirror staring at herself. "I think she's beginning to show her years, don't you?" she demanded suddenly.

Eliza felt tears pressing at her lids, but she said almost ruthlessly, "Frankly, no. She doesn't worry, you see."

Her mother turned quickly. "And I do, I suppose you mean? Eliza, you're turning into something very unpleasant, do you know it? You fancy yourself as a kind of watchdog, don't you? After all, I'm past forty and I don't exactly need a watchdog. I know you're thinking I haven't any pride or anything, that I cheated about the doctor and all that—but I haven't *got* any pride any more, Eliza. I can't bear to see him looking so old and so worn out. I can't *bear* it. You despise me, I know, but I can't help it."

"I don't despise you. Don't be silly, mother; I just want you to be happy. Dad's been married to Stella for ten years. I don't think he's going to be unmarried. Why can't you accept that fact and go on from there? Why don't you marry again and build yourself a life?"

"You don't know what you're talking about, Eliza. You've never known what it is to love someone."

"That's not true," Eliza said. "I know all about it. But if you can't have it, you can't have it. You have to go on from there."

"Eliza, honey! What do you mean? *Who?*"

Out of a long-secret silence Eliza spoke quite calmly: "I fell in love when I was seventeen. That's a long time ago, mother, but it was real enough. I haven't heard from him in four years. I'm just telling you so you'll know I know what I'm talking about."

"Was it Jacques, darling?"

"No!" Eliza said sharply. "Don't quiz me, mother. It's no one you have ever known."

She had a sense of betrayal of her seventeen-year-old self, also a feeling of relief that she had shocked her mother out of her preoccupation with her own troubles. Oh, it was so hard to know what was betrayal and what was not, when was the time for confidences, what was the deepest loyalty!

"But, Eliza—you're *young!* You mustn't let something like that hang on."

ELIZA laughed. "Oh, please, mother—be consistent! I'm not letting it hang on, though. It's over. . . . How would you like to make some tea and toast?"

Her mother obediently went to the tiny kitchen, put on the kettle. It was this real love, this desire to comfort that was deep in her mother, that so moved Eliza, so bound her to her. The outside tension died, but when her mother was in bed Eliza sat on by the fire, exhausted all through, wishing she had not told her mother, wishing her secret sorrow back in its hiding place, wishing desperately for some strength that would see her through the years. Maybe it was because it was autumn, and foggy. Maybe it was just that the war had gone on too long and the pressure of the war years had flattened her heart too thin.

She thought suddenly and wryly of the advice she had offered her mother.

*Why don't you marry, my girl?* she asked herself. *It isn't because of something sweet but fleeting that happened to you when you were seventeen years old, is it?* No, of course it wasn't, though that had kept her going till she was twenty and past. She *had* hurried to get to be twenty. But since then? *No, I'm just conditioned against matrimony,* she admitted. *I've never seen it work.* She had liked certain men quite a good deal. She went out occasionally and was gay. But when she looked at her mother's ravaged face, her father's tired face, Uncle Rob's smug face—no, she wanted no part of it.

She turned out the gas, went to bed, but she did not sleep at once. She was too tired for sleep. The future seemed too difficult. Seven years of her life had slipped away—where? Like a breath time had passed and she was twenty-four years old. And what was there of her own private, deeply personal life that mattered? A small sheaf of matter-of-fact letters from European cities. A four-year silence. And no way of knowing whether, if Adrian Vandermeer had come back, anything would have ever been any different.

The last letter had been from Rotterdam. It had been all about his grandmother and the house, and all that was personal in it had been: "And now you tell me about *your* wonderful grandmother."

She had told him; she had written such a long, detailed letter about Academyville and Grandma Goodspeed, about being a little girl there with grandma that winter. Silence. Nothing but a deep and impenetrable silence. Perhaps he had died in Rotterdam. Sometimes she was sure he had. Sometimes she thought he had married someone else. Sometimes she thought he had just tired of her childish letters. But four years of trying to outwait a silence was too much. She was too adult to wait any longer. Only, if the silence no longer seemed important, what of reality should she put in its place? Her mind

*(Continued on Page 86)*

## A NEW COAT FOR SEBASTIAN

THERE are in Macedonia today two war orphans named Sebastian and Petros who are living in a cave outside their native village. They have between them two ragged suits and a coat which they take turns wearing, though Sebastian, who is eleven, is tall and his arms hang down from the sleeves.

The coat is a symbol of life to the brothers; and indeed, their very lives depend on its wool threads. It came to them one magic day last spring, when villagers lined up at relief headquarters while boxes from America were opened. The brothers stood at the end of the line, the March rain beating down on their cropped heads, and cold mud seeping through the rags on their bony feet. Silent, they looked on as friends and neighbors reappeared in garments that hung together without a patch, garments that were too big, but whose radiant wearers would not give them up for a minute, even to try a better fit. Sebastian and Petros began to believe, as they gradually moved to the front, that somehow the strange miracle was going to happen to them. And then they reached the U. S. lady at the door—and knew from the look on her face that the miracle had given out.

Blinking, little Petros looked around at the empty boxes, took Sebastian's hand and turned to go. They did not see the American lady as she walked to the coat stand in the corner and took down a bright plaid jacket, but as they started through the door, Petros felt her hand on his shoulder.

A coat—of different colors!—and she was holding it out to him. While Petros looked on dumbly, Sebastian took the coat from the lady, staring from it to her and thanking her in Greek. Putting it on Petros, he wrapped his arms around it to feel and smell the good warm wool. All the way back to their cave home, they kept staring at the coat, handing it back and forth and trying it on.

That was almost a year ago, and still Sebastian has not been to school. At night he shares The Coat with Petros; but in the daytime, winter sunlight fails to warm his bones. They have been chilled every long winter since he was seven, with no relief except the spring. . . .

Henry J. Kaiser, at President Truman's urgent call, is heading the Victory Clothing Collection beginning January seventh, and America is asked again to give old clothes to save life and bring new hope to the world. Wrap up Johnny's outgrown shoes for Petros, and your old shapeless tweed for Sebastian. It is a time for giving, even if you have nothing "to spare." It is a time for remembering the story of the King who said: "I was naked, and ye clothed me . . . ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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# QUICK GINGERBREAD

2¼ cups all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons ginger
1 cup molasses
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk*
¼ cup shortening, melted

• • •

1. Sift, then measure the flour. Then sift again three times with the baking soda, salt and ginger.
2. Combine molasses, sour milk and shortening. Add to sifted dry ingredients, beat until smooth. Bake in greased 8x8-inch loaf pan in a moderately hot oven (350° F.), for 30 to 35 minutes.

• • •

*If one cup sour milk or buttermilk is not available, a substitute may be made by placing 4 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar in a measuring cup, fill to 1-cup mark with sweet milk or diluted evaporated milk, and mix well.

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(Continued from Page 84)

groped fruitlessly after *something*. Something not of sacrifice, of filial devotion, something her own, to have and to hold against the ugliness of the world. There was nothing.

In the morning she carried her mother's tray in and her mother, wan without her make-up, sat up in bed and smiled at her with loving gratitude. "You're so patient with your mother, darling," she said.

Eliza laughed and told her to be sure to eat her egg. That would be all there'd be said about last night.

At the office Miss Hovis came in briskly, hung up her coat, dictated three letters, then said, "Well, Eliza? Did you sleep on it?"

"I didn't need to. I'm sorry, but I just can't do it."

"All right. You're a fool, but it's your own business, I suppose."

The phone rang and it was her father. "I didn't have much chance to visit with you last night. How about lunch?" he asked.

It was always a worldly pleasure to eat with her father. He looked distinguished, and even his present tiredness did not deprive him of his air of authority and intelligence. Even Stella had not lessened him, and this fact never failed to feed Eliza's pride in him. She knew he could be cruel. She knew he had made a number of ghastly mistakes in his life. But she was proud of him, all the same.

It wasn't till they had come to coffee that he said, "I seem to have been a little blind about your affairs, Eliza."

"Blind?"

"Yes. About you and Paul. I never dreamed of such a thing till last night. It was something of a shock, I'll admit, but now I've thought it over, it seems natural and right enough."

Eliza laughed, clearly and amusedly. "Sorry," she said, "but that did sound funny. Whatever gave you the idea that there was anything between Paul and me? Was it because he said last night that I'd been waiting for him? Really, dad! Why, I don't even *like* Paul! I'll tell you the plot, then you'll see how funny it is. He's got himself in a jam with some girl over there and he's going to be sued for a lot of money. He just thought Uncle Rob would come across faster and easier if he thought our happiness depended on it. I'm afraid your nice little dream of a little Griggs community in Yew Valley is futile. I meant what I said last night. I never intend to marry."

He looked at her with troubled eyes. "Why, Eliza?"

"Well, I've not had very good examples set me," she said clearly, trying for a teasing, amused smile.

"I was afraid that was what you were thinking. I do feel responsibility for some of the confusion in your life, believe me. But the world wouldn't get on if everybody waited for perfection, child."

"Maybe I don't care whether it gets on or not."

"I think you do. I wouldn't want you to marry just for the sake of marrying, heaven knows. But you ought to, Eliza."

"All right, dad, you've done your fatherly duty. But there doesn't happen to be anyone I want to marry at the moment. . . . I have to run now. Miss Hovis is out for the afternoon and I must be there."

•

He paid the bill. They walked out into the sharp autumn noontime. "You'll come down Sunday, won't you?" he asked then.

"I'll try," she said. "Good-by, dad."

When she told her mother she had been invited to Yew Valley for Sunday her mother said, "But of course you must go, dear."

"Yew Valley bores me," Eliza said.

But she went.

A strange, fantastic nightmare of a day it turned out to be. Paul met her train. "Well, I've broken the news to dad," he said on the way to the house. They were all meeting at Aunt Pauline's for dinner.

"Broken what news?"

"Of our long-hidden passion for each other."

She was silent with the coldness of her fury. She couldn't even laugh at him. But at last she said, "You know, Paul, I've never known any really wicked people. But you're really wicked, aren't you? You don't care what means you use to gain your ends. But I don't want to be used, Paul, and I don't intend to be. Is that plain enough?"

"Aren't you hitting below the belt?" Paul asked quite seriously. "It isn't all pretending, Eliza. I'm not fooling—there's no one like you in the world for me."

"You'd even try that," she said in a flat, despairing voice.

It was at the end of the day, when she'd gone up after her coat and hat, that the really worst moment came. Aunt Pauline came in, watched her put her hat on.

"Paul's told us, Eliza," she said. "We're very pleased, really. We think it would be nice to have the wedding here—after all, we hope it has been like another home to you. I think it would please Paul awfully if you could be married before he goes back. It could be simple, you know. No one's fussing in wartime."

Eliza stood staring at her. "Aunt Pauline, I haven't any notion of being married before Paul goes back. Nor has Paul. And when and if I get married, Aunt Pauline, I have a home of my own to get married from."

"Oh, I know. I know, darling! I just thought it might not be so—well, embarrassing all around to have it here. It's your wedding, of course."

"But there isn't going to be any wedding."

"Well, you have to decide that. It just seems to me that you can't withhold things from the boys who are risking so much. And, after all, there's no real reason to wait, is there? I thought you'd be pleased that I wasn't being a jealous, possessive mother!"

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**Be pleasant every morning until ten o'clock. The rest of the day will take care of itself.**

—COL. W. C. HUNTER: Brass Tacks (Copyright, 1938, Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago).

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She tried to laugh and succeeded in sounding faintly amused and indulgently friendly.

"I'm flattered," Eliza said. "All the same, there isn't going to be any wedding now. And I'll have to run if I make that train."

She escaped. But on the train, she thought she was going to be sick. Then a wild laughter took possession of her. *If I'd missed this train, I'd have been married before the next one!* she thought.

There was still the meeting with her mother to be gone through, the detailed account of the day, the description of what Stella had worn, the easing of the awful anxiety to *know* that had grown to something like a mania in her mother's weary heart. She went through it gaily, even making her mother laugh. But she didn't tell her about Paul's outrageous behavior.

When she went to the office next morning Miss Hovis eyed her sharply and said, "Eliza, what's the matter with you? You look as if you were headed for a nervous breakdown!"

She laughed. "Oh, I just spent a week end with the family. It always gets me down."

"You know, it always startles me to realize you've got a family," Miss Hovis said. "You have such an unattached, self-sufficient air. What's your family like?"

"What are they like?" Eliza repeated slowly. "I'm afraid it would take a book to tell you that. My father's president of the Griggs Tool and Die Works, a big shot and a bedrock conservative. I live with my mother, as you know. She's not the Griggs type; she's gay and very good-looking and likes to play around. I walk on a tightrope between them and sometimes I lose my balance. I lost it yesterday, which gives me this dragged-out look today, I'm afraid."

Miss Hovis was silent for a moment. In the three years Eliza had been here she had never told Miss Hovis this much about herself, and her sudden grim though brief account startled Miss Hovis. But finally she gave her little grunt of a laugh and said, "You look to me more like the tightrope itself. Look out, or you'll get drawn too fine and snap! How would you like a couple of weeks off?"

"No, thanks. This is where I get my breath." She began to type rapidly.

That night, at the table, Eliza's mother said suddenly and reproachfully, "Why didn't you tell me, darling?"

"Tell you what?"

"About their coming to the St. Regis?"

"Don't talk riddles, mother. What do you mean?"

Her mother got up and went to the living room, came back with a newspaper. And there it was, an announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Edward Griggs had taken an apartment at the St. Regis for two months.

"I didn't know it," Eliza said slowly.

"But you must have! You spent all day Sunday with them. You mean, don't you, that you didn't tell me because you were afraid I'd make a nuisance of myself?" Her mother looked at her reproachfully, as if Eliza had somehow betrayed her, and said no more. This was more foreboding than wild grief or anger.

At nine Paul phoned. "Been missing me, my sweet?"

"No," she said, and hung up.

He called every day after that. He suggested coming up for Sunday, but she told him sharply that she was busy.

It was on the next Tuesday that Stella walked into the office. She came in in her mink jacket and moss-green suit and hat, and said, "Eliza, I'm not going to take any more of this. If you don't see that it's stopped, I'm going to do something pretty drastic about it."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know very well what I'm talking about. I'm not going to be driven out of my own hotel."

"Who's driving you out?" Eliza asked.

"Julia—or she's trying to. She comes to the St. Regis every day for lunch, with the most awful people. And every time I come in, her whole table begins to laugh. She's been there every day this week. She can make a fool of herself all she wants to, but she's not going to make a fool of me. After all, Eliza, *I'm* married to your father, and I intend to stay married to him."

"It's a public dining room, isn't it? After all, Stella, I'm not a jailer."

"Well, you'd better be. I should think you'd have some consideration for your father—he's been good enough to take money from all these years. If you can't keep her home where she belongs, then I shall take steps."

"What steps?" Eliza asked coolly.

"Never mind. All you need to know is that I shall take them. You know quite well that you can keep her away if you want to."

"I didn't even know she had been there. And I haven't taken any money from my father since I've had this job, as you know. What my mother takes was settled by the courts and by father. It seems a legal matter and nothing to get personal about. But I'll see that mother doesn't come to the St. Regis again—if I get something in return."

"In return?" Stella asked.

"Yes. I want you to get dad to take two weeks somewhere where it's quiet—the cottage, anywhere. He's tired."

"Don't be ridiculous, Eliza! Ned's perfectly well. And I don't see any reason to bargain with you. All the right happens to be on my side. I just came to warn you and I'm not fooling, either."

"All right. You've warned me. I guess that's all there is to this conversation, then."

Stella's smooth blondness seemed ruffled for an instant, her blue eyes darkened, but she laughed and said, "Good-by, then, darling!" and walked out of the office.

Then Eliza put on her things and went home. As she went up in the elevator, walked down the hall toward the apartment, her heart seemed to stir, come alive through the familiar beats of love and pity. *Oh, mother, mother!* her heart protested. *How*

(Continued on Page 88)

# "Inside Story" of a Good Meal

It's no secret that a good meal should also *look* good.
But that's only the beginning!
How can you be sure—even before you serve them—that foods will *taste* good?
How can you be certain you haven't "cooked away" vitamins and other health qualities?
Or that these properties haven't been impaired by storage or transit?
Food authorities* say—*Trust foods in cans*...and the pictures below tell the "inside story."

*For example, see Aug. 10, 1944 "Journal of Nutrition"

**What an appetizing array of good things to eat—corn chowder, spinach, whole small onions, sliced tongue, fruit cocktail, cookies, tea—"and they all came out of a can!"**



**PROPER "UPBRINGING"** is a big part of the care given to foods that go into cans. Many modern canneries actually control their vegetables and fruits all the way from seed to harvest. Then, at the peak of their perfection, they're popped into cans and scientifically cooked—with flavors, minerals, and vitamins lastingly *sealed in*. No wonder you serve canned foods proudly!



**THE SAME GOOD CARE** is also given foods such as meats and fish. Each steel-and-tin can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures and holds the fine flavors you want. And how convenient it is to have a wide variety of flavorful meats and tasty fish always at hand—in cans!



**THANKS TO THE CAN,** dozens of fine fruits and vegetables are never "out of season"—no matter where you may live. And every time you open a can, you know the food inside has had safe protection from farm to table. Processed canned foods don't have to be stored under refrigeration.

**FOODS IN CANS ARE**

**SAFE** from dirt, germs, odors.

**SAFE** from air, light, moisture.

**SAFE** even after a can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

**NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN**

**CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK**

# Dream-Honeymoon Comes True



**Home at last!** *"Let's have that honeymoon, darling."* The girls packed for me and tucked in my bottle of Jergens Lotion. "For soft hands," they said. Jergens is by far the favorite way to sweet, soft hands. Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

**Now more effective than ever**—thanks to wartime research. Jergens skin scientists now make Jergens Lotion even finer. *"Hands feel softer,"* women said after testing this even more effective Jergens. *"Protects my hands longer."*



**Every day joyous!** Loving women, remember—Jergens Lotion still contains those 2 ingredients so "special" for skin-softening, they're just what many doctors use. Now in the stores—this postwar Jergens Lotion—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling.




*For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use*

JERGENS LOTION

*Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research*


(Continued from Page 86)

*could you? What can I say to you? What can I do?*

She walked in to the sound of voices and tea things making a faint tinkle. She felt a faint relief at the reprieve. It was no reprieve. A stranger sat in the deep crimson chair, a teacup in his hand. He seemed to be resting there, so deep in the chair he was, so relaxed his long gaunt figure. She had never seen so thin a man. He looked up and saw her and something wild, frightened, sweet yet violent swept through her.

"Hello, Eliza," he said. He had got to his feet, put the teacup down. She wouldn't have known him, except for his voice and his eyes. Even his eyes were different. But his voice saying, "Hello, Eliza," was as familiar as her own skin.

"Hello, Adrian," she said, just looking at him, not putting out her hand or anything.

"I've had some trouble finding you," he said. "You seem to have moved about."

Yes, his voice was just the same, exactly the same. "But you're so *thin*," she said tactlessly, inadequately.

"Isn't he?" her mother put in quickly. "I made the sandwiches extra thick, too—but he still seems too thin. I've asked him to stay for dinner, though, and it's not too late to get a steak, if there's points enough."

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Griggs, I thought I might take Eliza out to dinner."

"Oh, of course! Of course! . . . This is a young man who knows his own mind, I can see that, darling! Wherever did you pick him up? I've been prying for half an hour and haven't found out a *thing* about him. Go make yourself pretty, dear!"

"She's all right as is," Adrian said. "Could we go now, Eliza?"

Eliza hesitated. There were the things she had to say to her mother. She shouldn't leave her alone here tonight. But she found herself saying, "Yes, of course."

She was aware of her mother's eyes on her, too probing, too knowledgeable, too excited. But Adrian picked up a topcoat, slid into it and they were moving out of the apartment, down the hall to the elevator.

In the elevator he said, "Is there some-place quiet near by?"

"Yes, just around the corner."

They walked out into the street and around the corner to a little basement restaurant with booths, found an empty booth, sat facing each other across the clothless table. For a moment they said nothing, just sat looking at each other.

Then he said, "But I never asked you to grow up *so much*, Eliza." There was sadness in the quiet words, a touch of bitterness because years had gone by and swallowed up their youth.

"It's not real. It's just outside," she said.

"No, I can see it's real. Did you have to put your hair up?"

"It's the mode."

"I always think of you with your hair down to your shoulders."

"I didn't know that you thought of me at all."

"No, I suppose you didn't. That was the idea, that you shouldn't."

"Whose idea?"

"My idea. It didn't turn out as I expected in the beginning, Eliza. I was offered the job in Rotterdam and it seemed a good thing to do at the time. I'm still a Dutch citizen, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"I will be an American in time, I expect. Though I don't know, Eliza—I found I was only a Dutch citizen when it happened."

"You've been—fighting?"

"In my way. Not with a gun—not much, at any rate. I printed a paper. It's been a long pull for the Dutch. You have nothing left to offer a woman after a while. It's just getting from day to day, that is all. No future in it, nothing but getting through each day. It wasn't the way I planned it—it was just the way it was."

"You're so thin," she said with a sudden soft passion.

"I'm well enough. I'm alive." He spoke so quietly, and yet as he said those words so gently, so undramatically, she felt her own life surge all through her in a shouting tide. All the years dropped away, all the time of walking a tightrope, and she was free to walk wheresoe'er she would.

"Alive." She repeated the word softly. Then: "You should have let me know."

He shoved his plate to one side, as if he couldn't think of food just now, smiled at her with sudden warmth, as one asking pardon. "Yes, I should have let you know," he admitted. "I thought I had no right, you see. I thought it was all something I had no

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## *Ask Any Woman*

BY MARCELENE COX

GIVING the frosting dish into eager, waiting hands is one of the joys of being a mother.

Married life needs an occasional change of key; things so trivial as a wife trying a new hair-do or a husband learning to play bridge may furnish the modulating note.

Bliss: A little girl's face under a new umbrella.

Self-pity in a woman is as nauseating as very cheap perfume.

Question from a child: "How many helpings of kittens does a mother cat have?"

The way a young girl wears her hair should never suffer parental interference. I can still remember what my father said, even the spot where he stood, when he told me I couldn't have short hair.

If a woman has daughters, one disadvantage that goes along with keeping her figure down is that she may not always get to wear her own clothes.

Perhaps the tire shortage has kept many a girl from marrying the wrong person; you never really know a man until you have seen his reaction to a blowout.

Note to brides: Just because he tries the door after you tell him you have locked up is no sign he doubts your word; it's his moment of being master of the house.

Every woman should occasionally hear a few strains of the sweetest music on earth: the sound of another woman in the kitchen.

What most parents need is the child's-eye view.

Children, all eyes and ears and gulping in everything around them, should be brought up with parents who get along.

There's a definite maleness about even the way a boy runs a vacuum sweeper: straight across and back and forth; while a girl's pattern is as erratic as the path of someone lost in a woods.

Before he even swallows a bite a child can be filled to the brim with injunctions such as "Now eat everything on your plate," or "This will be good for you."

Our children worried the first night the family cat stayed away from her young until we assured them she was only breaking the kittens of their two-o'clock feeding.

Freshman's description of his Illinois home: "A little white cottage with a concubine climbing up on the roof."

Having "taboos" in the conversation of a family heightens curiosity just like the old-fashioned shut-up parlor.

An ideal mother is not one whose achievements are ideal, but one who has ideals to achieve.




Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

- Made *on a face cream base*. Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a *gentle* deodorant. Try it—*feel* the wonderful difference!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping




McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Burpee's Fluffy-Ruffles GIANT PETUNIAS 25¢ pkt. 10¢

Exquisitely ruffled and fringed, over 5 in. across. All colors, mixed. 25c-Packet of Seeds for 10c—*send dime today!*

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.

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CATALOG FREE

CORNS SPEEDILY REMOVED

DOCTOR'S RELIEF ACTS INSTANTLY

Prevents Corns, Sore Toes From Tight Shoes

WHEN you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your aching corns or sore toes—you'll marvel how tormenting shoe friction stops and painful pressure is instantly lifted. They take the pinch or "bite" out of new or tight shoes. So soothing, cushioning, these thin, soft, protective pads prevent corns, tender spots, blisters, instep ridges.

Used with the separate *Medications* included, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily remove corns. Are as easy to apply as a postage stamp. Stay on in bath. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toiletry Counters. Get a box today.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads


right to ask you to share. I thought of you as so *young*, with your hair still down."

"Why did you come now, then?"

"I don't know. I had to. I'm here raising some money. All of a sudden, nothing seemed important but that I see you, see if I'd dreamed you, see if you were the same, if you were married. Just see you."

"And now I don't seem the same."

"No, not quite. It doesn't matter, though. You know, Eliza, it's strange, but it seems better not to have you so young. In the first minute, it was a shock—but now it seems better. I don't know why I thought you couldn't share what I've been experiencing—I don't just know why. It was just a feeling one gets over there. What has been hurting you so terribly much, Eliza?"

Why, just with his asking her that, should the hurt dissolve, melt into nothingness? Where was the burden gone? And how was it possible to have years not matter, have life take up exactly where you put it down? How was it possible to be known like this, just as she had been known without speech at seventeen?

"I don't know. Or I do know, but I don't feel like telling—it doesn't matter," she said. "Your grandmother—is she safe?"

"She's safe. She's dead."

"Oh. And the house—the house with all the Dresden?"

"It's gone. It's a hole in the ground. . . . I should have known. I did know, maybe. You knew too much about life when you were a child. I should have known you'd take life hard. Is it your mother?"

"No. Not really, though sometimes it has seemed so. No, it's as it has been with you. It's getting through each day, just getting through, without any future. It's feeling yourself get smaller and smaller, because it has nothing to grow on—not even a cause. There has to be something that's your own. Or does there? Sometimes you get to feeling that all that matters now is to be selfless, that you've lost the right to anything just for you. But when I think that, I feel as if I'm already dead. You see, it wasn't hard, none of it was hard till I got to be twenty. You told me to hurry and get to be twenty. I did. And nothing was too hard then. Everything was just the same. My mother was the same—she loves my father still, you see, and life is very hard for her. I loved her and she needed me and I stayed with her. I love my father too. But I had you to think about. Oh, I was a child, I know! I was dreaming as a child dreams, I suppose. I made you very special, more special than you were, perhaps. I got to be twenty—and nothing happened. Silence. Just silence. And suddenly I was twenty-four. At least, you've worked for freedom. That is better than an emptiness four years deep."

*How shameless of me!* she thought. And yet that was part of the miracle, that she could sit here and say whatever she liked to him, that she didn't have to be ashamed, because his very being here meant that it was important to him too.

"An emptiness four years deep," he repeated. "Yes, that is it. That's the way it has been. I was wrong. You will have to forgive me, Eliza."

She didn't answer. She just smiled at him, her eyes blurred with sudden tears, saying in silence that it was all right, it was all right now.

"Let's go," he said. "Let's get out of here."

They left their dinner half eaten, rose, paid at the little cashier's cage, walked out into the sharp autumn night. They walked along the street, not knowing where they went, just walked, two tall young people who were not so young as they should have been.

"I'll earn a living again, in time, you know," he said once.

"I've got a job in a literary agency," she answered.

In another block he said, "I didn't know I'd ever feel as rested as this again."

"Yes, I know," she answered. She did know. There was no tiredness in her, only

*(Continued on Page 91)*


"SOAPING" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights. 2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap. 3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! 4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. 5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! 6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! 10¢ or larger sizes.




Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!

I have a fussy family!



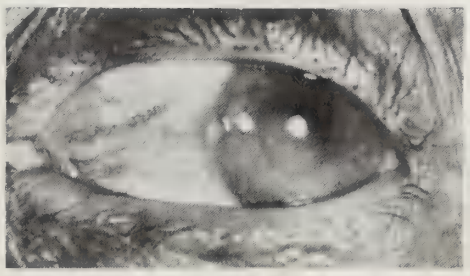
A SCOTT TISSUE Soft-Weve White-Facial Quality

I'd heard about Scott's new Soft-Weve—how it combines cleansing tissue softness and genuine firmness—so I tried it. Now my family is "sold," too! It's the only tissue they'll have in the house!

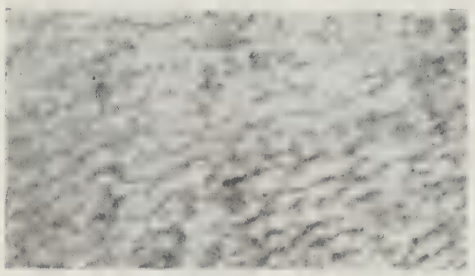
Cleansing tissue soft...toilet tissue firm

# Early and Advanced Signs of "TISSUE STARVATION"

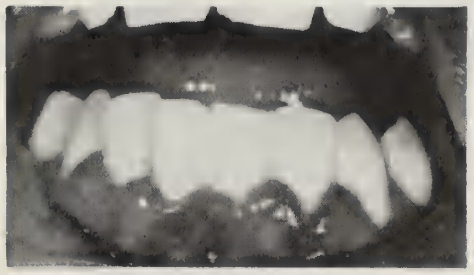
**ADVANCED SIGNS**



**XEROSIS CONJUNCTIVAE.** Note thickening and discoloration of the whites of the eyes. An example of an advanced "Tissue Starvation," producible by a prolonged lack of vitamins.



**"MOSAIC PAVEMENT" SKIN.** A doctor's term for "Tissue Starvation" where skin is excessively parched, crackled and crinkled because of an advanced vitamin deficiency.



**ADVANCED TISSUE STARVATION.** There is a proven relationship between certain vitamin shortages and swollen, tender, bleeding gums—tongue and lip lesions.

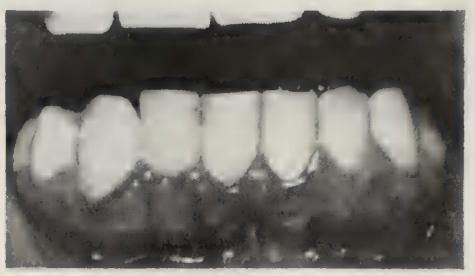
**EARLY SIGNS**



**USUAL VITAMIN DEFICIENCY** of eye tissues. Eye whites should not be "muddy" or cloudy-looking when in perfect health, but bluish-white and with a translucent clarity.



**ROUGHENED SKIN**—possible anywhere on the body but most often found on thighs and arms—can be, and frequently is, caused by a mild, chronic "Tissue Starvation" for vitamin A.



**LIPS AND GUMS.** A continuing "Tissue Starvation"—even though relatively mild—can result in tender gums and minor but visible lesions of the lips and tongue.

**"TISSUE STARVATION"**
**is producible by a lack of vitamins in the living cells of your body**



## The Signs of Vitamin Deficiency often appear first in Eyes, Skin, Tongue and Mouth

POPULAR opinion in America has fallen into a deep error about vitamins and what vitamins can do for you. Contrary to popular belief, vitamins are not merely a daily diet need. Vitamins are part and parcel of all body tissues. If you lack vitamins—if you haven't *enough* of them—signs of tissue deficiency may appear in your body itself.

You can have a vitamin deficiency—a "Tissue Starvation"—even if you are overweight. And medical opinion holds that thousands of Americans—men as well as women—DO show signs of "Tissue Starvation" producible by a lack of vitamins in the body.

Now, to avoid misunderstanding on this important point, please look again at the two columns of untouched photographs of "Tissue Starvation" above.

Look at the left-hand column. These are advanced cases, chosen from a population group long subject to severe vitamin deficiencies. They in no sense show conditions usual to American life. They are reproduced only to demonstrate that there is a direct and proven connection between such signs and a shortage of vitamins.

***Look for the Early Signs!***

But the second column (the right-hand column) represents tissue changes found by doctors in *early*, or *common*, cases of "Tissue Starvation."

Look for these signs in yourself. Look at your eyes, your lips, your gums in the mirror.

Run your hand over your skin—over your thighs and upper arms—you may even find rough spots around your nose and mouth. These signs, of course, may result from such conditions as irritation, or infection, or other forms of malnutrition, but "Tissue Starvation" due to vitamin deficiency is a frequent and *basic* cause.

Under usual circumstances, the way to help guard against this form of "Tissue Starvation" is by taking One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamins. You get all the known needed vitamins in One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamin Capsules—yes, they bring you vitamins A, $B_1$, $B_2$, C and D, plus Niacin Amide, Calcium Pantothenate and $B_6$. Now on sale at all drugstores.

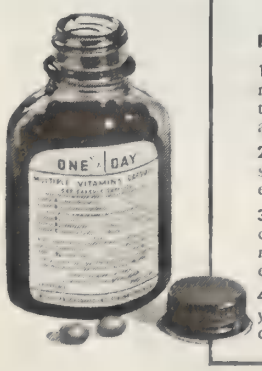
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### *Special Conditioning Factors*

Body tissues need the protection of *extra* vitamins as a result of certain conditioning factors, such as the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| **Diarrhea** | **Alcoholism** |
| **Food allergy** | **Over-indulgence** |
| **Pregnancy** | **Reducing diets** |
| **Certain digestive disturbances** | **Physical overwork** |
| | **Diabetes** |

When these factors are present, your daily intake of vitamins may need to be increased.




### THE MILES PLAN
**FOR HEALTH PROTECTION**

**1. PROPER DIET.** Vitamin deficiencies may accrue gradually in the body tissues throughout your entire life. So try to eat a balanced diet *every* day from now on.

**2. PROTECTIVE VITAMINS.** Take one capsule of One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins every day.

**3. CONDITIONING FACTORS.** Certain conditions and habits increase vitamin needs. Protect yourself then by taking extra vitamins.

**4. SEE YOUR DOCTOR**—if you think you have lesions—as above—that indicate vitamin deficiency.

**ONE A DAY** (A BRAND) **MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES**

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

(Continued from Page 89)

s feeling of complete peace, of a happiness
t was still, yet deep and everlasting.
I know it was the dream rather than the
lity that kept you thinking of me," he
l. "It couldn't be otherwise. But this is
l, isn't it?"
Yes." Then: "How did you find me?"
I remembered Yew Valley and I went
re. It was closed, but there was a care-
er. He sent me to your cousin's house
l I asked him where you were. Your
usin Paul."
*Paul?* You asked *Paul?* And he told
n?"
Well, frankly, he was reluctant at first.
finally told me I'd find you in the phone
ok. I did. It was as easy as that."
hey had come back to the apartment
use now. "Will you come up?" she asked.
No, I won't come up. I liked your
ther, but I don't want to talk to her. To-
rrow, though?"
Yes, tomorrow. I'll meet you for lunch.
nham's, on East Fortieth, twelve-thirty,
ld you?"
hey stood there under the awning, backs
the doorman.
Yes. Good night, Eliza—and God love
u for waiting!"
His tall figure moved off down the street,
at the same time it moved with her into
apartment house, across the lobby to the
vator, up to the top
down the corri-
. Never had she
so the closeness of
neone as of Adrian
ndermeer, going
ay from her.
She walked in, the
ry still on her face.
r mother was there,
lking up and down,
a long, bright red
ss. The glory died
wn in Eliza's face
l heart, and fright
ok its place. Her
ther looked ghastly;
features all stood
t sharply, her
nted mouth had a
otesquely bright line
pain, her eyes looked
ggard and lost.
Mother, what is it?
nat is it?"
You said you
nted to go to Acad-
yville," her mother said shrilly. "Let's
Eliza. Let's go tonight. Hanson will
ve us down. He always has gas."
She went to her mother, put her hands on
shoulders, shook her a little. "Stop it,
rling. What's the matter with you? Some-
ng's happened—tell me. You—you didn't
to the St. Regis tonight?"

Don't look at me like that, Eliza! I can
anywhere I like, can't I? Don't look at
like that! I didn't do anything. I meant
but I didn't. That's why I've got to go
w, darling. If I stay here any longer I'll do
nething horrible. I feel it pushing at me
the time. But I don't want to make it
d for you—it's bad enough already. It
uldn't be a sin, not really. She ought to be
ad. . . . It's you, darling. That's the
ung man, isn't it? For me, I don't care.
t it would be such a mess for you. . . .
u can't trust me, Eliza. I've got a gun
that's how near I came to doing it. Oh,
rling, darling, you must help me. I can't
on like this any longer. I can't."
"All right, mother. Don't, please don't—
l help you. Where is the gun?"
Julia took it out of the bag, tight-clasped
her hands. It was so small. It looked like
oy. Eliza took it from her mother, put it
her own bag.
"We'll go tonight," she said gently.
She went to the phone, called Hanson.
re, he'd take them somewhere. Be right
wn, he said. Then she called Miss Hovis.
wanted to tell you I wouldn't be in to-
orrow," she said. "I'll have to take that
o weeks. Family business. I'm sorry."

"I'll get along," Miss Hovis said. He
voice was kind under its brusqueness.
"Miss Hovis—will you do something f
me? Will you go to Dunham's tomorrow
twelve-thirty? I have an engagement wit
someone there—I don't know where to reac
him. He's tall, over six feet and thin—*ter*
*ribly* thin. He's a Dutchman."
"Speaks English, I hope?" Miss Hov
asked dryly.
"Oh, yes. Only he looks a little foreig
His name is Adrian Vandermeer. I just wan
him to know I had to go to Academyville
to my grandmother's, tell him. Will you d
that, Miss Hovis?"
"Guess I'll have to. You sound prett
desperately in earnest, child. Mind if I hav
lunch with him myself?"
"No. Do. See that he eats a lot. An
thanks terribly, Miss Hovis."

In the car, her mother began to cry. Sh
cried a long time, then went to sleep wit
her head against Eliza's shoulder.
"She's been working up to something lik
this for a long time," Mr. Hanson said whe
he knew she was asleep.
For all she had loathed him so, his lou
clothes and loud voice, Eliza would neve
forget his bringing them, without questions
the way he carried their bags up on the porc
in the chill dawn, and said, "Buck u
Julia the first hundred years are kind c
tough. After that i
gets easier!" and wen
away, his big car roar
ing down Hill Street
Eliza opened th
door, stepped into tha
familiar warmth, tha
familiar smell. Coffe
smell, coal-stove smel
"Anybody home
Breakfast ready?" sh
called out.
Grandma Good
speed came from th
kitchen. Eliza felt he
mother shrinking away
rejecting this rescu
even before it was we
under way, but sh
didn't give her th
chance to escape. Sh
kissed her grandmother
feeling her smallness
her brittleness, with
quick sorrow. Surely
she had not alway
been so *little?*
"Want company for Thanksgiving?" sh
demanded. "You've got it, anyway
grandma!"
Her grandmother went to Julia Griggs
kissed her, though her old eyes were sobe
as they rested on her daughter, sober, a littl
shocked.
"Well, well—about time you got home!
she said.

There was a strange, confused hour, wit
Doctor Jellicoe looking gravely down a
Eliza's mother, taking out a hypodermic
with Aunt Cornelia looking unchanged
stern and calm as ever, moving toward th
stairs, and Eliza saying sharply, "Come int
the sitting room, Aunt Cornelia. I want
you to leave mother alone. You've always
hated her—she doesn't need any hate just
now."
"*Hate* her? Hate *Julia?* What are you
talking about, Eliza?"
"Well, haven't you? You even hated me
when I was little, because I was her daugh-
ter. You almost hated Uncle Will, just for
being kind to me."
For an instant, anger flashed in the fine
dark eyes and Eliza caught a glimpse of
something like her mother in Aunt Cornelia.
Then the anger died. "You couldn't be more
wrong, child," Aunt Cornelia said quite gen-
tly. She came over and, to Eliza's stiff sur-
prise, put a hand on either side of Eliza's
face, kissed her and said, "Dear Eliza.
won't bother your mother." She went ou
and Eliza remembered abruptly herself,
thin little girl holding a small jade plant i
her hands. She remembered, too, a littl

## *All I Had in Winter*

**By Marjorie Lederer**

All I had in winter,
Safe and warm—
Love like a citadel
Against the storm;

Love in a woolen coat,
Sensible and sane,
Worn like armor
In the spearing rain;

All I had in winter,
Day on day,
I'd give for the wastrel kiss
Lost last May.

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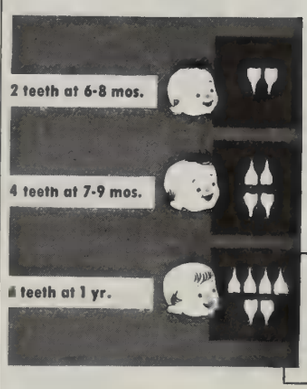

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**to figure out this world of ours**

And when you've looked your fill, tell us how to keep it emptied of worry and tears . . . I'll do practical things that will help you grow up strong, secure . . . Today we'll start building

**a well-shaped head ★ a fine, full chest**

**a strong back ★ sound teeth ★ straight legs**




**BECAUSE EVERY BABY NEEDS** one critical element, Vitamin D, to change the minerals of his food into straight, strong, solid bones and teeth, give your baby Squibb Cod Liver Oil. See that he gets this dependable Vitamin D source *every day!*

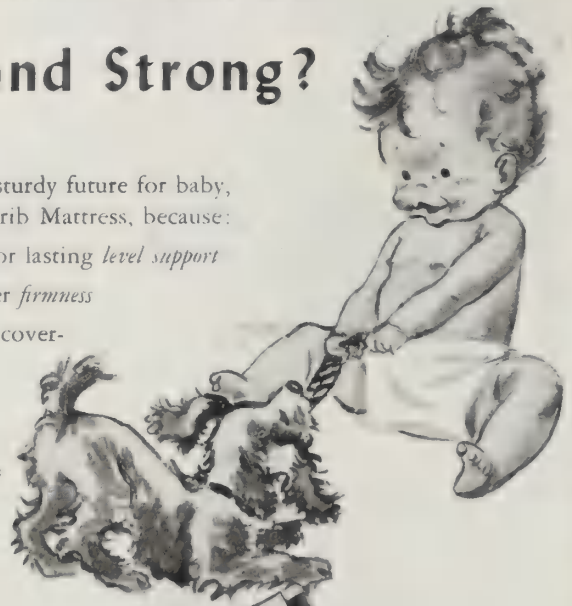
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*a name you can trust*

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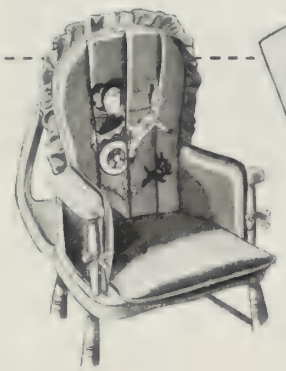


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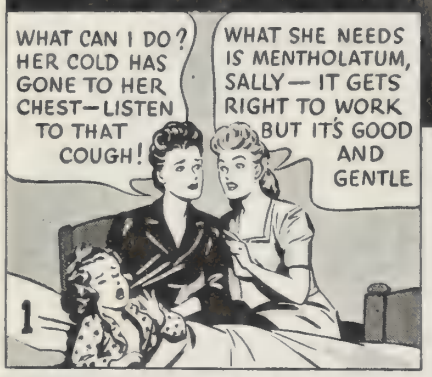
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2. Therefore, it's more *easily irritated.*
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what comfort she could in André and the Mr. Hansons of her world?

"Mother," she began, but she had no chance to tell her mother. Her father was coming into the room. For an instant her heart knew panic. It would be too much for her mother, too terribly much. Her heart could not stand this shock.

But her father, without a word for her, had come over to the bed, dropped down on his knees by the bed, put his face against her mother's. "Julia! Julia!" he said.

Eliza walked out of the room, did not look back. Grandma was sewing. She looked stern and disapproving.

"It's all right, grandma," Eliza said.

"I hope so," grandma said stiffly.

It was two hours later when her father came down, bade Grandma Goodspeed a rather formal good-by, said, "Will you walk to the station with me, Eliza?" But he hardly said a word all the way down the hill, up Main to Railroad Street. It was when they stood on the cindered platform that he said, "Your mother says you are not marrying Paul."

"Paul? Of course not. I told you that long ago."

"You're—you're sure this Vandermeer—is that the name?—is the one, Eliza?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Then stick to him, my dear."

"I will. Thanks for coming down, father."

"Thanks for calling me, Eliza."

And that was all they said. He got on the little local and went away. That, she thought, walking back up the hill, was all she would probably ever know of this visit that had been for so many years so desperately important to her mother. To him, too, it well may have been.

---

**A neglected duty returns tomorrow with seven others at its back.**

**The sheep that bleats loses a mouthful.**

**It is better to turn back than to go astray.**

---

*It's strange,* she said to herself, *but now I'm cut off from them, I seem to love them more than I did. It's strange.*

When she came into the house she heard at once her mother's voice from the kitchen. "Of course I feel well enough! I feel fine!" her mother was saying. "And I'm perfectly capable of making the stuffing for the turkey—good heavens, didn't you teach me how to cook, mother! Eliza and I have always done our own cooking. I suppose Cornelia and Will'll be here for dinner—anyone else? We ought to have a real crowd for that big a turkey! I think I'll call up Hanson—he'd appreciate a home-cooked dinner. Mind? He's the friend who brought us down."

"Julia, have you lost your wits? Hanson, indeed! What was Ned Griggs doing down here, may I ask?"

"Ned?" For an instant her mother's voice stilled. Then she laughed. "Oh, we're still friends, mother. . . . I think you'd like Hanson; he's very free and easy, but he's a good scout. . . . Oh, there you are, Eliza. Get your father off all right?"

"Just!" Eliza said.

As calm as if this had been just any visit! And yet, Eliza remembered, wasn't that the way she had felt after she had come in and seen Adrian sitting there with her mother? As if she were suddenly strong enough for anything, anything at all the world could offer? Just *seeing* him, wasn't that the way she had felt? Then she laughed, a sudden, clear, happy laugh, and said, "Sit down, grandma—this is *our* dressing!"

And when at seven the phone rang, she went to it quickly and said very steadily and surely, "Yes, everything's all right. . . . Yes, I can. I'll be there. . . . Yes, three days ought to be enough. . . . No—*everything's all right.* . . . God love *you,* darling. Good night."

(THE END)



**Tip to a New Grandma**

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"GRAND AS RAND DRESS SHIELDS"




H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

*Babies plus matches make a sum in tragedy. This little boy will be a burn casualty unless his mother keeps rules against fire and scalding hazards.*

# Prevention and Treatment of Burns

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

*President, Chicago Board of Health*

EVERY year thousands of children are painfully burned, and many die as a result, in accidents that should not and need not have happened. Scalding liquids, boiling grease, forbidden matches and bonfires, electrical appliances carelessly used—these are the chief causes of accidental burns, which injure as many children as all other accidents combined. The number of burn accidents that are unavoidable or caused by willful mischief is tragically small; usually, someone's ignorance or thoughtlessness is to blame.

Burns don't often happen to children of mothers who are aware of the hazard themselves and instruct the children and other members of the household (including "sitters" and cleaning women) accordingly, taking care to observe and enforce necessary precautions all the time. When, in spite of everything that can be done to prevent it, children do get burned, mothers who know enough to do the right things, and not to do the wrong things, may save hours of suffering and prevent ugly scars. They may even save life.

The seriousness of a burn depends on how deep into the skin it penetrates and how wide an area it covers. Mild "first-degree" burns, which cause redness but not blistering, need not be considered serious unless they cover more than one tenth of the body's surface—the foot and lower leg or an equivalent area. Minor burns can be treated satisfactorily at home. Quickly the burned part should be immersed in warm water; this stops the pain caused by exposure of injured nerve endings to air. Then a thick paste of sodium bicarbonate (ordinary baking soda) and water may be spread over the area. This can be renewed as needed until tenderness subsides—usually within twenty-four hours. Burn salves made of gentian violet or butein picrate are useful to have on hand in the medicine cabinet for prompt relief in case of minor burns. The combined anesthetic and germicidal action of these preparations eases pain and prevents later infection.

*But no greasy salve or ointment should be applied to a burn that blisters.* The sticky mass must be removed before proper treatment can be started, and often its removal is painful and wastes valuable time. The likelihood that ruptured blisters may become a site of infection (one of the great dangers in burn cases) makes it desirable to get the doctor as quickly as possible for big, blistering burns. Meanwhile, emergency measures are aimed chiefly at controlling pain. Clothes sticking to burned flesh should be left alone; attempts to remove them will only add to the child's agony and may even do further damage to the skin. When burns are extensive the child may be put, clothes and all, into a tub of warm water. Deep burns on exposed parts such as the hands or face may be covered loosely with a clean handkerchief soaked in water and baking soda.

In any case of deep or extensive burns, however, the threat is not only from the burn itself and the infection that often follows

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.




ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Think of the improvements that are helping modern mothers raise healthier babies. For instance, wider knowledge of infant nutrition, strict care in sterilizing babies' utensils, and - not the least - the introduction of prepared baby foods.

Mrs Dan Gerber



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Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor



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*Nursery by R. H. Macy, New York*

but also from the shock that accompanies the injury. In shock, all the body's processes are slowed down, often dangerously; sometimes the circulation is so depressed by shock that transfusions of plasma or whole blood are needed to save life. The outward signs of shock are extreme pallor, clammy skin, weak pulse and labored, shallow breathing. When these symptoms appear on the heels of a bad burn, keep the child warm by wrapping him in a blanket or putting him to bed with a hot-water bottle or heating pad, and keep him lying down to prevent strain on weakened functions. Then tell the doctor to hurry!

In recent years, and especially because of experience gained during the war, doctors have perfected new methods of treating second-degree (blistering) and third-degree (still deeper) burns. Only a few years ago, it was commonly believed that burns involving more than a third of the body's surface almost always resulted in death, but today men have actually been saved and returned to active duty after suffering burns which covered three quarters of their bodies. One of the latest treatments consists of spraying the burned area with a combination of aniline dyes. This forms a hard crust over the burn, relieving pain and preventing the loss of body fluids by leakage through the damaged skin surface. At the same time, these substances act to kill invading bacteria. When it is undertaken promptly, this method aids the body in replacing burned skin naturally, so that the necessity for skin-grafting operations, except in the most severe cases, is greatly reduced. Thus, whenever a child is burned on the face or hands, mothers need not fear that disfiguring scars are inevitable. If swift steps are taken to get the child to a doctor or hospital, the chances of permanent scarring are usually slight.

Of course calmness at the time of the accident is paramount. If clothing catches fire and blazes quickly, the youngster's impulse will be to run away. Nothing could be worse; this fans the flames and makes serious burns more likely. Instead, the child should be rolled in a rug or coat or blanket—anything that will smother the fire—and kept lying on the floor instead of standing up, to diminish the possibility of breathing in fumes and burning the air passages.

Most important of all, however, are the rigid precautions that keep fires from happening and keep children away from burn hazards. Here are the rules that you must follow every day of the year to make sure your home won't be the scene of a tragic burn accident, or your child the victim:

1. Eliminate fire hazards and observe fire-safety precautions. Your fire department will tell you what these are.

2. Keep pot handles turned inward on the stove, out of reach of curious fingers. Don't leave a young child alone in the kitchen when the stove is on. Cups of hot coffee and bowls of hot soup must always be set in—away from the edge of the table and the danger of overturning.

3. Never leave a child alone with appliances such as a heater, toaster, waffle iron or ironer. Keep these out of reach when in use.

4. Teach early and often that faucets and radiators and light bulbs—anything in the house that contains or develops heat—are hurtful and mustn't be played with.

5. *Keep matches away from children and children away from matches!* Any infractions of this rule have to be handled with unrelenting sternness. Playmates who disobey must be banished, no matter how harsh it seems. When tragedy strikes, it's too late to be strict.

## TOMBOY

*(Continued from Page 24)*

fishing and played baseball and shot marbles as an equal, as one of them. She couldn't dance with them now, smiling coyly the way the other girls did, pretending to be enchanting—pretending to enchant. There was Joe Crane, who only yesterday had called her a stinker because she had beat him in a race to school by hurdling a hedge; there was Bob Hendy, who had put her out at first, and laughed at her mud-spattered face when she got to her feet after the slide; there was Skeet ——

"Hi, Skeet," she said.

He came away from the pillar against which he had been stiffly leaning, running one finger between his neat white collar and his reddening neck, watching her warily.

"Don't look so scared," she said, laughing. "It's me."

"Migosh." The first syllable was deep and resonant, the second a piping shriek. "It don't seem like you."

"Well, you're pretty tricked out yourself!"

He kept staring at her uncomfortably. "You gonna do any dancing?" he asked.

"Me?" She glanced at the stag line—Joe Crane, Bob Hendy —— "Don't be a dope!"

He grinned then, relaxed. "Well, look," he said. "I've gotta dance with Beth. I promised ma. But after that, what do you say we sneak outa here? I heard the frogs when I came by. There must be a million of 'em!"

Frankie smiled slowly. "You're on," she said. "I'll meet you back by the kitchen door in an hour—and I betcha my new set of hooks against your knife, I catch more frogs than you do."

"Well," he said. "Well, I'd just as soon make a smaller bet. It's just the idea of it, to have something to go for. It don't necessarily have to be as big as my knife."

When he had gone off to dance with Beth, Frankie edged away to the wall and sat down. She watched Beth, who could hardly dance three steps with one boy before another cut in, and marveled at the look of happiness on her face, the look of triumph. That was the way Frankie felt when she had hooked a bigger fish than Skeet, when she had caught more frogs in the marsh. But because boys kept crowding around her! Why, when Frankie shot marbles she had every boy in the neighborhood watching her, some rooting for her and others razzing her, but all of them admiring her uncanny skill.

The same boys who hardly seemed to know she was here tonight, except to drop a careless "Hi, Frankie," as they passed. The same boys—but different: their faces clean and their voices softened down and their manners all spruced up and shining; their eyes funny when they looked at the girls, bright and warm and glad, as if they were looking at marshmallow-butter-pecan sundaes with double scoops of ice cream. That was the trouble with dances and parties—that was why she hated them. They changed everybody and made you feel like a stranger.

She wasn't used to being alone, out of things. She liked to be in the middle of what was going on, not just sitting on the side lines this way—a droop in a white dress, with feet that seemed suddenly too big and hands that she didn't know where to put.

Somebody's mother passed by and patted her on the shoulder, telling her she looked lovely and asking her why she wasn't dancing. She murmured something, and the mother went away, but all at once the most awful feeling of panic hit her.

She was always going to be out of things. It wasn't only now—this party. It was something that had been growing and growing and would get bigger all the time: the girls being happy and triumphant because the boys crowded around them, and the boys looking at the girls as though they were marshmallow-butter-pecan sundaes, and Frankie not in it at all.

"All alone?" Another mother spoke to her, and Frankie could hear the pity in her voice.

*Sure—why not? I don't care about this party stuff. I think it's dopey.* There was a time when she might have said that, but now she said, "Oh, no, thank you, I'm not alone. I'm just—waiting for my escort. There he is over there."


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Dreams of a bright nursery gay with amusing wall paper and crisp curtains. A nursery fit for a very little king (or queen).
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*(Shakespeare)*

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She looked around wildly, wanting to convince this woman that she wasn't alone, out of it, a girl to be pitied. She looked at all the unfamiliarly clean, polite faces of boys who had so recently laughed at her and clapped her on the back and called her a stinker, and she knew it was no use. They would think she was nuts. They would think ——

"Which one, dear?" the woman asked with kindly interest, following her glance. "Bobby Stanton?"

Bobby Stanton, for whom she had once had to bait a hook because, although he was a star basketball player and very rugged, he couldn't stand worms! Bobby Stanton, winking at her from the stag line the way he might have winked at his kid brother, and then looking on past her, his eyes lighting up at the sight of a little redheaded girl on the dance floor—Deedee Vines, who couldn't even throw a ball straight, and gave little squeals when she ran.

"No," Frankie said, and then she got to her feet. "There he is—that one."

She went toward him quickly, before she could think, trying to smile like a girl who was part of all this—a girl who had an escort waiting for her. He wouldn't know she was really out of it, different from the others. He wouldn't know, because he had never seen her before in his life.

"Hello," she said, and then she saw that he was quite old—twenty, maybe—and she was frightened. "Who—who are you?" she inquired, though this was not at all what she had meant to say next.

He laughed and guided her to a chair, steering her expertly by her elbow. "I'm Henry Baker," he said. He sat down, stretching long, white-trousered legs across the floor, and looked expectantly at her out of bright blue eyes.

She tried to think what to say, how to explain herself, but she had had no experience with subterfuge. "I told somebody you were my escort," she said. "I had to pretend to know you."

He nodded wisely. "Trying to make somebody jealous, eh?"

"Jealous?" She gave him a puzzled frown. "No, it was just a lady who—it was because everybody else ——" But how could she explain it? "Oh, skip it," she said, and grinned.

He grinned back. "It doesn't matter anyway," he said. "Whatever the reason was, I'm glad you're here."

She looked around the room. She was part of it now, like the others. She was sitting with a boy—a man, really—and nobody had to be sorry for her any more.

"My gosh," she said to Henry Baker, "you don't even know my name."

"Sure I do. You're Diana."

She shook her head, and the smooth, gentle waves her mother had coaxed into her hair sprang instantly, as though relieved, into flyaway curls. "You have the wrong girl. My name's Frances—Frankie, most people call me." She wrinkled her short, lightly freckled nose. "Diana? I don't think ——"

He laughed again, getting to his feet and pulling at her hand. "Come along a minute, I want to show you something."

She did not ask him where. This was all right, within her experience. She was always going along with somebody to see something: a robin's nest up in a tree, frogs in the marsh, a pitcher's new fast curve.

Henry took her only as far as the library, to a table where a small bronze statue stood. It was the statue of a girl with short, curly hair and strong, slim arms and legs and a bow in her hand.

"This is Diana," Henry said. "You look just like her."

"Oh." She walked up to the statue and examined it carefully. "I do, a little," she said finally, gravely. "How did you ever happen to notice it?"

He smiled, his eyes crinkling until only two bright specks of blue showed. "I notice all kinds of things—especially nice things. You, for instance, out of that whole roomful of girls in there. I knew you were nice."

She frowned again. "Don't talk silly," she said. "You didn't even know I was there until I came after you."





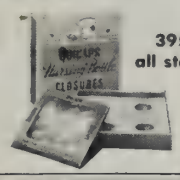
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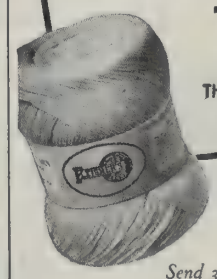


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He sat down on the edge of the table, swinging one leg. "How old are you, Diana?" he asked her.

She said, "Sixteen," and then wondered why—because she would not be sixteen for almost a year, and she never told lies.

"It can't be so. It isn't possible."

She thought he meant about her age, and embarrassment for the lie flooded her face with color. "What isn't possible?"

"You. I've never known a girl like you," he said. "You're grand, Diana. And that's not talking silly, now. I mean it."

She was relieved that he believed she was sixteen, and she approved of the firm strength with which he took her hand—none of your cold-fish handshakes. He was all right, this Henry Baker, a good guy.

"Okay," she said crisply.

He gave her his eye-crinkling smile. "You don't talk around things much, do you? Or flutter your eyelashes, or smile coyly, or ——" He paused, shaking his head. "And with all of it, you're so pretty!"

"Pretty?" She made a soft little sound of scorn through her nose. "I thought you weren't going to be silly."

"I'm not." He looked at her, his bright blue eyes earnest, and she tried the word over in her mind—*pretty*—like a new taste. "Do you think anybody'd bother to make a statue of you, Diana," he said, "if you weren't pretty?"

"But it isn't really of me. I'm not ——"

"It could be, couldn't it? You said yourself it looked like you. Do you really not know how pretty you are?"

She didn't understand why she could not answer, why her throat felt dry and painful. Still holding her hand, he put his head back and stared at the ceiling and said quietly:

*"When I think*
*That you were in the world a year ago,*
*What time I sat alone here in the snow*
*And saw no footprints, heard the silence sink*
*No moment at your voice ——"*

He stopped and smiled at her again. "Nice, isn't it?"

"What—what is it?"

"It's part of one of Elizabeth Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese—modernized a bit. Do you like poetry?"

"I don't know," she said.

She didn't know. Always before, she had thought it was sissy, mushy stuff that made no sense, but the way Henry said it—that quiet way, as though he were just talking, telling her something, though she wasn't sure what it was he was telling her ——

"I'll lend you some books of it," he said, "and then after you've read them we can talk about the poems. We do that in the dorms at college sometimes—it's fun."

They were going to see each other again after tonight and talk about poetry, and it wasn't sissy—not if boys did it at college. She felt a kind of excitement rising in her, and it was a little like the feeling she got when she saw the flash of a fish in the pond, near her line, only not altogether like that.

"We'll have a good summer," he said. "My family's moved here permanently, you know, and I'll be home the whole vacation."

"I'm glad." She held out her hand to him, because she felt warm and friendly and wanted to shake on it.

He took her brown fingers in his hard clasp, looking at her, and pulled her slowly toward him. "Diana," he said softly.

Someone opened the library door, and a girl's voice said, "Oh—pardon *me!*"

Henry dropped Frankie's hand. "Hello, Claire," he said.

The girl's eyes narrowed on Frankie's face. Then she smiled up at Henry and laid her fingers on his arm. "It's our dance, isn't it?"

Frankie looked at them—at Henry, whose handclasp she liked very much, and at this girl who was about Henry's age, and whom she did not like at all. If he went away dancing with her, maybe he would not come back.

"Henry," she said quickly, "how about going frogging with us?"


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It was the best fun she knew, and only a select few were ever invited to share it with her. A complete stranger had never been taken in before.

"Frogging?" Henry repeated.

Frankie nodded, holding her breath without knowing it, and then the girl called Claire laughed.

"Frogging"—she repeated the word incredulously between bursts of laughter. "What on earth is that?"

"We can always dance," Henry said. "This—I'd like to see what it is. You don't mind, do you, Claire? We'll have our dance later."

Skeet was waiting at the back door. "What happened to you?" he demanded. "You get stuck in there?" Then he saw Henry, and his mouth remained open on the last word.

"This is Henry Baker. He's coming along," Frankie explained laconically.

"Oh," Skeet said. He stood a moment, staring. Then he ran ahead of them, scaling the low hedge around the lawn. Frankie had to follow cautiously, her heels catching in the turf and her long dress swirling around her legs, Henry's fingers on her elbow.

"Listen, Diana," Henry said. "Will you meet me tomorrow? Tomorrow afternoon, at the north side of the bridge over the pond?"

She said, "Yes—yes, I will," and then something told her that she should not sound so eager, and she felt strange again, alone and uncertain, the way she had felt when she was sitting by herself on the edge of the dance floor.

She ran ahead of Henry, as Skeet had done, and when she reached her house she went into the bushes and took off her dress and then shinnied up the drainpipe in her underwear to her room. Soon she was back on the ground again, blue jeans rolled up, white shirt flapping, catching up to Skeet and Henry in a moment.

"Come on," she whispered. "Nobody saw me."

She was herself now, at home in a world she knew, comfortable and sure. She led them both, her legs free, the long grass cool and prickly against her skin. She ran, and they could not keep up with her. She could smell the marsh smell—mud and dank water and grasses and frogs—a familiar yet mysterious smell, having to do with all the adventure of childhood.

"Whoa!" Skeet called to her, the one word ranging from deep bass to falsetto. "Here we are."

She stopped and looked around quickly. They were on the edge of a small marsh, their feet already sunk in the wet earth. Before them, where the water deepened a little, a clouded moon revealed the immobile shapes of dozens of frogs, seemingly carved to the stones and lily pads where they sat. Only the loud, rhythmic gulping of their hoarse voices indicated that they were alive.

"Here's where we separate," Frankie whispered. "I'll take the other side." She glanced briefly at Henry. "You'd better come with me and watch awhile to see how."

There was a trick to catching frogs—a quiet trick of moving that Skeet would never learn, and a sense of timing, too, that was something like knowing the exact moment to swing at a baseball. Frankie caught a few small ones before Skeet caught any. She held them carefully by the legs, and then she dropped them into one of the barrels that she and Skeet kept hidden for the purpose.

"Want to try it now?" she asked Henry.

He looked down at his white trousers and started to speak, but just then Frankie saw the biggest frog she had ever come across, sitting alone on a small rock—like a king, she thought, not caring about anything. She forgot all about Henry. If she could catch that big fellow, he'd be a real prize.

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She inched along soundlessly, making each movement careful, gentle, so that there would be no revealing plop of hand or knee on mud. She was so close that she could see the regular movement of the frog's throat, like the bulging and contracting of an Adam's apple in an old man's flabby neck. Now—now ——

But there was nothing under her hands. Eight feet away, the big frog sat on another rock, motionless, carved there, as though he had been there always. Frankie rose slowly and looked at him, and he looked back with his cold, beady supercilious stare.

All at once she wondered why she wanted to catch him. What for? She would drop him into the barrel with the others, and then she would compare the number she had caught with the number in Skeet's barrel, and she would have more, because she always did, and then they would let all the frogs go back into the marsh again. But it was fun, wasn't it? The excitement of trying to catch them, and Skeet's face when she had beat him again, and kidding him all the way home about how slow he was. It was fun.

She got to her feet, staring down at her mud-covered jeans, her blackened shirt. She looked at Henry, and then she looked quickly away again and went to the barrel and gave it a hard push that rolled it over on its side. After a minute a little frog leaped out, and then another, and another into the marsh.

"Hey, Skeet! I've had enough."

His muddy form rose from the other side of the marsh, and she sloshed across to meet him. "What's the matter?" he asked her.

**The example which is followed is the one we set when we are off our guard.** —MATTHEWMAN: Brevities. (H. T. Coates & Co.)

"We practically only just came. I didn't even have a chance to catch any."

"I didn't catch any either," she said. "It's not a good night for it, I guess."

He glanced at Henry, who was coming to join them, skirting the mud. "That guy ——" he began contemptuously.

"He has on white flannels," she broke in.

All at once she began to run, ignoring Skeet's shouted, "Hey! Hey, you coming fishing tomorrow, Frankie?" and Henry's "Wait, Diana. Wait a minute!"

As she ran, she tried to smooth down her hair and wipe her face on one clean patch of sleeve, although there was nobody there to see. It was that big one, she thought, looking so proud, like a king. He would have been humiliated if she had caught him; probably the other frogs would never have had any respect for him again. That was why she hadn't wanted to get him—that was it.

But then why, since she had let him go, was she crying over him? Why was she crying and running like this, when there was nothing to cry about or run away from—nothing at all?

She walked along the road to the pond, squinting a little to see into the distance. It was a fine afternoon for fishing—very still, and not too sunny. They would be biting today.

Skeet was already there, his line dangling limply in the water. She started to whistle to him. She went close to the railing and started to lean over and give their long, low whistle. But the railing was dirty. If she leaned against it, she would soil her dress. And if Skeet saw her he would ask her why she was up there instead of down at the pond fishing with him. And how could she tell him, when she did not really know herself?

She turned around and squinted into the distance. She thought what a good day it was for fishing. She thought that maybe she would slide down off the bridge and surprise Skeet, landing right beside him. She could borrow a piece of Skeet's line and one of his hooks. They would be biting today.

She turned back once and looked down at the pond again and gave a small sigh without knowing she did so. Then she crossed the bridge and went to meet Henry Baker.


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Enjoy taking orders from friends, in spare time, for amazing Yours-Truly Nylon Hosiery in a new Individual Customer Fit Service. Fit every type of leg; slim, stout, average, short, long, extra long. No twisted seams, no baggy ankles, or binding at the top! Yours-Truly Nylons are more beautiful because they fit perfectly. Delighted customers buy time after time.

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**AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. R-156, Indianapolis 7, Ind.**

American Hosiery Mills, Dept. R-156, Indianapolis 7, Ind.
Send me complete outfit with sample stocking FREE. I want to sell Yours-Truly Nylons in Individual Fit Service. I enclose letter about myself.

Name .....

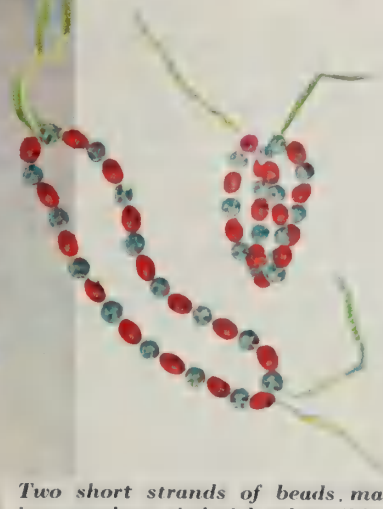
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# CHANGE—WITH A CAPITAL C

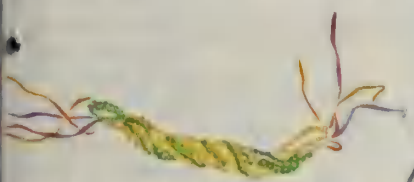
(Continued from Page 29)





*Two short strands of beads, made into pendant, tied with velvet ribbon.*

*rtist-designed print in a blouse. Cap eeve, boat neck, 2224; matching gloves, 2223.*



*ew choker: a twist of odd beads from our jewel box or the ten-cent store.*



*You saw this on Page 29 worn as an Ascot and a sash; now it's a turban, easy to wind. 2220.*

PHOTOS BY LESLIE GILL

*basque silhouette: cut off a black and use print for skirt; or vice versa.*

*rasting sleeves are fashion; easy to put jersey ones into a beige wool dress.*


KNIT your new sweater in

Jubilant Colors



Fashion's newest Fancy . . . high-spirited colors for that young, glowing look. Bear Brand gives them to you in those marvelous Quali-Tested yarns . . . preferred for glamorous hand-knits . . . because they tub like a charm . . . last longer.

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Instructions for crocheting this sweater may be obtained by sending five cents (in coin) to Bear Brand Yarns, 230 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y. Department JY-1.

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*Reconversion to...*

# *Happiness*

Everywhere, young wives sending their husbands off to work, not to war, with the gold eagle in the lapel. Everywhere, men knowing they'll be home to dinner, not alerted to dawn. Everywhere, the reunited, hand-in-hand, happy in the sweet old business of living.

Gorham Sterling is now available in about a dozen favorite patterns, averaging about $23* per 6-piece place-setting ...cream soup spoon, teaspoon, luncheon knife and fork, salad fork and butter spreader. Iced-tea spoons and serving pieces by Spring, we hope!

*Gorham*

STERLING

*America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831*

PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND

*20% Federal Tax included

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Left to Right: CAMELLIA, LYRIC, ENGLISH GADROON, GREENBRIER, KING EDWARD, SOVEREIGN


## TOWARD THE "BIG ONE"

*(Continued from Page 6)*

reduced to penury; future generations are involved in the fate of the present one; the economy of the enemy becomes eternally dependent on that of the victors.

The permanent disarmament goes even farther. The potential war-making power of a state also depends on manpower, population and the size of its area. Therefore these must be reduced: the area by truncation—cutting off parts of it and awarding them to others—and the population by such devices as forced male labor, which reduces the birth rate, and economic policies resulting in famine. The peace is not considered won until the "war after the war" has accomplished the permanent exit from history of the defeated, as any power factor whatsoever.

All the victors in this war have followed this policy. When the Germans were, for a time, triumphant in Europe they transplanted industry and labor, pursued a policy of depopulation—by gas chambers or starvation—and reduced former enemy territories by truncation. The victorious Allies are doing the same things with greater or lesser thoroughness, the Russians as thoroughly as the Germans, the western Allies with only somewhat greater inhibitions.

But with whatever degree of energy or inhibition, this is the pattern of modern revolutionary warfare. Defeat means that a state passes out of history, as a great industrial or any other kind of power. The burden of defeat is borne by all the peoples of the vanquished, and by their posterity. Hence the frenzy with which the twentieth century war is waged, defeat being, in effect, the suicide of a society.

The outstanding historic fact about the modern war is that it reduces the number of independent states and enlarges the scope of the larger sovereignties. Each sovereignty in this world is One World within in its own area. The number of persons living, for instance, in the One World of the Soviet Union, in 1941, was estimated at 180,000,000. Since then all the Baltic states, part of Finland, a very large part of Poland and part of Rumania have disappeared wholly into the Soviet Union, increasing its population by many millions and its territory by thousands of square miles. But that is a superficial view of the picture. Actually all of Poland, enlarged by eastern Germany to the river Oder, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia, enormous territories, inhabited by some 120,000,000 people, are being methodically and exclusively enmeshed in the Soviet Union, at least militarily and economically. Whatever domestic liberties they may eventually enjoy, it is quite clear that their sovereignty has gone forever in respect of two things: foreign policy and the right to make war. Their armies are an integral part of the Soviet military system; their foreign policies are no longer independent. The relinquishment of at least this amount of sovereignty is what the Soviets mean by a "friendly" neighbor.

THUS One World is actually in the making by the revolution of total war and total victory—or total defeat, its concomitant.

Leaving out of account, for a moment, the devices and methods by which this has been accomplished in expanding the One World of the Soviet Union, the gathering of many sovereignties into one in respect to war-making power is a genuine pacification process, and *the only effective pacification process* within the areas to which it applies. The states within the new Soviet sphere will hereafter be quite unable to wage national wars *against each other*, or as allies of any other great power.

This has always been the only means of permanent pacification. The pacification of North America was accomplished when the individual states relinquished to one common sovereignty all their foreign policy and war-making powers. The Civil War was the crucial test of the right of self-determination and secession and it was decisively negative. Had separate complete state sovereignties continued to exist, or several, or even two regional sovereignties, this country would probably have had as many American wars as there have been inter-European.

BUT the reduction of many units to five, four, three or two cannot possibly mean global pacification. Inevitably, that will mean at least one more "War of Survival"—i.e., of elimination. Whoever loses will pass under the sovereignty of the victor. Each war of the future is therefore bound to bring closer the One World under a single sovereignty. But any of the future threatens to destroy—according to great scientists—two thirds of mankind in the process, and in the best case to wipe out for centuries great civilizations.

One would think, therefore, that if the statesmen of the world were worth their salt, and the peoples had an aware sense of self-preservation, they would anticipate the results of the next war by realizing its inevitable aims now, and avoid it by winning it beforehand.

The concept of a world government is not tyrannous if sufficient checks and balances can be devised, as they certainly can be by men of good will and clear intellect. Obviously the jurisdiction of a world government must be confined to taking into itself the only two functions of national sovereign states which are incompatible with permanent world pacification: international policy, and war-making powers. Just two "rights" need to be taken from national states: the "right" to make wars against other national states, and the "right" to secede. No other rights should be taken away, and for the time being, at least, no other functions should be given a world authority, except to see that its authority in this sphere is not infringed.

All hopes for any sort of stable and prosperous economic life depend on this. No rational world or even national economy can create itself or be organized as long as national states live under the threat or possibility of war, for that possibility colors every economic program. Whether it is cheaper or more efficient to import food or rubber rather than grow the one on unsuitable soil or create the other by popular subsidies is a question that cannot be answered rationally at all, if there is a possibility of war. The terrible schisms between peoples and the ideological conflicts cannot be pacified as long as there is danger of war. For in view of that danger, ideas, too, become weapons, and back of all thought is the consideration of force. The American fear of communism is, in essence, a fear of the Red armies; the Soviet fear of capitalism is, in effect, fear of Anglo-American weapons—and of the quite

## *One World Forever*

**By Joseph Auslander**

**Is it too much to expect?**
**We must expect it.**
**Is it too big to erect?**
**We must erect it.**

**Mortar and brick and sod,**
**Strong for all weather,**
**Straight from the ground to God,**
**All men together.**

**Hands that had gripped the sword**
**Grasp God's endeavor:**
**Bless as we build, O Lord,**
**One world forever!**

Don't be a RUBBIT!



A Rubbit tries to clean scorchy, crusty pots and pans the HARD way —with a slimpsy dishrag. The silly slow-poke! She needs Brillo!

BRILLO shines 'em fast!



A spunky, metal-fiber Brillo pad whips off scorch and crust! Easy! Quick! Keeps pans silver-bright! Today—get Brillo Soap Pads in the red box; or Brillo Cleanser, separate pads and soap—in the green box.




Keeps aluminum brilliant

ANNOUNCING NEW, AMAZING HEX FOR MOTHPROOFING

Just one quick and easy spraying of Hex woolens keeps them safe from moths! Scientific tests prove that *moths absolutely will not harm fabrics treated with Hex.* Hex is sure . . . safe . . . odorless!

A Koppers product.




HEX PUTS THE HEX ON MOTHS

HANDY HELPER'S JINGLE QUIZ No 9

What comes in carton, roll or book? What gives your mail that "urgent" look? What's easy as a stamp to buy; What makes your note take off and fly?




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At Stationery Departments Everywhere


uncapitalistic atomic bomb, which, in the case of one-world sovereignty, would never again be manufactured. There are atomic bombs at this moment in the possession of the American Army, but nobody is afraid they will be dropped on Detroit to break a strike or a lockout. Our country is policed, not always wisely or justly, but it is not policed with bombing planes, simply because it is all under one sovereignty—not many.

The Big Three can never maintain lasting peace. Only a Big One can do that. And the Big One will eventually be created, by the inevitable development of the revolution of modern war, by conquest and domination—if not by co-operative agreement. It is, of course, entirely possible—quite coldly to be taken into calculation—that the Big One will be the last spot, people, and man, on a planet exploding itself out of the firmament. Then, if anywhere in the universe there is a graveyard for finished stars, the earth's obituary may be: It died because its inhabitants, being endowed with brains to penetrate the secrets of all matter, preferred to perish rather than use them any further.

## WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

(Continued from Page 22)

of the ego. Hence the grievous opposition of young and old: the old must transmit the moral code of the group, the young must attack it with an innovating, liberating passion in which the errors occasionally number less than the trials. The old provide stabilizing heredity, the young offer adaptive variation. The conflict is costly, everlasting and beneficent.

The school may also transmit the moral code, and seek to fashion character as well as to sharpen intellect; probably this is done better in Europe than in America, better in the formative than in the culminating epochs of a civilization.

Religion plays here a vital role: it warns the rampant ego of a surveillant unforgetting deity, and of eternal punishments; charms it with holy examples and the promise of endless rewards; and fortifies the unwelcome moral code by ascribing it to God Himself.

The compulsion of law generates habits of obedience, which may continue when compulsion ceases or is concealed; conscience is the deposit of a Mississippi of prohibitions. Meanwhile the heavy hand of custom clamps an order upon the soul; rebellion flares as ability seeks room and place, and subsides as place is found; the man of thirty accepts custom as the congealed wisdom of the group. Only twenty years knows more than twenty centuries.

Freedom is the goal and exoneration of order; without it order would have no meaning and no excuse. How does freedom come and grow?

It comes first from the soul itself, which is personality, and demands to be heard. Civilization, like every artifice, is an art that Nature makes; the human spirit creates it, and bears its hindrances, because the justification of law is the pruning of liberty to let liberty grow. Freedom in chaos is impossible; dictatorship dies when order is secure. Only the fear of disorder reconciles men to tyranny, for the natural hunger of man is for freedom.

Liberty profits from property, which gives an economic footing to personality. The consciousness that the land under our feet is our own, or that the skill of our hands is precious to our fellow men, enriches the blood and stiffens the backbone of personality, for it provides some bargaining power against external wills. Literacy promotes liberty, except where governmental propaganda makes the ability to read an impediment to the acquisition of truth. Education would make for freedom if it taught thinking; travel helps, if the traveler leaves his prejudices at home.

Civilization begins with order, grows with liberty, declines with license and dies with


HOW TO BECOME A HUMAN BEING . . . in one easy lesson!



**The trouble begins** when Old Debbil Alarm Clock rudely plucks you from the arms of (Miss) Morpheus. You stagger out of bed . . .



**. . . feeling like** something the cat dragged in.



**The trouble is,** you haven't had time to get waked up yet. You're not really all there . . .



**But you go bravely** ahead anyway. You shower, shave and get dressed, even though you do it more like a mechanical man than a human being . . .



**. . . and you head** for the breakfast table. Pull yourself together, brother. Just get a whiff of that welcome, familiar fragrance! Just dive into that simmering cup of magic known as . . .

**. . . you guessed it.** Coffee! Beautiful, fragrant, steaming, rich, mellow, invigorating coffee. You can *always* count on it . . . anywhere, any time . . . to chase away those mental gremlins, to make you feel yourself again. What a marvelous family you have! What a job you're going to do at the office today! What a wonderful, wonderful drink is coffee!

Coffee SETS YOU RIGHT!

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU
BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC EL SALVADOR GUATEMALA MEXICO VENEZUELA

The Friendly Drink from Good Neighbors
Have Another Cup!



chaos. The great ages of culture have been periods of liberty or license: Periclean Greece, late Republican and early Imperial Rome, Renaissance Italy and France, Elizabethan England. The best condition for a cultural flowering is a conjunction of wealth and freedom, varied trade and the unhindered movement of men and ideas.

Cultural activity is not the sole goal of order and freedom—these are justified as well by simple goodness or happiness; but we should hardly call a people civilized if it produced no fruits of art or the mind. Writing is a prerequisite of civilization; and some form of education is indispensable. Civilization is an accumulation and treasure house of customs, institutions, techniques, records, memories, morals, manners, ideas, letters and arts; from this rich store the individual draws mental nourishment as the child draws milk from its mother's bottle.

Education is the conveyance and absorption, in part or substance, of this social heritage. No lifetime, however sleeplessly assiduous, could absorb it all; no mind, however learned or profound, could fully understand it, or be fit to judge its wisdom. If education should cease for a century, civilization would disappear; our grandchildren would be letterless, skill-less, lawless savages.

Art is a fragment of the cultural fragment of this racial lore; and yet art alone has a hundred varieties and a thousand styles. Men and women sing and dance, and play instruments, in the exuberance of their blood; they adorn their bodies with ointments and pigments and colorful robes; they labor to give beautiful form to buildings, images and sounds. This strange esthetic fever in man is a restless creator of civilized forms.

Science is older than civilization. It begins with the arithmetic of trade, grows with the geometry of measuring land, mounts with the astronomy of calculating seasons and crops by sun and moon, and guiding navigation by the stars. Astrology helped astronomy, as alchemy helped chemistry; and what were these men and women of so many races, who forged peace with the atomic bomb, except alchemists transmuting elements, and harnessing the energy of transmutation?

In like manner magic helped the noblest science of all—medicine. From medicine came hospitals, public sanitation, anesthesia, and that lowered death rate which, by permitting a lower birth rate, frees the individual from repetitious absorption in parentage. Through medicine came botany, physiology, anatomy, embryology and a hundred other sciences. Biology is the last great science that a civilization develops, for only in maturity do we dare to see life without mythology.

Philosophy need not develop formally in every civilization; but presumably in every civilization, and probably in barbarism and savagery, there have been philosophers—men who, like Dostoievski's Mitya, wanted "not millions, but an answer to their questions"; men who saw life in large perspective, and found everything forgivable when understood. Out of fear of the strange and unknown came curiosity and the zeal to understand; the grasp of this curiosity grew until it touched the stars; and philosophy presented the noble and at the same time ridiculous spectacle of a part trying to comprehend the whole. We shall always fail, and always try.

### The Test of Civilization

If these are the constituents of civilization, we may roughly and diffidently measure a society's rank by the degree in which it displays and develops these elements.

Is it biologically orderly? Does the family function adequately as the life channel of the group? Is the birth rate neither so high as to enslave woman and spread poverty, nor so low or dysgenic as to endanger the man power or mind power of the state? Do parents care properly for their children, and children for their aging parents? Is the death rate low? Are there sufficient services of public health, sanitation and medical care? How clean are the cities, streets, homes, persons, food? . . . Taking the *major living* civilizations and judging them in *the total and average of their past one hundred years*, Germany seems to meet most successfully this biological test; Scandinavia next; then Britain, the United States and Japan. Laborious statistical investigation would be required to make this arbitrary judgment something more than a challenging suggestion.

Is the society politically orderly? Is it a government of laws, or of men? Are the laws consistent and humane? Do they widen liberty in limiting it? Do they protect life and earnings? Do they protect weakness from unjust strength, and racial and religious minorities from discrimination or intolerance? Does taxation discourage creative ambition, or confiscate legitimate property? Does monopoly control the state, or the state control monopoly? Are legislators, administrators and courts reasonably honest and competent? Does the government maintain national security without aggression upon other states? Does it explore to the utmost every alternative to war? . . . Here one would place Scandinavia first, Britain second, the United States third, France fourth, Germany last.

Is the society economically well ordered? Does it provide goods abundantly, transport them safely, distribute them widely, store them prudently, trade them to mutual advantage? Does it protect and stimulate invention, investment, co-operation, enterprise and thrift? Does it maintain a high standard of living among its people? . . . Surely the United States deserves first place under this head; and then, less assuredly, Germany, Scandinavia, Britain, France.

Is the society morally orderly? Do the family, the church and the school socialize the individual without suppressing initiative and personality? Does parental authority reasonably mingle discipline and love? What is the status of woman—of premarital relations—prostitution—marriage—divorce? How honest are commerce, religion and the press? Is wealth honored above intelligence, genius or saintliness? Are manners rude or refined? What grace and charm, solicitude and tenderness mark the conduct of women; what courage, courtesy and chivalry that of the men? How much is there of crime, corruption, cruelty; how much brutality in war? . . . Here judgment is especially difficult; one diffidently allows the first place to China, the next to Japan, then Scandinavia, Britain and the United States.

This ranking of China does not ignore her faults of prostitution, concubinage, corruption or cruelty; and the modest ranking of our own country implies no condemnation of the atomic bombs. These were "barbarous" weapons, but merciful; in this case they saved ten times more lives than they snuffed out, though their ultimate effect may be the suicide of civilization.

Is the society free? Does slavery exist, and in what scope and degree? Are persons and goods free to move about? Is the organization of capital, of management, of labor permitted? How wide is the franchise? Do habeas corpus and a jury system protect the accused individual? Is the civilian population subjected to domination by the military? Is there freedom of worship, assemblage, speech and press? Are all persons, of whatever origin, equally free to advance in education, business, industry, society and government? . . . Britain, *as distinct from her empire*, may rank first here; then the United States, Scandinavia, France and Germany.

Is the society culturally active? Has it a developed and flexible language, congenial to music and capable of philosophy? How widespread are literacy and the reading of good books? Does education transmit the heritage of civilization abundantly and to many; does it prepare people to think realistically, and to act with thoughtfulness and honor? What is the international standing of the nation's writers, composers, artists, scientists, philosophers? What is the quality of popular dress, amusements, arts? . . . Here France unquestionably takes the lead, followed by Germany, Britain, Russia and the United States.

If now, in reckless play, we allow each civilization five points for each first position, four for each second, three for each third, two for each fourth and one for each last, we find Britain (England, Wales and Scotland) emerging with nineteen points, Scandinavia (Denmark, Sweden and Norway) with eighteen, the United States with sixteen, Germany with fifteen, France with ten, China and Japan each with five, and Russia with two. China would have a higher rank if it were not so old; Soviet Russia if it were not so young. If we took the past four centuries into our judgment, France would be first, Germany second, Britain third. If we took the whole course of human history, China would head the roll.

### How Civilizations Die

Civilization is a doll's house built on a living volcano. Any number of conditions can injure it, some can destroy it. Earthquakes can set a culture back by a decade or a century, as in ancient Rhodes. The last ice age apparently wiped out the paleolithic culture in Europe north of the Alps; the next ice age could do as much if civilization can hold out that long. A serious change of temperature might turn our civilized temperate zones into torrid jungles of barbarism, or deserts of death. Excessive rain may choke human settlements with uncontrollable vegetation; diminished rainfall may parch the soil to a point where civilization must migrate or die. So, we are told, when Western Asia prayed unheard for rain, the starving Huns poured into fertile Russia, the Goths fled westward before them, crossed the Danube into the Roman Empire and, a generation later, besieged and devastated Rome. Civilization exists by geological consent, subject to change without notice.

Since all history is a fraction of biology, a civilization can survive only by meeting those conditions of competition and selection which govern every species, society, organism, institution and idea. The health of nations is more important than the wealth of nations. We do not know yet how deeply the malarial swamps of the neglected Campagna entered into the decadence of the Roman stock.

A civilization may will its own decay by allowing its birth rate to fall to a point where its population no longer suffices to meet the tests of war. A long peace, as in Imperial Rome, or habits of luxury, as under the Abbasside caliphs at Baghdad, can blight the martial or masculine qualities of character, and make a people break under the ultimate arbitrament of arms.

The soil itself may die. Its minerals or fuels may run short; it may be parched and eroded by reckless deforestation, or exhausted by improvident tillage. Enterprise may be throttled, or capital consumed, through confiscatory taxation and wasteful government. An excessive concentration of wealth may dangerously lower the purchasing power of the masses, and so paralyze production; poverty may weaken the physiological resources of a people; and revolution may fatally disrupt the continuity of economic life. A basic change in trade routes, or in the flow of precious metals, may leave a nation off the line of wealth and growth; so the Renaissance faded in Italy, and flowered in Spain, after Columbus discovered America and its gold; and Spain withered almost overnight after losing control of Atlantic trade.

Political failure may injure or destroy a nation or a civilization. The Near East flourished under the Greeks, the Romans, and the early Caliphate, because government maintained order, kept the irrigation canals open, patronized literature and financed great art; it almost relapsed into desert when Mongol and Turkish invaders replaced order with chaos, and let the canals clog up with drifting sand. Despotism retarded Czarist Russia; prolonged revolution and war have exhausted China; total defeat has crushed Germany for a century.

Moral disorder may endanger a society. Greed, pugnacity, cruelty, sexual passion lie like toxic fungi under the surface of civilization; let law and custom and deterring creed lose control for a decade, and civilization melts back into the chaos from which it came. The growth of wealth may cause a decline in religious belief, and the two may cooperate to loosen morality; epicureanism may then go to the point of debilitating excesses, as in Nero's Rome. The family may fail to maintain permanence in marriage, or discipline in adolescence, as in the United States between two world wars; we must note, however, that most civilizations have been polygamous, and most cultural zeniths have been notorious for immorality. The continued progress of means, and barbarism of ends, has brought European civilization close to disaster in our time; only the survival of a technologically uninjured America has saved the Old World from collapse.

Mental decay may dry up the spiritual sources of a civilization. Originality and initiative may be reduced by a stereotyped education. Superstition is everywhere, and keeps its ground under every change of creed; ignorance is an endless sea on which the frail bark of civilization rides storm after storm. Sciences rise and fall, philosophies are born and die; but superstition and ignorance abide with us forever, waiting in the amplitude of time to swallow man's proud and brief enlightenment.

### Statesmanship and Civilization

The highest statesmanship would be one that guarded by positive action against all these sources of decline. It would be not only political and economic, but also geological, biological, moral and educational, statesmanship. It could not hold back an ice floe or dissuade an earthquake; but it would, like the Pharaohs and Caliphs at their height, encourage and organize the basic irrigation and conservation of the soil; it would check erosion and deforestation, and would consider the mineral and fuel resources of the subsoil as public assets requiring public control.

It might combine military training with the work of irrigation and conservation, and could reasonably exact a year of such service from every youth. It would provide efficient public sanitation, free medical service and midday meals for all school children, and competent medical care—preventive and curative—for such classes of the population as cannot afford a private practitioner. It would encourage the birth rate by offering maternity endowments conditional on medical certificates of fitness for parentage; by allowing greater tax exemption per child; and by financing low-cost homes of a kind that would invite domestic life. Better homes are better than better roads. We spend too much in facilitating movement, too little in dignifying rest.

*(Continued on Page 107)*

## *Thanksgiving*

**BY JEHANNE DE MARE**

How can I sing of my joy?
How can I spend wind drift and laughter,
Sun flakes and fragrance and tears
Idly falling; and after
Sleep, and the safety of night
Met without pain:
How can I sing of my joy to live again?

I have been dead. I have known
The burden of earth on my breast.
I have been dead without wings, without rest.
Now I am whole, shall I sing in a reedy voice
What the stars and the tides cannot say
Though they rejoice?

# Around the Clock

with

## ELLA RAINES

## –her 24-hour beauty pal is Woodbury

## Complete Beauty Cream

**ELLA RAINES, LOVELY STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF UNCLE HARRY"**



**7 A.M.** **Bright and beautiful** in the early sun's glow, Ella arrives at the studio. Time out, Ella, for a quiz on your be-oo-tiful skin care. "Morning beauty starts early for a movie gal," says exquisite Ella, "but always, I take a moment for a *freshener*—with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. A swirl of this silken cream leaves skin dewy-dawn soft. I tissue off . . . and film on an extra jot for a smooth *powder base!* Make-up looks luscious and clings!"



**0 A.M.** **Movie plot thickens**—but Ella's "beauty plot" is simple. "For glamour every hour, never dab fresh powder over old. Cleanse with Woodbury—what a difference in eye-peal! Woodbury is my 24-hour beauty pal—its care is *complete!*"



**3 P.M.** **Sipping through a straw!** He's all eyes for that sparkling Raines complexion. Ella gladly gives! "Want ever-fresh glow? It's *around the clock* care with Woodbury—that *one* cream makes your complexion rate raves!"



**9 P.M.** **Dine-and-dance glamour at Ciro's.** Ella's off-set allure is bewitching. "Before going out—I put Woodbury Beauty Cream on thick *for cleansing*. Tissue off. Again, a fresh veil of cream—for my velvety powder base."



**11 P.M.** **Beauty Nightcap** with this same *Complete* Beauty Cream! Her face cleansed to little-girl freshness—a new film *softens skin overnight.* No dry flakiness for Ella! Come A.M., her skin will thank her—prettily! Why not Woodbury-Wonderful Skin for *you*, dear reader?




**'Round the clock,** Woodbury's exclusive ingredient, Stericin, is constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping to protect skin against blemish-causing germs. All Woodbury Creams contain Stericin.

### . . . if you have a special skin problem:

**Dry Skin.** Swirl on WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—for 15 minutes a day, or leave overnight. Its rich lanolin-benefits soothe flaky chap, soften dry skin lines to younger-looking beauty.

For a "glowy" make-up, pat on WOODBURY Creampuff POWDER BASE. Blends divinely with any powder shade. Dry skin looks *dewy!*

**Oily Skin.** Cleanse with WOODBURY Oily Skin CLEANSING CREAM. *Liquefying*, it melts—takes off surface oils, stubborn grime. Skin looks clearer.

For a velvet-bloom make-up, apply WOODBURY Vanishing FACIAL CREAM. Greaseless, vanishing, it discourages "shine" . . . keeps make-up fresh.

Jars are 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

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● Have you actually seen it? The new Mercury is new in style, ride, thrift! From imposing grille to rear bumper—a beauty . . . Step inside for more newness. Rich fabrics—faultlessly tailored. Smartly designed instrument panel. Colorful trim . . . Comfort? Room all around you. Wide, deep seats—and soft. . . . Improved springing for a smooth, level ride. Brakes are new, too. Extra-big, self-centering hydraulics. Quick-acting—and silent . . . Under the hood, there's a full 100 horsepower in the improved 90-degree V-8 engine. Definitely easy on gas and oil . . . Some new cars available now. Will be even more plentiful soon. See your Mercury dealer. He'll keep you posted!

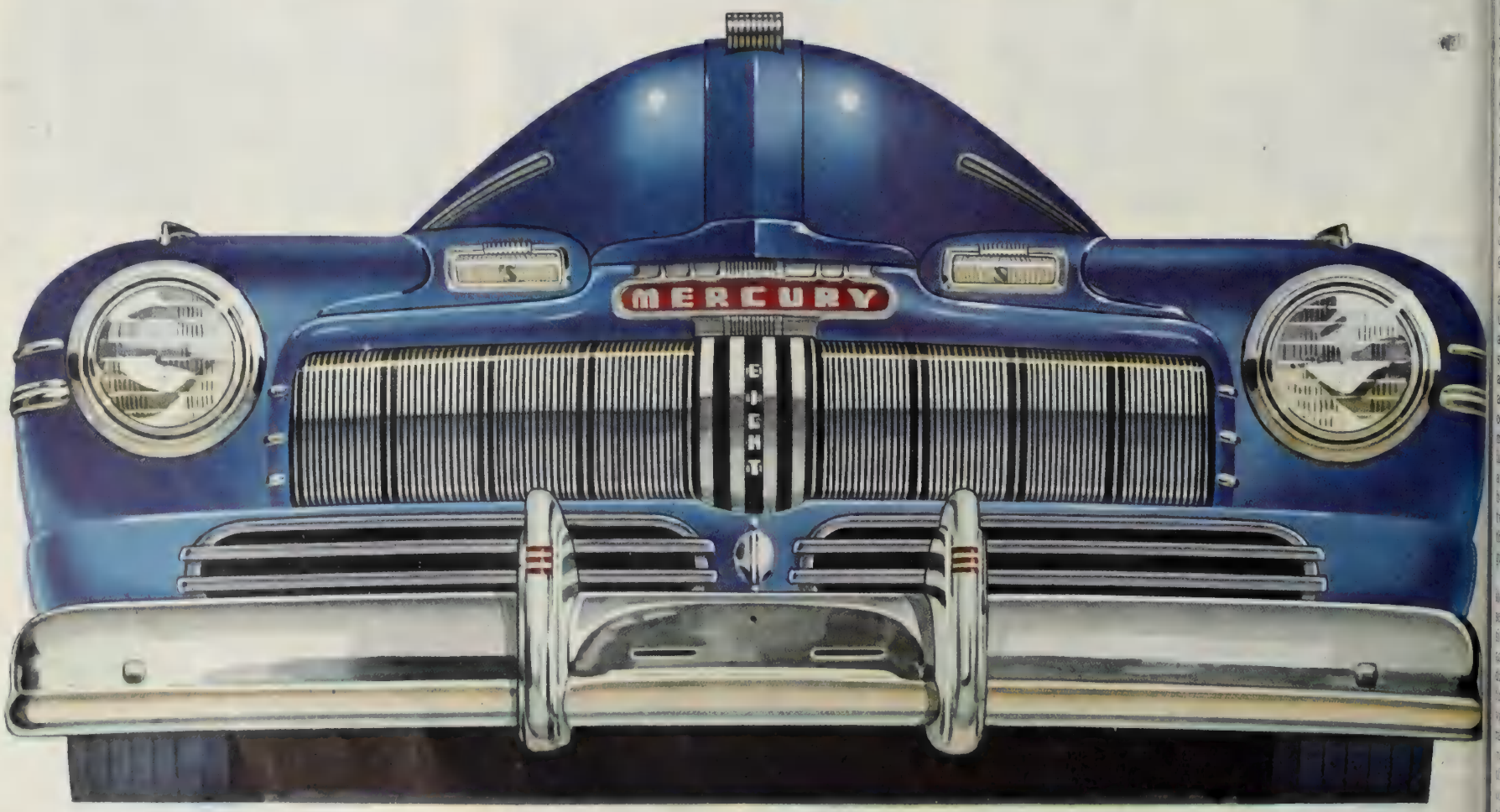


A DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Time to stop—
look and whistle!



STEP OUT WITH MERCURY




*Tune in* . . . THE FORD SHOW . . . *CBS, Tuesdays, 10-10:30 P.M., E.S.T.* THE FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR . . . *ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P.M., E.S.T*

(Continued from Page 104)

Economic statesmanship would encourage agriculture with low-interest loans to reduce mortgages and tenancy; with cheap electric power and irrigation through more undertakings like the Norris and Grand Coulee dams. It would ensure access to materials and capital to all legitimate enterprise. It would protect the right of management and labor to organize, and would develop trustworthy agencies of arbitration. It would check the fluctuations of the business cycle by high taxation in prosperity, and by low taxation and extended public works and services in depression. It would supervise foreign trade to balance exports with imports; it would aim to receive not gold but goods. It would not nationalize industry, but would exercise full rights of supervision in the public's name, and would encourage co-operatives to check the abuses of monopoly. It would extend social-security insurance to all desiring it. It would operate national laboratories to advance pure science, and to prepare for national defense.

Since the chief problem of government is to maintain its own efficiency and integrity, political statesmanship would begin at the source, and encourage universities to establish schools of government comparable with the best schools of medicine or law. It would set up a central Civil Academy to serve as a model and clearinghouse for such schools, and to train personnel for diplomacy and administration. It would invite each science, profession, industry and trade to elect representatives to a National Advisory Council, which would study the long-term problems of national life, and periodically submit its findings and recommendations to state and national legislatures. It would leave to local government all powers whose centralization is not compelled by the growth of interstate commerce or the imperatives of international relations. It would distrust any law that did not make for greater liberty. It would discourage racial discrimination and animosity, without suppressing freedom of speech or press.

**It is generally admitted that it is better to have loved your wife than never to have loved at all.**

—EDGAR SALTUS: The Pomps of Satan (Brentano's.)

A statesman cannot afford to be a moralist, as Augustus, greatest of all statesmen, found out. Moral statesmanship must be cautiously indirect. Men pride themselves on their vices, and some conceal their virtues until they are dead. Morality is unnatural, goes heavily against the grain; we put up with it because our neighbors need it. Nevertheless, despite what might be called the killing pace of our times, we need not be ashamed of our morality. We cannot be certain that earlier epochs were inferior to our own in sexual irregularity, dishonesty and crime; perhaps their records were negligently kept.

Half the sexual digressions of our age are due to the deferment of marriage by the urban-industrial lengthening of economic adolescence. The restoration of the dowry system would lower the age of marriage, and make for a healthier morality. It is a task for religion, education and public opinion rather than for law; but the state might help by those measures—already listed—which would make home life more attractive, and parentage less costly. Gifts by parents to their married children under twenty-eight years of age should come under the same rule of limited tax deductibility as gifts to education and charity.

Despite our healthy suspicion of centralized power, Federal support of education seems unavoidable in states whose soil or situation leaves them off the highway of national prosperity; there should be no great difficulty in arranging for the use of such funds by state boards under Federal supervision. Since ability may appear in any rank, and all talent should be developed, municipal and state scholarships should be offered in sufficient number to advance the competent children of the poor to higher education; and Federal scholarships might invite exceptional graduates to a National Institute for Advanced Studies working in harmony with a National Advisory Council. Education in racial appreciation and friendliness should be a part of every curriculum in every year.

Education might profitably make more use of motion pictures and radio broadcasts; and these should be encouraged to make more use of education. Perhaps as the Government undertakes low-cost housing where private capital finds no adequate reward, so the Government might, without interfering with private enterprise, maintain a broadcasting station and a film studio devoted to good music and living education. Meanwhile, educators must continue to improve their methods of enlivening their programs with drama, dialogue and debate; for outside of school no man can be educated against his will. The finger that turns the dial rules the air.

### The Prospects of Civilization

This is not a Utopian program; indeed, in all these fields western civilization has made substantial progress in our times. Good men and good women abound, all news to the contrary notwithstanding; and in this decade we have seen such heroism and statesmanship as may reconcile us to our bloody age. The white man's leadership was challenged; his decadence was asserted, he suspected it himself; suddenly, by leadership and strategy as excellent as any in history, he is again on the top of the world. Democracy was challenged; liberty was laughed at; great deeds, we were told, required mass obedience to supermen; but again the individualistic, law-resenting, government-denouncing, rollicking, profane Yankee has emerged with flying colors from the most gigantic struggle in history. Our industries have won the war by indefatigable invention, skillful labor and intelligent management; our youth, which not long since ate goldfish and phonograph records, has proved its discipline, courage, ability and stamina, and has all the while retained its genial humanity. This demonstration of American vitality, this resolute resurrection of Britain, must renew and strengthen democracy. Here and in Britain and in Russia—which fought the most unstinted fight of all—victory will surely stimulate literature and art, inspiring men and women with something of the spirit of Greece after Marathon, or Rome after Actium.

Will the association of science and war destroy our civilization? Possibly; all civilizations are mortal, and exhaustion by war is one of many ways in which they can die. But the wide dissemination of industrial technology, and the improved means of transmitting it from one generation to the next, render such a demise highly improbable in this century. The same ingenuity that designed new forms of attack will design new patterns of defense; and the same brilliance of mind and tenacity of will that found new means to destroy will, if asked, find statesmanship to preserve. We need not less science, but more; not less in war and industry, but more in government and the organization of peace. Let the Economic Council of the United Nations watch continuously, and seek to control at their source the conditions which make for war—the land hunger of countries suffering from overpopulation, the chemical hunger of industrial systems excluded from necessary fuels or materials, the commercial hunger of nations that "must export or die," the geographical hunger of nations seeking outlets on open seas.

What Rome accomplished for two centuries with the Pax Romana may be achieved in our time by an association of nations backed by the power of American industry. American civilization overflows with vigor and youth; for a long time it will hold the economic leadership of the world. We have only discovered our power. Can we find in ourselves the statesmanship to use it for the greater happiness of mankind? It is a high call to a magnificent destiny.


PROUDLY YOU'LL SAY

"It's a St. Marys Blanket"



Indeed it's a proud moment when friends admire the superb beauty and distinguished quality of your treasured St. Marys Blankets. Made of choice finespun wools . . . exquisite colors and bindings . . . skilled craftsmanship in every detail. Famed as the finest for three generations. Always look for the St. Marys label.

ST. MARYS BLANKETS . . . 100% WOOL

St. Marys Blankets
St. Marys, Ohio




For nearly a century the name OSTERMOOR has stood for the utmost in sleep comfort . . .

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

OSTERMOOR

America's Quality Mattress

"SINCE 1853"

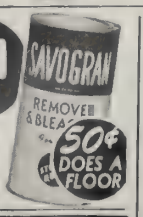
Ostermoor & Co. Bridgeport, Conn. . . Chicago, Ill.

SAVOGRAN REMOVER & BLEACHER

Renews Floors!

AT PAINT AND H'DWARE STORES WRITE FOR CIRCULAR K

THE SAVOGRAN CO., BOSTON 10, MASS.




Pre-laundered for immediate use. Extra large. Highly absorbent. Economical, too. Long lasting.

EXCELLO KITCHEN TOWELS

Laundry Fresh

THOMASTON Sheets

SINCE 1[illegible] THEY HAVE MET THE TEST OF TIME

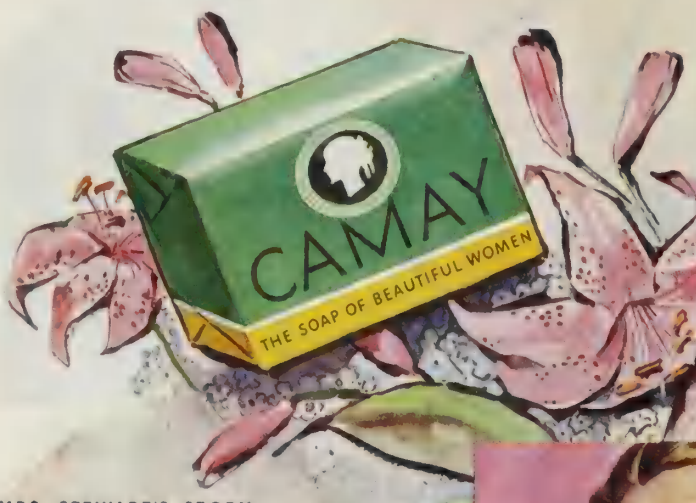
# *Just One Cake of Camay—*
# *Softer, Smoother Skin is yours!*






MRS. WILLIAM KIRK STEWART
the former Virginia Welch of Los Angeles, Cal.
Bridal portrait painted by Bolgard

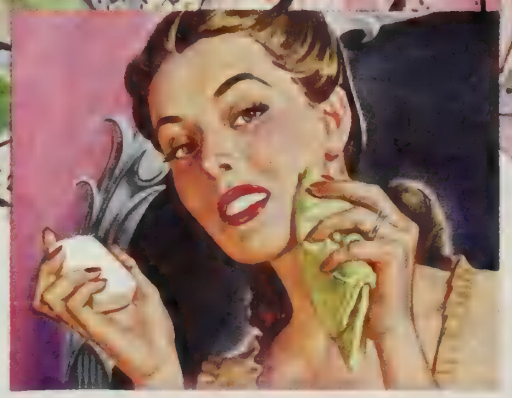
There's a promise of romance—in the softer glow, the fresher beauty that comes to your skin—with your *first* cake of Camay! Simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise—on scores and scores of complexions—under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had fresher, softer-looking skin.




MRS. STEWART'S STORY—



**"I tumbled—Bill fell, too,"** skiing at St. Adele, in the romantic Laurentian Mountains. Both devotees of outdoor sports, Ginny keeps the warm sun-glow in her skin radiantly fresh. "It's Camay for me—and has been, since my *first* cake brought out a real sparkle in my complexion."



**"If you want lovelier skin,"** advises Ginny, "go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, as I did." Yes—it's simple, take a minute night and morning to pat Camay over face, forehead, nose. See—*mild Camay cleanses without irritation!* Follow with a warm rinse—add a cold splash for oily skin. Doctors proved this *mild* care softens, smooths skin—with just *one cake* of Camay!



**Precious Moments** for collecting memories: While overseas, Bill treasured each remembrance of Ginny's fresh young loveliness—caressable complexion. "I wanted to be looking my best—when he returned," Ginny confides, "so I never neglected my Camay Mild-Soap Diet—not even for a day!"

*Cherish Camay—make each cake last. Precious materials go into soap.*

★

# Meet three Career Girls



"ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!"
CAFFIE, GRETCHEN AND JANIE FIND THAT NEW YORK
IS JUST A GROWN-UP TOWN WITH A HEART OF GOLD

**BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN**

JANIE McPHERSON, Catherine Barrow and Gretchen Chase grew up within two blocks of one another in St. Joseph, Missouri (pronounced Meh-zu'-ra), joined the same high-school sorority, sang through the same steak fries and hilarious hay rides together. All of them went away to college, and all of them came down with the career bug together—the high-fever, rapid-pulse New York variety. It was not hard to picture themselves in a Hollywood version of a career girl's apartment: frilly organdy at the windows, gleaming porcelain in the kitchen; flowers, telegrams and men arriving in a dizzy whirl; stimulating jobs in the most exciting city in the world.

The shock was all the more devastating, therefore, the day Caffie arrived last spring at the West 88th Street address where the two others had glowingly written they had finally found an apartment.

"You sure this is the right address, lady?" the cab driver asked her suspiciously, taking in her well-tailored gray tweed traveling costume, her expensive-looking luggage.

Caffie, a tall, full-blown beauty in a soft dark Southern way, glanced from the grimy old brownstone to the letter in her hand and nodded dubiously.

"You gonna *live here?* I warn ya, lady, ya gotta be careful in New York!"

"When I saw that apartment," admits Caffie in her hesitant drawl, "I just about collapsed."

"The kitchen was kind of built into the bathroom," Janie explains brightly. Meaning an old-fashioned bathroom with curtains and wall-

**Women filled one third of U. S. home-front jobs during the war; average hourly rates of pay are 20 to 50 per cent lower for women than for men, according to Women's Bureau.**



**7 A. M.** *Caffie gets first in the bathroom this time. Usually she's hardest to wake, last to be ready. Gretchen's the alarm clock! "Who's used my towel?" Janie howls.*



**BREAKFAST** *Coffee's a scramble—every gal on her own. The house "kitty" gets $15 a month from each, which pays for laundry, a fast breakfast, a cheap but well-cooked dinner—"usually stew or chile."*



**MINUTE TO GO** *"We haven't stopped runnin since we left St. Joe!" Jani has only 30 blocks to go, usually leaves later. Gretch an Caffie speed 25 minutes underground to Wall Stree*

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



board, the kitchen half consisting of a tiny stove with an icebox underneath and an enormous slimy-looking green marble sink. "That's where we washed our teeth, our carrots and our stockings," giggles Janie with the shining brown hair worn in a smooth page-boy, the brown eyes that slant childishly at the corners of her elfin face.

There wasn't any table large enough for dining, so they ate standing up in the kitchen-bathroom, sharing (at first) one knife and one fork. Their living-bedroom, papered in tones of Mississippi-mud and enlivened with a picture of Henry the Eighth voraciously tearing into a turkey wing, had a double bed (very hard) and a cot (even harder). The bed was supposed to double as a couch by day, but if you leaned back against Henry VIII, your feet stuck most uncomfortably straight out in front of you.

"All you could do was kind of lie on it," explains Gretchen with the beautifully husky voice.

More pressing than the cockroach problem, the smells of musty halls and stale cabbage, the clarion-voiced neighbors and their radios, was the rent: $83 a month.

Caffie was the only one who arrived with a job. An apologetic Phi Bete, who never bought a gold key because she didn't know where she could safely hide it, Caffie was approached by a Guaranty Trust talent scout on the Duke campus and offered a job in their big downtown Broadway office. As a tax-analyst trainee, she was offered $161 a month and she took it, mainly to get to New York. Unhappily, she has since decided that the joys of independence are in direct proportion to the independent woman's income—at least in New York—and that where you live, where you play, how many "interesting people" you meet depend primarily on whom you know.

"Gee," sighs Caffie, "you pass such attractive men on the street all day, cute lieutenants and all. But how do you meet them?"

When she and Gretchen offered their services as hostesses at the Hotel Commodore's Officers' Club, they were informed rather testily there was a waiting list of 3000!

Janie, on the other hand, has met lots of men—the young, unattached, rare variety—in the advertising office where she works. She has dates galore, for lunch, for dinner at the Stork and dancing at the Roosevelt. Ebullient Janie is enraptured with New York.

This twenty-two-year-old ball of fire came to crash big-time advertising faced with hurdles which make her knees shake now. She had very little money; her railroad fare from home and first week's hotel bill practically finished the $200 she had saved as ad writer for the St. Joseph News-Press and Gazette ($17 a week). And there was nothing forthcoming from a determined parent back home but a return railroad ticket when she admitted defeat. Janie went around to all the agencies and confidently trotted out her college record: song leader at National Park College, Washington, D. C., and business manager of the yearbook at the University of Missouri School of Journalism, where she finished her schooling. She exhibited a pocketbookful of ads she had written for the home-town news sheets, a vast amount of dogged Scotch persistence and, last but not least, her own most attractive looks. There's just something about that wide, white *gamine* smile, those Paulette Goddard eyes.

"She's the kind of girl," one businessman summed her up nostalgically, "that in a roomful of girls at a college prom, every boy wants to dance with."

Janie's break came when an advertising friend of a friend in St. Joe gave her some complimentary ten-dollar-a-plate dinner tickets to deliver to the personnel director at Young and Rubicam, one of New York's biggest advertising firms. Told to leave them at the front desk, as the personnel director was busy, Janie shrewdly refused to give them up without an interview. During the interview she learned that no copy writers were needed, but that there was a secretarial position open with a vice-president, Charles Whittier.

"I wasn't at all interested in being a secretary, and acted very snooty, but consented to see the vice-president," says Janie.

She left with the notion the job was hers if she gave the nod, and learning afterward that Mr. Whittier was one of the top ad men in the country, she decided to snap it up. So she sat down and wrote complacent little notes to all the agencies where she had been interviewed, saying she was no longer interested in jobs with them, since she was starting with Young and Rubicam.

The next day, bouncing into Mr. Whittier's outer office, she was considerably startled to find the room crammed with young women applying for the job—what's more, being interviewed for

*"First time we moved—from the Sheraton to the Y.W.C.A. around the corner—the doorman and bellboy helped." This time, the sixth move in six months, the muscle men are young executives from Janie's old job at Young and Rubicam.*



**)PY WRITER** *Janie's mother was New York career girl in last war. In y agency, Janie makes $280 month, wants advertising full-time career. "She's smart," says Artist Janson.*



**PERSONNEL** *Gretchen interviews 40 people a day for American Express, makes $177 month plus bonus—"but a career for life? NO. I want to do a cracking good job of raising a family!"*



**FINANCE** *Caffie, a math minor at Duke University, was discovered by a talent scout from Guaranty Trust, makes $161 month as tax trainee. She says, "New Yorkers are in a rut!"*

*"What's the budget?" the girls ask their men. Usually it's for peanuts, but this time it's Café Society Downtown.*



*Supper dates are touchy affairs when a rising young career girl makes more money than her man does. Janie avoids a crisis by asking the man to bring home the bacon. She cooks it herself—but beautifully!*



*"New York means a little black dress and an interesting man—socially." On the Swarthmore campus, Gretch Chase was famous for her men and for her brains, in New York has not found it easy to meet interesting men.*

*"Caffie's got the Southern approach to men," Janie says. The handsome profile belongs to Lt. Bob Hillyard, "a boy from home." She's a Phi Bete, but tries to keep it secret.*

## HOW THE CAREER GIRLS SPEND THEIR MONEY

| | JANIE | GRETCHEN | CAFFIE |
|---|---|---|---|
| Food | $ 425 | $ 350 | $ 260 |
| Clothes | 400 | 250 | 250 |
| Rent | 500 | 500 | 500 |
| Utilities and telephone | 60 | 60 | 60 |
| Doctors and dentists | 25 | 25 | 25 |
| Recreation | 120 | 120 | 125 |
| Church and charities | 25 | 25 | 25 |
| Newspapers, magazines | 25 | 15 | 9 |
| Savings | 700 | .. | .. |
| Carfare | 60 | 60 | 60 |
| Laundry and cleaning | 60 | 72 | 65 |
| Gifts | 100 | 100 | 100 |
| Taxes | 636 | 365 | 318 |
| Misc. | 144 | 32 | 35 |
| Travel | 100 | 150 | 100 |
| | $3380 | $2124 | $1932 |

it. Janie was suddenly and painfully aware of the loose change in her pocket, all that remained of the original $200, her complete lack of shorthand, her peck-and-hunt typing. When her turn came to see Mr. Whittier, all hauteur toward secretarial jobs had vanished and she was a desperately scared young woman. Fortunately, that gentleman remarked, with astonishing softheartedness, "Anyone who would do such a dumb thing deserves to be hired by me." And cheerfully bought a Dictaphone.

On lunch hours, Janie continued to make the rounds of the other advertising agencies. Then, last September—fairy-tale endings do sometimes happen in New York—she was hired by William Esty and Company as a full-fledged copy writer at $65 a week.

"Dad sure hit the roof when I decided to go to New York; said an inexperienced kid like me didn't have a prayer in national advertising. Now he's strutting all over St. Joe," laughs Janie, "taking all the credit."

Gretchen Chase spent six strenuous months persuading her family to let her go to New York, where she established some sort of record in landing her present job in one week. She used a personal acquaintance at American Express to inform that company that they were terribly antiquated in not having a personnel department, and how about hiring her? It so happened that American Express, which is now staffing some fifty-nine foreign offices and hundreds of travel bureaus throughout the U. S. in expectation of a wild travel boom, was actually drawing up such a department. She was hired as assistant to the personnel director, at $177 a month.

Gretchen, a rare combination of highly efficient get-up-and-go, an arresting, heart-shaped face and a lot of soul, learned her psychology at Swarthmore, where she whizzed through in three years. She informed the dean there that she chose this Quaker college because her parents once had a flat tire in the village and admired the *(Continued on Page 142)*



PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI





# *Life begins at .....*

LIFE, OF COURSE, doesn't wait to begin. Even at four years old, your children are building the failures or successes they may have at forty.

*Your* care . . . your wisdom . . . *the way you feed your children* day by day means so much now, while they're growing. They need *all* the right foods, *every* day. They need plenty of food energy to help them grow strong and sturdy.

***Nucoa for food energy and Vitamin A***

With your children—all Uncle Sam's children—in mind, Nucoa is made with extreme attention to nourishing quality as well as fine flavor. The first margarine whose chief ingredients—pure vegetable oils and fresh pasteurized, cultured skim milk—came entirely from American farms, Nucoa was the first to add Vitamin A. And now Nucoa is the first margarine to give you so *much* Vitamin A—*15,000 U.S.P. units in each pound*, guaranteed winter and summer.

*Two ounces of Nucoa* (about three generous table servings) *supply 62% of a child's, and 47% of an adult's, minimum daily requirement of Vitamin A!*

Children love plenty of spread on their bread. And they should! Don't skimp them. Nucoa supplies as much food energy as the most expensive spread for bread—at such low cost! And there's no "storage" Nucoa. Freshly made the year round, Nucoa always tastes sweet and fresh—so good on bread, vegetables, or baked potato, it really and truly "melts in your mouth."

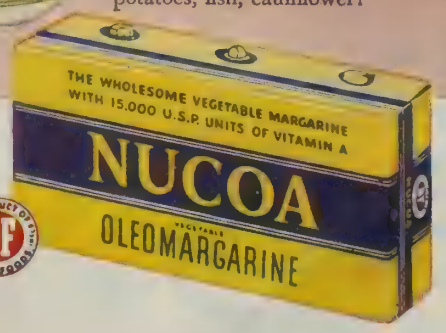


## Appetizing Tricks with Nucoa




***Nutritious:*** Nucoa comes to you pure white. It has its full, nourishing value of food energy and Vitamin A in this form. But you may easily tint it for table use, if you like, by first softening it and then creaming into it the contents of the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package.

***Chef Touch:*** Before chilling Nucoa tinted as above, remove a small quantity and mix in chopped parsley or chives—ready for smart seasoning of potatoes, fish, cauliflower!




*Nutritious* **NUCOA**

# GIRL MEETS JOB



*Jane's "terrific" sleeveless black dress by Mollie Parnis; slim, swathed hipline.*

*Newest headband for bangs: black lace on black velvet ribbon, with bows.*

*Suit skirt with a rayon-crepe blouse and sleeveless sweater—perfect for office.*

*Black suède pouch can be looped over belt with suit; carried separately with dress.*

*The high round neckline of Jane's black dress is perfect for Arpad's collar necklace.*



**BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**

JANE McPHERSON met an unusually good one. One of her biggest thrills was the chance to buy clothes with her own money. The natural impulse was to splurge—she admits to three suits the first six months. Now she has a budget, plans to spend around $400 a year, about 12 per cent of her salary. (Percentages vary with incomes and according to personal obligations and types of jobs. Jane's is not high for $3380 a year.) Her two most vital costumes are: a black suit, $55, which she changes with blouses, sweaters and scarfs for the office, with hats and jewelry for "meet me at 5:15" dates; a "terrific" black dress, $39.50, with endless accessory possibilities. We show five ways she wears her suit, three changes on the dress.

*A new way to wear a pretty jeweled plaque: on the draped hipline.*

*"Meet me at 5:15" . . . All Jane needs is a velvet flower bandeau with suit.*



*Soft bright scarf to tie in a bow changes the daytime look of her black office suit.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL  SKETCHES BY LEE LUNZER



*Hat with coin-sized sequins, another change for her business suit.*



*NINE TO FIVE: Jane's business suit is black, with jeweled buttons; business beret.*



*Beautiful Hair*

# BRECK

eautiful Hair is dependent on a number of hings. The friendly, eager desire of your Beauician to help you with your hair and scalp roblems is very important. Add to this, egular care of the hair with good preparations nd you will have a formula for Beautiful Hair.

The Breck Preparations — Shampoos, Hair Lotions, Hair Creams and Specialty Preparations used in the Breck Method Hair and Scalp Treatments are also available in retail sizes. Breck Preparations kept in the home make it easy for you to care for your hair regularly.

Breck Method Hair and Scalp Treatments will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair, leaving it soft and lustrous in appearance. Enjoy the restful relaxation of a Breck Method Hair and Scalp Treatment the next time you visit your Beauty Shop.

*Breck Preparations are available in Beauty Shops, Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada*

OHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS
ANADIAN ADDRESS · 47 CLARENCE STREET · OTTAWA

# WHEN SHE CAN *and* WHEN SHE CAN'T





*Caffie's interested look is entirely for the scenery, in spite of hopeful male glances cast her way. She has a sound rule against all would-be street-corner acquaintances.*

## Pick Him Up

**By Louise Paine Benjamin**

Beauty Editor of the Journal

NO subject is more fascinating to a girl of marriageable age than man. Why not? Since it's love that makes the world go round, it would be a dull girl who refused to do her bit toward keeping the globe (and herself) spinning! This global motor, like any other, requires occasional expert tinkering. A smart girl who wants a smoothly turning love life informs herself, by observation and inquiry, as to successful procedure. The meeting and management of men is a subject of unlimited possibilities. We have garnered opinions from a wide assortment of girls known for the success of their dating, beginning with the three lively lovelies shown on these pages and extending to dozens of others. In particular, we have questioned girls who are on their own, away from the home-town environment of old friends and familiar young-crowd activities, and who have had to fend for themselves.

How *does* a girl go about the business of meeting a nice young man when she isn't in a situation where introductions to the opposite sex can be easily and conventionally arranged? Is a pickup ever justified?

Somewhere between the pert sixteen-year-old who responds to street-corner whistles and the stuffy matron who chills her dining-car vis-à-vis when he asks for the salt, we need a middle ground where men and women and boys and girls can meet and get acquainted without formal introductions, and without stigma. Until this very real problem finds a better solution, healthy well-balanced girls of today are making their own rules. Some of this current procedure would have scandalized grandma and Aunt Prue. There is still, however, a foundation of hard common sense underneath the innovations. In the next columns is a summary of the present-day thinking on the foundation step in romance: *meeting a nice man.*

### AFTER MEETING—WHAT THEN?

***Making conversation*** isn't a problem with most American girls. News, sports and current entertainment events can always be used to try out the ground until more personal interests are discovered. In the home, the plush photograph album of yesteryear has given way to albums of the latest James and Cugat recordings, as a means of diversion. American girls, who began in kindergarten discussing interior decorating for dollhouses, and equal rights for women in the sand box, find exchange of thought easy and stimulating.

***Parlor Tricks*** don't do so much for the modern young woman as kitchen talent, according to her own statement. The girl who can rustle up a hot tempting supper need fear no competition from her sister with the pretty voice, although there is still great enthusiasm for crowd singing around the piano. Away from the rush of the office and far from her own family, a girl *(Continued on Page 122)*

## HERE ARE THE ANSWERS IF YOU'RE A STRANGER IN THE CITY

### *Is a Pickup Always a Mistake?*

The whistle-and-wink variety on a street corne*Yes.* The quick acquaintance on a mutual friend mutual interest basis at a vacation resort, on a skating rink, in business—anywhere that men and wome might meet on a casual, equal basis: *not necessarily* What is a pickup, anyway? "A chance acquaintance," says Webster. And if Webster could for sake the formal phrase, he might add that such "chance acquaintance" may spring from a mutu healthy attraction that wants to say more than brisk "hello." Since the most delightful experience are often accidental, who wants to be deprived friendship simply on the grounds of unconventionality! In this matter, as in most, it is still *what* yo do, rather than *how*, *when* and *where*.

Briefly, the theory of the well-balanced moder girl about casual meetings seems to be this:

★ ***Permissible acquaintances may start spontaneously:*** when you are lodged under the same roof, particularly with a somewhat restricted group, as at vacation hotel or camp, a ship or cruise boat. Trai are not entirely off bounds, but require greater discretion because of the transitory nature of mo trips, though most girls can easily distinguish between the club-car Casanova and the travel-wea gentleman who merely wishes to pass the time day. *Safe rule about train conversation:* unless y have discovered mutual acquaintances, better call quits and carry your own bags when you get to yo station.

★ ***Sports backgrounds*** give a wholesome implicatio to casual meetings, since a good tennis game c make as strong a bid for friendship as a good han shake. Badminton courts, ski slides, skating rin and golf courses carry an aura of health and go sportsmanship. Often there is a professional, or cl manager, who can arrange introductions. Swi ming pools are less desirable, and public beaches a amusement parks are *out*.



"Guess what! My boss has just given me two tickets for the ice show!" That's a legitimate excuse for calling a man friend, as nice girls like Gretchen all agree.

## Call Him Up



"How would you like to top off the evening with milk and cookies?" Jane is noted for hospitality, but also for good judgment. Likes to share dates with pretty roommates.

PHOTOS BY MUNKAC

## Ask Him Up



***Classrooms*** serve as a respectable introduction. The young man who is a fellow student in journalism, Spanish, art appreciation or current events is presumably as ambitious and discriminating as you are yourself! (And if it's a night class, he's probably attending for the same reasons you are!)

***Not permissible:*** any street meeting. Better avoid restaurant acquaintances, too; as any girl accepting friendly overtures in an eating place invites the suspicion that she is willing to exchange a bright smile for her dinner check. Anything that could be interpreted as "gold digging" is *out*. A girl would have only herself to blame if a young man misunderstood her friendliness when they were standing in line to buy entertainment tickets.

***Case Histories:*** 1. Two girls and two servicemen arrived simultaneously at a church door on V-J Day. "May we go in with you?" asked the boys. Realizing these two men shared a deep feeling about the religious significance of this day, the girls agreed and it proved to be the beginning of a pleasant friendship.

2. Stalled in a freezing-cold trolley car during a snowstorm, a blue-nosed passenger finally said to his pretty neighbor, "Cold, isn't it?" She agreed, and a conversational thaw set in that led to the discovery of mutual acquaintances and a later friendship.

3. On a long train ride a college student asked the girl with whom he shared a double seat if she would care to look at some of his magazines. She, in turn, asked him to share her package of sandwiches to avoid a crowded dining car. When the magazines and sandwiches gave out, the conversation began. Common interest in good reading, and eventually in each other, resulted in a permanent friendship.

### How Do Girls Meet Their Men?

Most girls arriving in a new town, and not already equipped with evening entertainment in the form of home-town friends or old schoolmates, meet companionable males through *blind dates*.

A girl who doesn't want to sit alone twiddling her thumbs, listening to dance music and reading old letters from home, does well to cultivate popular members of her own sex, especially the kind of girl likely to have escorts who would want to "bring along a friend."

Young married couples (since most such couples have a dreamy-eyed penchant for wanting others to be as happy as they are!) can also be a special asset to the lonely girl, if the husband feels inclined to round up his unattached pals.

Before moving to a new town, most girls do a little long-range planning by collecting names and notes of introduction, or even phone numbers of eligible males, friends of friends or relatives back home. Sharing even one mutual friend can bridge the gap of a lonely evening, and one good evening usually leads to another.

★ ***How about business associates?*** Offices do not so often abound in personable bachelors and datable bosses' sons as fiction would indicate. The girl who hopes to find a bright young man of her dreams in the commercial world should attach herself to a business which favors ambitious youth. Airlines, radio, television, chemical and electrical companies making new products are looking forward to boom times in the world of tomorrow and are absorbing a lot of fresh young blood. But since most girls select a job *first* and consider the men in the field *afterward*, the question is still unanswered.

★ ***How about arranging a meeting in a big organization?*** Feminine ingenuity ought to be equal to this, but since modern girls are loath to go about the office dropping small lace handkerchiefs or fainting into the arms of the chief filing clerk—it isn't. If you can't possibly enlist the help of a kindly associate (that's the girl with the friend with the friend, you know), or discover a mutual friend, or make use of an employee club or group, there is at least one time-honored gambit: ask for information. An intelligent question is always flattering to an intelligent man. "Would you like to stop over this evening—I'm having a few friends in?" or "Let's play tennis Saturday afternoon—don't you think this weather's too wonderful to waste?" may be *very intelligent questions*.

★ ***After hours, you can widen your social circle*** by going in for sports or joining classes. Good for figure and personality too! But take up only things you really like. As a clumsy ice skater, you will hardly become the belle of the rink, but you may find a friend who admires you for trying! If you are bored by social science but think a course in it would bring you into touch with clever lads, keep in mind that their genuine enthusiasm for a subject out of your field might bore you as much as the class itself. But since any alert young man has a variety of interests to make good after-class conversation, it's worth trying.

In some communities there are active young people's groups, connected with church or "Y." These are always worth investigating, especially if they concern themselves with such lively interests as hiking, bicycling, photography or archery, which attract an enthusiastic crowd.

★ ***Volunteer workers*** are still being used by service organizations. The much publicized hostess jobs may be overcrowded, but try for something less glamorous. You'll meet other good sports, of both sexes. But do consider the work first and the friendships second. Soldiers and civilians alike shy away from the eager-beaver type of girl who tries to buy a lifetime attachment with one plate of ham sandwiches.

★ ***Take your vacation*** in a place that has a director of social activities or sports. Here's where that tennis you've been practicing on indoor courts comes into its own. How is your dancing? Better brush up with a few lessons in the latest steps. Do you play bridge, gin rummy or backgammon? A good fourth at bridge is often in demand, and don't scorn playing with older people. They have sons, nephews and younger brothers. A girl with charming manners is nice to pass along!


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# Free to get ready!

PHOTOS BY STUART

*The daylight beauty bar, made to fit beneath the bedroom windows, helps their three-part harmony by keeping make-up out of the bathroom.*

**These career girls are smart enough to realize that especially when one's foot is on the first rung of the ladder, the shoe it wears must be shining, the stocking seams straight and trim. That smooth-as-cream look, more to be desired nowadays than pretty-pretty, can be achieved by any girl who gets an iron, a mending basket, a bevy of good brushes and plenty of soap 'n' water on her side!**

**BY JUDY BARRY**

IF they were going to be cast off on a desert island, Janie and Caffie would probably shout as they leaped, "Hey, Gretch, make sure we have the iron!" Pressing the dress or suit of the day is as automatic with each of them as brushing their teeth in the morning, for, with the possible exception of her lipstick, they consider her iron a girl's best accessory to looking smartly groomed.

Partly because they're naturally fastidious, of course, partly because they realize that the way they look is important in their ladder climbing, Janie, Caffie and Gretchen are stern with themselves about getting up in the morning and allowing time to do a good all-day job of grooming. Not that they like obeying the alarm any better than the next one, but it didn't take them long to discover that leaving the house in the morning looking "all of a piece" is the best way to save time, face and temper all day.

Fortunately, they go off to work at different times, which allows for a "stagger system" of bath, breakfast and turn at the ironing board. One of the most blissful things about their new apartment, to them, is having a closet apiece, to say nothing of a bathroom approachable from the hall! Their last one opened from the bedroom—alas for the girl who slipped off to bed early in hopes of catching a bit of extra beauty sleep!

Now the morning traffic jam in the bathroom—one of the things which make living alone seem to take on great charm, about eight A.M., to those who don't—has been unsnarled a great deal by their brand-new beauty bar, for it keeps making-up activities out of the bathroom. Dreamed up by a carpenter with imagination, the bar fits beneath their bedroom windows, has daylight to help them do an artistic job of make-up, three private and personal drawers, and three little stools that slide beneath it. In addition to speeding up the morning getaway, as Janie says, "Isn't it adorable?"

"We have such good resolutions," they sigh earnestly in chorus. "Now that we have it, and such wonderful closets 'n' everything, we intend to be as perfect as the Duchess of Windsor!"

*(Continued on Page 144)*

*"Home at last," Caffie puts her office suit-skirt to rest on a grip-top hanger.*



*Gretchen says, "Bureau drawers, like Gaul, should be divided."*





*Lined up for the morning "press conference" while Janie gloats over their new steam iron.*

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*When the clock says six—Caffie, Janie and Gretchen meet in the kitchen for food and fun. Their specialty: chile and a "tossy" salad.*

# Career Girls Can Cook

## BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

CAREER gals who have apartments have kitchens. Not only that, they use them with know-how. A trio like Gretchen, Caffie and Janie are in luck. Six hands are better than two—collaboration pays off. They like to eat—they like to cook. If one has a date with a marine, the other two make a date with the stove. They switch about on the chefing!

For them a meal must be more than a sandwich, but it must be easy and must of necessity be on the budgety side. Out on a date, their choice might be frogs' legs *Provençale*, but at home they lean to tricks with hamburger, a pot roast that stretches and generously seasoned stews.

Like thousands of their sisters, they are getting on to the frozen-food delicacies that make meal getting easier and easier. They are learning, too, about mixes and the "just add water" kind of cooking. For nights when there's nary a minute for skillet skill before a theater date, they patronize the "kitchens"—establishments which in answer to a phone call deliver a complete hot dinner, à la basket. There are many ways to make quick work of getting a meal—but cooking for fun can't always be streamlined. Don't have all your meals "rapid transit."

★

HOW AMERICA LIVES

★

*Dinner in 1-2-3! Gretch is dessert gal.*



*Janie pops tonight's salad dessert into refrigerator before taking off for the office.*



***A meat trick to brag about.*** A quick trick with meat is a feather in anyone's cap. And the angle must be flaunty if the girls are really going to take it over for their own. This one rates their "brag list." It's quick, not costly, has a chefy touch, and as Janie says, "it has a zingy flavor."

**BROILED MEAT LOAF**

**Mix 1 pound hamburger with ¼ cup prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2 tablespoons bread crumbs, ¼ cup milk, ¼ cup chopped onions, 1 egg, beaten. Mix very thoroughly; shape into one large patty in piepan. Lay bacon strips over the top. Broil fifteen minutes. Serves 4. If you have more time the night before than you expect to have the night you serve this, mix, shape and have it all ready in the piepan. Cover and put in the refrigerator. We know it works. We tried it—the night-before business, I mean.**

***Dinner while you wait.*** Quick meat dishes are fine when you are right on hand to tend to them—but on Saturdays and Sundays a meal in the oven is worth two under the broiler. If you're "at home," it's cozy to curl up with a book and listen to your favorite records while dinner cooks. Then, too, if your date's coming to dinner, you want the kind of meal that will cook without watching. Impress him, you know.

**BAKED DILL PORK CHOPS**

**Season 4 pork chops with salt and pepper. Roll in flour. Brown in just enough shortening to keep them from burning. Transfer to a small roaster or casserole. Add 2 onions, chopped, and 2 dill pickles, chopped. Add 1½ cups water and 2 tablespoons pickle juice to the pan in which you browned the chops. Heat up to loosen the pan drippings. Pour over the chops. Put on the lid and bake one hour in moderate oven, 350° F. Serves 4.**

MEMO TO GRETCHEN: Put some potatoes in to bake along with the chops. Frozen applesauce—almost but not quite thawed—is wonderful with this. Your date can help toss up the salad.

***Advance notice.*** Last to turn the key in the lock in the morning, Janie sometimes gives dinner a starter before she leaves for her job. At night, then, the while, or whatever their supreme concentration for the evening may be, can demand full attention. If you're not in Janie's shoes and your morning hour is one mad rush, this model can be made the evening before.

**GREEN-GRAPE DESSERT SALAD**

**To 1 package lemon or lime flavored gelatin add 1 cup hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add 1 cup cold water. Pour into freezing tray and let stand in freezing compartment five to eight minutes. It won't freeze in this time. The idea is to give it a quick chill to the "thick and sirupy stage." Cut 1 package cream cheese into 6 squares. Put a cube in the bottom of each of 6 individual molds. Wash and stem 1 pound seedless grapes. Mix grapes with the thickening gelatin. Pour over the cheese. Chill until set. Takes fifteen minutes to prepare. Serves 6. If you haven't enough molds, make the salad in a square pan, spacing the cheese squares. Cut as needed.**

***An evening at home.*** There comes a night or two in every week when all three of an apartment trio are home at once. These may be nights off for writing letters, washing hose, putting up your hair or just generally catching up on household and mending chores. The St. Joe girls use some of these evenings to cook up something for the next night's meal—particularly if they expect company one night hence. Gretchen is most apt to officiate if their evening's accomplishment is to be a dessert—and this is one of those "overnight stands" that she particularly likes to coddle. She has many desserts up her sleeve that use "chocolate bits"—and here's one that is goopy and good. The boys will like it, too, or I miss my guess.

**LAZY CAKE**

**Melt 1 package (7 oz.) chocolate bits over hot water. Beat 3 egg yolks until quite thick. Add ⅓ cup sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 3 tablespoons coffee. (Save some from breakfast for this.) Combine with the melted bits and cook fifteen minutes in double boiler over hot water. Keep flame low—keep stirring. While this does take fifteen minutes of your**

*(Continued on Page 131)*

*Janie takes over on the salad.*



*Caffie attends to the range.*






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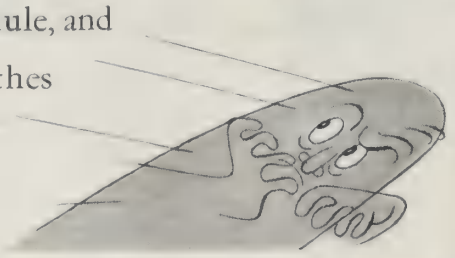



"They *almost* weaned me!"

"I've been on a queer diet the last year or two... sometimes I wondered if I'd *ever* see any more Fels-Naptha Soap.

But a fellow who's always had the best doesn't give up easy. And now that I'm getting my Fels-Naptha, the laundry work in this house is strictly pre-war.

I do a family-size wash without a quiver, finish the job on schedule, and believe me—those clothes are really *white* again!"



**Fels-Naptha Soap**

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"


## WHEN SHE CAN AND WHEN SHE CAN'T

*(Continued from Page 116)*

appreciates a young-man friend who can casually share an evening "at home."

***Double dating*** is extremely popular, especially during the getting-acquainted stages, since it makes for general gaiety on an impersonal basis.

***Chair warmers*** who accept hospitality without ever offering to repay it are as unpopular in this generation as the last. Girls are, however, tenderhearted about pocketbooks, and are perfectly contented with an evening of movies and sodas. They like escorts to have definite plans so they themselves are spared the embarrassment of suggesting something not within the budget (or simply having to suggest "let's sit this one out" too). Most girls who work a forty-hour week consider their evenings valuable and personal property, and are perfectly willing to ask frankly what the bank roll affords and plan an evening accordingly.

### TELEPHONE TECHNIQUE

The universal telephone has multiplied the problems and possibilities of romance. Who should call whom—and when?

The girl who boasts that she calls her men friends just as freely as they call her probably *has* to do her own asking to have a date at all. For a checkup shows that gentlemen still like to take the initiative, especially in the matter of suggesting dates.

All are agreed, however, that there are a number of perfectly legitimate occasions (and a few at which even the most stuff-shirted young man would wink and accept) when a conservative young woman can take the first step:

1. To make a change in plans or communicate any other important news relative to their mutual interests.

2. To invite the gentleman to a group affair, which might be a home party or an outside evening organized by girls, such as a sorority or school dance. Girls living alone or with other girls must act as their own hostesses and feel as free about extending invitations for dinner or an afternoon visit as their mothers might be.

3. To share some entertainment treat which has unexpectedly come her way—perhaps two tickets for a concert, or Oklahoma! Any such treats are more "arranged" than "unexpected"; a girl may feel that she is simply doing her share in promoting a friendship.

### WILL YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR?

Any girl with homemaking instincts, away from her parental roof, moves out of a furnished room and into her own apartment just as soon as her pay envelope makes it possible. One of the chief reasons she wants a home is so she can entertain her friends, including men. When a group of girls who are old friends live together and share their dates, no particular problem arises. But what about the girl living alone, or the girl who takes turns with her roommate in the use of their common living room? May she invite a male companion to an occasional home-cooked dinner? Should she ask him in for refreshments after an evening of dancing or movies?

The answer is that she *does;* the girls all agree on this. But, without exception, they make this stipulation: *Never invite to your apartment alone anyone whom you do not know well enough to be perfectly sure about his behavior.* No matter how charming a casual acquaintance, withhold invitations to your unchaperoned home until you are quite sure that you will not find yourself in an awkward situation. And most girls agree that "situations" which do arise are almost always the girl's fault, since *any girl* knows the difference between low lights and soft music in the living room and casual friendship of cheese and crackers in the kitchen!

Which proves that right-minded girls understand very well the difference between liberty . . . and liberties!

## HIGH AS MY HEART

*(Continued from Page 27)*

boat of a kid. The pink-and-white kind with gilt bangs and a tilted nose and enormous lake-blue eyes and a three-cornered smile smack out of a storybook. *And* a rare and delicious sense of humor. Anybody who didn't take to Penny at sight would have to be a direct descendant of Herod. She and I are absolutely *simpático.* She trooped in with Rover at her heels and solemnly helped with the record selection.

We picked out the Crosbys, some Victor Herbert and practically all the Gilbert and Sullivan. We sprawled on the floor with the box of fudge between us and took turns putting the records on six at a time. We were soulfully droning:

*"'Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?' I cried,*
*'Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?'"*

when I saw the moppet's hand reach for the box, falter in midsnatch and drop back disinterestedly.

"I know. Me too," I said sympathetically. I dropped the lid coffin-like on the four extant squares.

She went off to take her bath and came back looking like a laundered angel. I tucked her in bed and went back to the living room.

I twiddled the radio dial for my favorite small obscure station. This was the magic hour of radio, I had discovered, when the music enters the room softly and courteously, like a well-bred, welcome guest, bringing with it no strident commercial. The orchestra was playing Beethoven's Fifth and the blend of peace and harmony was so tangible you could have sipped it through a straw like a good malted.

And then the phone rang. I cursed the memory of Alexander Graham Bell as I picked up the receiver. It took a minute to adjust my mood when I heard the voice at the other end.

"Wilma Hathaway MacAdam Brownell! Where on *earth* ——"

"Right around the corner from you," she chuckled. "I'm perishing to see you if"—her tone dropped a quarter of an octave—"if it's all right to bring Beverly with me. Is it?"

"Look," I said impatiently, "I don't care if you bring the cast of Oklahoma! with you, but get up here—right away!"

*Beverly,* I thought idly. It struck no chord. I took quick inventory of my present wearing apparel and hoped Wilma hadn't given the girl the old Rosalind Russell build-up. Imagine being promised Rosalind Russell and finding Huckleberry Finn. I decided I really didn't give a hoot. The important thing was that I was going to see Wilma, my dearest friend on this earth.

The first few minutes were a blur wherein Willie and I did a sort of affectionate war dance. Then she pulled Beverly, who'd been standing considerately aside during the reunion scene, over to meet me. She rattled on about how she and Beverly had practically grown up together and how they'd met today by merest chance in Grand Central—wasn't it amazing how things happened?—and how they'd had dinner at that darling little French place in the East Fifties. But none of it really registered. *What a cluck I am,* I was thinking hopelessly, as I stood wordless and slack-jawed in my po'-white-trash garb. *Beverly. Beverly isn't exclusively a female name.*

Beverly Chatfield, Lieutenant (j.g.), smiled a wonderful slow smile. "So you're Midge. Willie's favorite person." And you'll see right away what a swell guy he was because




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he didn't let the slightest startled tinge creep into his nice deep voice (he could so easily have said, "So *you're* Midge"; all the difference in the world) nor did his eyes pop even the tiniest fraction.

But mine did. Oh, indeed, mine did. I could feel them stretching to take in this towering vision. Thick black hair with just a hint of a front wave, slanted jet eyebrows over quizzical hazel eyes, a straight, blunt nose, one of those mobile, sensitive mouths with humor lurking in the corners, and a firm cleft chin. I know. I know. I sound lush and drooly. And believe me, I felt just that way.

I muttered something about putting on the coffee and staggered out to the kitchen. The two of them came along and I had to tear my fatuous gaze from the vision of Beverly's black hair high against the white doorjamb to listen to Willie's eager, "Fried Bologna and eggs, Midge?"

Somehow, in spite of not being able to breathe normally, I cooked the eggs. Wilma and Beverly were busy with them—I didn't want any myself, between breathlessness and that fudge—when Rover came and stood in the doorway, slowly waving his magnificent plume of a tail and wearing his customary expression of an exiled Irish king. After a few minutes he came straight over and put his muzzle trustfully on the navy-blue knee—Rover, the aloof, the distant, the canine sophisticate!

Beverly looked up from stroking his head. "He's a beauty. What's his name?"

I swallowed and for one weak second I almost failed Jed by answering, "Bairnsfeather's Folly," which is, after all, the name on his pedigree papers. But honesty prevailed and I said tonelessly, knowing how it was going to sound, "His name is Rover."

> **In spite of the frightful manner in which they are imposed upon, women live longer than men.**
>
> —E. W. HOWE,
> Country Town Sayings. (Crane & Co.)

Oh, wonderful man. He laughed appreciatively. He *understood*. "Swell! A real dog's name for a real dog, for a change! I had a hound when I was ten and *his* name was Rover." You see what I mean? The guy was without flaw.

"He belongs to my niece Penny," I explained. "She's eight and, if I do say so as shouldn't, she's a dream boat."

"Oh, Bev, she really is. One of those angel kids. Perfectly adorable. She looks like a medieval page. And she has the I.Q. of a fourteen-year-old without being the least bit Quiz Kid. Is she here, Midge? Could we take a peek later, maybe?"

"Sure," I said, thinking how darling Penny looked in her sleep, curled up like a kitten with her old rubber doll Petticoat in the crook of her arm.

I was pouring more coffee when I heard a sound at the kitchen door.

"Midge." The voice at the door was small and lost-sounding. "Midge. I've been sick, for heaven's sake."

And she had, for heaven's sake. Obviously. All over the striped pajamas. The dream boat. The angel kid. My own stomach heaved convulsively, partly from the power of suggestion, partly from the ignominy of it all. But one look at the poor little chartreuse face and the big, woe-filled eyes made me ashamed of myself. It wasn't the kid's fault. All that fudge, and I'd still made her take the halibut oil. How many times, I wondered bitterly, had they dropped me on my head in infancy? I put a defiant arm around the drooping shoulders. Two outcasts together.

"Come on, goon girl," I said, leading her to the john.

"It happened awfully fast," she explained in the bathroom, while I sponged her off and wrapped her in the big bath towel.

"I know, honey bun. It could happen to anybody. Here, swallow some of this peppermint stuff. It'll make your mouth stop


LAST WORD!



DICK: Aw, it must be a dream . . . But it feels like a pair—it *is* a pair of—Debby! *Two* new sheets!

DEB: Yes, sir. Those two for you, these two for me—and they're *Pepperell* Sheets. Now we can buy nearly all we need!

DICK: Gosh . . . You're so good to me!

DEB: I was good to both of us when I asked the store for Pepperells—and *got* 'em. Remember the first ones we bought? They're lovely after five years' wear! How's *that* for a reference?

DICK: Sugar, I'd give *you* a reference, any day at all—

DEB: Darling, we're discussing *sheets*—not me. Pepperell Sheets . . . because Pepperell always makes the sheet *we* want, at the price *we* want to pay! There's Pepperell's Peeress—one of the finest combed percales you can buy at any price, Pepperell's carded percales, luxury muslins. Soon there'll be sheets in lovely "decorator colors," too!

DICK: Yes'm. And now, honey, if you'll get around to that last word—

DEB: Well, if you want the very last word in sheets, *always* ask the stores for . . . Pepperells!

WE: Pepperells are exquisitely smooth, *extra* strong — the beautiful sheets with the wear woven in. See their fine-stitched hems, Tapered Tape Selvages, "Tellmark" Tabs that show sizes!

Pepperell Manufacturing Company,
Boston, Massachusetts.

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PEPPERELL FABRICS
LADY PEPPERELL • DUCHESS • COUNTESS • ABBOTSFORD

# How to Remove Dandruff Completely



APPLY FITCH'S directly from bottle onto the hair and scalp before any water is added. Massage well with hands, making sure shampoo reaches each part of scalp.



ADD WATER gradually, removing cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.



RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Since Fitch's is completely soluble, no after-rinse is required. Set the hair and dry.



FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural, sparkling highlights.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application has the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Enjoy lustrous, dandruff-free hair! Ask for an economical bottle of Fitch's at your drug counter, or have professional applications at your beauty shop.

*After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.*

Fitch's TRADE MARK

Dandruff Remover Shampoo




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Complete security for glamour-going or business-bound hairstyles is yours with Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS*—the comb that won't fall out and so eliminates hairfussing! Each tooth is a tiny spring that g-r-i-p-s securely—hair strands can't slip through. A neat trick for all hair-dos and any hair texture!

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HAIRTAINER* *grips hair here*

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feeling like an old blanket. Come on, now, and we'll hustle you off to bed before grandma gets back."

We reached the bedroom just as Willie was competently smoothing out the fresh sheets. "Hi, ducky. Feeling better?" She gave Penny a sympathetic squeeze. "We split the deck duty, Midge. I changed the sheets—the others are soaking outside—and Bev took over the mopping-up operations."

"Words fail me," I said unevenly. "All I can think of is the line of an old song. Something about a peach of a pair."

"Think nothing of it." Beverly had come back from the kitchen. He bent down to Penny. "How're you feeling, pigeon? Rough deal, wasn't it?"

"Plenty rough," she stated emphatically. "But I'm okay now, thanks." She favored him with a sleepy smile as she climbed between the clean sheets in my pajama top.

And not a minute too soon. I heard mother's key in the lock just as we reached the kitchen. "Company, darling?" she called on her way in. "Oh, it's Wilma. What a nice surprise. And how well you're looking. That's a *stunning* dress. We haven't seen you for ages, Wilma. What have you been doing with yourself?"

It's funny. There wasn't a thing you could put your finger on, but when mother talked to Willie there was something missing. Oh, the words were right—sweet and cordial—but the essence of her charm was withdrawn. The truth is that my family's attitude about Willie has been my cross in life for years. To put it bluntly, they just plain never shared my enthusiasm for her. Mother and Pat never seemed to be able to understand how a girl like Willie, daughter of the blue-blood Brownells and with all that beauty and money, could be anything but a snob. They started with this misconception before they had ever even met her, and Willie's really staggering shyness when they finally did meet did nothing to dispel the idea. I never could make them understand that Willie dreaded meeting new people and she always acted Ice Maiden as a defense mechanism. Their eyes met past me in wordless agreement, "Naïve, isn't she?"

I am *not* naïve. Willie and I were roommates at school for four years. You get to know people's characters after four years of living with them, and Willie is the sweetest, most unselfish, loyal friend anybody could have the good fortune to possess. There's not a trace of snob in her. *I'm* more of a snob than she is—you should hear me prate insufferably about my paternal great-grandfather who was an English lord and who lived in a castle with a moat, no less.

As for my brother Jed—I could expect no support from that source. He has a phobia about beautiful women. He's a commercial artist—or was, before he went into the Army—and he's bored with pulchritude as a kid whose father owns a candy store is bored with chocolate creams. For years we've lived in dread that he'd bring home a lank beige creature and present her as his spouse.

All in all, the encounters between Willie and the family had never been a success.

The warm current flowed back into mother's voice when I introduced Beverly, though. She liked him immediately: the looks, and the clean-cutness and the firm, friendly way he shook her hand. She smiled up at him from somewhere near his right elbow. "The large economy size, huh, lieutenant?"

His laugh boomed out. "That's right, Mrs. Sheridan. Now you're the send-ten-cents-to-cover-the-cost-of-mailing size."

Mother started to grin her *gamine* grin, and then she got a good look at me. Her eyes groaned as she took in the blinding contrast. Willie, exquisite little Willie in her crisp linen with her shining hair falling in loose waves around the perfectly modeled face; and Ozark Annie in the dungarees and the awful shirt with *her* face enticingly framed in strained-back pigtails. I had been through the purging fire of shame and had emerged resigned and humble, but I suffered all over again for mother's sake. Still, I was mad because I could see right into her mind where she was unfairly condemning Willie for deliberately framing a setup in which I would be no menace whatsoever. It is one of mother's fond delusions that I am the dark-patrician-beauty type and that men have but to look upon me—properly dressed, of course, and with make-up—to be instantly enslaved. Personally, I couldn't whip up too much interest in a man who thought my looks, even at their best, superior to Willie's. I'd be constantly waiting for them to take him back to the institution.

Willie was trying desperately to act like herself, but her voice came out imitation Hepburn, the way it always does when she's nervous. "I ran into Jed out on the Coast," she said, sounding cool and perfectly controlled, which was a sure sign to me that her knees were practically knocking.

Mother broke down for an unguarded instant. "You *did?* How did he look? Is he thin? Did he say when he might get home?"

"Well, he did say he expected to get home next month sometime." I caught a wistful overtone in the Hepburn accent. Willie was thinking that it was the first time mother had ever spoken to her as a friend, even though it was by mistake. "You needn't worry about him for a second. He looks so marvelously fit he could pose for physical-culture ads."

"How wonderful to have firsthand news of him." Mother had slipped right back into the old casual-acquaintance groove. She turned to Beverly in explanation. "Jed has been overseas for twenty-six months. He's been stationed out on the Coast for the past three months and we've been out of our minds wondering when he'd get home."

"I sure hope it's soon," Beverly said warmly. "I can imagine how he's felt being away from all this."

They didn't stay much longer. Willie had to go up to Connecticut on some legal business connected with an inheritance from her grandmother—mother's face practically congealed when she came out with that!—then she was going to rejoin her mother in California. Poor Willie, she hates the nomad life, but her parents keep her on the go perpetually. As for my candidate for the Navy's Ideal Man, he had to report to Washington at ten in the morning. I slunk swiftly into bed after their departure. I was in no condition to hear mother's post-mortems on the *dégagé* appearance of the living room and the scathing description she was set to deliver with me as the subject: me, the blot on the family escutcheon.

*And that,* I said to myself firmly every day for the next three weeks and two days, *very definitely that, and leave us not have any nonsense about it.* So the knight in shining armor had come riding, riding, on his white charger—but he had brought his own maiden fair with him, thank you, and my role in the scenario had been that of a dungareed stable boy. So why didn't I skip the whole thing? I had a few whole-souled admirers, didn't I? And not bad, either. There were Duff,

*(Continued on Page 127)*

## *Reflection*

**BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE**

I'm afraid I built my palace
Of unenduring stuff:
I thought that dreams and longing
And wishes were enough.
Now that it lies in ruins,
It's little help to stand
Among the tinsel torn, and know
That it was built on sand,
*And that the storm that felled it*
*Was no larger than your hand!*

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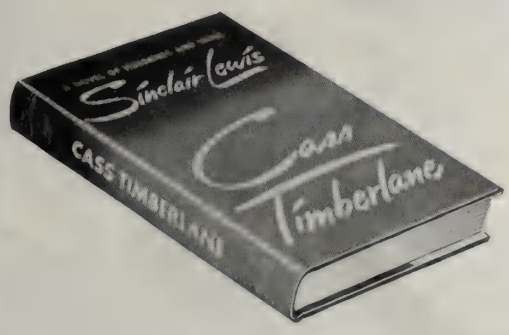
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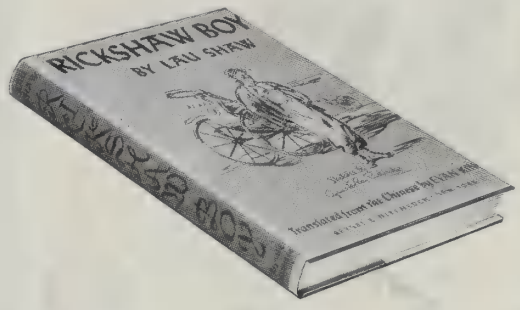



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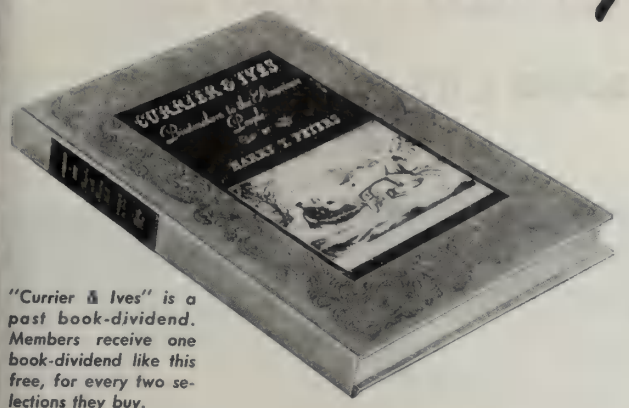
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# If you've a week end...a lunch box...a husband...






## CHATEAU RABBIT

½ pound Borden's Chateau
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Cut Chateau in cubes; place in top of double boiler. Slowly add milk and seasonings. Stir until cheese is melted. Turn off heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Serve hot over pieces of toast. Serves 3.
*New Garnish Idea:* Top with India Chutney.

SAVE THIS RECIPE

## If you've a week end...

finish it off with this glorious Sunday night supper dish—Chateau Rabbit. Note that name *Chateau* carefully! For it's Borden's Chateau that gives your rabbit (see recipe at left) a wonderful zip—the rich, full flavor of Cheddar cheese! *Anytime-Supper-Idea:* Serve a feather-light omelet made with Borden's Chateau. Plenty of nourishment—and *dee-licious!*



# BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!




## If you've a lunch box...

put *this* in it . . . Get some rye bread. Spread it *thick* with Borden's CHIVE WEJ-CUT Cream Cheese—that creamiest-of-cream-cheese with chopped green chives already blended in. Now *there's* a sandwich a lunch box can be proud to carry! *Different-Every-Day Idea:* Try all 4 varieties of Borden's Wej-Cuts—Plain, Chive, Relish, Pimento—a different one every day!




## If you've a husband...

pamper him with the cheese that's a man's idea of heaven—mellow, robust Liederkranz.* Serve it—golden crust and all—with pumpernickel or crisp crackers! Once you see how a man dotes on that full-bodied flavor, you'll always keep Liederkranz on hand. *Serve-when-Ripe Idea:* Ripen Liederkranz in your refrigerator till the center's soft and creamy. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © Borden Co.

★ Tune in Ginny Simms' new radio show . . . comedy guest stars and Ex-Servicemen — Friday evenings over CBS. See local newspaper for time and station.

(Continued from Page 124)

an Johnson type; and Charlie, who was a vell person; and right here in our own office ere was Bill Hammond, recently discharged om the Marines with dozens of medals, ho had all the female employees swooning t who sent me flowers every other day. So hat was I? A crier after the moon? Why dn't I relax and laugh the whole Beverly isode off as a hilarious anecdote?

And that's what I did. I skipped the hole business, erased it deliberately from y mind. But Michelovsky's accent grew ore turgid, and Minna's lipstick seemed bearably orange, and more carbons went wrong, and I passed up three dates for e Starlight Roof, and at home I broke ur of my irreplaceable French records, and en the roast beef mother got tasted like eat loaf to my uncaring palate.

On Friday I was using words usually re-aced by asterisks as I changed a type-iter ribbon. I had seen Waldo, the office oy, a not-quite-bright character, do this th a few dexterous flicks of the hand, but henever I tried it the darned thing twisted that the red part came up on top and I ound up pushing back wisps of hair from y face with my inked paw.

"Hey, Midge," Minna called from the sk up ahead. "Phone for you. He sounds voooon!"

My knees turned to cooked noodles. inna knew the other voices. *Goon*, I ught, *it couldn't be—he's probably on an ll right now. And how would he know where orked—unless, oh wonderful thought, he had ked Willie.* I was annoyed to notice that y hand quivered when I picked up the one. And I was furious when my voice ivered to match. But when I heard his ice—how could I know its every inflection well; I'd only seen the guy for about an ur!—I went completely witless and heard yself saying, "Yes, of *course*. I'd love to. All ht. Fine. Outside the office at five-fifteen, en." When I hung up limply, then and ly then did I listen to the cold logical part my brain that, even as I spoke, had kept minding me that this was the day I had rn my tired two-year-old blue seersucker d that I hadn't set my hair last night.

Minna, smelling catastrophe, came bus-ng over anxiously. "What's wrong, Midge? an I help?"

"Only," I told her dully, "if your name is udini can you help me."

"Well, it's McGillicuddy, but I can try. hat's up?"

Leadenly I explained, while her kind horse ce grew kinder and horsier. She looked at e—weary seersucker, hair in a practical t-weather bun, typewriter ink all over the sage—and her face lengthened lugubriously.

GEE, it's almost three now. And Mikie's en in a lousy mood all day, otherwise u might be able to pull-something. You uldn't get sick?" she said not too hope-lly.

"Nope," I said, feeling like the maiden forlorn. "He's meeting me in front of the ilding and Mikie would probably just happen along at the psychological moment. Well, anyhow"—I dragged my length up out of the chair—"I'll have to call mother and tell her I won't be home for dinner. Be thinking of some little musty restaurant, Minna, one with dim lights where I might go unnoticed and not disgrace him."

Mother, when I told her the situation and when she'd had a quick flash back of what I'd looked like on my way to work in the morning, was eloquent. "Well, anyhow, for *heaven's* sake," she cried, "comb out your hair! If you go out in that bun I'll disown you!"

I typed like a zombi, not letting myself feel anything at all, until four o'clock, when Betty called me. Betty is our receptionist. I went out to the desk.

"Why so glum, Midge? You look as though you'd ripped your last pair of nylons. Here's a package your mother left for you."

I looked at it numbly. Package—mother? I pulled clumsily at the string. The contents swam before me in a dreamlike mist. There in the box lay my yellow linen, the one with the square neck and the cap sleeves; with it were a new yellow slip, a wide yellow grosgrain band for my hair, my black suède pumps, mother's own black cordé bag, my black suède shortie gloves and a tiny bottle of heavenly perfume. Also a scrawled note saying, "Sorry I couldn't wait to see your hit-over-the-head expression. Knock him dead, darling!"

Minna beamed when I showed her the miracle. She took a hasty look at her watch.

"Four-fifteen. Nuts to Mikie. We'll go out *now* and get the show on the road."

She rolled up her loyal sleeves and got to work. And she performed a miracle of her own on my limp locks. When she had finished, my hair fell softly to my shoulders in a perfect page-boy, and with the yellow band securely fastened in place—you wouldn't believe it, it was that good.

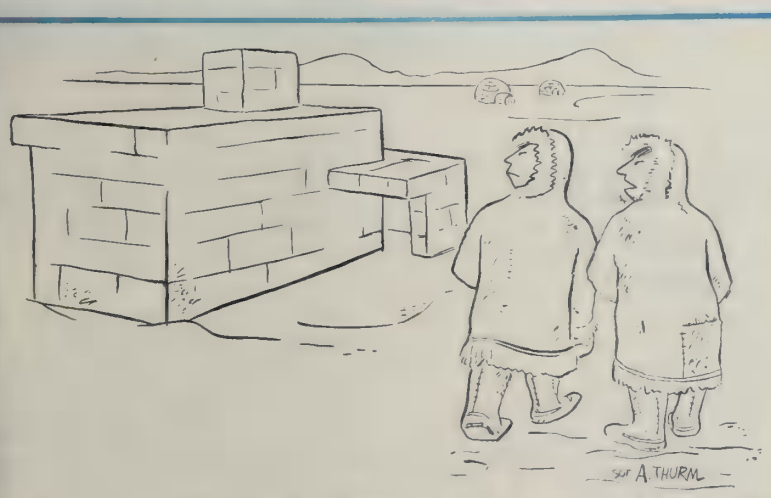
The hazel eyes took it all in appreciatively at five-fifteen. To my everlasting gratitude he didn't act paralyzed at the transformation. If he had, the ghost of Ozark Annie would have been heavily between us all night.

As it was, the night was full of enchantment. We had dinner outdoors at the old Claremont Inn and danced for hours without a word under the stars. Our steps blended like a magic formula. We were exactly the right height to dance together, and he broke the silence to smile down and say:

"'What stature is she of? Just as high as my heart.'"

"As You Like It, William Shakespeare, Act III, Scene 2," I said like a pedantic jerk over the sudden banging of my own heart. As if I weren't sunk enough without having him ring in poetry yet! I felt petite, fragile, protected—me, the ex-lifesaver and basketball guard! High as his heart. On all my other dates I was lucky if, with the unobtrusive help of flat heels, I was as high as their eyebrows.

We drifted out finally—when the place was closing—and walked, arms linked, each thinking our own thoughts.




*"This is where Tutiak lives. He studied architecture in the States."*

And then he told me the things he'd seen in the Pacific—all the strangeness, and the filth, and the bravery, and the terror, and the acid desolation of loneliness, and the treachery that snaked through the long grass in the night. He told it in brutal, rusty words, and I was humble and proud, because I knew these were things he had locked away inside himself, and he had chosen to share them with me, trusting me.

We passed a little Italian parish church whose door stood open patiently. We went in and knelt for a moment to pray. I prayed to thank God for the end of the whole terrible business, and for Minna's Ben coming back after two and a half years. And I thanked God that Jed would be home again for good, and that Beverly—Beverly who knelt so reverently beside me—was finished with that hell of his. And I prayed that I'd stop loving him this way, because he was Willie's, not mine, and I'd already taken something of him from her, because I knew the grim journey his soul had taken.

AND then we got in a cab and he took me home. I put my head wearily on his superior shoulder—it had been quite a day. He kissed me twice, in a gentle brotherly way, and I slept until he woke me at the house.

"Come on in. I'll make you some coffee," I told him.

"It's four-thirty," he said hesitantly.

Four-thirty! Mother would be climbing the walls! We held our breath outside the door while I slid the key in the lock. But before I turned it the door opened and light streamed out into the hall. "Mother, I didn't *realize* ——" I started, but the next word was smothered against a khaki chest. Jed! Jed! Dear old bearish, temperamental, bad-tempered, wonderful Jed. Home. Actually home! I laughed and cried and snuffled, never loosing my grip on the back of his neck. And then Beverly was handing me a big handkerchief, and mother was beaming with her arm around a strange girl in a brown tailored dress, and saying:

"And they're married, darling. Actually married!"

I took a good look at the girl in the severe brown dress with her hair in an uncluttered upsweep, her feet shod in sturdy oxfords, her lips adorned with the merest hint of demure pink, and her eyes smiling behind round-rimmed glasses. And I did a movie double take.

"W-Willie!" I gasped, as the room swiveled around me. "Willie! You *wretch!*"

"I know, Midge. I know. Bev and I came up to tell you that night, but mother"—she meant *my* mother and she gave her arm a loving squeeze as she said it—"came in and shot my plans all to pieces."

I turned to Beverly. "You knew all along?" I asked.

"Sure I knew. But it wasn't up to me to spill it." He sounded worried, wanting me to understand.

I turned back to Willie. "But the masquerade! Why? *Somebody* please explain why she looks like that!"

Willie explained it herself: "My husband likes me this way. He says I rest his eyes." She smiled up at Jed and even with that insipid pink lipstick, I'd never seen her look more dazzling.

"She's a good kid." That's my brother Jed. Gushy. But the arm he put around her was plenty eloquent.

The party finally broke up about seven o'clock.

I went to the door with Beverly.

"Don't go to work today," he said. "We'll go to the zoo. I want to show you a brown bear that's a ringer for Winnie the Pooh," and he kissed me. But not in a gentle, brotherly fashion. Have you seen Gregory Peck in The Valley of Decision? That'll give you a rough working idea.

Before I let myself sink into sleep, I made two resolutions. One was to go back to the little Italian church and finish the thanking. The other was that any sons of ours would be called Thomas or James or John. Good honest men's names, as Rover was a good forthright dog's name. Positively no Beverly. It was too confusing.





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*Honey listens to the silence of a birdless winter dawn, when even the dead leaves are waiting for the wind.*

# Diary of Domesticity

*By Gladys Taber*

WHEN I was a child, no one had ever heard of organized winter sports. Ski trains and snow trains were undreamed of. The trains that ran through our little town carried people going to Milwaukee to shop, or even as far as Chicago on business; but traveling was a serious thing, not to be undertaken lightly. It involved so much packing and unpacking and tucking washcloths in rubber bags and nightgowns in silk envelope affairs. But now people leap on trains with a small slide-fastened bag and go anywhere. Girls tie their hair up in a scarf, put on slacks and sit happily waxing their skis as the train slides over the winter countryside.

However, we did enjoy winter. There was a horse named Grace who alternately acted as what we called "the hearse horse" and as a puller of a long homemade bobsled. The sled belonged to a boy named Eugene, and as soon as snow began to pile up along the fences everyone began to do special favors for Eugene. It was a little odd, but I never got "mad with" Eugene in sleighing time. In midsummer I might become involved in those strange adolescent sufferings, but not in January. We would bundle up in galoshes and Mackinaws and woolen hoods and fur mittens and pile on the bobsled and Grace would move slowly down the snowy streets, earning her twenty-five cents an hour the easy way.

The air was always like a clean quick knife blade, and the sun frozen gold, and the shadows of the snow ruts fell blue behind us. We sang Long Long Trail, and I was almost in tune but not quite. The boys fell off and scuffled in the snow and threw snowballs, and if a boy was really wild about you he showed his ardor by putting snow down your neck. And at the end of the afternoon we went home for oyster stew and hot buttered crackers, cocoa and cake.

Oyster stew was really oyster stew then. Mother made it by melting half a cup of butter in a big heavy pan. She added a quart of oysters and let them just come to a boil, then poured over them three cups of milk and a cup of cream, a teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of pepper. This simmered just until the oysters began to rise to the top, then it was served in hot bowls with parsley an paprika, and often more butter on top!

When she made cocoa she used coffee place of water for the recipe, and added little cinnamon. It was spicy and rich ar we consumed quarts of it.

We used to have winter picnics too. Th involved a long ride on a streetcar, a hil through the woods, carrying all our supplie and a struggle to get the door open to a sur mer cottage by the lake. The parents thoug we were demented and expected us to g pneumonia, but perseverance usually w out and we could go, if we came home befo dark. Nothing in the world, I am sure, is cold as a summer cottage in January. It far colder than outdoors, colder than an A pine hut. Building the fire was a mammo task. The fireplace smoked from the col the wood was covered with snow that melt and ran into the small flame. But in the en after much harder work than our paren ever got from us, we had a fire. A lovely b blazing fire. Then we unpacked the lun and thawed it out, and cooked smoky ha burgers and frankfurters and boiled coff madly with eggshells.

We sat around the fire, still wrapped in s teen layers of clothing, and ate and talk the queer talk of youth. Outside, the la stretched its miles of frozen gray-green. T shores of Fond du Lac were cold against t horizon. The line of closed summer cottag was dark and still, and the sound of c voices echoed along empty verandas.

"What did you ever find to do when y were growing up?" the children ask as th dash from movie to movie, dance to dance.

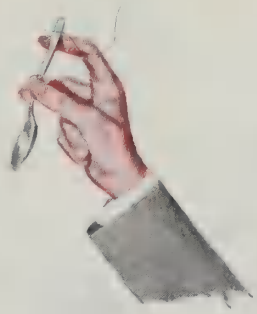
"Oh, we used to go on winter picnics," say.

"But what for?"

Here at Stillmeadow, we are almo snowed in by mid-January. When the neig bors are coming over for dinner, there is ways a chance that a blizzard will come fi The freezer really comes into its own now. we have dinner for ten and only three through the storm, the extra food can right down in the freezer for another d And then if unexpected guests arrive, th is always fresh asparagus or peas ready

*(Continued on Page 130)*





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CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY

*"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"*

SO DELICIOUS, SO PURE, SO REFRESHING...ENJOYED THE WORLD OVER!

(Continued from Page 128)

lift out and heat. Jill has always several roasting chickens stuffed and ready for the oven, as well as broilers and fryers. The main trick in freezing successfully is to be sure the food is sealed. If air gets in the container, the cold draws the moisture from the food and it is dehydrated, getting freezer burn. We always test our sealed edges carefully when we put the food in.

But the kitchen is sweet with herbs and simmering soups. And for New Year's a ham. I boil the ham first, with a bottle of ginger ale in the water. I allow thirty minutes per pound for simmering, and never let it boil hard. When it is done, I put it in a roasting pan in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. (The skin should be taken off first.) The ham may be studded with cloves and covered with brown sugar and a little dry mustard, and basted with cider.

We like it equally well with molasses for the glaze. There are really endless variations to the baking. Cooked apricots and prunes may be used, and the juice poured over when basting. Tart spicy jelly is good. Or pineapple slices laid on top and sprinkled with brown sugar.

Scalloped potatoes go well with ham, and are good for a winter party because if someone is late, the dinner won't spoil. For dessert we like something simple—so a big wooden bowl of frosty fruit and a blue Wedgwood dish with cheese and brown crackers are my choice.

When we are at home on New Year's afternoon to the neighbors, we can have this dinner for the special guests who will spend the evening and probably stay all night, and still have time enough to visit without secret dashes to the stove every few minutes. All my holiday cooking is based on food that can hold its own without much coddling.

The summer flowers are a memory now, but the house still looks loved with the green arrangements in the shining copper bowl. We pick pine, several kinds to get varied texture, and use bittersweet or sumac for color. I measure the length and width of the low container, add these together, and use that measurement for the height of the main pine stem. A needle holder keeps it in place. For a taller vase, twice the height of the container is right for the main line.

If you can get galax leaves or magnolia, you are even more fortunate, or Western pine. And if you have flowering house plants, steal three blossoms and use them low down as a focal point. Rosy geraniums are lovely with the dark softness of the green.

After the party is over, the dishes should be stacked on trays to carry to the kitchen. I am always surprised at how many women keep house without using trays. One tray saves hundreds of steps and much time. Dishwashing can wait if things are cleared away neatly.

Then it is a good thing to curl up with a book for a little while until bedtime. I like James Russell Lowell saying "Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character." We all need to spend some time alone; people who cannot bear their own company for a time have thin souls.

The deep part of winter gives most of us a little more time alone. The natural rhythm of time has changed from summer. But instead of dreading the dark winter days, we ought to savor them for what they can give. Now there should be opportunity to reread old books, to absorb some philosophy, to play a whole symphony without hurrying.

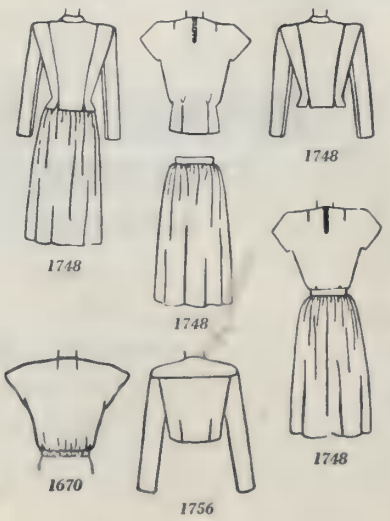
We need to revalue living in these afterwar days. We now know that the end of war was no blessed millennium. The world is still in the midst of endless conflict, much of it purposeless and stupid. We may never see a stable world economy, a really liberated people, or nations acting with good will toward one another. We can try, and we can pray that enough wisdom will somehow be granted mankind to preserve it from eternal destruction.

Yesterday I struggled through the deep snow to the brook, with Honey floundering after me. She went like a seal in surf, a golden seal in a white surf. Down in the hollow the tall dead weeds are still standing, the color of old bronze and saffron and beaver brown. There were the delicate prints of a rabbit and the wild light touch of a fox in the still snow. How strange the silence sounds when the birds are gone to far places! And yet to a careful ear, there are special sounds that are lovely. The sound of running water under the ice sheath of the brook is one, and Honey and I stopped to listen to it. It has a magic all its own, the sound of living water. Where the ice is nothing but lace, I can look down and see the black brook water thrusting its course over the cold rock.

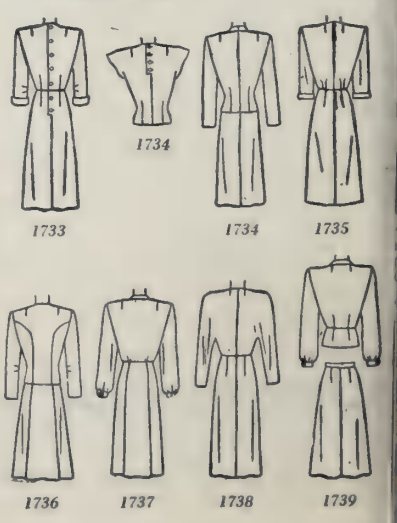
And this is a wonderful thing at the end of an old year, at the beginning of a new year, to see how the brook flows on. I tell Honey about it and she lifts her dark amber eyes and looks at me steadily. There is enough beauty in this world, I tell her, for every man to brim his heart with. And all we have to do is put away the hard things of life a while and look at our world all over again.

### Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 30 and 31 and Page 136

1748. Jacket, skirt, blouse; 10 to 18. 25c.
1756. Two-piece suit. blouse (blouse and skirt not illustrated); 10 to 18. 25c.
1670. Blouse; 12 to 18. 15c.
1757. Belts; small, medium, large sizes. Bag. 25c.




1733. One-piece dress. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.
1734. Two-piece suit and blouse. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.
1735. One-piece dress. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.
1736. Two-piece suit. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25c.
1737. One-piece dress. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.
1738. One-piece dress. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 25c.
1739. Two-piece dress. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.





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## CAREER GIRLS CAN COOK

*(Continued from Page 121)*

valuable time, it doesn't take much thought. Remove chocolate mixture from the heat when it's nice and thick. Cool.

*Last act:* Fold in 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Line an oblong dish with graham crackers. (We used 9 crackers to a layer.) Cover with half the chocolate mixture. Add another layer of crackers, another of chocolate and top with a third layer of crackers. Chill overnight in refrigerator. Slice or cut into squares. Serve with or without whipped cream. Serves 6. For a larger cake, double the quantities. Vanilla wafers may be substituted, but they make a sweeter dessert.

***Sunday-morning leisure.*** Sunday mornings are cherished by any career girl, and not just because of the extra hour or two of sleep. A leisurely breakfast in slacks or negligee, a walk in the park, a session with the Sunday paper are all part of a pleasant pattern. Janie is a great believer in a good breakfast—every day—but it's only on Sunday that Caffie and Gretchen really go in for the institution with any amount of enthusiasm. Here's an easy little egg trick that will give your breakfast meal that sort of special Sunday-morning look—and taste.

### CRISPY EGGS

Fry 2 slices bacon. When crisp, crumble them up and mix with 1 cup cereal flakes. Season lightly with salt and pepper and toss together with about 1 tablespoon bacon fat. Grease 4 custard cups with some of the bacon fat. Put part of the bacon flakes in the bottoms of custard cups. Break an egg into each, keeping yolk whole. Sprinkle with a little salt and pepper. Sprinkle the rest of the flakes on top. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about five minutes.

***Miracles in a double boiler.*** If there's one piece of equipment that really earns its keep in a small apartment kitchen, it's the double boiler. It serves as a heater-upper for rolls, sauces, canned vegetables and soups, and all the many frozen cooked-food combinations. You can scramble eggs in it that are "divinely" creamy, create puddings in its top while a soup simmers in its base; and of all things, you can even make a cake in it. All the action takes place right in the precious gadget. The process is so simple you'll wonder why you've always thought cake-making was something you'd leave to the gals who've had loads of experience. This one will net you laurels—not to mention dates.

### DOUBLE-BOILER CHOCOLATE CAKE

Put ¼ cup shortening, ½ cup water and 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in the top of the double boiler. Heat until chocolate is melted and add 1 cup sugar. Blend well and cool the top part of the boiler in a pan of cold water. If you're really in a hurry, let a few ice cubes do the chilling faster. When chocolate mixture is cool, add 1 egg. Beat up well with egg beater. All this still happens right in top of double boiler, remember. Sift together 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon baking soda. Add the sifted dry ingredients all at once. Beat with spoon vigorously until smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¼ cup sour milk or buttermilk. Beat smooth again. If you haven't any sour milk, add ¼ teaspoon vinegar to sweet milk. Pour batter into a greased nine-inch layer-cake pan or piepan. Bake twenty-five to thirty minutes in moderately hot oven, 375° F. Cool in the pan. Frost if desired. You might like to serve it with butterscotch cream—3 tablespoons brown sugar folded into ½ pint heavy cream, whipped until stiff.

***On their own.*** For these three, spending a Sunday afternoon cooking up a chile supper or unraveling the mysteries of a previously untried recipe in the St. Joe Junior League cookbook is fun. "When you're famished, it's wonderful," sighs Janie. If their mothers could only see them now. Not experts yet, but bright beginners with a culinary eye on their own "someday" homes, these three are plunging in on their own. Career girls mostly do.


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|---|---|
| 1 can Stokely's *Finest* Whole Green Beans | ½ lb. sliced mushrooms |
| ¼ cup cut-up onion | 2 tablesp. flour |
| 1½ tablesp. shortening | ¾ teasp. salt |
| | ⅛ teasp. pepper |

Drain beans, save liquid. Add water to make 1 cup. Cook onion in shortening 5 min. Add mushrooms; cook 5 min. longer. Sprinkle with flour, salt, pepper. Stir in liquid; boil 2 min. Add green beans; heat. Serve with individual 2-egg omelets, following a delicious, appetite whetter of chilled Stokely's *Finest* Citrusip or Grapefruit Juice. The recipe serves 6 . . . with a brunch to please the most particular palates. Golden, creamy eggs folded over the most tender, juicy, praise-provoking green beans—uniformly, consistently delicious. Such precise quality control comes to you only when you buy *nothing but the Finest* . . . so just remember to ask for Stokely's *Finest* Whole Green Beans!




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# I RECOGNIZE THE DRESS, BUT...

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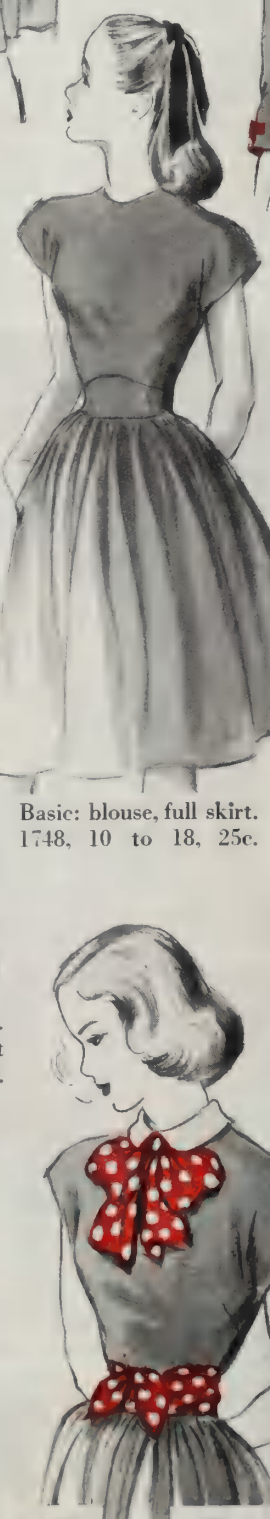


Bright wool jacket to wear over blouse and skirt. Fitted Peter Pan collar. 1748, 10 to 18, 25c.



Bolero to match you bright buttons mat bag. 1756, 10 to 1

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.





Basic: blouse, full skirt. 1748, 10 to 18, 25c.





See-you-at-the-party blouse. Printed crepe scarf blouse tied at waistline. 1670, 12 to 18, 15c.

Accent on accessorie duroy belt, small, large; bag, one size. 1



Fashion note. Double belt bag, in plaid wool. Wear with bolero above. 1757, 25c.



For back views, sizes these Holly terns, turnt

© HOLL

Flattery for a plain wool. Pe collar with polka-dot tie an
















## TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME

*(Continued from Page 20)*

Nancy was by then getting supper in the kitchen—cold meat and salad and iced tea. When it was ready, they ate, Nancy in her slip because she had the dishes to do and didn't want to spot her dress.

Spearing a radish out of the salad bowl, Joel said, "Tell me something, Mrs. Pane. Why do girls want to be getting compliments all the time?"

Nancy's eyes flickered. "Don't start that again, Joel."

"But I'm serious. You're always complaining, and I'd like to find out what's at the bottom of it." He bit noisily into the radish. "Now you take men. You don't hear men going around moaning because ——"

Nancy had stopped eating and was staring at him. "Joel. You're not really that dense."

"Don't change the subject."

"Joel. A long time ago, before we were married, you said you thought there was a lot more fun in being married than most people seemed to get out of it, and you intended to have it, but it wasn't something that would happen by itself. You said we'd have to work at it and use our heads."

He nodded. "That's right."

"Well?"

"And that's exactly what I'm trying to do. But I don't get any co-operation."

Nancy sighed hopelessly and resumed eating. "All right. Talk about something else, Joel, please! Or don't talk at all. I can't stand you when you get like this."

Belligerently: "Like what?"

Silence.

---

**A small love forgives much; a great love forgives little; and a perfect love forgives all.**

—ELLEN THORNECROFT FOWLER.

---

Joel glared at Nancy, then caught himself up short. After a moment he said conciliatingly, "Okay, Mrs. Pane. Forget it." He patted her arm. "No hard feelings?"

She looked up and smiled. "No hard feelings."

But later, while Nancy finished dressing, he brooded about it, about Nancy and himself, trying to think it through.

He knew, though he might not admit it to her, that Nancy had some reason to complain. Uplifted by the excitement of falling in love, becoming engaged, he'd been a satisfactorily demonstrative lover. Once married, he'd settled down with something like relief to being a husband. When Nancy objected, he felt she was being unreasonable. His attempts to make this clear to Nancy weren't, however, conspicuously successful.

Yet, unreasonable as she might occasionally seem to him, he knew that Nancy's instincts in this were a better guide than his own. In such matters girls were infinitely more civilized than the men they married.

But it had always been hard for him to show or express affection. His childhood hadn't encouraged such displays. You were given to understand very early in life that it wasn't manly—or safe—to show your feelings, especially of the tenderer kind. Your real he-man was the strong silent type who considered girls excessively silly creatures and was convinced that they secretly adored rough-hewn cavemen. Nancy had already taught him that girls didn't.

All of which explained—if it did—without excusing. As a young man who appreciated what he had and wanted to keep it, he recognized the wisdom of behaving less like a husband and more like the grown-up and presumably civilized man he was. And surely the easy and graceful expression of affection was one of the distinguishing marks of a civilized adult? For his own sake as much as Nancy's, since their happiness was indivisible. But it wasn't going to be easy.

*Listen to her in there,* he thought. She was humming to herself. *You'd think she was*






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*going to some splendid high-society affair downtown instead of to a neighborhood movie.* She was as excited about dressing up and going out with him on a Saturday night as if he were a movie hero taking her to a glamorous night club or something. Thought he was wonderful. Always telling him so, anyway.

He sat up suddenly. After a moment he muttered to himself. She *was* always telling him he was wonderful. He couldn't put on a new necktie or do an odd job around the house without being praised for his remarkable superiority to the general run of husbands. He'd heard it so often that he'd even begun to think he was something rather special in that line himself. But when Nancy complained that he never gave her a word of appreciation he told her she was being feminine and silly.

*I'm a dope*, he thought.

Nancy came into the living room, skirt swirling. "I'm ready."

Joel rose and got into his jacket.

Nancy straightened his tie. "I love you in this suit," she said. "You always look so well in light colors."

*There she goes again*, he reflected, looking down at her.

She was wearing a white dress scattered with large flowers, and she'd put another flower in her hair, which was no longer in pigtails but dropped in soft, shining waves almost to her shoulders. She even smelled a little like a flower herself.

He swallowed. "You're awfully pretty."

Her lashes flew up. "Why, Joel!"

He felt as awkward and tongue-tied as an adolescent trying to promote a kiss from his first girl. Worse. This was almost like getting sentimental with a member of one's own family.

He put out an arm; then, as if to disguise his first intention, he caught her hand. "Let's dance." The radio was playing a waltz. They moved together over the rug, Nancy's cheek against his shoulder.

"Listen, sweetheart," he began, and stopped. Then he tried again. "Look, Nancy. Never get the idea that I don't think the world of you."

"I know you do. I don't mean to nag."

"A little nagging won't do any harm. I've got a lot to learn."

"Only you can be *so* nice when you want to be. And if you only realized how it makes me feel!"

He kissed her and then, his lips brushing her hair, he murmured, "I do love you, sweetheart. Honest. But you're the first girl I ever loved this much, and I don't always know how to act or what to say."

"Just tell me that you love me."

"There's more to it than that. I've got something here with you so precious it scares me." His arm tightened around her. "You think I take you too much for granted. You couldn't be wronger. I always know when you're around. I'm always noticing something about you, the way you look, the things you say. Even when I'm away from you, just thinking about you knowing I'll be seeing you soon, is like a song inside me."

Nancy looked up, her eyes shining.

Joel smiled at her crookedly. "So you see, Mrs. Pane, it's not that I don't feel things like that about you. I've just never learned to say them. But from now on I'll try to remember not to keep them to myself. From now on, I'm a reformed character."

"You can be *so* nice when you want to be," Nancy whispered.

He kissed her again, and then they realized the music had stopped and that someone was talking about headache pills.

Nancy was a bit breathless. "I must look a mess," she said. "And you're all over lipstick. Give me your handkerchief."

She made him presentable, then examined herself in the mirror, repaired damages visible only to her own all-seeing eye.

"There, that's better."

"Let's get going, then. I don't want to have to stand in line." He snapped off the radio.

"How do I look?"

"Not bad." And patted her fanny.

# NOW FOR A NEW YEAR



HOLIDAYS are over! Put yourself and your home under a new regime. Plan to have more nourishing meals, a more efficient kitchen, more abundant flowers, a more attractive face and figure. And let JOURNAL booklets, listed below, help you.

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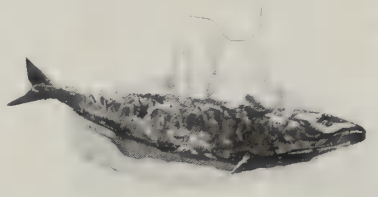
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# revolutionary new air-wick kills all cooking odors

it's simple! nothing to light... non-inflammable ...just pull up the wick.



**fish** Cook fish to your heart's content. There's no longer any cooking odor... not even in the kitchen. **air-wick*** is a revolutionary new scientific product which kills all unpleasant household odors wherever and whenever they may occur.



**onions** Onions, too, yield to the sensational power of **air-wick**. And it's so easy to use. Simply uncap the bottle and pull up the wick. That's all there is to it. Nothing to light... nothing to burn... nothing to spray.



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You will find **air-wick**, the bottle with the magic wick, at drug, grocery, variety, hardware, chain and department stores. Try it now! If your favorite dealer has not yet received his supply, please send us his name and address immediately.
Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.


kills stuffy closet odors


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PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD FOWLER

*New sectional furniture, a last-minute scheme and the latest tricks in grouping are shown in this room by decorator John Gerald.*

# New Beginnings

HERE is a room that looks ahead with an eye to trends. This delightful and prophetic setting for young marrieds was planned by decorator John Gerald, who feels that young couples today are being realistic about their furnishings; starting simply, as the color photograph suggests, they add the frills as they go along.

There are three new features presented in this room, each important and to be taken into account in practically all decoration plans. These developments are: Sectional furniture which you can buy unit by unit, to suit your needs or your budget. Light, bright color schemes which use several hues together. Pushed-back furniture arrangements in average and small rooms.

***Sectional Furniture*** consists of independent units of drawers, shelves and cabinets of various sizes, colors and proportions, which you assemble to suit your taste, your floor plan and your personal requirements. The red chest in the photograph is just one of an entire group of such pieces planned for living room, dining room and bedroom use.

It is an add-to idea, convenient not only because of its adaptability to a set space, but with the practical charm of expanding gracefully as your possessions grow. If you have ever tried to fit bulky furniture into limited spaces and have it look well, you can see how sectional furniture helps with the problem.

Here are a few particulars: The drawers are different depths, and stack to make a "custom-built" chest. There are sections that open up like cupboards and combine with the drawers to make large pieces like the one illustrated. The finish is usually a satiny lacquer in decorator colors—persimmon red, lime green, black and pearl gray—showing the trend toward colored finishes in furniture. Lacquered wood is surprisingly good decoration, and attractive against either a plain or patterned wall.

Another variation of this furniture that grows is the continuing sectional bookshelf, like the one pictured under the window. In blond mahogany or color, you can buy it piece by piece and use the sections in as many ways as your imagination suggests. Beneath windows they use blank space and become part of the decorative background—really look built-in, therefore modern and new. Sectional sofas you have seen before, but this one is curved to round a corner or compose a group. You can buy the sections singly to use as chairs, arrange in pairs for love seats, or group several to make a big crescent in front of the fireplace.

***Line Arrangement*** is the second new feature of rooms to come. The "pushed back" placement of chests, shelves and cabinet furniture keeps a room from looking cluttered, leaves space to move about. With the center space opened up, even a small room looks larger and emphasis is taken from the walls themselves, an asset in rooms not architecturally superior. It is new, also, to arrange chairs and sofa in a crescent, continuous or broken with lamps and tables at convenient intervals.

***Bright Color Schemes*** are the third style note. Forthcoming colors are gay and vibrant. The clear tones make rooms look fresh, new—definitely postwar. The new colors are Nature tones, beautiful in themselves, intriguing in their soft richness, glowing and subtle, rather than just bright colors of any hue. They resemble flowers, fruits, foliage, and are named for them. You can use almost any combination of these fresh new colors, and they appear compatible, like flowers in a bouquet.

By Henrietta Murdock

*Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

# A beautiful kitchen that saves you work

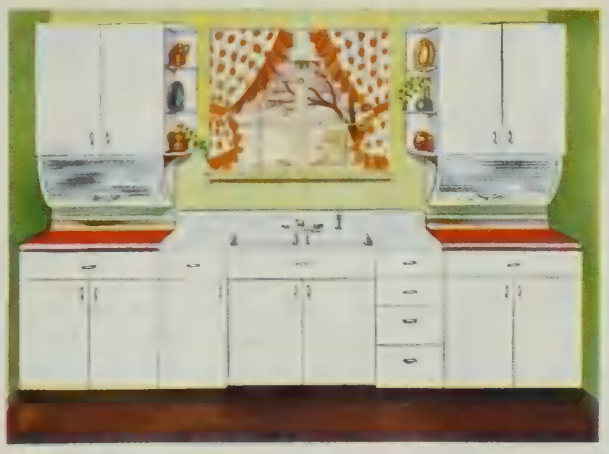
## at a price you can easily pay!



**Imagine your** present kitchen transformed into this attractive, convenient room, at small cost and *without expensive remodeling.* You can do it easily with Youngstown equipment, and you buy only the units you need. The beautiful Youngstown Kitchen shown here, made to highest quality standards in gleaming enameled steel, can be installed in your kitchen for *less than $12 a month* on F. H. A. payments.



**Just replacing** your old-fashioned sink with a Youngstown "KITCHENAIDER" will bring new beauty to your kitchen and save you countless steps. Almost two-thirds of your kitchen tasks are done here. The twin-bowl sink makes dishwashing much simpler. Large work surfaces with well planned drawers and storage spaces keep everything within easy reach. *As little as $3.75 a month* installs a Youngstown "KITCHENAIDER" in your home.



**Wall and floor** cabinets, giving extra working surfaces and more storage space, can be added as you need them. Youngstown units can be combined *in any way that suits your plans* and the size of your kitchen. All are solidly made and beautifully finished. This compact, good-looking arrangement for a new $6500 to $7500 house will fit with your present range and refrigerator . . . *costs only $7 a month!*

Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS



FOR YEARS you've dreamed of a beautiful new kitchen . . . spotlessly white . . . carefully planned . . . a pleasure to work in because every kitchen task is easier.

Now Youngstown Kitchens make this possible . . . And the best news of all is that *the price is far less than you thought you'd have to pay.*



Is this hard to believe after reading about "dream kitchens" that cost many hundreds of dollars? Then look at the costs of the top quality Youngstown equipment shown here. All these units will go well with your present range and refrigerator. And remember these figures *include all installation expenses . . . you have nothing else to pay.*

### Big volume is the answer

How can Youngstown offer these beautifully finished, carefully built kitchens for so little? The answer is simple . . . they are produced in quantity, in the traditional American way.

Like everything else you buy for your home, the purchase of Youngstown equipment helps maintain national prosperity by keeping men and dollars at work.



These and other Youngstown designs are fully described in the interesting "Min-a-Kit" Book. This contains 46 cut-out models of Youngstown equipment, and a background in which to arrange them. Send the coupon and 10c in cash (no stamps, please) and start planning your new work-saving kitchen now.

**MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION**
**Warren, Ohio.**

**Porcelain Enameled Products, Large Pressed Metal Parts, Design Engineering Service.**

Youngstown Kitchens, Mullins Mfg. Corp.
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Send me the "Min-a-Kit" Book (price 10c in cash).
☐ I plan to modernize.
☐ I plan to build.

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Revere COPPER-CLAD STAINLESS STEEL Ware

The first time you use Revere Ware you will realize why the fortunate women who bought these cooking utensils before the war call them "Kitchen Jewels". It is so much easier to cook the Revere "waterless" way. The heavy copper bottoms of the pans heat up so quickly and so evenly. You save time. You save fuel. You save the natural vitamins and minerals. After use, soap and water are usually all that it takes to restore the silver-like lustre. Before you buy cooking utensils, look at the original Revere copper-clad stainless steel Ware, particularly if you want *lasting* service. Millions of women have used Revere Ware for more than seven years with no report yet of a single utensil wearing out.

Listen to *Exploring the Unknown* on the Mutual network every Sunday Evening, 9 to 9:30 pm, EST.

**REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED**
Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N.Y.

P.S. Look for the copper clad bottom


## MEET THREE CAREER GIRLS

*(Continued from Page 112)*

trees. The dean took this news calmly, perhaps because Gretchen was a considerable campus asset herself—a member of Student Council, Mortar Board, Little Theater, with excess steam dissipated in helping out at day-care centers and setting up the first Students' Commons, or recreation hall, in the history of the college.

Gretchen never, never wants her mind to grow rusty, she explains in her dramatically husky voice. She wants to do "a cracking good job" in raising four children, to plunge into community activities, to learn more and more about music and art. She wants to live far enough in the country where there are always picnics and bonfires and hills with views.

"But oh," she ends with a wail, "I don't want to be a clubwoman! I wish I had a pale, wan, interesting face and spent all my time with little-theater groups."

Such outbursts generally occur after a nine-hour day coping with hordes of war-released workers swarming into American Express for jobs. Gretchen has her eye cocked toward foreign service, just in case she doesn't settle right away for that life in the country with a certain Navy lieutenant now overseas. "American Express has never sent a woman abroad *yet*," she despairs; but then, they never had a woman personnel assistant either.

Janie is luckiest in having crashed a field where opposition to women is at a minimum. "Can you imagine a man writing a nail-polish or perfume ad?" asks Janie. "In advertising, women's talents are respected; they earn just as much as men and can go just as high. It's not like some businesses, say banking, where women just don't have the flair."

Darkly pretty Caffie, who spends her days in the tiptoe cathedral-like gloom of the vaulted Guaranty Trust, is inclined to agree with her. She works in a department with about fifty other bright young college women, imported in recent years to take the place of bright young college men who departed for war. Caffie takes a dim view of the future of women in banking, and makes no bones of her present intense interest in matrimony.

Although Janie generously brings home droves of young advertising tycoons, Caffie finds them somewhat of a strain. "I feel as if I have to effervesce and be giddy all evening." She is looking for someone who can be fun, and yet sweet and sincere. "The Jimmy Stewart type," she says serenely.

Such talk is like a nail drawn across a blackboard to career-minded Janie. "Honestly!" she explodes. "Can you imagine kissing some guy good-by every morning and walking over to a sinkful of dirty dishes? Not for me! Maybe later. Not now." Her vivid face becomes serious. "Caffie, you'd better get interested in a job. A girl doesn't know what the future holds these days. Why, you may have to work until you're twenty-five!"

When they aren't discussing their jobs, the three roommates chew their nails over How to Get a Lease, their most unsolvable problem so far. Their first six months working, they unpacked their belongings in four different apartments—including one which was theirs for two weeks—and barely escaped pitching a tent in between discoveries, such is the incredible housing squeeze today in New York.

Now, finally, they have a gem of a place near the East River at 425 E. 72nd Street—if only the owner doesn't decide suddenly to move back! Four rooms (one bedroom) cost $125 a month, without utilities, and they all take turns sleeping on the studio couch in the living room. Against the pale pastel walls and Venetian blinds, the modern blond furniture and flowered slip covers look elegant and gay. "They should," remarks Caffie grimly. "We feel they should be gold-plated."

First one home at night—usually Janie—does the marketing, repaying herself from the "kitty" where they each put $15 a month for food and household laundry. Fortunately, they all love inexpensive dishes like chile con carne (Missouri style) and mulligan stew, which does two nights. Next girl home pitches in with the cooking, and the third with the cleaning up.

Caffie and Janie are very neat; Gretchen is apt to wash the dishes and leave the pots. "This is *horrible!* This isn't *living!*" she was heard to cry once, scrubbing the frying pan. All heavy housecleaning is left for Saturday afternoon, when they tackle it together.

They get along remarkably well, with one fairly hard-and-fast rule: no borrowing of money or clothes, although Janie urges them to wear her quite large collection of hats. All of them found their college wardrobes "much too campusy" for the city, but only Janie has bought many clothes. "I'm a terrible spender," she remarks philosophically. Right now she is trying to rent a piano for her composing, "mostly light, sentimental stuff." The two others, by stringently budgeting every cent, just about manage to get by without help from home. There just isn't room on their budgets for hospitalization or insurance, or savings.

About the only splurging is an occasional concert at Carnegie, the Philharmonic or a Broadway show. Sundays they lounge around in flannel robes and slippers listening to the symphony with the papers, or go for a long walk. Sometimes, on the way home from work, Caffie slips into a bowling alley—an unexciting substitute, she finds, for the tennis, golf and riding she adores.

"It's a funny thing about a glamorous place like New York," says Caffie with surprise. "Most everybody's in a rut."

Janie, who never wants to live anywhere else, disagrees violently. "You can meet the same kind of people here you do back home. New York's just a series of hick towns. It's full of people from Missouri."

But about the only thing that reminds Caffie forcibly of home is slipping into St. Bartholomew's and listening to the beautiful, well-remembered service. Was this the kind of exciting career-girl existence she had pictured at college? Up at seven, a race to the subway still chewing a piece of toast, charts, figures, ink-smudged fingers, back home to cook, wash dishes. Then an evening of preparing for the next day—nails and hair to be fixed, blouses to be washed and pressed. And so to bed—too tired even to read the paper.

Like Caffie, Gretchen is up early, grabs a coffee-and-fruit breakfast, has a thirty-minute subway ride to the heart of New York's great financial district. In these soul-trying days for personnel directors, she often starves for lunch until three, is back at her desk until seven.

Caffie never pokes her head out into the air all day and grouses that even in the company cafeteria, where she gets lunches free, there isn't a man under fifty within shouting or shooting distance.

Janie, on the other hand, rises

*(Continued on Page 144)*

**GROWING UP IN BED**

**WHAT would you do if your nine-year-old son was doomed by TB to a childhood in bed? How would you plan for friends and schooling, for normal living in the harshest of circumstances? Pauline Breidenbach is meeting the problem by making her house two places—hospital and home—and herself two women, mother and nurse. Read how a courageous family faces the facts of chronic illness.**

*How America Lives*

**FEBRUARY JOURNAL**

# Gibson

FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATORS
RANGES • HOME FREEZERS

"WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY THINK OF UPS-A-DAISY BEFORE?"

"AUTOMATIC– EVEN TURNS ITSELF ON AND OFF!"

"EASY TO CLEAN! GLEAMING PORCELAIN ON STEEL"

"BANQUET-SIZE OVEN AND WAIST-HIGH BROILER"

"PLENTY OF TOE ROOM"

## What's Cookin'?

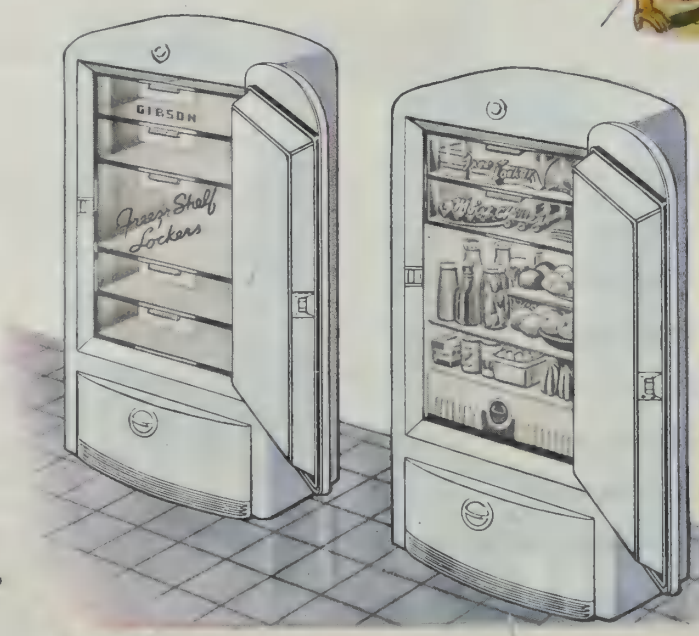
A fair question, ladies. And here's the answer—the new GIBSON Kookall Electric Range is ready, waiting for critical inspection at Gibson dealers everywhere. Mildly speaking, it's terrific! New, exclusive UPS-A-DAISY! Deep-well KOOKALL! Banquet-size oven, waist-high broiler—BOTH automatic! Set it and forget it! Here's the range for cleaner, cooler kitchens; for better, easier-prepared meals; for efficient, economical operation. Let your near-by Gibson dealer demonstrate this modern miracle today!

***SEE YOUR GIBSON DEALER***

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Buy Victory Bonds and Stamps




***NEW FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR***

More frozen food storage with built-in Freez'r Locker! Faster freezing . . . more ice cubes . . . unobstructed, wall-to-wall shelves . . . roomy Moist Chiller—everything you've always wanted, *and then some!*

***NEW GIBSON HOME FREEZER*** *(at left)*

For freezing and storing foods at below zero temperatures. Upright—everything at your finger tips! No fumbling, no diving, no hunting for packages! Requires less floor space. Gibson's answer to the demand for better, more efficient frozen food storage at home.

BURLINGAME
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# LUXOR'S BATH ACCESSORIES

**IN A "FANTASY OF FLOWERS"**




Let the fragrance of gayly flowering gardens caress you—in your bath and as you step out refreshed into a welcoming world! Luxor's BATH ACCESSORIES are smartly perfumed in your preference of seven subtle scents: American Beauty, Apple Blossom, Carnation, Gardenia, Bouquet, Lilac or Pine. Let these smart creations bring new delights to your bath!

*Bath Powder*
*Rosebud Soap*
*Bubbles*
*Cologne*
*Talcum*
*Body Lotion*
*Savon Sachet*




Luxor, Ltd., Chicago 9, Illinois


*(Continued from Page 142)*

late, breakfasts leisurely, gets to work at 9:30 and departs in an hour or so for a second breakfast and coffee at Stouffers with her fellow workers. Saturdays she doesn't work at all.

"Advertising people are so *stimulating!*" glows Janie. "Everybody's either an artist in his own right or a terrific selling personality. Those men on the paper back home—the ones who told me I'd never get a job in New York—no wonder they're still earning fifty dollars a week after twenty-f years on the same job."

"H'm-m," says Gretchen. "Look at th moon. What a night for a hay ride!"

Caffie looks up thoughtfully from l mending. "You know, back home nobo seemed to be in a rut."

It looks as though St. Joseph (pop. 75,0 chief industries: pork packing, ornamen ironwork and stoves) is beginning to acqu some real glamour in the eyes of at least t little homesick maids from school.

## THREE TO GET READY!

*(Continued from Page 119)*

If you, like Janie, Caffie and Gretchen, have put perfect grooming high on your list of New Year promises to yourself, here are some tips to check your own notions against:

### SKELETONS IN YOUR CLOSET?

No one but Fibber McGee ever brought any good out of a cluttered closet. Keep your closet well dressed and it will do the same for you.

Basic closet wardrobe: At least one garment bag for seldom-used clothes, a hatbox or two for ditto hats. (Transparent ones are a great help to folks in a hurry.) A shoe bag or rack, shoe trees, a really shapely hanger for every garment, plus skirt hangers if you're a suit girl, pants hangers for slacks, and hatstands. Shelves, of course, and a rod, arranged so that longies hang at one end, skirts, blouses and jackets at the other.

A well-planned closet uses every inch of its space in orderly fashion without crowding. For its soul, give it fragrant sachets suspended from the hangers, or paint hangers and shelves with scented lacquer.

### NEAT TRICKS:

Deciding the night before what you'll wear next morning, pressing it and getting its accessories into apple-pie order *then* is, to be sure, the neatest trick of the week. But if you late-date and are just too sleepy, leap up at the alarm's first peep, lest you go off looking like Shaggy Maggy . . . and you may meet your dream man or dream job that day.

Three-o'clock-in-the-morning blues is another reason why it's a good idea to wash stockings, gloves and panties when you change after coming home from the office.

Before closeting the dress you've worn all day, give it a breathing spell overnight in front of an open window.

Keeping slips, gowns and panties in transparent lingerie cases can make you feel like "the lass with the delicate air"—a pleasant feeling. Tuck a sachet in them.

Have one "loneliest night in the week" (Monday's a good one for most girls) when you eagle-eye everything you own for loose snaps, buttons off, draggly hems, and so on. And sit right down beside your mending basket *then* and fix them! This, too, is the night to lay out clothes that should go to the cleaners.

### BLESSING UPON BRUSHES:

How could we be beautiful without 'em? Have you a clothesbrush, a shoebrush, a hatbrush, a hairbrush? And a complexion brush, a nailbrush, a lipstick brush? Keep a special soft nailbrush for scrubbing your girdle, especially the insides of the garters. Slip straps too often need the brush-off. Hairbrushes and combs must be scrupulously clean. Wash in lukewarm water, plenty of *mild* soapsuds. Rinse well and dry brushes right side up away from heat.

### QUICKIES:

Since sleeve protectors must be daily editions, else they defeat their own purpose, use the pin-in kind. They're good at making quick entrances and exits. Sew snaps on the shoulder pads of washable dresses. It's a big timesaver, and you're sure about getting them back in the right places.

Carry run-stop, in a case no bigger than a lipstick, in your handbag. It can be a friend in need when you're on your way to a date, and zing, away runs your stocking!

### PRESSING ENGAGEMENT:

While pressing before dressing is a f fastidious habit, pause first to make su that you're not sealing soil in. Heat may oil and grime stains on some fabrics beyo all hope of removal.

A steam iron—now there's a friendly thi that really has a girl's interest at heart. W it you may iron on the right side, withou press cloth—especially good news to a who wears suits a lot.

A steam iron likes the light touch, for t steam really does the pressing. Follow contour—nothing is completely flat. A plus press mitt will be worth its weight in gold smoothing rounded shoulder areas. But could manage with a well-padded sle board or a rolled-up Turkish towel.

To revive skirts that show they fought the battle of the back bulge, p vertically across the board, toward the cen back seam, with the placket closed and se laid absolutely straight. Place the iron gen then lift. Repeat on the same spot until get a lively whirl of steam. Lift from the bo while the steam is still puffing. Care don't stretch it again! Lay it flat until c pletely dry before hanging it up.

Don't iron-press bumpy crepes, stret jerseys or velvet. Place such dresses tidily hangers, with all plackets zipped, should stuffed with tissue, and let them hang the bathroom while you take a hot, stea bath or shower. Afterward hang them aw from contact with the steamy walls. The be perky again!

### LAUNDRY À LA WASHBOWL:

Keep mild soap flakes in a pretty jar part of your bathroom *décor*. There nice little gadgets, like hoops wi han tops, equipped with nipper clothespins, hold up your overnight laundry in the le possible space, tidily.

Wash white fabric or doeskin gloves ri on your hands, using a soft brush to cl soiled finger tips in a jiffy. The trick to ke ing doeskins soft is to catch 'em just be they're completely dry and finger-p them. Some say that a bit of soap in the rinse water is softening too.

### ON-THE-SPOT REPORTING:

*Lipstick Division:* To remove stains fr white cotton or linen, rub first with pe leum jelly, then wash in hot suds. If c remains, bleach with peroxide. (Soap with the petroleum jelly first may set the col To remove from nonwashable fabrics: F with petroleum jelly, sponge with car tetrachloride. If stain remains, sponge w diluted alcohol. Washable colored fabr Sponge with carbon tetrachloride be washing in warm suds. Stubborn stains n need a further touch of hydrogen perox

*Nail-polish Division:* Acetate rayo Sponge with carbon tetrachloride. Appl drop of banana oil, then carefully rem dissolved polish with a cloth. All other f rics: Sponge with acetone or polish remo Then, if they're washable, dip in warm s and remove any remaining stain with ble

*Moral:* Just before bedtime, when yo wearing your bath costume (nothing an shower cap), is the safest time for apply nail polish. It will last longer and look m brilliant, too, with all night to set.

**Golden Rule for Being Well Groom**

Everlastingly keeping at it!

Printed in U.S

LADIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN · FEBRUARY, 1946 · FIFTEEN CENTS

# Journal

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Burlingame



GORSKA



**ELSIE LEE,** author of *Secretary to Mr. Bluebeard*, says: "I am incurably domestic and frighteningly competent, even though my husband may bear witness against the fact. Three years ago I made him a pair of pajamas and he still asks me wistfully to turn up the cuffs four inches so that he can find his hand. We collect nothing but phonograph records, of which we have far too many for the size of our apartment; but as music is as necessary as air to me, this is hardly a hobby. My pet bugaboos are Sundays, any hour before eleven A.M., and my hair, which has a phobia against staying put. I like to think I have the vile temper of true genius, but nobody pays attention to me!"

WILDING



**DOROTHY WALWORTH** says: "I was born of Protestant ministers, and know all about the church and life in a parsonage. My one ambition has always been to write, and if I had my life to live over again, I would still write. An editor-husband, a daughter and a kitten like the one in *Nicodemus* have been my pet loves; plus hats, mysteries, puzzles, and the theory that *women have done a better job than they've been given credit for.* Life, I believe, *opens out*, and should continue to open out always. My forties are far more fascinating than my twenties were—which I keep trying to tell young people, but they don't believe me!"



**HOPE HALE** (*Love is That Way*) says: "Before I married a professor and the campus of Smith College, I assaulted New York's advertising and publishing world, and sent myself to Europe on the proceeds of drawings. Now I juggle domesticity and writing—and any home with two parents, a four-year-old male and a preadolescent blonde provides enough grist in one day for a writing lifetime. Moreover, there are the intermissions of my husband's seminars at which I can observe the heroines of today's romances eating raw carrots and homemade doughnuts around our fireplace."

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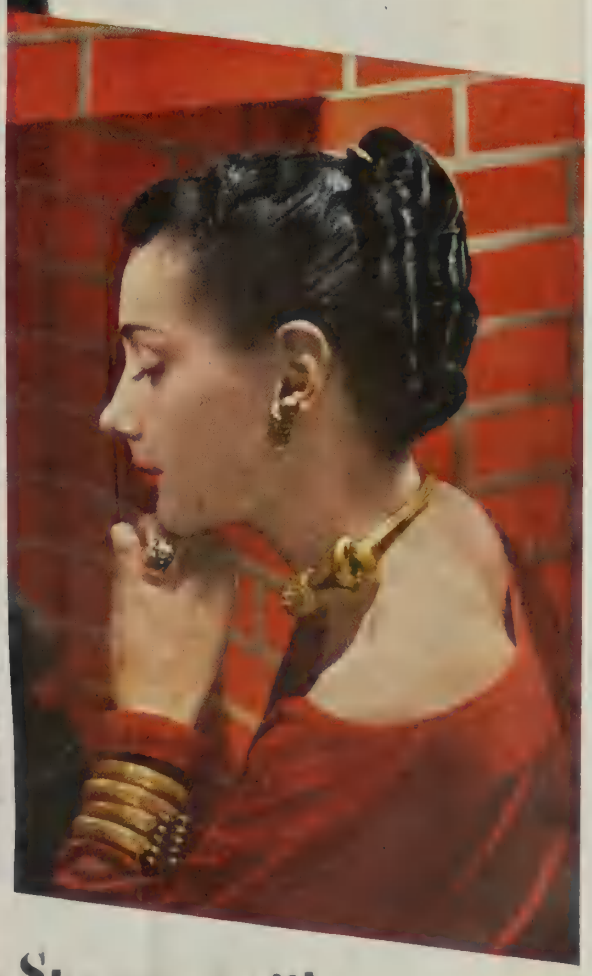


# Shampoo

**leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!**

Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair!
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.
That's Drene-lovely hair.
Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you
these exciting hair-dos to go with the things
you'll do and the clothes you'll wear
on a gay winter week-end.
"Changing your hair style is part of the fun,"
says Shari. "And your hair is so easy to fix
after a Drene wash. This wonderful shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action
leaves hair so smooth and easy to manage."
You'll love the way Drene brings out
all the gleaming beauty of your hair . . .
as much as 33⅓% more brilliance than any soap.
Drene is not a soap shampoo.
It never leaves any dull, dingy film on hair
the way all soaps do.
Leading fashion models, like Shari Herbert,
are always so smartly groomed.
No unsightly dandruff . . .
not when you're a Drene Girl!
Start today. Use Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action
or ask your beauty shop to use it.

■ WINGING DOWN A SKI SLOPE, you want a hair-do that stays put. "So fasten your hair at the nape of your neck with a barrette," advises Shari. "and comb under into a smooth page-boy." Your hair is always easy to fix after a Drene shampoo. The Hair Conditioning action insures manageability plus extra lustre.



**Shampoo with Conditioning Action**

ky Accident'
e me my
st Wash ever..




ther-type soaps
grayness'




BE PATRIOTIC! AVOID SOAP WASTE!

o Clean – they're
BLEACHING

# PET HATES AND PET LIKES

BY JUDITH CHASE

EVERYONE has a right to his pet peeves—as much as his personal preferences. Usually both are kept pretty much on the q.t. and crop up only when the occasion arises. Rarely are they aired all at once. To discover just what these 23 well-known men and women would like in their lives and what they'd put on their black lists, we've pried into their pet peeves and pet likes. They all have definite ideas. Some you'll agree with, some you won't. But at any rate, you'll learn things you never suspected about these celebrities.

### IDA LUPINO

***Dislikes:*** People who treat me as though they expected me to fall in a screaming fit every ten seconds. I'm an actress and I've played some neurotic parts, but—honest—I was acting.

***Likes:*** A picture, silver candlesticks, some little thing to perk up a corner. I have cupboards full of stuff I can't use, but I still buy these things.

### NINO MARTINI

***Dislikes:*** Warm wine and cold soup.

***Likes:*** A new joke.

### LISA SERGIO

***Dislikes:*** Some of my least ladylike instincts are aroused when somebody proceeds to kill a cigarette stub in a saucer that is already dripping with tea or coffee.

***Likes:*** One of my "likes" is driving a car at night when the roads are deserted and the trees are whispering among themselves.

### HELEN JEPSON

***Dislikes:*** Lukewarm coffee.

***Likes:*** Any new words my two-year-old son learns to say.

### STUART CLOETE

***Dislikes:*** Men's clothes.

***Likes:*** All animals except bears.

### ARTHUR POUND

***Dislikes:*** Mayonnaise.

***Likes:*** Homemade sausage and fried potatoes for breakfast.

### FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

***Dislikes:*** A single bed—I like to sleep across a big one. Hospital beds represent instruments of torture to me because of their height and narrowness. I have fallen out of three of these, once with quite disastrous results.

***Likes:*** Travel by anything except trains.




### STANLEY WALKER

***Dislikes:*** People who say F. D. Roosevelt was the greatest American President.

***Likes:*** Women who have sense enough to flatter me.

### DAWN POWELL

***Dislikes:*** The same people for dinner that I had for cocktails.

***Likes:*** People who will not let me confide in them (I am always glad later).

### SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF

***Dislikes:*** Whimsical plays such as HARVEY.

***Likes:*** Pigtails for young girls.

### PEGGY BACON

***Dislikes:*** Cat-lovers.

***Likes:*** Cats.

### CONSTANCE BENNETT

***Dislikes:*** Things that crawl or creep.

***Likes:*** Spinach. I really do.

### FRANK KINGDON

***Dislikes:*** Small tables in restaurants and clubs which give me claustrophobia of my long legs.

***Likes:*** Romping with my grandchildren—and then that moment of wonderful relief after they go to bed.

### BARBARA STANWYCK

***Dislikes:*** Figs and prunes. They always seem so wrinkled and hopeless.

***Likes:*** Sleeping late. When I'm not working, I sleep the sleep of the exhausted—late and long.



### RUTH HUSSEY

***Dislikes:*** Stuffed olives sliced in gelatin salads. They look like eyes.

***Likes:*** Stories about leprechauns.

### EZRA STONE

***Dislikes:*** Autograph hounds with leaking pens. Buttons that pop off just when you think you're losing weight.

***Likes:*** Fans who don't ask me to crack my voice or say, "*Coming, mother!*" Hot garlic bread.

### JOSEPH DRISCOLL

***Dislikes:*** RUDENESS. After covering the war throughout the world for the last four years, I am amazed at the rudeness of the so-called average American back home. The American boys overseas on the front lines were generally courteous and considerate to everybody but the enemy. Some rudeness began to develop among rear-echelon forces, but to experience the real thing one has to come home, particularly to New York.

***Likes:*** Fresh eggs.

### ANNE PARRISH

***Dislikes:*** Guests in the country who give no hint of when they intend to end their visits.

***Likes:*** Lilacs.

### LORETTA YOUNG

***Dislikes:*** The way they seal perfume bottles. You have to have a set of burglar's tools to open them, and then half of it spills.

***Likes:*** Milk; I always have a bottle in my dressing room at the studio, and I drink it with all my meals.

### SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

***Dislikes:*** Lemon pie and radio blurbs, because they nauseate me. I'd rather sit on a thistle than listen to after-dinner rhetoric.

***Likes:*** I like life and wish I had more of it left.

### ROBERT HILLYER

***Dislikes:*** Leisure-class Communists.

***Likes:*** Fried eggplant.



### TEMPLE BAILEY

***Dislikes:*** Oysters with cheese.

***Likes:*** Patent-leather pumps.

### ELLA RAINES

***Dislikes:*** Persons who pout.

***Likes:*** Visiting the zoo alone.

# No Other Shampoo

**leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!**

Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair!
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.
That's Drene-lovely hair.
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## Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-End

■ A WALK IN THE SNOW calls for this stunning up-sweep, so just-right with the half-hood plaid coat by Tina Leser. "It's as easy as rolling off a snowbank to fix this large gleaming roll," says Shari, "if your hair is manageable." And everyone knows that no other shampoo . . . only Drene with Hair Conditioning action . . . leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

■ GLAMOUR BY FIRELIGHT . . . "Change to something romantic for evening," Shari says. "Sweep up your hair and arrange in four or five long shining curls." For that wonderful shining-smooth look, follow Shari's example and be a Drene Girl. So simple yet really dramatic!






Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

LADIES' HOME

Journal

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# YOUR LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT

ONE out of every nine persons who read this line will die of cancer. That is the present statistical truth on this cruelest of diseases to victims and loved ones alike: the disease which brought more deaths at home during the war than were met in combat, and which—unchecked—will eventually kill 15 *million* Americans now living.

For 2500 years, since the Greeks first diagnosed it, cancer has stalked the human race with pain and fear, surrounded by the stultifying taboos that regarded it as a "visitation from God," and made cure, or even alleviation, impossible. As late as the 1880's, most hospitals refused to accept cancer patients, and even recently obituaries have referred to it only as a "long illness."

Cancer itself is still a mystery. And treatment, in this Year Two of the Atomic Age, is still only a step ahead of the ancient Greeks, who cut or burned out the "anarchistic cells," using basically the same methods as those of modern surgery and X ray.

There has been progress in the past twenty-five years—more than in all the twenty-five centuries before—but it has been because of advances in other fields of medicine. Modern science has at last developed the instruments for definitive exploration into the nature of cancer, its causes and cure. The tools are on the table. There remains the need for an integrated effort such as that which cracked the atom, to crack the power of the second highest cause of death.

Memorial Cancer Center in New York City appears to be the potential focus for such an effort. Uniquely so, because today the already long-functioning Memorial Hospital and research center is the only cancer institution in the world to combine prevention, care and treatment of patients with research and teaching.

The tremendous implications of Memorial's program, in coordinating and extending expert knowledge and skill, have been recognized materially by a gift of $4,000,000 from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, a sum which the public is being asked to match in equal dollars. The plan of Memorial Cancer Fund provides for enlargement of the existing hospital (which has a constant waiting list of 300 patients), erection of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, and erection, by the City of New York, of the James Ewing Hospital.

Memorial's waiting list is not confined to residents of New York; patients made hopeful by the center's high reputation come to it from all over the world; doctors who are victims of cancer almost invariably turn to Memorial as their best chance. The center's service to the whole nation makes support by the nation a matter of course.

The four million dollars asked of the public is minuscule in comparison with sums given to more publicized diseases—to say nothing of the millions spent for industrial research. In giving to the Memorial Cancer Center Fund, you may rightfully consider your contribution a kind of life-insurance premium. That is what it may mean to 15 million. No one knows whose names will be in the hat. None of us can afford not to help reduce that fatal number. Send your contribution to:

MEMORIAL CANCER CENTER FUND,
37 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

# THE REVOLT AGAINST PAGANISM

## By Harry Emerson Fosdick

BEFORE the war, the story runs, there was in Paris a Frenchman with strong anti-Semitic prejudices. Then the Nazis took over France and the Frenchman saw the ghastly things that anti-Semitism really means when it gets going. Recently on a street in Paris that Frenchman cordially greeted a Jew of his acquaintance. "Friend," he said, "these Nazis have taken everything away from me—even my anti-Semitism."

**In eras of revolt against intolerable situations, humanity has made some of its most notable gains. Christianity spread across the Roman world with a speed that still seems incredible, not alone because Christ was what He was, but because the Roman world was what it was, facing moral degradation that to the best men and women of the time was becoming unendurable.**

*On that hard pagan world disgust*
*And secret loathing fell.*

So, too, democracy was won, not so much because at first it seemed in itself desirable—many thoughtful men expected disaster from it—as because political tyranny grew to such monstrous oppressiveness that men, finding it unbearable, rebelled against it.

The most obvious illustration of such a reaction against an unbearable evil today is the public attitude toward war. We now read with shocked incredulity the praise of war, as in itself a major benediction, once commonly voiced by outstanding, respectable leaders—not only Field Marshal von Moltke saying, as might be expected, "The noblest virtues of man are developed in war. Without war the world would degenerate and disappear in a morass of materialism," but Ernest Renan, the Frenchman, saying, "War is one of the conditions of progress," and John Ruskin, the Englishman, saying, "War is the foundation of all the arts, of all the high virtues and faculties of men," and Theodore Roosevelt saying, "By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life." No sane person now thinks any such thing about war. It has become intolerable, a suicidal process, with such inhuman horrors inherent in it as "should make the prevention of another great war," says Winston Churchill, "the main preoccupation of mankind."

**Our present situation, fearful though it is, is full of hope. Mankind's major gains have been made in rebellion against evils grown insufferable. The urgent popular demand for a peace-making and peace-supporting organization of the nations springs now not from visionary idealism but from frightened realism, confronting in war a road that leads so straight to an earthly hell that not only all that is decent but all that is self-preservative in our instincts rises in revolt against it.**

About the most terrifying aspect of Nazism was its scrapping of all distinction between right and wrong, its complete ethical indifferentism, making the self-interest of a so-called Master Race the sole criterion of conduct, as though there were no abiding moral laws and standards.

It was not a Nazi but an American, however, who wrote morality "is really nothing but a fashion, which changes from one year to another, from one country to another, from one place to another, and more especially from one person to another, as surely as the fashion and taste in hats and furniture."

The time has come for a revolt against that idea.

Everywhere else there are standards. In a scientific laboratory the standards are rigorous—honesty, accuracy, painstaking veracity about facts. In any realm of creative endeavor—Toscanini's work with an orchestra, for example—nothing is more impressive than the presence of high, imperative standards.

NOTHING can make Judas Iscariot or Hitler right. Nothing can make cruelty, hypocrisy, dishonesty, treachery or debauchery right. There *are* ethical standards!

To be sure, good character is like good health—each individual has his idiosyncrasies in handling it. Minor moral customs vary from time to time, from country to country, from individual to individual. It is unthinking to suppose that because minor moral customs change, basic moral laws are abrogated.

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, of Yale, writing as a student of contemporary literature, sums up in a devastating paragraph this futilitarian attitude.

"The typical young person in some of the popular novels," he writes, "is often like this. At ten years of age, he sees through his parents, and begins to caricature them. At fourteen, he sees through education, and begins to dodge it. At eighteen, he sees through morality, and begins to step over it. At twenty, he loses all respect for his home town and for our government. At twenty-one, he comes of age and decides that our whole social system is perfectly ridiculous. At twenty-three, the story suddenly ends, because the young fellow has seen through everything and does not know what to do next."

At this point we have a justifiable complaint against certain types of teaching in our schools and colleges. The separation of church and state has made the positive presentation of our best spiritual and religious heritage very difficult and often impossible

*(Continued on Page 211)*







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# — *Following* Nature's Own Recipe *for Perfect Fruit!*

ALL luscious ripe fruits contain dextrose . . . Nature puts it there.

To retain all the goodness of fresh fruits, leading canners follow nature's own recipe . . . they use dextrose sugar to capture the color, protect the delicate flavor and firm texture of fine fruits.

When you buy canned fruits, look for mention of dextrose on the label. It indicates superior color, finer flavor and texture . . . and, of course, an abundance of genuine food energy.

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CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
*One of the producers of dextrose*



# Heart TO Heart



TAKE one boy and one gal, add a casual introduction or two or three good chances to get acquainted, mix in a little light chatter and a few bright smiles, let matters stand for a week or two and what do you have? Well, that's up to you! A bow in the hair, a dash of perfume behind the ears may add to the hubba-hubba atmosphere, you can always depend on the moon to do its stuff, a few good records can provide mood music that's sweet and swoony, but the real work, the basic business of all boy-girl friendships, is up to you! So if you're the kind of wide-eyed young character who'd like to be loved (and who wouldn't!), why not try it this way:

**YOU'LL CATCH HIS EYE.** Ask any high-school joe what he sees first when he looks at a new gal and he'll tell you he just "sees her"—and from top to toe. It isn't her hair, it isn't her eyes, it isn't her smile—it's just *her* all over! So a really attractive gal will insure herself that groovy look, the stuff on which dreams are made, morning, noon and night—and even walking down the street to the corner drugstore! So start your campaign for heartbreaking (or heart taking!) by looking always as clean as a whistle and just as sharp. The average interesting high-school character likes to date a girl near his own age, so select your clothes, hair-do and even your dating outlook in the sweet-and-simple department. You're the kind of gal who looks wonderful out tobogganing on a Saturday afternoon in woolly ski pants and a big plaid lumber jacket. You look good with wind on your cheeks and snow on your hair. You're pretty as a picture when you come to school in a sweater and skirt, you look wonderful again at a basketball game in your pea-jacket coat and a little-boy cap on the back of your head. You manage that fragile "sweet and lovely" look in a formal with a full skirt, fluffy tulle and little bows. No trying to fool the fellows with the glamour of black satin, rhinestone earrings and mink tails in your hair! You're young and you're smart enough to try to look that way. Just be the kind of gal with the clean, fresh appeal of a bright red apple and you'll be the kind of gal a fellow will look at twice—and remember!



**A DOUBLE TAKE.** He sees you once, he sees you twice, he sees you once again, and it will be a long, long time before he gets that picture out of his memory if you have a personality to suit that pretty-as-a-picture look. All boys—even the crew-cut kind who get letter sweaters for football and know just how to dance to a Woody Herman recording—are sentimentalists. They like to think that all the best gals are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. So give them a little of that old sugar to keep them thinking of you.

Let them know that you have a good disposition. Not just on Friday nights when the man in your life is around, but Sunday, Monday and always. You don't sit and sulk just because you can't have another new sweater or because your dad says "No family car for you tonight"; you can get down on the floor yourself with a pair of scissors and a tube of paste when your little sister wants to play paper dolls; and even if your current hunk of heartbreak has to break a date at the last minute, you can come up smiling and be ready for a date next week instead! That's the kind of girl a fellow likes to think about in the hearts-and-flowers department! She's not only fun for a one-evening date, but—if a fellow wanted to get that serious—she's the kind of dream stuff that would be fun to be with all the time. A good sport, a good date and a good heart—all wrapped up into one really good gal!

**AND HOW ABOUT FRIDAY NIGHT?** Look the boy and the problem straight in the eye (all right, so you can't think when you have him on your mind!). Either he loves you or he loves you not—and you're the gal who can pick the daisies! He'll love *you*, if you love *him*—and that doesn't mean that you have to go dreamy-eyed and make with the sweet talk every time you see him. To "love" someone simply means to "like" someone, with a little hard work behind it. You like him enough to wear your very best new dress, all crisp and neat, on that special date with him. You like him enough to pin a blue bow in your hair simply because he remarked last week that you looked wonderful with a blue bow in your hair. You like him enough to listen hard (and even do a little outside reading about it) when he talks about jet propulsion, the atomic era or even Terry and the Pirates if that happens to interest him at the moment. You like him enough to enjoy a movie, bowling or an evening with the gang together—whatever happens to suit his whim and what's left of this week's allowance. You even like him well enough to work up the courage to tell him he looks wonderful with his new bow tie or in that red reindeer sweater!

**THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN!** Of course he'll come back for more! Any smooth boy knows a good gal when he sees one—and when he dates one. A date is usually what the girl makes it. It's her mood, her co-operation in fun and her general date appeal that set the pace for the evening. It's up to you to start out for any bright-lights occasion, or even for a Saturday-afternoon Coke-and-a-walk date, with an "isn't this fun" attitude. When a boy asks you for a date, that's proof that he thinks you're smooth and fun to be with—then it's up to you to make sure you both have a good time to prove that *he's* smooth and fun to be with too! When a boy asks to hold your hand in the movie, it isn't only because he thinks you're something just this side of Joan Leslie—he wants to know, too, that you like him! And when a boy asks you to consider him as your steady fella or exchange class rings—he not only wants to show that he likes *you*, but he wants to know how you feel about him too! A smart gal can get the idea of friendship and honest interest across to her beau boys without being labeled an eager beaver. A fellow simply likes to know when he's liked or when he's loved or even when he's appreciated, and above all—he likes to know that you're his gal. You *do* have a heart—so why not use it?



## THE SUB-DEB
## EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

**HEART TO HANDLE?** Are those stars or tears in your eyes? If you're finding that the ways of love and life aren't easy, if the man after your own heart is out to break it—let us in on the sad story. In solving problems, two heads are better than one! And be sure to take a look at the Sub-Deb book-lets listed for you on page 228. Help yourself or let us try it!



*Bright about her Bridge —*

*Stupid about her Scalp!*

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

*Ignorance, Indifference and Neglect May Lead to a Troublesome Case of Infectious Dandruff*

Don't be dumb about so important a thing as your scalp and hair.

Common symptoms like excess flakes and scaling, itching and irritation may, and often do, indicate the presence of infectious dandruff . . . the stubborn kind that may hang on a long time and embarrass and trouble you.

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff, start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily. This is the easy, delightful treatment that, in a clinical test, brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the dandruff sufferers within 30 days. It has helped so many . . . may help you.

*Kills "Bottle Bacillus"*

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" germs . . . those ruthless little invaders that can grow in vast numbers on the scalp, threatening its health and the appearance of the hair. Many a noted dermatologist calls the "bottle bacillus" a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

*Flakes Begin to Disappear*

While Listerine Antiseptic mops up on germs, it also helps to rid scalp and hair of those distressing flakes and scales. And almost immediately itching is allayed.

Even after a few treatments you begin to see and feel improvement. Your scalp tingles and glows, feels wonderfully alive! Your hair feels delightfully fresh! Listerine Antiseptic does not bleach it.

Get in the habit of making Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing. It pays! Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

*—the tested treatment*

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

*and* **MASSAGE**

**THELMA, LADY FURNESS,** *shares the lustrous, dark-eyed beauty of her twin sister, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Both are delighted with the new "sheer-gauge" Pond's powder. "Pond's powder goes on so evenly!" Lady Furness says. "It looks so much smoother and softer on my skin!"*



**What gives Pond's powder such dreamy-smooth color "ON"?**

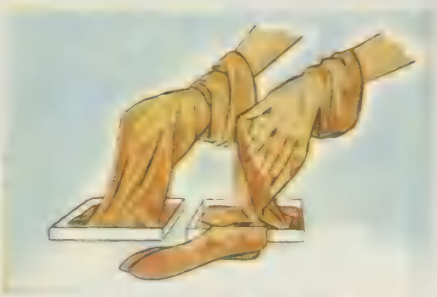
**Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"!**

Dreamy-smooth, glowing with mysterious color-softness—that's the thrilling new way that Pond's powder goes on! Because a new suffusing ingredient makes Pond's powder "sheer-gauge"—spreads the myriad particles of soft color more evenly over your skin! No streaks or graininess mar the clear, flawless color-smoothness. Compare "sheer-gauge" Pond's with your present powder. You'll understand why beautiful Lady Furness chooses "sheer-gauge" Pond's!



**Special!**
**Pond's Make-up Trio**

**A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with matching Pond's "Lips" and "Cheeks." It's a $1 value for only 79¢, plus tax. Wonderful for prizes . . . for gifts . . . for *you!***



**"Sheer-gauge" means more glamorous color for your face, too!**

Two stockings—same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Pond's powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so beautifully "sheer-gauge"!

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

**—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty!**

# Our Readers Write Us

### Tend to Your Knitting!

*Pelham Manor, New York.*

*Dear Editors:* I greatly admire Al Parker's cover designs. However, in the December one, he made a slight mistake; the charming knitters are knitting upside down or wrong end to! They should be finishing the socks at the toe. If they were crocheting, this picture would be correct, but there are two needles as in knitting.

Very sincerely yours,
KATHERINE B. RETALLICK.

In every Parker drawing there is a distinctive Parker touch. The mother-daughter knitters, for instance, are adding a special Parker edge to already-knitted bootees. Take a bow, Mr. Parker! ED.

### We'd Like to Know Too!

*Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

*Dear Editors:* Al Parker's covers are absolutely the sweetest ideas being printed. Each one shows a modern Madonna in various moods. As to the latest (Dec.), I predict that mamma's blue bootee is more prophetic than Small Stuff's pink one. Who knows?!!

*Name withheld by request.*

### Semper Sinatra!

*Albuquerque, New Mexico.*

*Dear Editors:* I thought you'd like to know the letters (from Sinatra fans) are still coming—from Alaska, from a Japanese girl in Hawaii, two from Brazil, several from England, one from Scotland, and one from Jerusalem! I cut a stencil of the names of the 38 fan clubs I knew, and addresses, and had it mimeographed.

We've moved to Albuquerque for my health and the climate is swoonderful. No apartments—we had to buy a house trailer. But as long as I have a place to answer my Sinatra-mail *(and* I can still hear Frankie on the radio and my records) I'll stay happy.

Sinatraly yours and Forever Frank's,
DIANE DEE DEE STEVENS.

### What Every Girl Should Know

*New London, Connecticut.*

*Dear Editor:* I teach Sex Education, or Social Hygiene, to the senior girls in the high school where I am school nurse. One of my textbooks is The Wonder of Life; I've found it to be a great aid and I was interested in your article, Explaining the Facts of Life.

Anyone who doesn't believe boys and girls should know these things is not living in this age.

Yours sincerely,
E. R. H.

### Foolproof Cheese Soufflé

*Columbia, South Carolina.*

*Dear Miss Batchelder:* For many a long day I have intended to write to you, in appreciation for the magnificent work you are doing in keeping alive the "know how" of good food in this country.

Among my most cherished recipes was the one you published in the JOURNAL about 1942, for a foolproof cheese soufflé. I never had a failure with it, but rated a gold medal every time I served it, which was often. Of all the soufflés I ever tried this is the only one which stayed inflated, down to the last luscious spoonful.

MRS. M. R. D.

### News of Iver and Lucille

*Oxford, Georgia.*

*Dear Editors:* I have four girls and they all agree with me that the JOURNAL stands first among the many periodicals to which we subscribe.

We'd love to hear more news of the little English children who stayed with you during part of the war.

MRS. HENRY JONES.

Iver, not much of a student in easy-going America, has buckled down in England, mastered Latin and was one of those in his class who moved ahead. He has now decided to become an engineer; but in the meantime is looking forward to rowing for his school. Sister Lucille, not as good a student, is, nevertheless, getting along very well. In England, boys are expected to do better than girls. Both talk "English" again instead of "American" but adore American sweets, toys, and hope to return someday. ED.

### Praise for Mrs. Roosevelt

*São Paulo, Brazil, South America.*

*Sirs:* I, living here, didn't have any occasion to know important things about Mrs. Roosevelt until her column began to appear in the JOURNAL. From the beginning I was profoundly impressed, not only by her intelligence and great wisdom, but also by her dignity, kindness, objectiveness and common sense—a deep, human common sense which only great people have.

Very sincerely yours,
RITA DE ALBUQUERQUE LINS.

### She Likes America

*Washington, D. C.*

*Dear Editors:* I have been meaning to write and thank you for the delightful afternoon spent in your Editorial Workshop in New York City. I knew you all so well by name that meeting you and seeing, as it were, into the heart of the JOURNAL (its interiors, fashions and beautiful kitchens, really there and not just on paper) gave me the feeling of being a movie fan, miraculously transplanted to Hollywood, and introduced to all the stars!

Since then I have seen something more of the States and got to know a good many Americans. This seems as good a place to praise them as any. . . . Their hospitality and kindness are proverbial, and justly so.

I could go on, and on, writing about all the things I love over here: the architecture; the way children are treated, their self-confidence and real manners, the manners of the heart; they may greet you with a "Hi!" but they will bring up a chair for you to sit on; the good looks of American girls, particularly in New York; the amusement of grocery buying, helping oneself to everything and piling it into a little perambulator!

Just in case you think my case looks too good, I ought perhaps to say what I do not like. Well, your police and fire sirens, for one. Horrible, horrible noise! Maple sirup on sausage and mayonnaise sauce on fruit salad. *(Our* coffee is revolting and our eternal sprouts overboiled. But I said it first!) Lastly, my own discontent with any kitchen since I visited that of the JOURNAL.

During the years of war in England, I used to think of America with longing. Now, when I go back home, I shall again.

Sincerely,
MRS. J. O. HARMON.

### Two Kinds of Women

*Rogers, Arkansas.*

*Dear Editors:* There are two kinds of women in every town: the kind that completes her education when she frames her high-school diploma—you know, "died at twenty, buried at sixty"; then there is her opposite, the woman who knows if you slump life will slap.

For these I would establish a School for Adults in every town of under four thousand. Educational advantages in small towns are now geared for those under twenty. Five hundred dollars would establish a school; if properly conducted, the school would be making money at the end of the second year.

I live in a small town. I know two hundred women that would be crowding the door the day such a school opened. The curriculum would include arts and crafts, French and Spanish (which can no longer be considered foreign languages), practical psychology, current events, writing and dramatics. One dollar a week would admit a woman to any, or all, classes. Four specially trained teachers, with a car, could easily handle schools in three towns, giving each town two days a week.

*(Continued on Page 13)*



Sometimes love happens like this... all of a sudden and for keeps.

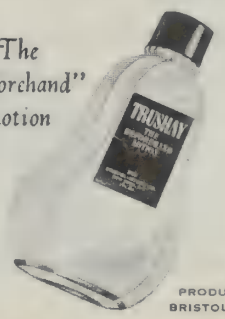
But sometimes the moment is spoiled. A wrong word can do it, or even a roughened hand. Help keep your hands thrilling with Trushay—the hand lotion that's petal-scented and different.

You can use Trushay a special way ...the "beforehand" way. A few drops on your hands before dishes, before light laundering, will actually help guard against soap-and-water damage.

Rely on Trushay always... wherever and whenever you need it.

# TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion




PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

# *Look, it's Here! The Sensational New* PHILCO *Refrigerator!*




**Yes, it's here . . . the refrigerator with *all* the features . . . developed by Philco to bring you the finest refrigerator ever built. It's the sensation of the industry . . . the modern refrigerator for modern living . . . now on display at your Philco dealer. *See it, compare it* with any refrigerator you ever saw and judge for yourself how it brings you more for your money in service, economy, convenience and quality. Yes, it's the *big news* in refrigeration for 1946 . . . there's a size and price to suit you . . . be sure to see Philco before you buy!**

**EVERY PHILCO REFRIGERATOR HAS A**

## FREEZER LOCKER

Every new Philco Refrigerator, from the lowest priced model up, has a built-in Freezer Locker, where you can keep an extra supply of frozen food packages, where you can freeze meats, fish and poultry for later use. No refrigerator is complete today unless it gives you frozen storage space. *Every Philco has it!*




**AND IN ADDITION . . . COMPLETELY EQUIPPED THROUGHOUT**

## *the Refrigerator with All the Features*



**MOIST COLD SPACE**

Keeps foods without covers; preserves natural color, flavor and juices.



**"CONSERVADOR"**

Shelf-lined Inner Door doubles "front-shelf" space. Only Philco has it!



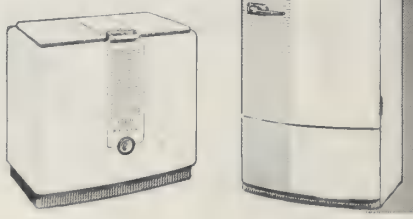
**VEGETABLE CRISPERS AND MEAT KEEPERS**

Keep green vegetables and fruits crisp and fresh. Keep fresh meats in prime market condition.

**SENSATIONAL NEW PHILCO FREEZER**

**for sharp freezing and sub-zero storage of frozen food.**

A frozen food pantry for your home! Reaches temperatures of 15° to 25° below zero for food freezing and quantity frozen storage. Models for any home, 2½ cu. ft. capacity up.




PHILCO
*Famous for Quality the World Over*

*(Continued from Page 10)*

These schools would offer their pupils two of the greatest incentives in the world, self-improvement and money. The money would come from the sales department, where worth-while things would be displayed; 10 per cent of the sales money would revert to the school, the rest to the producer.

And don't think the things wouldn't sell. Highways will soon be black with tourists, and tourists love to spend their money for local products of the towns they pass through.

Very sincerely,
*(Name withheld by request).*

**Won't Reduce!**

*Columbus, Indiana.*

*Dear Editors:* The World War is supposed to be over. So—why not total peace? This would be a good time for beauty and style experts to *quit making war on overweight women.* Strange as it may seem, there are some women in this world who, though they strive to be attractive, have no wish to reduce.

Many of them are too busy, too sick, or both, to take the time and energy necessary to reduce. Others have husbands or sweethearts who actually prefer the heavier type of woman. Those same experts who do everything they can to make these women ashamed of their weight would do a great deal more good if they'd help these same overweight women become attractive to the eyes of others, take pride in their own appearance and gain in self-assurance because of it.

After all, some of us are tall, some short, some blondes, brunettes or redheads, so why is it necessary we should all be the same weight?

Sincerely yours,
FRANCES CLEVENGER ROSS.

**The Sun Never Sets on the Journal**

*Achivas, Argentina.*

*To the Editors:* My daughter, who has done physiotherapy at a military hospital in India, says "The LADIES' HOME JOURNALS are terrifically appreciated here. They are certainly read by a very large part of the British-Indian population."

Yours truly,
P. B.

**Story of a Happy Man**

*Oxford, Michigan.*

*Dear Sirs:* The story of my father, who lost his eyesight before he met my mother, may in a small way comfort some of our blinded veterans. His life contained love, business success and friends galore.

His first business venture was buying furs, and he couldn't be fooled on any kind of skin; he made money at this and then branched out into the produce business. Many a cold night he went alone to a loaded car on the track and kept fires going so the produce wouldn't freeze. He went everywhere alone, and he never forgot a voice, the shape and feeling of a hand, the sound of a footstep.

If ever a man had romance in his courtship, my dad did. My mother was a really beautiful young Irish girl, who came to help my grandmother with sewing. One day father, who was an expert swimmer, saved her life when she fell from a boat into the lake. (She never learned how to swim.) Soon after the near tragedy, they were married and certainly lived happily ever after. I never heard a cross word spoken in our home. It was a place of laughing and fun and my dad was the center of it all. I was ready for school before I realized he was blind. Our furniture was never changed and nothing was left around on the floor; mother served the plates in the kitchen with dad's meat, potatoes, vegetables always in the same place on the plate. But his affliction was never even mentioned. He had no special training, but he certainly overcame a great obstacle and no one pitied him. Over thirty years since his death, he is still remembered with love, respect and admiration; even with awe, as though he saw something that others couldn't ever see—and perhaps he did.

Sincerely yours,
LAVINA E. REGAN.

**She Wants Her Journal**

*Washington, D. C.*

*Dear Editor:* Your suggestion about passing on copies of the JOURNAL makes me feel thoroughly unpatriotic, because I *do not.* I am a dyed-in-the-wool collector and scrapbook maker. My regular collections are: Line a Day, Ask Any Woman, Watchbirds, and regular cartoons. I keep separate books and lend them to shut-ins.

I have a great assortment of house and room plans, and to my collection of poems, cute sayings, and so on, added 31 this month. I have a tremendous assortment of recipes, and love those with pictures attached. Last, but not least, the coupons, God bless them! This month I sent off eight. Now I ask you, would anybody else ever be able to enjoy my copy of the JOURNAL after I am finished with it?

My congratulations to the biggest 15 cents' worth in history.

Yours sincerely,
FRANCES V. JOHNSON.

Now that the paper situation is easing, we can and will print more JOURNALS, so more people can buy them. We must admit it's easy for us to forgive "hoarder" Johnson. ED.

**Jap Women are Chattels**

*Buffalo, New York.*

*Dear Editors:* The whole truth about Japanese customs concerning women has never been told. The Japanese have always been very touchy, and their embassy very vigilant, about any derogatory publicity. Formerly, if a returned missionary or member of the diplomatic corps should print facts shocking to western nations, he would be refused re-entry into Japan.

It is known that women in Japan are mere chattels, but the unmorality of the nation is not known: the renting of daughters to houses of prostitution for money to educate and advance the sons, and so on. There is a common saying in Japanese that "there are two things which can't be avoided by mankind—death and syphilis."

Sincerely,
ALICE BENNETT, M.D.
*(retired after 50 years of practice)*

It will take longer for us to reform Japan than many are willing to admit—or work at. ED.

**Civilian Snafu**

The following letter to Mrs. Gould refers to her visit to the war fronts last year ("Our Readers Write Us," April, 1945). *Mister* Stecker was then Colonel, commanding officer of the famous 365th Fighter Group, the "Hell Hawks," headquarters in Belgium. ED.

*Salem, Massachusetts.*

*Dear Beatrice:* Do you remember our talk at the airfield in Belgium last spring, when you were so concerned with readjustment problems that would confront the returning soldiers? At that time, I thought you were much too worried about us. Of course we had lived, thought and fought war for so long that any future problem about civilized life did not impress us or divert our thoughts from the job at hand.

But since then we have won our wars, returned home and have been given the ruptured duck (discharge emblem—ED.) The last two months, the first civilian life in 4½ years, vividly reminded me of our conversation. I now understand what you were trying to say. The vet finds himself turned loose to lead a life beset with complications on housing and transportation, rusty and unused to the daily routine of his friends.

At this writing, I have just about returned to the way of life as it was 4½ years ago, knowing that the quickest way back is to fit oneself into the pattern of life as lived by the community. Most of the folks are eager and anxious to help the servicemen do that and we must realize that we cannot absorb the civilians but they must absorb us. And not an easy thing for both parties to do.

I hope that the next time we have a talk it will *not* be on some foreign airfield, ducking bombs of World War III. Let's try and skip that one, for I do not want to get readjusted again.

Best,
*MR.* RAY J. STECKER.

**American Dream House**

*Chicago, Illinois.*

*Dear Editors:* I want to thank the JOURNAL for publishing house plans that seem to be an answer to my prayers.

*(Continued on Page 74)*




"EVEN IF YOU MAKE A MILLION, I'LL STILL BE GLAD WE KNEW—"

*It's Smart to Buy the* FINEST *Sterling*

The *best* sterling pattern is one which can grow with the fortunes of your life. Reed & Barton Sterling lends as personal a note of distinction to your dream-home-come true as it does to a two-room apartment. Choose Reed & Barton—the very *finest* solid silver—for your lifetime best, as have so many generations of American families.

Among the lovely patterns shown here you will find your own favorite. Or ask your jeweler to show you other Reed & Barton masterpieces, in flatware as well as tea and coffee services. It costs very little more to own the best.

HELPFUL HOSTESS HINTS: *For fascinating and valuable booklet "How To Be A Successful Hostess," send 10 cents to Reed & Barton, Box 990, Dept. L, Taunton, Massachusetts.*

**Reed & Barton**

ESTABLISHED 1824

*Sterling Silver*

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



GUILDHALL
FRAGRANCE
POINTED ANTIQUE
GEORGIAN ROSE
FRENCH RENAISSANCE

FRANCIS FIRST

*A Group of the World's Most Beautiful Sterling Patterns*

# Treet makes a company dinner in 30 minutes!



**Glazed Treet with Vegetables**

Score Treet loaf. Stud with cloves. Cover with mixture of ½ cup brown sugar and ¼ cup of any kind of fruit juice or honey. Bake 30 min. in 350° F. oven. Serve with cooked green lima beans, cooked carrot strips seasoned with chopped parsley and butter. Serves 4. Tossed green salad is the accompaniment.




## Taste Treet's Special Goodness!

More people choose Treet than any other meal-ready meat! And no wonder—for Treet is all choice pork, carefully selected for Treet alone! And it's sealed in the tin before cooking, so Treet is extra flavorful, extra tender and high in vitamins! Compare it with any other meal-ready meat and you, too, will say: "Yes, Treet is the meat that's best!"

# The meal-ready meat millions prefer!

*Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday night over A B C (Blue) Network. See local papers for time and station.*

## *Fifty Years Ago in the Journal*



IN February, 1896, there was a Lorna Doone craze in Exmoor, England, with coaches and inns named after the famous heroine. According to the book lists, the foremost problems of the day were (1) the silver question; (2) the Oriental question; (3) the new-woman question; and (4) the *fin de siècle* degeneration question. Smaller sleeves began to replace the huge leg-o'-mutton. Sarah Bernhardt, vacationing in Brittany, dressed like a fisherman, while fashionable London brides wore cream satin trimmed with sable.

***"Men seldom make good lovers," says Lilian Bell in the February, 1896, JOURNAL, and goes on to tell husbands: "Just because you have built us houses, have our clothes made for us, and never allow the butcher bills to annoy us, pray don't think that you have done your whole duty by us."***

**"Maud: Young girls who do not wish to have the world speak harshly of them, do not go out driving with young men alone at night."**

*"I want my girl to have the courage to refuse to read a bad book," writes Ruth Ashmore. "Once you enjoy a bad book your taste is depraved and all life is different. Lift it up carefully by the tongs, and put it in the fire."*

**In this issue, the JOURNAL protests against the "fantastic absurdities" of Victorian architecture. Ralph Adams Cram offers a plan for a "simple Colonial," eleven rooms, two baths. "It should cost, in the vicinity of the larger cities in the**



**East, about $5000 including heating and plumbing."**

***"Constant reader: I do not approve of cousins who have passed childhood kissing each other," says the author of Sidetalks with Girls.***

**Lingerie notes: "On a petticoat of pale green alpaca, the ruffles are a light golden brown satin. . . . This year, the collar on milady's nightdress cannot possibly be too flaring or too large."**



# JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

***"This little pig went to market"—and when he got there, in the form of ham, he found crowds like this waitin***

**GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YOR**

**THE line, or queue, situation seems to take a new turn every day on our way to the Workshop. No matter how wretched the weather, a patient trail of humanity winds from some different doorway within which another product is coming back to people long deprived. *Alice Blinn* stopped by at a big store's food department the other morning, and the crush was worse than it was for coffee, cigarettes or even nylons. The object: hams—as many to a customer as he could carry. Alice saw one man stagger out with five. And a woman struggling with a bundle of three sighed in desperation, "I've got to take these back with me to London, and I can scarcely lift them off the floor!"**

***Hugh Kahler*** tells us how ***Dorothy Walworth,*** on a fishing trip with her husband, ***Merle Crowell,*** was called from dinner at their country inn by a telephone call announcing that the JOURNAL had bought her novel, Nicodemus (in this issue). Just managed to get back to the table with the news before bursting into tears of joy; then looked up to find her husband moved to tears. And when their waitress heard why they were weeping, she cried too.

***At the big Workshop party here for Dorothy Black, the English writer was telling Eleanor Roosevelt and Dorothy Thompson how in Great Britain the talk about atomic energy is almost altogether in terms of peaceful power, to make life better—whereas here in this country it seemed to her to be all about bombs and fear of destruction. "That's what five years of low diet has done for England," she said. "It's made us a nation of idealists."***

Almost every woman loses a single earring now and then, including ***Nina Lord,*** a friend of the ***Goulds,*** who at the same party solved the problem by wearing unmatched earrings. Just as attractive as an identical pair, and far better as a topic of conversation.

*On the other hand, **Alice Blinn** has discovered an earring exchange up on Columbus Circle, where people who've lost one of a pair can send in the orphan, which the exchange will try to match from other singles sent in.*

***Gregory Peck*** shaves as he showers. ***Bennett Cerf*** doesn't use a razor until eleven A.M. (at his office) to escape five-o'clock shadow. . . . ***Dr. John Boy Dunning,*** who helped develop the atomic bomb, can't stand the ringing of an alarm clock. . . . Toads are replacing rabbits in pregnancy tests. They give results in four hours instead of forty-eight. . . . Three of our counterspies in Germany were awarded the Iron Cross. . . . Best-known Yankee philosopher below the border, according to a visitor from Brazil, is ***Lin Yutang*** . . . . Average length of a cold is fifteen days. . . . ***Fred Allen*** stays in bed all day Mondays. . . . As closely guarded as the atomic bomb is the formula for the much-imitated Coca-Cola—only three or four persons know it. . . . If he can get it, ***President Truman*** has steak and baked potato every night. ***Diana Lynn*** settles for calf's liver and spinach. . . . ***Hedy Lamarr*** picked her baby's name, Denise, from a fan letter. . . . In Buffalo, a bank has a drive-in window so customers don't have to leave their cars. . . . Before buying a ranch, the ***Harry Jameses*** had baby Vicky take allergy tests for hay and alfalfa. . . . Men's heat production is 17 per cent higher than women's—the reason they need fewer blankets. . . . ***Webster,*** who draws Milquetoast, Thrill of a Lifetime, and so on, with his left hand, can write with only his right.



*Grandma likes to save paint.*

***Frank Eltonhead*** found out you're never too old to learn how to paint when he went up recently to see ***Grandma Moses*** at the gallery showing her primitives. Told Frank she started seven years ago, at 78, and sold her paintings at her home-village drugstore upstate for $1 apiece. Now, she said, she's getting as much as $250 from primitive collectors like ***Greer Garson*** and ***Ronald Colman.*** "How fast can you paint?" Frank asked her. "Well," Grandma told him, "I can finish five from Monday to Friday. I all five at once. Saves paint."

***A couple of hobbies: Donald A. Laird,*** famous psychologist an JOURNAL author, looks for, and find mistakes in dictionaries and encycl pedias. . . . ***Monty Woolley*** pla practical jokes—not always succes fully. Lately went to a party with h beard brightly gilded, everyone the pretending not to notice it.

*Like a lot of other people who drive oft through the mile-long, white-tiled Linco Tunnel under the Hudson, **Richar Pratt** has seen many motorists g stuck and have to be dragged out by t big red double-ended towing truck. T victims have always seemed so unhapp But not the one he saw the other day, w took it as a lark, along with a pair highly pleased towing attendants—pullin out **Frank Sinatra.***

There's a little book just out, calle JUST LIKE A WOMAN, by ***Bj Kid*** that entertainingly tells how different the minds of men and women work the author a leading advertising writ who's helped make this magazine Never Underestimate the Power of Woman series famous. And if puzzles you, it stands for Betty Jan

**Now that paper has loosened u there's a big crop of new books wit wide variety among them: NE WORLDS IN MEDICINE, a fascina ing anthology of articles by expert dealing with all those symptom diseases and latest cures that we a love so dearly to talk about. . . Then FRIDAY'S CHILDREN, ***Georgette Heyer*—gay historic novel about London in the ear 1800's, parties and beaus and a lo affair—the whole concoction we spiced with irony. . . . THOS OTHER PEOPLE, by ***Mary Kin O'Donnell,*** bringing us to presen day New Orleans between the hou of 4 A. M. and 1 P. M. of a rai summer day—a minute-to-minu record of what happens to a group people in the French Quarter. . . Also on the list is a good Chine novel by ***Lin Yutang's*** youn daughter, ***Lin Taiyi.*** THE GOLDE COIN; ***Louis Golding's*** TH GLORY OF ELSIE SILVER, about a "honorary Aryan" who gets caugh in the Warsaw uprising of the ghett Jews; BURMA SURGEON RETURN in which ***Doctor Seagrave*** con tinues his heroic story; and ***Erie Remarque's*** ARCH OF TRIUMPH covering Paris in the days just befor the war.**

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# NICODEMUS

*The Journal's Complete-in-one-issue Novel*

## BY DOROTHY WALWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

THE moon set. The stars paled. Dawn rolled away the stone. Above Manhattan, the resurrected sun appeared to the rivers flowing beneath the silver bridges, the golden birds above the silver water, the ships clotted at the piers, the low dark houses, the high pale towers, the faint green clouds that were April in the parks.

Dawn was only an illusion of the people with egg-shaped faces who lived on this planet rolling perpetually beneath the light. Where the sun stood, it was always high noon. The earth and its people created day and night. And today, according to the heartbeats of the clocks these people had fashioned, would be the hours between light and dark which they called Easter.

Seven million people were rising again. It was Easter by the morning papers, by hot cross buns and plush rabbits and painted eggs in green paper grass at the breakfast tables, by pots of lilies and azaleas on Park Avenue, by pots of pink geraniums on South Bleecker Street. As the clocks ticked ten, Fifth Avenue blossomed with hats, imitations of life, of flowers and birds and fruits, with white and red and purple ribbons trembling in the mild wind.

The people with the egg-shaped faces would walk up and down aimlessly. Some of them would go to church; walk up and down again, without purpose, until it rained. That was the custom. For the celebration of the most unconventional event in the world's history, these people, wearing their imitations of life, were especially conventional.

The sun was not aware of them. He warmed their earth, brought their real flowers and fruit to harvest, set their real birds to singing in the dawn. But he was not aware.

This Easter of 1944 was different from all other Easters. The rivers were guarded; the ships at the piers were machines

Condensed from the novel soon to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company.



*There were more than a thousand faces lifted, waiting to hear him. Suppose they suspected the dreadful secret he himself had just discovered?*

of war; in the low dark houses and the high pale towers there were those who mourned. And, in the year to come, there would be many more. Never had death been so close. Never had resurrection been so necessary.

The light moved westward. It was Easter now in Illinois . . . in Idaho. And everywhere the light moved came the voices of the people, millions of voices, interrupting the day.

St. Simon's Church was on the upper East Side. Built of gray stone, now blackened by soot, its small spire was dwarfed by apartment houses. Most of its members had forgotten the spire; the tiny cross was a pigeon perch. St. Simon's was fashionable and old, so old that its pews had doors which the ushers respectfully opened for their owners. This Easter morning the altar was banked with lilies. Behind the altar the famous Good Shepherd window showed, with ten thousand iridescent splinters, Christ in a simple seamless garment, holding a lamb.

By quarter to eleven, the pews were filled. The ushers had been careful that regular members should not be crowded out of their pews. Out in the vestibule, people were standing. "No room," the ushers said, passing with their gray gloves the church calendars printed in purple. At least these people could follow the service, hear the music and Doctor Tatum's sermon. It was expensive music, and Doctor Tatum preached beautiful sermons.

*Christ the Lord is risen today, alleluia;*
*Sons of men and angels say, "alleluia."*

That was the processional hymn. Down the aisle moved the freshly laundered choir. Behind them walked St. Simon's two assistant ministers, fat Mr. Mellon and young, awkward, freckled Mr. Primrose, faces decorous, singing bass. Last of all came Dr. Job Tatum himself, very tall, angular, his face, which looked as if it had been carved out of dark stubborn wood, topped by a thatch of bristling white hair. He was not singing, but staring over his hymnal at the altar. The procession passed up to the lilies. Underneath the singing and the rich pealing of the organ, there was a sighing from the people in the pews, a sighing that was lost in the hymn, unheard. And each heart, absorbed by its own sighing, would hear only now and then the words it had come to St. Simon's to hear.

*The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him.*

Gladys Foster had managed to get a seat in the last row of pews. This was the first church service she had ever been to, and from now on she was coming every Sunday. She had a new white hat, a navy-blue suit, white cotton gloves, and a bunch of violets Jake had sent her. He thought violets looked good with her dark red hair. It was so beautiful here. So different from her room at Mrs. Mitrou's boarding-house, and from the cage in the subway where she sat, five days a week, giving people nickels. And so different from where Jake was at the Army camp. People who believed in God must have a lot of money to make such a beautiful place.

*Amen, amen.*

She would never have come here if it hadn't been for what happened to Winnie. That had scared her. Winnie had the room next to hers and, for five years, Winnie and Gladys had been friends. Making cocoa and talking till all hours of the night. About deep things. Like love and why you do what you do. Winnie didn't go to church. But there couldn't be anybody better than Winnie, not if they went to church a million times.

*Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.*

Of course, it had to be Winnie who got in the way of that taxi. Crossing the street, carrying a bunch of red carnations. At Bellevue they found Gladys Foster's name and address in her pocketbook, and, when Gladys came, a nurse gave her the red carnations, which hadn't been hurt at all. There was nowhere to take Winnie except a funeral home. It seemed dreadful to leave her in a place full of strangers, even though the funeral-home man pointed out that Winnie was now at peace.

Gladys wanted a minister to say something about Winnie at her funeral. So she went into a church near the funeral home; it looked very nice from the outside. And they asked what was Winnie's church affiliation, and she had to say that Winnie didn't have any. And they said they were sorry they were all so busy at this Easter season. Finally she got to see a young minister and he promised to come. She started to tell him about Winnie, but his secretary came in and said he was late for a meeting. At the funeral he read very fast out of a little black book and it was all over in five minutes. It just didn't seem possible anybody could get buried so fast, after almost thirty years of being alive and thinking people were so wonderful.

It scared Gladys. She didn't want to have it happen to her like it happened to Winnie. She was going to get affiliated, so she would have the right to have a minister at her funeral. Of course, she wasn't going to die. She was going to marry Jake and have three children. But just in case.

Yesterday she had happened to pass St. Simon's, and Reverend Primrose was in the vestibule and he took the trouble to show her all over. He showed her the Good Shepherd window, even the part of the inscription that was hidden by the choir stalls: FEED MY SHEEP. He said it meant that people should have a living wage and good housing conditions, and somehow she felt disappointed, but it was his being so kind that made her decide she was going to get affiliated with St. Simon's.

*O day of rest and gladness. O day of joy and peace.*

Good show, Nick Romney thought. These church people really knew how to package the stuff. If anybody had told him, a month ago, that he would be in church on Easter, he would have laughed in their faces. But last week Ben Bliss had offered him the role of the minister in Commuters to Heaven. It was a fat role, and the play was definitely going places.

Bliss didn't know—or did he?—what signing that contract meant to Nick. It had been two years since Nick's last success, and two years on Broadway are two centuries. Especially if you have just passed your fiftieth birthday.

He had pretended that all was well with Nick Romney. He had lied to everyone, knowing they didn't believe him and yet leaving a little tug of doubt in their minds so they didn't dare turn and destroy him, Broadway fashion. He no longer knew when he was lying and when he was not lying. Perhaps if, at one hour in the twenty-four, he could stop pretending, if he could go home to that too expensive apartment, which in itself was a pretense, and say to his wife Melita, "Comfort me, my darling . . ." But Melita, in her twenties, was not old enough to comfort him; she would never be old enough. But he thought he wanted her. Just as she was. Not like the scraggy or dumpy wives of other men of his age, but beautiful with silver eyes and a rich fleece of blue-black hair. With Melita he could pretend he was still young, when she would let him.

Three years ago, at the height of his success, it had been glamorous for her to be the envied young wife of Nick Romney. These last two years had worn the glamour thin, but when he showed her the contract with Bliss, she had curved her arms around him, her cool body warming to his success. And he had felt the old anguish of delight, which was false and not false, all in the same moment.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment, and the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*

He had always taken a lot of pains with his roles. When he played the magician in The Wizard and His Wife, he had gone to a hundred sleight-of-hand shows, talked with magicians, watched how they moved, spoke, even how they thought. Now that he was cast as a minister, he would make it his business to get acquainted with ministers. Especially this Doctor Tatum, who was not only supposed to be a smash hit but was also near his own age and build. Preparation for this role would need extra care, because religion hadn't been his dish.

*World without end. Amen.*

The men who ran this church knew their stuff. Those Gothic arches. And the lights and the colors. And that processional they started with. What an opening for a play! The Broadway crowd ought to come over here and take lessons.

*Death is swallowed up in victory.*

He had one criticism. If these people really thought the Son of God had risen from the dead, they ought to let themselves go to town. There wasn't enough excitement. Even when everybody stood up to sing All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. But it was a good tune; a swing band could take it out of this world. That Name really must have been powerful. It had lasted so long. And it probably still did something to people. But not to him.

*Freely ye have received, freely give.*

Laura had left at Easter breakfast the five men who tortured themselves with their intelligence. She did not say where she was going; they would have thought she was out of her mind and would have begun to dissect her as they dissected the world which they could take apart but never put together.

Every Sunday Henry invited guests for breakfast. It was necessary to his work, for he was a radio commentator with a program that purported to give the Inside Story Behind the News. Henry's guests wrote about the war for newspapers *(Continued on Page 79)*

**He had to believe in God again. He had to believe in this age, which, despite its blood and blunders, had more life stirring in it than any other. He had to believe in Job Tatum, who had learned to hear, above the expensive, faultlessly trained choir of St. Simon's, the sigh of loneliness which came from the heart of mankind.**



Suddenly, right there in St. Simon's she saw Jake, dressed in his battle uniform, helmet and all, with a sort of light about him.



*She knew with rising panic that everything would be over between them if she continued to oppose him either silently or in words* * * * *

# Wed You Again

IF GEORGE HAD TAKEN UP WITH A NIGHT-CLUB DANCER, OR BOUGHT A FOX FARM—THAT AT LEAST WOULD BE LIKE MANY OTHER RESTLESS HUSBANDS ★ BY ANN CHIDESTER

IT began in a simple, quiet way, and then became an issue between them. He talked about this ranch he was going to buy and what he would name it—Poco Loco, he said, because it was a little crazy, the whole idea of a man who had always lived in the city, a man who wasn't exactly young, going down to Texas to start in the cattle business. He talked about it with enthusiasm so that she began to be afraid, and although she wanted to understand him she could not. And it had begun in such a small way—with the geraniums.

He brought them home one day in early March while it was still cold. He wore a heavy overcoat, and the streets were covered with snow, and the people huddled together in doorways and in subways, trying to get warm. And he thought of the geraniums. If it had been spring, she would not have been so surprised, but suddenly there he was with the slips in a paper bag, holding them with obvious delight.

"Got them this morning on the way to the factory," he said.

He had five pots for them. He planted them at once, carefully, in those unpainted, earthen pots. At first he suggested keeping them in the den, but when she explained that the dirt might sift over everything and that the pots were not very fancy, he agreed to keep them on the window sill in his dressing room. She wanted to laugh at him carrying the pots around so carefully, making a ritual of the planting of the flowers and then placing them in a beneficial spot.

"Geraniums are terribly unimaginative," she said. "If you're going to grow something, why not jonquils—something lovely and colorful?"

"Well, once when I was in college I used geraniums in a debate. I said something about the geranium pots of John Q. Public. Besides, there used to be a long bed of them outside the frat house, and every morning I'd walk past them on my way to the science building."

The next morning, sitting in her office, she thought about them. *He's dissatisfied,* she thought, *wants to do something new. It would be different if he took up with night-club dancers or spent a lot of money on a fox farm, but with him it's something very simple—geraniums.* She wanted to let it go at that, because now that she had labeled the trouble, solved the geraniums, nothing could come of it. She loved him and she had always loved him, but she was no longer very close to him.

The geraniums continued to bother her. She did not argue that since they showed no signs of progress they should be thrown out. Still, she began to feel that nothing was right in the apartment. It had begun to smell of that dry, warm earth, of those ugly, spriggly flowers that had not yet broken the surface. She then suggested that he ought to put them outside on the stone window ledge. "You could bring them in if there's danger of a frost."

"Should've thought of it myself," he said with enthusiasm. He got up at once from the dinner table and put the pots outside on the ledge. He seemed grateful for her interest in the flowers.

One day toward the end of that month, she came home earlier than usual. Without taking off her coat, she went into his dressing room and looked at the pots. He had wired an old tin Mexican tray to the ledge and set the unpainted pots on this. She raised the window and looked closely into each and saw nothing but the yellowish tips of the slips and the light imprints of his finger tips where he had smoothed over the dirt. She frowned.

*I wonder,* she thought, *I wonder why he's doing this. What does he want? If I had been with him at Oran, would I understand this business with the geraniums?*

That night, looking across the dinner table at him, she saw that he was not especially nice-looking, because of his nose having been broken that time in college when he did amateur boxing. Whenever he was tired, his upper lip seemed to get puffy. He had a slow, gentle smile. At thirty-four, he looked five or six years younger, and it was only when he looked at her a certain serious, longing way that he seemed older.

"George," she said, "have you been watching your plants?"

"Sure. Every day."

"What do you think?"

"Fine—just fine."

"But I looked tonight, and there's nothing there. I think they're dead."

"No. You can see new tips if you look close. You have to look close, that's all."

"Darling, really. Geraniums, of all things. You're no gardener."

FOR some reason this angered him. "Cathy, stop singing your little songs of doubt. These plants will do fine; you'll see."

"But, George, I didn't mean anything."

"I guess I'm jumpy." He smiled, looking at her carefully. "Tell me something, Cathy."

"What?"

"You're afraid, aren't you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I suppose not." He frowned. He ran his hand over his short reddish-brown hair. She wished he would let it grow out again. He clung to it as he clung to his Army friends. "It's just that all our adventures are over. I'm a paint manufacturer, and there's nothing new in that."

"But you're a good one, darling. Your father was the best in the business, and you're the best too. And you work hard."

"You always want me to feel good about that, and I suppose I ought to, but I don't any more. I want to go down to Texas and buy a ranch and go into the cattle business."

"Oh, George—you're not talking about that again?" She would make light of it so that he could forget about it.

He had been overseas for two years and four months. During that time, he had written cheerful, newsy letters twice a week. When he came home, he answered her questions and did not seem restless or desirous of any spectacular activities. He seldom looked into the sky when planes went overhead. But he began to talk about the ranch idea. Then he brought home geraniums, and she knew at once that these were part of the other, the ranch and the cattle.

That night she kept seeing a vision behind her closed eyes: the empty pots standing on the ledge, rattling in the wind, making little clicking sounds on the Mexican tray. She did not believe the geraniums would grow, and she thought that if he saw that he might stop talking about the ranch. It was not that she did not love him and desire his happiness—it was that he knew nothing about growing things, and his place was in the paint business.

AFTER the geraniums, it was this man, Bixby. That was in April. There were several cold days that month, and George took the geraniums off the ledge and put them inside the window. When he was dressing, she could hear him muttering as he bent over them. He would not allow the maid to water them or to move them. And then he brought this man Bixby home to dinner. He still called him "captain." She did not learn his first name, and so she called him captain too. He was a big red-haired man with a thick red beard which he said made him look like a British sailor. He had a soft, slow voice, and when he talked to her he looked directly at her so that she had to listen to everything he said, but he did not have much to say at first. He seemed to wait for George to begin. All through dinner she had the feeling he was waiting for George to open the subject of the ranch.

"How long are you staying, captain?" she asked.

"Can't say exactly, ma'am," he said.

George said, "He's clearing up some matters, Cathy. He thinks maybe he'll shove off the middle of next week."

Then she asked him where he lived and he took out his billfold and showed her a picture of his wife. She was young and raw, a thin girl in a wash dress standing before a long adobe house squinting into the sun. Her name was Eula. "It's really Eulalia, after her grandmaw, but we call her Eula."

"I see," she said. George was looking at her, smiling and waiting. "She looks lovely," she said. "Young and lovely." Good heavens, what did he expect her to say? *(Continued on Page 208*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

Katie lay in the dark, remembering how Ben's voice had sounded when he said to her that "otherwise things would be too hard." All of a sudden she was frightened. What had he meant? Hard for whom?

# is that Way

BY HOPE HALE

KATIE had lighted the candles before she served dessert. It was Bavarian cream, and they all took slow, deliberate mouthfuls, enjoying it delicately the way they should after such a meal as she had given them: smoked pork shoulder boiled with herbs in Katie's own way, potatoes and snap beans cooked in the broth, with spoon bread hot and tender and crusty right out of the oven. Not even Ben's mother, or her cook, Minnie, ever tried spoon bread.

Ben's mother was there tonight, and his father too. And Ben was showing off the baby, who sat in her high chair covered with smiles and liver soup.

Katie looked out at the hills beyond the bay window and sat back luxuriously after all her hopping up and running back and forth. She loved this time of year when the nights drew in, and candlelight enriched the sky to the excessive velvet blue of a Maxfield Parrish painting. It was the time of year when something besides the crispness and the clarity and the scent of burning leaves was in the air, something intangible and potent which one had only to breathe to become drunk with desire to start a project big and vague and glorious.

She remembered suddenly their plan, when Ben's parents had given them the house for a wedding present five years ago, to build a guest cottage up on the knoll with a great picture window looking out over the whole wide valley, and toward the foothills stepping up slowly in softening layers of blue to the Blue Ridge itself. Ben had even drawn a plan before he went away.

"Oh, Ben, remember ——"

He raised a warning hand. He was looking at the baby; they all were looking at the baby, waiting. But the baby just opened her blue eyes wide a moment at her father and then blew a large rude bubble.

"Ben, where do you suppose that blueprint ——"

"Sh-h-h." That was Ben's answer. He did not turn to look at her. His gray eyes were on the baby's face, concentrated and alight with eagerness. "Beth, what does the cow say?" he repeated, watching, waiting, rapt.

"Quack-quack," said Beth.

Ben and his parents laughed aloud, and the baby smacked her fat hands in self-applause.

"It's a joke, see?" Ben turned to his parents. "The very first attempt at humor; by incongruity, see?"

But Katie did not laugh. Katie had lifted a spoonful of Bavarian cream, but now she replaced it carefully in her dish. She stood up, looking down at the oblivious, laughing people in the candlelight, and then she left the room. Very quietly she walked to the stairway that angled up the living-room wall opposite the fireplace, and as she stepped on the stairs she looked at their clean light wood, undimmed by dust even in the tiny spaces between the spindles that supported the balustrade.

She walked to the bedroom and lay face down on her side of the four-poster bed. The ruffle of her light green pinafore fanned out crisp beneath her face, fragrant with cleanness and starch and ironing and with a subtle underscent of wind and sun. Tears came to her eyes. All their clothes, hers and the baby's and Ben's, were kept as sweetly immaculate. But no one noticed. No one cared.

She listened to the sounds downstairs. The laughing had stopped. The voices were low. Ben had realized, now, that she was gone. Of course he would, she thought, when it came time for Beth to be washed, undressed and put to bed.

She waited for Ben's footsteps on the stairs, and after a while they came; not running in remorse, but slowly, one at a time. He stood in the doorway; she could feel him looking down at her.

HE asked, after a moment, "What's the matter, Katie?" His voice was troubled. She did not answer, and lay waiting for him to come and try to take her in his arms. "Why did you leave us suddenly?" he went on, but he did not come over to the bed.

"My presence didn't seem very important to you," she said. "It seemed I was just a nuisance to you all ——" She broke off on a little sob.

"Katie, do you think that's true?" he asked her quietly.

Her brain dictated the instant, obvious answer: *No! Of course not! I'm being perfectly absurd.* But another part of her, not her brain, but somewhere deeper, more compelling, forced her lips to open and answer faintly, "It certainly did look that way."

He sighed. The sound sent anger scalding through her. She *(Continued on Page 165)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

# A woman says, "You must come into the room of your mother unarmed."

## BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

GENTLEMEN of the United Nations Security Council, I would like to present my credentials and crave a hearing.

I come from Mary Doe. She did not tell me to come, and yet she sent me. She said, "Someone must speak up." She has been saying that over and over again for centuries. So I have come to speak up. For I am, myself, Mary Doe. We are a very large family—the Doe family. Our name is translated into all languages; we live in every quarter of the earth.

Profession? Housekeeper, homemaker, wife, mother. You, gentlemen, have often called us the pillars and preservers of civilization. You have pinned golden stars upon our bosoms, and laid Purple Hearts in our hands. You have asked us to give our sons, our children, "to save the world." You have asked us to endure the crucifixion of our sons, that the sins of nations might be wiped out and all people everywhere live out their lives in freedom from want and fear.

We have given you our sons. Some are dead, and some are blind, and some gibber behind bars, and some walk without feet and work without hands, and each of these is as precious to one of us as all the world we gave them to you to save.

Only there is one pain that is beyond that pain. That is that they should also have been betrayed; that you should have been playing a joke on us—a great obscene joke—with the lives of our children.

Gentlemen, as we embraced our sons, sending them forth, we prayed—for them, and for you. We prayed that they might live, and that if they died it would be quick and merciful. We prayed for you, that you would be mindful of us and of them—mindful of the ghosts of them. We prayed, gentlemen, that for the sacrifice of our sons, you would break forever the terror that cometh by day and by night. We prayed that you would turn the bright ships of the air into doves of peace, and not flying dragons hurling death from their tails, as foretold in the Apocalypse. We prayed that you would break forever, and everywhere, the emplacements that hurl death swifter than sound and faster than light.

THAT prayer was silent, but it filled all the earth with its waves. They rose from the shelters of London and Coventry, Plymouth and Bristol. They wavered from the darkness under Cologne and Berlin, and in the rubble of Kiev they were heard and echoed, and in LeHavre and Chungking. And sometimes they were screamed aloud, with clenched fists, lifted against the sun and the departing death, over the blood of our children, our little children, spattered on the ground.

We did not distrust you in those days, gentlemen. We believed in you.

We said, "Soon there will be victory over the forces of evil, and then our good leaders will take the destruction out of the world, and the children of all future mothers will be tucked into bed with laughter, and the sons of all future mothers will guide the plow, or tend the assembly line, or write the books, or paint the pictures, or pilot ships across the water or through the air, and we will be able to look, then, into the eyes of the photograph, under the Purple Heart, and say softly, 'You died, beloved, that this good world might be.'"

Then, we could be reconciled.

Now comes the second heartbreak.

I speak quietly, gentlemen. But we are mothers who cannot look into our dead sons' eyes. When we look, we see an accusation in them more terrible than your bombs.

Their eyes say, "It is a lie that we died to free humanity of fear and found the world forever on peace. Already there is talk again of war. Already new fetters are being forged on men, whether in the name of 'progress' or 'order.' Already new armies are forming, of nations and within nations, and already there is a quarrel between those who speak or pretend to speak for their peoples, as to who shall have the most dreadful war weapon ever invented, and under what circumstances it can be released to glaze the earth it strikes, destroy all living things and evaporate men, women and children into air. Already spheres of influence, all highly armed, are marked out into which others may not penetrate."

Gentlemen, all spheres of influence are inhabited by people. There may be minerals or oil in the ground of those "spheres." But above the ground are people. And all these people, men, women and children, are bound together, each with the other, into families of fathers who support, mothers who protect, and children, upon whose growth in love, whose unfolding in confidence and good will, whose education to the beauties of the mind and the senses, and to the eternal moral laws of human behavior, depend all civilization and culture.

Gentlemen, all these families in all the nations and in all the regions and spheres, whether they be black or white or brown or yellow of skin, have identical needs, hopes and yearnings. All, without exception, seek food, clothing and shelter; the breadwinners of all seek employment to satisfy these needs; and over and above these things, they want the leisure to pursue happiness, each according to his own bent—in creative, independent work or art, in sport or play, in entertainment or contemplation. All, without exception, seek freedom for their own development, as persons and societies, free of pressures from other "powers," and free of terrorization from parties within. And all, without exception, pray for the security of peace.

THERE may be at times states, or ambitious leaders of states, who are not "peace-loving," but there are only peace-loving mothers, fathers and children. In the societies they create for themselves and around themselves, within, yet apart from, the States, Powers and Parties you gentlemen represent, they live in mutual trust. They exchange with one another their work and its products. They meet one another without fear. If they travel abroad, they do not fear to stop at strange inns, among foreign peoples, or entrust themselves, at home or abroad, to strangers, who transport them from here to there, with every opportunity to take their lives. To be sure, they are policed, for among all men and women are a few who will not keep the basic laws, not to kill or steal, perjure or forge. But how mild is that policing when it is confined to the prevention of the crimes only of persons, not of states!

Nowhere must the peace of societies be "enforced" by instruments of indiscriminate terror.

### WISHFUL THINKING
#### ABOUT THE ATOMIC BOMB

**Don't talk about it.** *(That won't make it go away. It's not a ghost.)*

**The higher-ups will solve it.** *(Not without directives from you, the common citizens; higher-ups are busy and notoriously unable to see things whole; in each man's department details loom large—they too, too likely assume that someone else is solving the future.)*

**A defense will be found.** *(No conceivable defense can prevent an enemy from dropping or quietly preplanting one atom bomb. One is too many.)*

**They won't use it.** *(No? We did.)*

**But that was against Japs.** *(Oh.)*

**That was a demonstration.** *(It certainly was. Consider its efficacy demonstrated.)*

**We can stay ahead of any enemy.** *(If we have two hundred atom bombs and they have twenty, we're still licked.)*

**We're keeping the secret.** *(For a few minutes. Two years is the presumed minimum, ten years is a good guess on how long before someone will be confident enough to toss one. If we don't build up war too fast, twenty or even fifty years more of un-Atomic bombed world is barely conceivable.)*

**By the time it comes, we'll be adjusted to the idea.** *(How nice for you.)*

**We'll outlaw the bomb.** *(Meaning don't use it till you really want to.)*

**We'll have an international organization with power behind it.** *(What? And when? Not if you keep stalling.)*

**We've never lost a war.** *(Looking forward to the novelty?)*

**They won't use it for fear of retaliation.** *(Armament race? Build enough atom-bomb shooters so they can't knock 'em out and the fun can go on for a while? Perpetual state of war insures eventual explosion in defiance of all reason.)*

**If your number's up —** *(Try taking it down.)*

**We all have to die sometime.** *(We have to live too.)*

**You can't change human nature.** *(It's done every day, lazy.)*

**I've heard all this.** *(It hasn't sunk in.)*

**I'll be dead by then.** *(If not, can fix. And don't you care what happens to your grandchildren?)*

**I'll leave town right now.** *(And go where? And do what for a living? May run into a houseless shortage—competition for caves.)*

**Pursuit of knowledge must stop! Or—just as bad—you can't stop the Forces of Nature.** *(Listen! This isn't inscrutable Nature—it's scrutable Nature, the Mind of Man—which means you.)*

—MARJORIE LAWRENCE STREET

# ATOMIC AGE!

All you gentlemen represent states organized in the name of these families.

You, Leader of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, speak for a state that proclaimed less than a generation ago the world-wide solidarity of all people who work and the right of each to participate justly in the wealth created by all. That was a program that attracted the hopes and enthusiasms of millions. Yet you have not once raised your voice against the slaughter of the children of the vast majority—the workers—and the blasting of our common mother earth, if only it be called "enforcing peace." Nor have you abandoned the idea that total peace can be achieved only by class war.

You, Mr. President, represent a country that proclaims liberty under law, the equal rights of all men, and the state as the servant of the people. Yet what have you done to bring law to the world—the law without which there is no liberty? You have collaborated with programs establishing one law for the victor and another for the vanquished, one law for the powers and another for the powerless, one law for the haves and another for the have-nots.

You, Mr. Prime Minister, represent a people rich in tolerance, so peaceable amongst themselves that your police carry no weapons, so sensitive of justice that they, longer than any others, have coupled mercy with justice in the inscriptions in your courts. And the Britons who put you into office did so on a program, freely arrived at by the will of the majority, to own and administer the basic wealth of the nation for the welfare of all. Yet so fragile is your peace that you do not dare permanently to dissolve your air-raid wardens or shelters, and you, too, have raised but a weak and unconvincing voice for the controlled prohibition of the race-destroying weapons that have usurped the last free zone of the globe, the air—the air that all men, everywhere, breathe without taxation, and from which, now, they must plan to shut themselves in holes, underground.

Gentlemen, speak no more to the mothers—the mothers who are, or have been, or hope to be—about your peace and its "enforcement." Your peace seems almost more terrible to us than was the war. For beyond the war we saw the rainbow of peace, but beyond your peace we see the lightning flashes heralding the thunders of war. Speak to us, gentlemen, of law; speak to us of liberty; speak to us of justice; speak to us of equality of right, duty and opportunity for persons and nations; speak to us of humanity, speak to us of truth, and translate for us these great abstractions into practical things.

Speak to us of those things that are the preconditions of peace and its only guaranty, and report to us what you are doing to create them. Speak no more to us of your terrible enforcements, not of peace, but of national power. Speak to us no more of mighty armies, huge fleets, echelons of bombing planes, and atomic bombs.

Speak to us of charity, and mercy, for these are the sisters of peace. While you make your speeches and lay your plans little children and their mothers are dying in the millions because they have no bread. Their fathers are gone—dead or disappeared into prison camps from which no word comes. Mothers with infants try to still them on famished breasts and no milk comes. For in their bodies is no nourishment to produce it. These, gentlemen, are children of "allies" and "enemies." But we, who are mothers, know no enemy children.

Each of these children was born in the blood of a woman and in the only pain whose vast earthquake is shot through with stars of joy—the pain and glory of the deliverance of life. Each comes into the world gasping for the air of life—the air that you continue to fill with the threat of horror and death. Each in its cradle learns trust in life. It grasps the finger held out to it, leans trustfully on every shoulder that shelters it, returns every stranger's smile with a smile. Nurtured in confidence and love, no child of mankind knows fear.

Yet you, gentlemen, whose policies are the outcome and re-creator of fear, dare promise to free the world of fear by means of mighty armies of national states. And as the result of your policies, declared to the world with unexampled smugness, the war against the children goes on after every arm has been laid down by our enemies, and millions look forward to the only prospect of lasting peace—the peace of the grave.

Some of you are Christian gentlemen. Each of your mothers taught you the words of the Great Book. Each of your mothers had but one ambition for you—that you should grow up to be a good man. Each of them taught you to pray, not "Make me a leader of the world," but, "Make me a good boy." Do you think your mothers were silly? Sentimental? Ah, no, gentlemen, they were deeply wise. For goodness is the only source of beneficent power. It is the spring of all power that nourishes and creates; the enemy of all power that destroys.

Gentlemen, this is all I have to say now. But it is not the last word. We, gentlemen, are one half of the human race. We were put into this world to brood and nurture, train and protect humanity. That is a function given us by nature and by God. We form the greatest international in the world. We speak a common language from Chungking to Moscow, and from Berlin to New York. You try, gentlemen, to keep us apart. You, sir, will not let us freely communicate with our sisters in Leningrad and Kiev, in Budapest and Belgrade. You, Mr. President, will not let us reach out our hands to a child in Munich or Berlin. You, Mr. Prime Minister, seem to fear more for the British Empire than care for the people in its far-flung parts. But in spite of you we shall find each other.

Gentlemen, beware! I come from Mary Doe, not to beseech but to admonish and to warn. I come humbly, but without fear. For I am pushed forward by the hosts of the mothers, for whom you first groped in the dark, and without whom you wander now in the dark, a darkness shot through with nightmares and terrors.

We would relieve you of your fears, gentlemen. But first you must lay aside your guns. You cannot talk to the mothers with bombing planes and atomic bombs. You must come into the room of your mother unarmed. Then we will show you that the healing power in the world is not where you search for it, is not in the earthquake and the fire, but in the still small voice; is not in the instruments of destruction, but in the universal will to creation; is not in the intellect even, but in the emotion of the ideal—the unquenchable faith in life, the indestructible power of love

## A SCIENTIST TELLS US WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

### By J. C. Furnas

LOOK out the front window at your peaceful street—the usual city residential street with lampposts, bits of hedge, cars parked here and there, your neighbor's pup trotting aimlessly slantwise down the opposite sidewalk. Curious that what you are looking at, as well as the room you sit in, is now the most dangerous place in the world. You, your husband and your children would be much safer adrift in a small boat in mid-Pacific or caught in an epidemic of bubonic plague than here, warmly at home.

If your small son is given to asking solemn questions on subjects picked up from the radio, get ready for one about the atom bomb. To be honest with Junior, you must tell him how frantically perilous the misapplied ingenuity of the human race has made things for all of you; that, unless somebody does something shrewdly constructive, people will no longer select places to live in but places to die in; that the only really safe places in the whole world these days are two blasted, uninhabitable spots called Hiroshima and Nagasaki; that, if things go on this way, civilization will presently be wrecked just on the brink of the greatest opportunity ever to make it really fine.

Perhaps you had better not scare the wits out of the youngster that way. But, however excusable, it will be a ghastly lie to tell him anything else.

Even you, an adult, responsible citizen, probably find it difficult enough really to soak in what people who know most about the atom bomb consider to be its future meaning. Special pleaders for special interests have the whole matter thoroughly—and most dangerously—confused.

*(Continued on Page 175)*

## A MAN TELLS US WHAT WE MUST DO

### By Struthers Burt

SAMUEL COLT, inventor, born at Hartford, Connecticut, 1814, and deceased there, 1862, celebrated his coming of age by "making all men equal." This was in 1835. That is, he made them equal in a certain lethal, final and uncomfortable fashion, provided they bought a Colt revolver and learned how to use it.

Mr. Colt, a child of twenty-one at the time, knew he had hold of something important, but even he could not have foreseen how much his invention would change the course of history, especially that of the frontier. Suddenly pounds became as nothing, and inches mere adornment. Faced by Mr. Colt's "cold steel," many a bulky bully was forced to put up or shut up, or, better still, decide before the event to tread softly and mind his manners. Diminutive but expert gentlemen came into their own, and delicate women found themselves possessed of the strength of ten.

So far so good, but, as is the case with most startling inventions, it remains a question as to whether, on the whole, Mr. Colt's ingenuity has benefited the world or harmed it. Mere equalization in itself is not an unmitigated blessing, and although the revolver, with its sinister descendants—the machine gun, the tommy gun, the automatic, and so on—has saved the lives and quiet of innumerable small men, it has also obliterated any number of inoffensive giants.

For every criminal who has "bit the dust" because of Mr. Colt, some officer of the law or some excellent citizen has done the same. Besides, so far as we know, the balance of nature may have been upset. Physiologically it has long been recognized that small men are more sensitive, violent and combative

*(Continued on Page 173)*



*"As a spelling bee, he's a pushover," she told them. "The initials are T. U. F."*

ILLUSTRATED BY

# SECRETARY TO MR. BLUEBEARD *

By Elsie Lee



WHEN Juliet Danton won Mr. Ferrier in the office secretarial pool, she shuddered, his fame having gone before him. Every little stenographer in Temporary Building X inserted a plea in her nightly prayers that the Almighty would prevent her seniority from coinciding with Mr. Ferrier's request for a new secretary.

After Julie had worked for her new boss for two weeks, she decided he was her share in the war effort. Not all wars were fought in foxholes, after all. A month later she encountered Anne McConnell, the head personnel manager, in the elevator one evening.

"How are things going?" Miss McConnell inquired anxiously.

"Well," said Julie dispassionately, "I often feel I cannot stand him another minute, but in the long run we all have a cross to bear. I guess Mr. Ferrier is my cross."

"Could you stand him another two months?" asked the personnel manager hopefully. "Because I expect a new crop of stenographers when the schools finish graduations."

"You mean," said Julie in astonishment, "I might be fired?"

"Oh, no," the manager reassured her. "No, indeed. Your work is most satisfactory, I'm sure, or Mr. Ferrier would have asked that you be transferred. He's had six secretaries, you know, and he requested that two of them be transferred. The others asked me for transfer themselves. I meant that if you *could* just stick it out until I have someone to put in your place, then I could transfer you to some *nice* quiet man."

"Really?" Julie commented with great interest. "So that's the way it works. I wondered what he did with his old secretaries. How long does a secretary last, on the average?"

"Well, you've stayed longer than most," Miss McConnell congratulated her. "Most of them asked for transfer after two weeks or a month, although it couldn't always be arranged immediately, of course. One girl did stay nearly three months before she asked for transfer, and as a matter of fact we had to allow her two weeks in a nursing home before she was ready to take on the new position. You've been here so long that I hoped perhaps he was beginning to settle down."

"Well, I'm not asking for transfer—yet," Julie replied. "Just what does he do to all the girls, Miss McConnell?"

"Oh, overtime, Sunday work, shouts at them," said the manager vaguely. "I don't know exactly, because most of them simply couldn't talk about it, but you're the seventh secretary in a year and a half."

"H'm-m-m," said Julie. "Well, you know what happened to Bluebeard when he took a seventh wife."

"No," replied Miss McConnell, seriously considering the question. "What happened?"

"She got all her brothers to come and cut his head off, that's what," Julie said ferociously.

"Oh, you needn't worry at all on *that* score," the woman assured her. "He's never annoyed any of his secretaries in *that* way. In fact," she concluded with a burst of perception, "I shouldn't wonder if that wasn't what discouraged one or two of them."

Julie was a Yankee, and no mere man was going to defeat her. Having made her mind up to this, she got a good deal of quiet amusement out of Mr. Ferrier. Undeniably he was infuriating to work for. He demanded reports and letters from her files and then lost them. Much later, of course, he would have a well-bred tantrum because she could not produce them. Julie got around this by placing a withdrawn sheet in the file showing the date and hour on which she had given Mr. Ferrier the report. If, later, he asked for it and it had not been returned to her, she was able to hoist him with his own petard. He expected her to work at a moment's notice until any hour of the night, and developed a habit of calling her up at home until she hit on the happy thought of giving her telephone to the next-door neighbors. He had not the faintest conception of time or how it flew, so she installed a large electric clock on the wall facing his desk. For every annoying habit he displayed, she found an antidote. She even got to enjoy circumventing him. Sometimes she had a faint suspicion that he was aware of this and deliberately thought up new bad habits in order to see what she would do, although this seemed implausible.

AT the same time, once Julie had negotiated the major hazards of her job, she began to appreciate her boss as a man. This has been the death of many a promising boss-secretary relationship, but Julie's private life was too healthily full of young officers and assorted friends and relatives passing through Washington for her to waste any energy on romantic notions. Mr. Ferrier gradually emerged in her mind as an exciting man to work for. Julie had a quick mind, and once she began to see what Mr. Ferrier's job comprised, she took a personal interest in the hectic variations of the days and their successful conclusions. Next she came to respect and admire him quite genuinely. The magnitude and value of the job he was accomplishing practically single-handed amazed her. She was definitely proud of being associated with him. The final stage of her subjection was the realization that Mr. Ferrier was certainly not more than thirty-five, and not bad-looking either: tall, lean, dark, with beetling black eyebrows; Julie got quite fond of him in a way.

The day that Mr. Ferrier returned unexpectedly from Dallas, the office was suffering from spring fever. With the big boss away, the secretarial mice played up and down the corridors and congregated at Julie's desk. To Julie, Mr. Ferrier's absence was always the signal for cleaning up all the loose ends she hadn't had time for when he was in town. So she sat at her desk busily sorting memoranda and notes.

"How do you stand him, Julie?" one of the secretaries asked her.

"Oh, he's not so bad," Julie returned lightly.

"My boy friend wouldn't stand for my working so much overtime," another girl observed, preening herself slightly.

"Well, if I die an old maid you can blame it on Thomas U. Ferrier," Julie stated philosophically. "At least there's one thing to be said for him: he's still got all his hair"—with a slight dig at the girl with a boy friend. *Her* boss was as bald as an egg and at least seventy-eight.

"Wonder what the *U* stands for?" mused the girls.

"Unholy?" suggested Julie, rapidly making piles out of the scattered papers. She scrutinized the scribbled initials on the corners of the sheets. "T. U. F.," she remarked. "H'm-m-m. Tough by name and tough by nature."

Mr. Ferrier's voice cut across the secretarial giggles. "Tea party, Miss Danton? You might pour me a cup, if you can spare it." Laden with brief case and topcoat, he passed noncommittally into his office.

THE secretaries melted away like ice cubes, leaving Julie to sit with flaming cheeks and wait for a summons. Five minutes, ten minutes passed and the buzzer had not sounded. Julie continued to sort her papers methodically while her busy brain veered from misery to temper. Suppose he had heard their conversation—her cheeks burned again—but was that any reason for such a sarcastic remark?

*Why shouldn't I have a chat once in a while?* she thought rebelliously. *I was working hard every minute. If he didn't like it, he could have said so privately, like a gentleman. "Pour me a cup of tea, if you can spare it!" I just wish I had a cup of tea, and I'd pour it right over that nice gabardine suit.*

In the full flower of her rage, a beautiful juicy idea came to her. Quietly she went down to the stenographic-department lounge. Sure enough, there was the afternoon tea ready for the fifteen-minute break. Chuckling to herself, Julie emptied out a file tray and filled pitchers with tea and hot water, added a cup and saucer to her improvised tray, sugar, a generous handful of assorted chocolate cookies.

*For this I will be fired,* she told herself gleefully; *and well worth it.*

Casting everything to the winds, she opened the door of Mr. Ferrier's sanctum without knocking and swished over to his desk. He was already neck-deep in papers and looked up with a faint scowl.

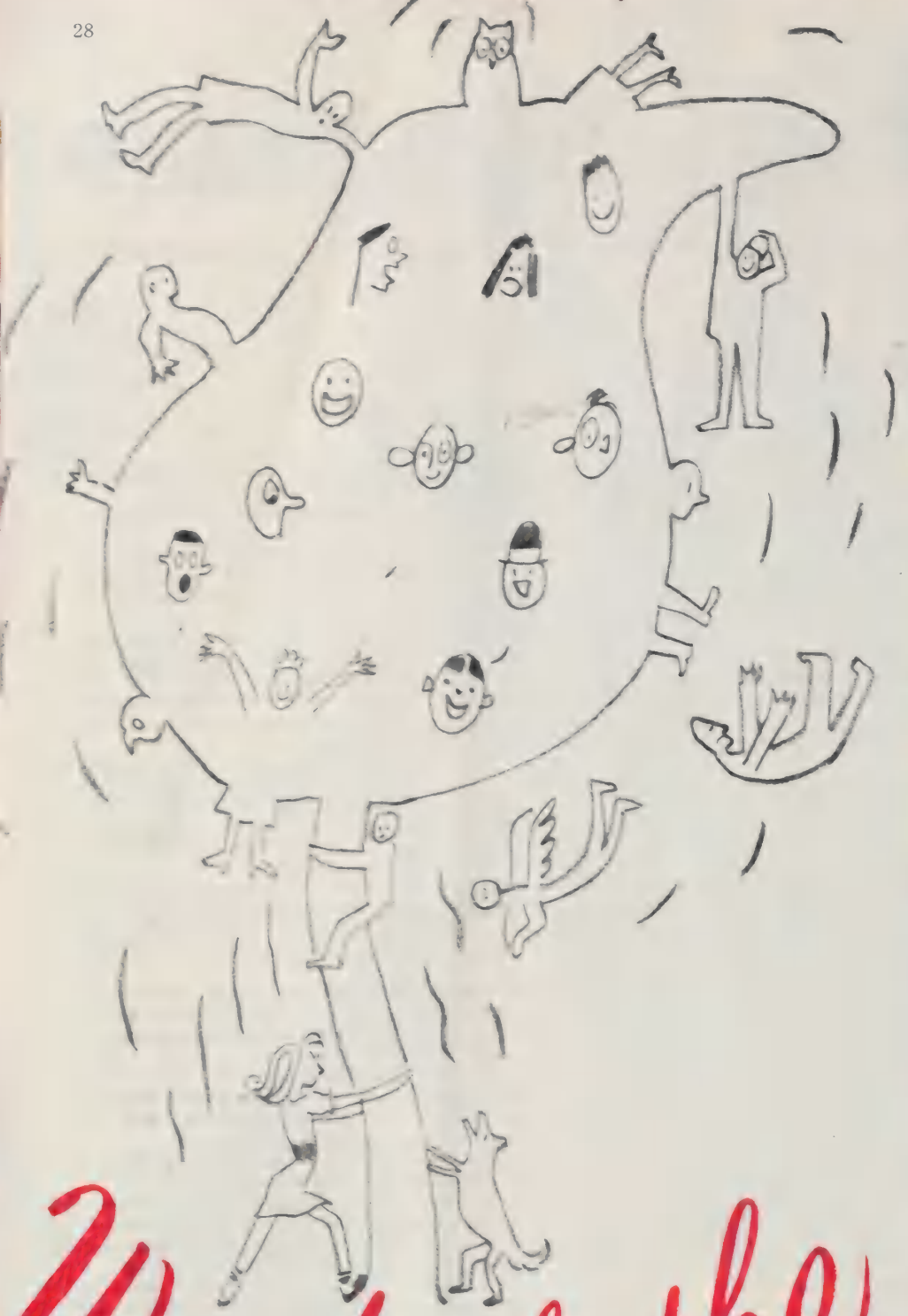
"You wanted some tea?" she forestalled him mildly, waiting for the thunderbolt to fall.

But the insult misfired. Mr. Ferrier's scowl changed to a definite smile. "Where on earth did you get it?" he demanded gratefully. "You're a wonder, Miss Danton. I haven't had anything to eat since seven o'clock this morning." He pushed papers aside and took the tray from Julie's nerveless hands just as she was about to drop it from surprise.

"Seven o'clock this morning?" she echoed incredulously, the ministering angel in her coming out with a rush. "Why didn't you say so? I'll send down for a sandwich."

"No, no. This will tide me over. But you've brought only one cup." *(Continued on Page 152*

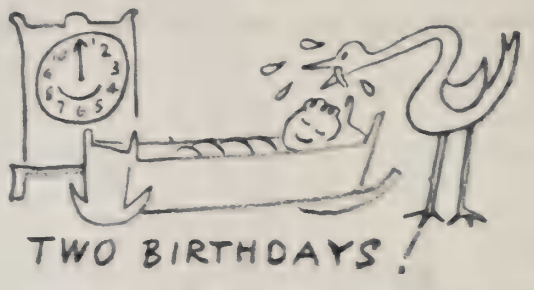
**What smart secretary won't do overtime when love makes the clock go round?**



# We shook the Family tree

**IN THIS CLAN EVERYTHING IS STRICTLY RELATIVES . . . . AND THE MORE THE MERRIER ★ BY HILDEGARDE DOLSON**

IT seems probable that I am one of the few blondes in New York who have two legitimate birthdays each year. This happened simply because I was born so close to midnight that nobody could decide on which side of the dividing line baby belonged. In the doctor's



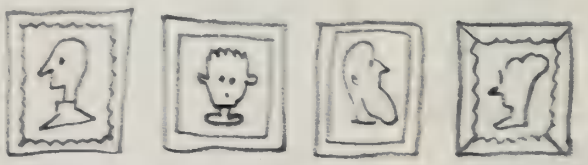

record that went to the courthouse, my birth was entered as August thirty-first; in the hospital record, it was September first.

The only times I ever found this double entry an advantage were the occasions in my teens when I had two beaus at one time, such occasions being about as rare as a total eclipse of the sun. But whenever this phenomenon occurred, I made the most of it. To the first of these feckless swains I would drop a casual, well-timed hint, something like, "Oh, look! There's a full moon tonight. I do hope that means it will be nice next Wednesday, August thirty-first." Even a rather slow-witted lad would naturally inquire as to the significance of that date. Then I would neigh like a shy, frightened mare, toss my head around, and eventually be forced into admitting that said date was my birthday. "But I didn't *mean* to tell you," I'd say, covered with pretty confusion. By following this same procedure with the second beau, merely substituting Thursday, September first, I was reasonably sure of two celebrations, complete with presents.

Now that I am past thirty-five, the charm of having two birthdays has paled considerably.

I am also a little weary of explaining to people that even though my name is Dutch and I was born in Pennsylvania, this doesn't make me Pennsylvania Dutch, by a long shot.

Franklin, Pennsylvania, where I grew up and where my parents still live, is in the beautiful hilly region, so rich in oil and old-line Republicans. My father was assistant cashier in a bank, and we owned our seven-room house, which looked like most other houses in Franklin or any other small town. Rather, it looked the same on the outside, but not inside. My mother was the kind of woman who could whip up an attractive slip cover out of an old kimona. For years our draperies were of unbleached muslin that cost probably ten cents




a yard, but were enlivened with brilliant birds and flowers mother had painted on in oils. She also painted pictures that hung on all our walls. As a child, I liked the portraits because you could recognize the people, the landscapes because you could recognize the places. As an adult, I like them because they're good paintings.

Most of our friends' homes had dark wallpaper, and the blinds were drawn to keep the sun from fading the carpet. Mother liked light and color, and small Oriental rugs ripened by sun and footsteps. Once when she bought two small new rugs, she became impatient waiting for them to age properly, and she put them outdoors every sunny day, to hurry the process. "Never economize on rugs or pianos, Hildegarde," she once told me solemnly.

When an old lawyer in Franklin died and his office furnishings were being sold, mother said to my father, "Cliff, if you can get those office chairs of his at fifty cents apiece, I want them." My father thought mother was daft to want the homely old things, but she persisted, until all eight chairs were in our dining room.

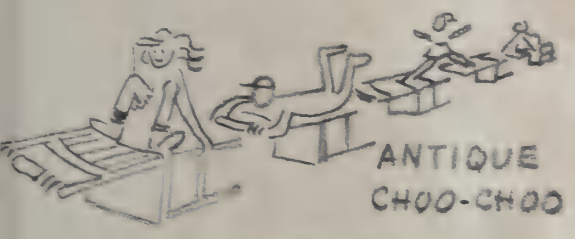
Recently a man who is a decorator came to my apartment in New York with some friends. He saw two of the same chairs which mother had sent me years ago in a generous truckload of furniture from home. "Where did you get those?" he asked, in the tone one would normally use to inquire after the crown jewels.

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I told him what I remembered of the original transaction, while he scrambled on the floor on his hands and knees, examining the chairs' bottoms.

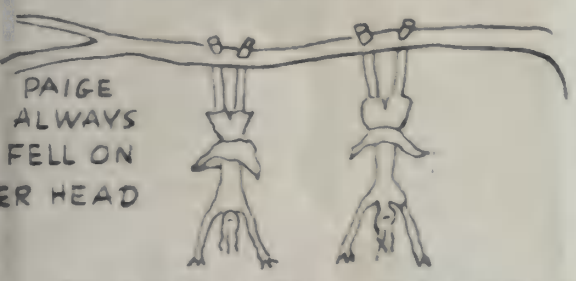
"Hand doweled," he muttered, lying with his chin hooked on a chair rung. "Too marvelous." He offered to buy the chairs at forty dollars apiece, whenever I felt like selling. "Early Pennsylvania Dutch," he said. "Practically museum pieces."

Since then I've viewed the chairs with proper respect, as a nest egg in case of emergency.




As a child, I thought the chairs were useful mainly for piling together and playing train. With our little friend, Paige Campbell, who lived across the street, my brother Bobby and I would play choo-choo by the hour. When we wanted a train wreck, we'd crash all the chairs over in a fine, untidy mess, and I realize now that the Pennsylvania Dutch built good goods.

Paige was a pug-nosed little girl with straight bangs and one interesting failing: she had a passion for sneaking up to our bathroom and eating all the tooth paste out of the tube. She thought it tasted like peppermint candy. As mother said, it wasn't that we begrudged Paige the tooth paste, but goodness knows what it would do to the dear child. Whenever the dear child started up the stairs with that hungry glint in her eye we would hurriedly offer her bread and jelly, or some other distraction. Sometimes this worked, but not often. The curious thing was that Paige had no appetite whatsoever for the tooth paste in her own home. After mother discovered this, she promptly switched to that same brand. It was really terrible-tasting stuff that foamed up like soap in the mouth, and all of us could understand why Paige scorned it as a light snack between meals. But we went on using that soapy brand for years, long after Paige had outgrown her exotic taste.




Paige was at least partly responsible for gumming up one of our favorite pastimes: climbing the apple tree and hanging by our heels from a rather low limb. Paige never had much stamina for hanging upside down, and she persisted in falling on her head. About the third or fourth time she behaved in this weakling fashion, mother ruled that none of us should climb the tree. This ruling lasted several months, and we were glad when the grownups forgot all about it.

Bobby was already famous all over Franklin as the little Dolson boy who climbed things. One day Mrs. Rose, a neighbor, telephoned mother and said frantically, "Come at once. It's Bobby—on a pole." Mother went down the street at a rather leisurely pace, until she saw which pole Bobby had picked to climb. It was the highest one in town—the flagpole in front of the Fourteenth Street school.

Bobby had already shinnied up to the top. When he saw mother he crowed, "Watch me, mommy," and let go of the pole with both hands, hanging precariously by his legs, while the pole bent with his weight. Mother was really scared. She said afterward that she wanted to say something that would bring the child down without startling him, and I've always thought she succeeded nicely. "Bobby, you might spoil your new shoelaces," she said in a clear, calm voice. "So come down the pole carefully."




Another playmate I was devoted to was Browlie, a mythical being I had invented before Bobby was born. Browlie was good company, but he was even handier when it came to needing a scapegoat. When I broke the statue of Winged Victory that stood on the piano, or ate up all the lump sugar, it caused me no pangs of conscience to admit that Browlie had done these evil deeds. I have a not too clear recollection of one such occasion, when I sat on the floor of mother's clothes closet with the door shut—standard punishment for maximum crimes, in our household. As I wiped illicit crumbs of chocolate cake from my face I was crying out piteously, "But Browlie was so hungry, poor little Browlie."

By the time my sister Sally was born, I had outgrown my mythical playmate. It might be more accurate to say that I had given up Browlie simply because Bobby was now old enough to be a useful front man for my Machiavellian deeds.

On the morning of the day that Sally arrived, I came down with the mumps—or, rather, came out with them, both sides of my face resembling footballs. "Thank goodness Bobby's at your grandmother's," mother said, applying vinegar packs to the swelling. I sat on the couch in the playroom stroking my jaws with interest. They still didn't hurt much. In the middle of the morning, mother suddenly ran to the telephone, called my father, and urged him to come home at once and bring Doctor Brown. Obviously she was excited, and it flattered me to have my mumps responsible for so much activity. I was rather puzzled when she wrapped me up well and told me to run over next door, to stay with old Mrs. Martin. "I'll phone her and explain," she said.




"But don't you want me to see Doctor Brown?" I asked.

"No, dear. Just hurry, like a good little girl."

Old Mrs. Martin let me read to her—I was seven and already charmed with the printed page—and insisted I stay for lunch. I accepted in a daze of delight, thinking that mumps certainly brought on a gratifying amount of hospitality. By five o'clock that afternoon I was miserably homesick, with my mumps no longer an interesting novelty, but a painful, aching punishment every time I tried to swallow.

Finally my father came over to get me, looking very happy. "We have a surprise for you over at our house," he said. "Guess what it is."

"A velocipede," I squealed.

"No, something even better." He explained that a stork had brought me a baby sister.

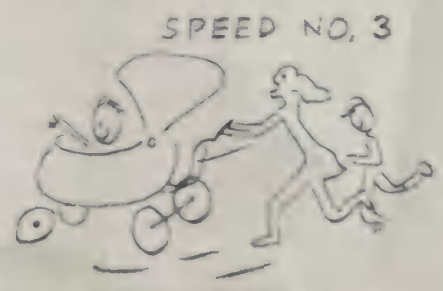
"Oh," I said, deflated. It seemed a pity that storks had no mechanical aptitude. Now my last hope was Santa Claus.

Father talked on about how nice it was to have a baby sister to play with, and as he talked my enthusiasm grew. There also grew in me the proud feeling that all this had happened solely because I had the mumps. For some time after that, mumps seemed to me the prime requisite for having a baby.

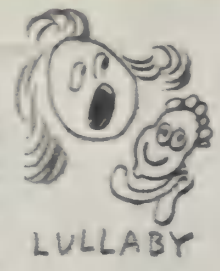
In the next three weeks, I was pretty mad at Sarah Cecilia, the new baby whom I'd never seen close to. Because of her, I had to live and sleep downstairs in the playroom, so as not to spread any mump germs. Twice a day the nurse would let me stand at the head of the stairs and call into mother's bedroom.

It was Thanksgiving Day when mother was finally allowed to come downstairs and have dinner with us. My father carried her down, and Bobby and I tumbled around like puppies, almost beside ourselves with joy. So far we didn't have much use for Sarah Cecilia, a scrawny thing with one scalp lock of red hair and incredible lung power.

Gradually we began to think our new sister wasn't too bad. When the baby was about eighteen months old,




Paige and I were allowed to wheel her down Buffalo Street every afternoon after school. It got to be quite a game, after we had worked out three speeds for pushing the carriage. Speed One was sedate, a slow crawl, and used exclusively if our mothers happened to be sitting on the front porch. Two was brisker, but Speed Three was really a honey. "Now Three," I would yell, and we'd charge downhill with the baby carriage at a breakneck speed, like runaway horses. My little sister seemed enchanted with this, and when Paige and I would stop at the foot of the hill, panting, she'd gurgle for more. However, for several years after this, she was an extremely nervous, high-strung child, and sometimes I think I know why. Due to her excitable temperament, it was an awful job to sing her to sleep at night. The more I sang our favorites—such as Round and Round the Mulberry Bush the Monkey Chased the Weasel—the wider awake she got. When my Cousin Priscilla, who was a year or so older than I, came from Meadville to visit us, she said I was using the wrong method on Sally.

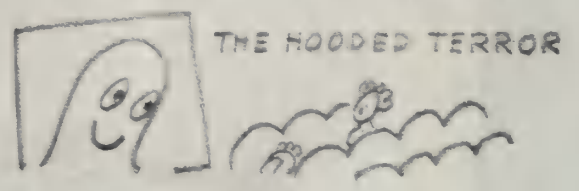



"You have to sing the same thing over and over," she said, "until they get sick and tired of listening."

Thanks to Priscilla, I learned to sing Sweet and Low in a flat, dreary monotone for a half hour straight. This bored my young sister to tears, and she learned to welcome even sleep as an escape measure.

Besides teaching me how to drone babies to sleep, Priscilla introduced me to several new experiences. For one thing, she took me to my first Saturday serial, something she'd been following from week to week, called The Hooded Terror. If I had ever been to the movies before, I have no recollection of it. Sitting in the darkened theater with Priscilla, I enjoyed myself very much for the first few minutes, gaping at the life-size people on the screen, and reading the subtitles aloud in a slow, contented mutter. Suddenly a horrible monster appeared and seemed to be coming right at me—big and black and faceless. I clutched my cousin and let out a hoarse, strangled scream.

"Silly," she said, "that's just the Hooded Terror."




By that time I was already crouched down on the floor under my seat, moaning. Priscilla sat on the edge of her chair, ignoring me completely, and watched the Hooded Terror with intense interest.

Finally she said, "It's gone. You can come up now."

I crawled back on my seat, still shaken, and sat with my hands over my eyes, in case the Hooded Terror came back.

In the next few years I became very fond of the milder Saturday serials, with Pearl White being dropped into a den of snakes, and Billie Burke lost in pajamas in a jungle. Our favorite of all was Irene Castle, in a serial called Patria. Whenever I visited my cousins in Meadville, we all played Patria, with a bottle of red ink for blood. This was smeared all over my little Cousin Gretchen, who had to play the villain each time because she was too young to know better. Priscilla's older brother, Oliver, always insisted on being Irene Castle, to our wistful chagrin. He had an old reddish-brown wig which he'd don for this role, and a discarded salmon-colored satin evening dress of my aunt's. The total effect was really very chic. For one thing, the wig left the back of his head bare, and this was the first time we'd ever seen the short, shingled-back coiffure which became so popular a few years later.

Even if my Cousin Oliver wouldn't let me be Irene Castle, I still like to remember that once I was Snow White. Our Franklin grade school was putting on The Pageant of Snow White for the annual Parent-Teachers event, and I must have been chosen for the lead only because I possessed a high, penetrating voice. The auditorium had notably poor acoustics, and any leading lady who couldn't screech wasn't worth the powder to paint her face.

My parents were pleased at this honor bestowed upon their eldest offspring—aged eight. I behaved very daintily at rehearsals, and the costumes were wonderful. When the night came for the presentation, mother stayed with me in the dressing room until the last minute, combing my long yellow hair, and then went to sit proudly out front with my father and Bobby.

Everything went beautifully until after I had bitten into the poisoned apple which *(Continued on Page 119)*




5

# Husband to Share

**LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER WAS, TO DINAH, LIKE SPRING WITHOUT FLOWERS. SHE DEMANDED BOTH.**

*By Gertrude Schweitzer*

DINAH looked around the train car with shining eyes. Other eyes looked around the train car, too, but none of them shone except Dinah's. Why should they? It was hot in the car, and people and luggage were piled up so that they spilled out into the aisles. You could scarcely move without getting an elbow or the sharp edge of a suitcase in your ribs. You could scarcely breathe. Even the men in uniform, the men going home, had lost their shine somewhere around the outskirts of Miami and now looked only tired and hot and impatient.

But Dinah was different. No matter how bad things were, she knew they would get better—that everything would turn out all right. And for Dinah, everything almost always did.

She was that kind of girl. She was little and cute and electric, with red hair that would never stay in place and yet always looked exactly right, a small, pert-nosed face in which the blue eyes were so bright as to have the effect of a mild, pleasant shock, and an assortment of endearing mannerisms, such as shaking the hair out of her face with a small, quick movement, something like a wet puppy, and looking up at you suddenly with an almost boyish grin. Instantly, you see, you would want to make things right for Dinah if you possibly could.

And now, as a result, she was sitting on top of the world. Nothing so trivial as the discomforts of travel on a train overflowing with servicemen would possibly dampen her spirits. She was on her way to New York—to a job—to Craig!

A lieutenant across the aisle misunderstood her shining look and tried to disengage himself from a pile of luggage, hastily wiping his steaming face and pushing up the knot of his tie. She did not even see him. Her eyes were filled with visions: Times Square and the Empire State Building and Pennsylvania Station; a handsome gray-haired man with a small clipped mustache sitting behind a big polished-mahogany desk in an office overlooking Fifth Avenue, dictating letters to her; Craig, dancing with her on the St. Regis roof.

Craig, whom she hadn't seen for three years, and who at last was calling her "darling." He had been back from Europe for only a few months, but already he had a good job, a real future, and he was never coming back to Florida, and he hoped she would come to New York, darling.

New York? Maybe she was corny, but she had been dreaming of it ever since she'd known there was such a place. If Craig could get her a job and a room, she thought it would be the most wonderful thing in the world to join him there—darling.

And now she was actually on her way, because that's the way things happened for Dinah. The job was waiting for her to begin on Monday morning. The Empire State Building and Times Square and Penn Station were waiting. Craig was waiting. She had known him practically all her life—right through high school—and he was handsome in a shy, quiet sort of way, and they called each other "darling." Everything was wonderful.

She turned her bright glance away from the struggling lieutenant and moved it happily around the stuffy, crammed car until it was straight ahead of her, resting dreamily on the khaki shoulders of the man in front of her. She noted vaguely that the shoulders rose higher above the back of the seat than was customary, and that they were each equipped with a double silver bar. Diaper pins, she had heard the bars called. Or was that lieutenant's bars? Anyway, it was funny. Diaper pins. Suddenly it seemed so funny that she giggled out loud.

The head above the captain's bars jerked around as though she had dropped something hot on the neck. Gray eyes, deep-set in a lean, tanned face with jutting cheekbones, gave her a look of cold distaste. It was a brief look—almost immediately there was only a head and shoulders in front of her again—but it rankled. Men did not ordinarily look at Dinah with distaste.

She tried to forget it. She tried to see out the window, past the extensive frontage of the fat woman next to her, and think of New York and Craig. The idea of that soldier in diaper pins looking at her that way, spoiling the pleasant trend of her thoughts!

Finally she tapped him indignantly on the shoulder and he jerked around again, this time with some annoyance, with one irritable word, "Yes?"

She drew herself up with what she hoped was hauteur, not knowing that a lock of hair had fallen rakishly across one eyebrow. "Am I disturbing you?" she inquired coldly. "I mean—perhaps laughing isn't permitted in this car?"

She thought he was going to turn away without answering, but finally he muttered over his shoulder, "Sorry. I just don't happen to like women giggling down the back of my neck."

"I wasn't ——"

"Sorry," he broke in firmly, and again presented her with the rear of his head.

It was absurd to be so furious. What did she care for this strange soldier, when New York and Craig were waiting for her? But of course she did care. He was a young, attractive male, but it wasn't that. She'd have cared no matter who he was, looking at her with distaste and annoyance instead of with longing admiration. After all, she was a woman.

She leaned forward to speak to him again, to wither him, to—she didn't know what—when the fat lady in the next seat nudged her sharply, smiling and nodding and starting to rise.

"What is it?" Dinah inquired.

The woman shook her head, still smiling broadly, and shrugged her shoulders, all the while getting up and making inexplicable gestures with her hands. Dinah gathered finally that she wanted Dinah to have her seat near the window. It was useless to make any polite protest. The woman pushed her into place and struggled out into the aisle. A moment later she was standing near the captain in front of Dinah, smiling and gesticulating again, grasping him by the arms, nodding vigorously in Dinah's direction. In a few moments, since he was obviously paralyzed by amazement, she had succeeded in pulling him out of his seat and pushing him down beside Dinah. Then, with a loud, satisfied sigh, she sat down in his place and turned to beam at them.

"Yes-s-s," she said, with her violent nod. "Yes-s-s. Sit with friend."

Dinah did not dare to look at the captain. "I'm sorry," she said, her face to the window. "Apparently she thought we wanted to sit together. Maybe you can explain it to her. Maybe you can ——" She stopped, overcome, unable to go on, trying to bury her laughter in her handkerchief.

His voice shook. He was furious, she thought. "I doubt if I could ——" he began, and then he stopped, too, and his laugh, starting as a little, unwilling chuckle, grew to a roar, mingling with her bubbling giggle.

In the end, he had to give her his handkerchief to wipe her eyes, because her own absurd square of linen was so inadequate. "Here," he said gruffly. "For Christmas' sake!"

She glanced up at him out of one bright, brimming eye. "Are you going to get mean again?"

"Mean?" He stared down at her, without distaste now, but with no particular relish. "I'm not mean. I just don't like women. There's nothing personal in it, you understand."

"Oh." She smiled with knowing sympathy, no longer angry. "What happened? Did she fall for someone else while you were away?"

His forehead went into bewildered folds. "Did she —— Who? What are you talking about?"

Dinah said reasonably, "Usually, when a man doesn't like women it's because one woman turned out to be a ——"

"Oh, no, no, nothing like that." His voice would have been nice, Dinah reflected, if he hadn't kept filling it with annoyance and impatience. "I just don't like the species," he said, as though he were talking about flora and fauna or something. "Predatory, ruthless—give them a passably presentable man with money, throw in a uniform, and they'll stop at nothing to get him."

"So that's it. You think all the girls are after you."

He shrugged and put his head back and shut his eyes, indicating that the discussion was closed. Dinah glanced at him, and then looked out the window *(Continued on Page 114*



ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

**Dinah looked at him, thinking how nice he was and how he would hate her when he found out about all those lies**

# THE "OTHER WOMAN"

## A Story Complete on This Page ♥ By Seymour Winslow

THERE must be, thought Janet, two distinct ways of falling in love. There was certainly such a thing as falling in love at first sight, since she had seen it happen to several girls. And then there was what you might call delayed-action love. It was like malaria: you didn't know you had it until it just curled you up.

The way she had fallen in love with Mr. Cooper was clearly delayed-action. Definitely it wasn't first sight, since she remembered very well her first sight of Mr. Cooper. It had been four years ago when she was ten years old and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper had moved into the house next door. She distinctly recalled thinking that he was nice-looking, but that was absolutely all—until a certain overwhelming moment just the other day.

Janet would never forget that moment. It was impossible to describe her sensations, although she had spent hours trying to find words for them. It came down to something like a combination of being knocked loopy by an unexpectedly big wave at the beach and the all-over feeling of utter happiness that arrives just as you finish your second straight cola.

She remembered vividly the moment in which love had come to her. She was in the lawn swing, shelling peas. Mr. Cooper, beyond the hedge, was trimming the grass with a sheep shears at the edges of his zinnia bed. Janet had glanced at him now and then, not feeling in love with him at all, but rather admiring the neatness with which he did things, when Mrs. Cooper, from somewhere inside the house, called, "Andy, where are you?" It wasn't so much calling as it was just plain yelling.

Mrs. Cooper was always yelling at her husband, and she always started her yelling from somewhere deep inside the house—instead of looking out a window to find out where he was and then speaking to him in an ordinary voice like a reasonable being.

To make his voice reach her, Mr. Cooper naturally had to yell back. He yelled, "Here I am. What do you want?"

From the depths, but closer to a window, Mrs. Cooper shrieked, "Where is here, for heaven's sake? Don't be such a dope."

"Out back," he shouted, keeping on with his work.

Janet was swept by a feeling of aching pity for Mr. Cooper, working away in the hot sun and being screeched at and called names by his wife, for whom he was always doing kind things like going on errands and brushing car seats before she got in. Janet wondered how he ever could have married such a woman.

Mrs. Cooper came to an upper back window. Mr. Cooper stood up, clicking his shears. "What's all the racket about?" he asked.

"Racket! Listen, clod, the racket is about those library books you forgot to take back."

"Oh, I just forgot them, I guess."

"You quarter-wit! Well, just take 'em back now. And get me some new ones."

"Can't you do it?" he called. "I don't know what new ones you want."

There was no answer. As Janet watched Mr. Cooper's imploring face raised to the deserted window, she wanted to rush to him, to take his hand, to comfort him, to tell him she loved him. Yes, that was the instant in which she knew she loved him. That feeling of the big wave and the two colas had come to her. Mr. Cooper tossed his shears to the grass in a gesture of lonely friendlessness that wrung Janet's heart. She almost ran into the kitchen.

Her mother said briskly, "Well! All done, Jan?"

Janet wondered that her mother couldn't see that she had been overtaken by one of the great shattering experiences of life. Surely her face must show that she was in love. It should even show that hers was a tragic love. That she was in love with a married man!

"Mother, I want to ask you something," she said. "Do you believe in divorce?"

"Well," her mother said, "I could wish there were a lot less of it. But I suppose it's justifiable sometimes, when two people get to hating each other, when their marriage is all washed up and they're leading a cat-and-dog life."

It occurred to Janet that this was exactly the kind of life that Mr. and Mrs. Cooper led. She called him names like "leather-puss" and "jug-ears." She yelled at him. Sometimes he yelled, too, of course, but only because she started it.

"You mean like Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, mother?"

"Of course not!" her mother said. "The Coopers are crazy about each other! What an idea!"

"But, mother, she yells at him so!"

"That doesn't necessarily mean anything. Janet, you're way beyond your depth. Andy and Bess Cooper are—well, sort of the shouting type. It's a form of heartiness. What you think of as noisy wrangling is—oh, call it affectionate roughhouse. But you wouldn't comprehend that. Now do hurry with those peas, Janet."

Janet hurried with them in dignified silence. The wonderful feeling of the big wave and the two colas was proof against misunderstanding and rebuff. And it came back, more wonderful than ever, that afternoon when, coming out of the Cooky Jar, her mouth full of macaroon, she almost crashed into Mr. Cooper, who was hurrying toward his car. Over his armful of packages he said "Hi, hello," and smiled at her. She had never seen him smile as brightly as that at his wife.

Janet swallowed and said "Hi," wishing she dared say "Hi, Mr. Cooper darling," since that was the way she felt.

"Want a lift home?" he said. He held the car door open for her.

Janet hadn't intended to go home for quite a while, but she got in. Mr. Cooper stowed his packages, climbed in and started off.

"Lucky we met," he said. "I wouldn't have been downtown this afternoon except for a couple of things Bess forgot to get."

Janet could imagine the scene that led up to his trip—bellowing and name-calling on Mrs. Cooper's side, patience, courtesy and unhappiness on his. She sent quick, admiring glances at his profile. It touched her to see how carefree he looked when he was out of reach of Mrs. Cooper's voice.

HE made a turn into easier traffic. "Well, how's school? Where are you now?"

"Second-year high," Janet was obliged to tell him. "It's all extremely juvenile—the studies, I mean." She laughed lightly at the absurdity of her being in high school.

"It wasn't for me," Mr. Cooper said. "All I could do to get through second year. But maybe that was because Bess joined the class that year."

So the savage Mrs. Cooper had been at high school with him. Undoubtedly, Janet thought, one of the basic troubles with their marriage was that they were almost the same age. Preparing for the agony his reply might bring her, she said, "Were you in love with her then?"

"Just bugs about her. Hard for me to believe now how completely dizzy I was."

It was plainly an admission of how his feelings had changed. Janet wanted to reach over and touch his hand to show him that she understood.

"DO you think that if a person marries somebody they fall in love with when they're in second-year high ——" So much depended on his answer that she couldn't finish the question. That didn't matter, though, because he guessed the rest of it. She could tell by the chivalrous way he pretended to misunderstand.

"I see. You've been falling in love yourself and you're wondering if it will last, the way it has with Bess and me. Well"—he turned into his driveway; Janet couldn't see his face, but she knew from the tight sound of his voice that he was choosing his words very carefully—"well, Bess is still my best girl and I'm still the guy that carries her books, but I'm afraid we're the exception and not the rule. Don't let our good luck make you feel too sure that this boy you think you're in love with now will be the guy you want to be married to, ten years from now." He got out and began collecting his packages.

Janet found voice enough to say, "Thanks for the lift."

If only there were some way to tell him that she recognized his magnificent loyalty to his wife, his knightly attempt to pretend that he still loved her. It was a noble thing to do, the noblest thing a man could do. Mr. Cooper was the finest man in the world. Janet loved him and would always love him. She would never marry anyone else. Perhaps on her deathbed she would dictate a will leaving the large fortune she would then have to Mr. Cooper's oldest grandchild. The boy—he would be a boy and the image of his grandfather—would never know why she had bequeathed him her estate. Her eyes filled with tears at the sweet sad thought.

But there was one thing she could do for Mr. Cooper now. Something almost as noble, in its way, as Mr. Cooper's splendid loyalty to the unworthy woman he had married. She could try to make his life a little happier by pleading with Mrs. Cooper to change her ways, if only a little, so that Mr. Cooper might be able, sometimes, to half believe that she still cared for him.

Mrs. Cooper was on the lawn, looking for four-leaf clovers. Janet, the lump in her throat almost choking her, walked over to her. "Hello, Jan," Mrs. Cooper said. "How's the girl?"

"Mrs. Cooper," Janet said, "I want to tell you something. It's about Mr. Cooper."

"What's that awful man been up to now? Waking you at dawn by tuning up that old car, I bet."

"Oh, no," Janet said. "It's nothing he's done. It's more about—well, the sort of person he is. About his—his sensitiveness."

From an upstairs window Mr. Cooper shouted, "Hey, Bess, what did you do with my old sweater? And don't tell me you gave it away or I'll lam you—but good!"

Mrs. Cooper yelled back, "It's in the hall closet, you lunk." She turned to Janet. "That man is something. What were you saying about his sensitivity? It must be a very recent development, but go on."

"Well, maybe I mean his romanticism. Sensitivity and romanticism both. I can't help but think—in fact, I'm sure—that he'd respond so quickly to—to affection."

Mrs. Cooper's eyes opened wide. "Merciful heaven," she said. "How can you be sure of such a thing, Janet?"

Janet hurried to say, "Only through observation and from knowing him very well, of course, and feeling very close to him, in a way. I mean from understanding his nature so well, knowing him to be such a fine person. Mrs. Cooper," she said in a rush, "I'm sure he cares for you, or at least he *could* care for you again—in spite of everything."

Mrs. Cooper stared blankly for a moment. Then she said, gently and seriously, "I hope you're right, Jan. Do you really think he is—disappointed in his marriage?"

"I'm afraid I have to say yes to that, Mrs. Cooper. But I don't think it's too late, even now."

"I hope not," Mrs. Cooper said soberly. She put an arm across Janet's shoulders and they paced the walk together. "What do you think I ought to do, Janet?"

Janet felt warm with gratefulness toward Mrs. Cooper for making her task less difficult. She said, "Well, Mr. Cooper is so hurt, so awfully wounded—you can see it in his face—when he's spoken to sharply and sometimes even shouted at. Oh, I know I'm being awfully fresh to say these things and you'll never forgive me, but ——"

"Go right on, Jan. I think you're sweet."

"Well, I know he feels it terribly when he's called names like 'dopey' and 'fog-head' and especially so loud that other people can hear. Mrs. Cooper, you still do love him a little, don't you? Even if not as much as when he used to carry your schoolbooks?"

"SOMEWHAT differently perhaps, Jan. It's not easy to explain. But I wouldn't hurt him for anything."

"He's one of the grandest men in the world," Janet said.

"And you're one of the nicest girls in the world," Mrs. Cooper said. She glanced toward the house. "I'm afraid I have to go in now. But I'm remembering everything you've said." She kissed Janet and went in, hurrying a little.

Janet went home. She sat in the swing, making it rock gently and trying to remember whether there had been a piece of pie left over from dinner. It was almost dark now. A light came on in the Cooper kitchen. Janet could see Mr. and Mrs. Cooper facing each other in the center of the room. Mrs. Cooper was telling him something that interested him and he was listening intently, his mouth slightly open. When Mrs. Cooper stopped talking they stood looking at each other for a moment and then they both laughed together in a way so fond and intimate that Janet could interpret it only as complete reconciliation. Then still laughing, they fell into each other's arms.

Janet looked away from the window. She felt the exaltation that comes only to those who, through love, and at a great personal sacrifice, bring a happier life to others. There had been a piece of pie left over, she remembered, and she hopped out of the swing to go and get it.

# If You Ask Me

## BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

***Is it true that you employ seven secretaries?***

No. I have Miss Thompson, who has been with me for over twenty years, and she has one assistant. I also have, on part time, one person and occasionally two, for research work.

***Do you think it necessary to kneel when you pray?***

I think it often is conducive to more concentration if you kneel when you pray, but I do not think it at all essential. Some of the most heartfelt prayers have been offered while men and women were doing some very active work.

***A group of six women work in our office. We are wives, mothers and sweethearts of servicemen. We are appalled at rumors of war, inadequate foreign policy, the seemingly unprincipled induction and discharge of servicemen. We want to know what we can do about these things and how to avoid a third world war.***

Your question is rather a large one. One of the things that you can do is to stop passing on the type of thing which creates rumors of war. You do not know whether the Administration's foreign policy is inadequate or not. We are passing through a period which is bound to be confusing and I think it would be only fair to wait a little while before making such a sweeping statement. I see absolutely no reason for saying that the induction and discharge of servicemen is "unprincipled." They are discharged according to rules laid down by the Army and Navy which are worked out with as great care as possible, and the men are inducted because they are needed in different parts of the world at the present time in the service of their country.

I think the best way to avoid a third world war is to work as hard as we know how for a strong United Nations Organization, with a security section that has some power and a good economic section that will try to solve economic and social questions which are confronting every nation in the world today.

***Since American women spend so much of their time in business and politics, what can be done to keep them out of the taverns? Do you think if taverns were licensed to sell spiritous liquors only, and if tables and chairs for women and soft drinks and all food and music were banned in taverns, it would do any good?***

I haven't the faintest idea. Women nearly always go where men go. In the long run, it seems to me, the important thing is to make whatever place people go to a decent place in which to be.

***I am a girl fifteen years old. I have a problem that is really worrying me. I don't know whether my mother doesn't understand me or what, but I know she is disappointed in me. She used to be mad at me because I wanted to do the things my friends did. Now she doesn't like it because I don't. I can't talk things over with my mother like other girls can. I would really appreciate your advice.***

It is very difficult for anyone to give personal advice such as you ask, but there is one general rule, and that is that it takes two people to talk things over, and that one of them usually has to make the first advance. Suppose you try asking your mother to talk with you. You might find that she is just waiting for an invitation.

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*Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

***Do you think the young people of today are worse than they were ten or twenty years ago?***

Certainly not. I have lived more than sixty years and I have heard young people condemned many times. I think nearly every generation is better than the last, and I certainly admire the present one.

CARTOON REPRINTED PERMISSION THE NEW YORKER
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*"What's your last name, baby?"*

***Would you please tell me if you believe, as I do, in love at first sight? Do you know of any actual cases?***

No, I do not know of any actual cases, and I do not know whether I believe in love at first sight or not. I have seen love develop very quickly between two people and I have heard people say that they knew the minute they found themselves with the man or woman whom they later married, that there was immediately a great attraction, but I haven't the faintest idea if it was love at first sight or not.

***Frankly, I do not find the filmy sheerness of nylons very flattering to mature legs, and I recall the silk service chiffon which really did help. My idea is to show real friendship to China by demanding silk hose. Let the younger women have their nylons, but I am sure many older women would prefer silk. What is your idea?***

I really have given this very little thought. I never liked the feel of nylon as much as I like the feel of silk. If we could get silk for hose from China, it might be a good thing, but I do not know how the transportation situation is as yet, nor whether the silk-making industry there is able to provide us with the raw silk.

***I wish to know if the quotation "We have nothing to fear but fear itself" is an original saying of the late President. If not, from whom did he quote?***

It was an original saying, if there is anything really original!

***As compared with men, what do you think are the chief faults of American women, both as workers in organizations, in public, and as individuals? Are there any respects in which as a group you think women are superior to men?***

As workers in organizations I think sometimes women are more sensitive to supposed slights and get their feelings hurt more easily than men. When you say "in public," I suppose you mean in public office, and I should say this same trait is visible there. They find it hard to stand up under unfair criticism, and they are easily discouraged.

As individuals I think you have a more difficult question because every woman is different just as every man is different, and what you might say about one group even might not be true about another.

There is a large group of women, however, who lack self-confidence as individuals when they undertake anything outside of the traditional spheres in which women have always moved. Even as individuals the same sensitiveness to criticism is a drawback in family and social relationships. I think women are often superior to men in their intuition about people; in their executive ability when they are handling detailed work; and in their ability to subordinate themselves to a cause or to another individual if they think that is the way to serve a cause. You will laugh, ladies, but I think women often talk less and act more quickly than men.

***How many more wars will there be to end war? I have lived through two, to one of which my husband gave his life. Don't you feel that it is ironic that two days after the United Nations became an international fact, the President should ask for national training to maintain our military supremacy?***

I do not, and neither does anybody else, know how many more wars there will be, or whether we will have the intelligence to take the opportunity that lies before us and really build a peaceful world. It seems to me that we have only two alternatives, since we now have the power for the complete destruction of civilization in our hands. We must either have a peaceful world or run the risk of total destruction.

I do not think the President asked for national military training to sustain our military supremacy only. I think he felt the need at the present time to continue the training of our young men for military work. We none of us know just what kind of training will be needed for real defense in the future, and we will have to wait and review our whole defense problems, I think, before we make any final decisions.

***Must another "lost generation" develop from our wartime laxity in morals?***

No. I see no signs of a lost generation at present.



*Spirit of spring: Hattie Carnegie's two-piece dress in a gay seed-package rayon print with the new circular flare, the new short puffed push-up sleeve; worn with a sprig-trimmed Breton hat.*



*Short-sleeved surah suit by Hattie Carnegie; brown-and-white checks with a flared skirt; square neckline with brilliant scarf.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE



*Navy blue jersey, shirred skirt, carnations tucked in the belt; by*

# FASHION HAS AN EARLY SPRING

**The first of spring brings in the pretty fashion of short, full sleeves, the flared skirt not seen for many seasons, and the saucy hat with the rolled-back brim—reminiscent of the "surrey with the fringe on the top." The wool dress with barrel fullness and push-up sleeves makes another, bolder change of silhouette, fills an important need for town. The shirred jersey and a surah suit will be loved for accessory possibilities—a flower at the belt, a scarf at the neckline. The newest casual suit has a longer loose jacket, worn even now with a printed cotton blouse. The early reefer is tapered to the waistline, round at the hips. Beige, gray and navy are predominating colors; lime-yellow, turquoise, tangerine-red, the bright shades that will blossom for spring.**

**BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**

*Fashion Editor of the Journal*



*1946 reefer in navy blue wool with gold buttons, snug waist, hip pockets; by Bruno. Worn with checked surah bow neckline dress and gloves.*



*News in gray flannel: suit with longer loose jacket, slim belted skirt, cotton blouse; by Jo Copeland. Lilly Dache's platter-sized felt visor beret.*



*Beige herringbone woolen dress touched with flattering white piqué;*



*New importance in a Glen plaid woolen town dress; barrel fullness in the skirt, push-up sleeves. Ben Reig original designed by Omar Kiam.*

# I'LL MAKE MY FAVORITE DRESS AND SUIT

*"I'm glad waistlines are in again." This corselet dress with skirt fullness, right for rayon jersey. 1773, 12 to 20.*



**FAVORITE DRESS** *because shoulders and sleeves are new but not extreme; piqué bow is unfailing flattery. Best medium: beige woolen. 1771, 10 to 18.*

**"I've always loved fine fabrics . . . I know the kind of shoulders I can and can't wear . . . the colors that make me feel my best . . . the necklines that are most becoming . . . and I *don't* like to compromise." American women are confident creatures, sure of their tastes, proud of their figures, critical of clothes. That is why so many make their own—spending wisely on good fabrics, saving on workmanship, achieving perfect fit, and developing a personal style that money can't buy.**

*"I love a print this time of year." New full skirts and basque bodices seem perfect for them. 1752, 10 to 18.*

*"I want a casual dress that looks new," with fullness, big pockets, yoke sleeves; in crepe or wool jersey. 1758, 10 to 18.*

*"I'm the tweedy type"; this is a tweedy fashion. Belted jacket, slim skirt, wristband sleeves. 1772, 12 to 20.*

*"I want a coat I can dress up" . . . collarless royal-blue redingote. 1774, 12 to 20. An ensemble with spring polka dots, John Frederics' hat.*

SKETCHES BY LILLIAN EGERTON PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL



**FAVORITE SUIT** *because a bolero plays up pretty blouses; and because the lines are straight and simple. 1770, 12 to 20. John Frederics' open-top hat.*

**Every season these clever women do their fashion scouting before they start. This year they find that most dresses have skirt fullness or softness. Basques and belted waistlines look young and right. Suits present normal shoulders and armholes again, boleros with gay cotton blouses, collarless belted jackets that are wonderful in tweeds. Coats will come in many lengths and silhouettes—the slim drawstring redingote one of the best. All can be made from Hollywood Patterns. ★ ★ BY NORA O'LEARY**

*ost without a little silk suit." Dress and jacket its t version; Mme. Reine's ribbon hat. 1760. 12 to 20.*

© HOLLYWOOD

All patterns on these pages 25 cents. Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**For back views, prices and sizes of patterns, turn to Page 104.**



*BEACH DRESS SILHOUETTE: bare-topped, slim-ribbed, side fullness. by Tina Leser. Americana, South and summer: beaches, gardens, city roofs.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEA



*COTTON BATHING SUIT, an American institution. Tina Leser does it for 1946 in painted piqué, with bare shoulders, corselet top, skirt fullness.*

# AMERICAN FASHIONS THRIVE ON SUNSHINE

**American fashion is in its element and usually at its best when designing for life in the sun . . . using brilliant colors, native cottons, linens and rayons, young ideas and silhouettes. This year as always sunshine clothes go South in the winter, come back as established fashions for the summer. BATHING SUITS with strapless or off-the-shoulder necklines, corselet bodices. Bare-top BEACH DRESSES with full skirts or new side fullness. Cap-shoulder afternoon dresses with BIG BELTS and MATCHING GLOVES. A casual plaid cotton-and-rayon suit with FULL SKIRT and basque jacket, young silhouette, which will be a summer favorite.** ★ ★

**BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
*Fashion Editor of the Journal*



*SLACKS CUT SHORT, shirttail out. Young Americans love color and comfort. Dorothy Cox designs cotton shirt, linen slacks for fishing, clam-digging, seaside wear.*



*RESORT AND SUMMER dress for luncheon, afternoons, by Adele son; new nylon-and-silk fabric in natural beige. John Frederics*



*PRINT WITH MATCHING GLOVES: pretty fashion all America will love; South now, summer later; front fullness*



*NEWEST, YOUNGEST SILHOUETTE: full skirt, basque jacket, by Claire McCardell; straw hat.*

# This Side of Innocence

## BY TAYLOR CALDWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

*IV*

EVEN had Amalie been physically able to stroll about the Hobson farm, the weather would have prevented such excursions. The first days of August were unseasonably chill and wet. From her windows she could see the soaking meadows, the cloudlike outlines of distant hills. For her the days were all the same. She was counting them, one by one. *Today*, she said to herself, *Jerome has returned to Riversend. What is happening there? Tomorrow he will come. Or the next day at the most.*

But the days passed. Amalie's trays stood untouched on the dresser. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson began to whisper together in the kitchen. They had not dared to question, even between themselves. But now indignation began to awaken in them. Something was wrong. Something had happened to Miz Lindsey. They knew she remained by the window, staring out of it for hours at a time. For whom was she waiting?

*He will not come now*, Amalie thought vaguely. *If he had wanted to come, he would have been here days ago. He promised. He said he loved me. But he lied.*

She saw a speck far down on the winding road. Yes, it was a buggy! "Jerome!" she cried, fluttering her hands at the window. Then she saw that the buggy was a strange one.

A short, elderly man was alighting. She recognized him—Mr. Eli Kendricks, one of Alfred's lawyers. He bustled toward the door, carrying a dispatch case. Presently Amalie heard his footsteps on the stairs.

He entered the room, cleared his throat as he laid down his dispatch case. He said, "Mrs. Lindsey, your husband has sent some papers for your signature. Just a formality. You'll read them, please, and then sign them."

She took the papers obediently and tried to read them. But only a phrase or two reached her consciousness: "—— refuses to divulge the name of her guilty partner . . . agrees not to contest the proposed divorce ——"

Mr. Kendricks said, "There's another little matter. Mr. Lindsey will give you one thousand dollars immediately after the divorce, on the condition that you will leave Riversend at once."

"Oh, yes, I'll go away," said Amalie. She signed the papers. "But I don't want Alfred's money. Please tell him that."

Her shoulders straightened, lifted. She had forgotten the lawyer. She was not seeing the road now, for she knew that Jerome would not come. She was alone again, as she had always been alone.

Mr. Kendricks returned the papers to his case. He searched for his hat, mumbled, "And now, good day to you, ma'am," and departed.

AMALIE did not stand by the window now. She went to her bed and lay down upon it. She did not know when night came. She did not know when it was morning. An enormous sickness had come over her. Through clouds of suffering she was occasionally conscious that Mrs. Hobson was ministering to her. She felt hands that lifted and moved her, cold wet cloths on her head. Between these periods of consciousness, she knew that she was so tired that she could not turn her head.

Once or twice she saw sunlight. Then she would sleep, and again the sunlight was there. Her eyelids were so heavy that she could hardly raise them.

After a long time she heard voices. Someone was in the room; someone was sitting beside her, holding her hand. She forced herself to turn her head. She opened her eyes.

Jerome was looking down at her. When he knew that she saw him, he dropped his head to her pillow, held her to him without speaking.

There was a long red wound on Jerome's forehead, and another, just beginning to heal, on his cheek. One of his eyes was swollen and bruised; his left arm was in a rigid contraption of wood and linen.

But there was much that he could not tell Amalie yet. He told her that Alfred had assaulted him, but dismissed the matter lightly, for he could not bear the horror and anguish in her eyes.

He told her that the divorce had been granted three days ago. There was so much that he could not tell her yet, but he did say, "The house is ours, if you wish it. Alfred and Philip have taken up temporary residence in the old Anstead house. With Dorothea. We can go home just as soon as we are married. And that will be when you are stronger. We'll have to be married in Pennsylvania. A matter of law."

Amalie listened, weeping. But she understood. The guilty party to a divorce could not be married in New York State within five years, except by special permission of the court.

"But your father," whispered Amalie, pushing back the pain that she must face when she was strong enough to remember that she and Jerome had driven Alfred and Philip and Dorothea from their home. "What of your father? He has not gone with—them?"

Jerome got up abruptly. He went to the window. "No," he said quietly. "My father did not go with them. He—stayed."

"Then he has forgiven us!"

"Yes, my dear, he—forgave—us. I—I have just learned about his—will. Alfred and I were to have the house together, or one to sell the other his share. We are to share the bank too. That is going to be a little hard. But somehow matters will adjust themselves. They always do."

Jerome turned quickly. Amalie was sitting up in bed, white as her sheets, her eyes staring fixedly at him. "Jerome," she murmured, "your father is dead."

THIS was what he had wished to spare her, and this was what he had stupidly betrayed. He sat down beside her, cursing himself. He searched his mind for lies, for comfort, but could say nothing. She turned away from him then, and buried her face in her pillows.

He began to plead with her. His words rushed out, but he dared not touch her. Now he must tell her everything. He must tell her that William Lindsey had unaccountably come down to the library and saved his son's life; that Mr. Lindsey had collapsed after a brief and feeble struggle with Alfred; that Alfred, forgetting the unconscious man at his feet, had carried his adopted father upstairs and summoned Dorothea and Doctor Hawley. Jerome himself had been left to lie in the library, forgotten except by Jim. Jim had ministered to him as well as possible, and when Doctor Hawley had come downstairs at midnight, Jim had called to him. The exhausted doctor had stitched Jerome's gashes and set his arm. Jerome himself had known nothing of what had occurred for days. Jim had nursed and fed him, changed the dressings on his face. The rest of the household was absorbed in the dying old man. It was on the fourth day that Jerome was remembered, and a servant sent to bring him to his father.

But Jerome could not tell Amalie of that scene by his father's bed. He could never tell anyone. He was silent now, remembering.

After a while, Jerome continued to speak in a dull and weary voice. He and Amalie must not feel themselves too guilty of Mr. Lindsey's death. He had sent Amalie his love before he died. He had urged Jerome to tell her that he had known for some time that he was dying and that nothing could save him. He was glad that his son and Amalie were to be married.

Amalie was crying again. She said, "We shall never be able to forget. That is our punishment!"

"I tell you, my darling, he had no reproaches for us."

Jerome sat beside her, kissing her gently, smoothing her hair, and she clung to him, weeping. He thought, *How is it possible for me to take up life again here? What will happen to us? The whole township is full of hatred and vengefulness.* He thought of leaving, of abandoning everything to Alfred.

And then he put Amalie aside and went to the window again. He looked out at the twilight which had succeeded the violent rain. He thought, *I will not go away. There is work for me to do here. I will not be driven away.*

Amalie Lindsey acknowledged that the landscape below Hilltop, while exuding an air of bustle and enterprise, had not been improved, esthetically speaking. Where, for instance, there had been a thickly wooded section of stream and trees, there was now a flourishing factory, owned and operated by King Munsey, who manufactured farm implements. Yes, the once lovely woods were now an eyesore. Amalie acknowledged that. But she also acknowledged that, due to Jerome's insistence, the broken shacks which had once stood near the edges of the woods were gone, *(Continued on Page 54)*

*Her steady eyes and the proud indomitable lift of her chin made Jerome hate himself for the blow he had just given her.*






THE BRIDE GOES AWAY *in Wragge's beige jersey suit, year-round fashion, with a brilliant red coat by George Carmel; packable, wearable jersey hat.*



SIGHT-SEER: *linen skirt, plaid cotton jacket and bag for shopping or the beach, with black or white blouse—for hot days or cool. Dorothy Cox design.*

# TROUSSEAU IN A SUITCASE . . .

**The bride who goes away** in one suitcase is a smart girl who knows the world she lives in. Realistically she tells herself that travel today is characterized by speed, streamlining and a noticeable lack of porters . . . that half a dozen assorted bags may be awkward for her husband, and an obstacle to catching a train. Stubbornly, and quite rightly, she promises herself that she will not sacrifice a single shred that will add to the enchantment of a Southern honeymoon. . . .

**There'll be moonlight** and dancing. Evening dresses ought to be packed last, but are thought of first. A romantic print with a full skirt and a second one in linen with matching gloves and fan—at all costs she will reserve space for these.

**The fact is:** the two least packable items—her suit and coat—will travel smartly on her back. Mental notes: cool weather possible at destination . . . a good thing to have casual suit in beige or gray jersey whose blouse and skirt make a two-piece dress which looks right on a train or plane, or a palm-lined boulevard . . . a honeymoon coat which pairs off with slacks or an evening dress as well as suit . . . a finger-tip length casual style of rousing color will do it: red—surprisingly adaptable.

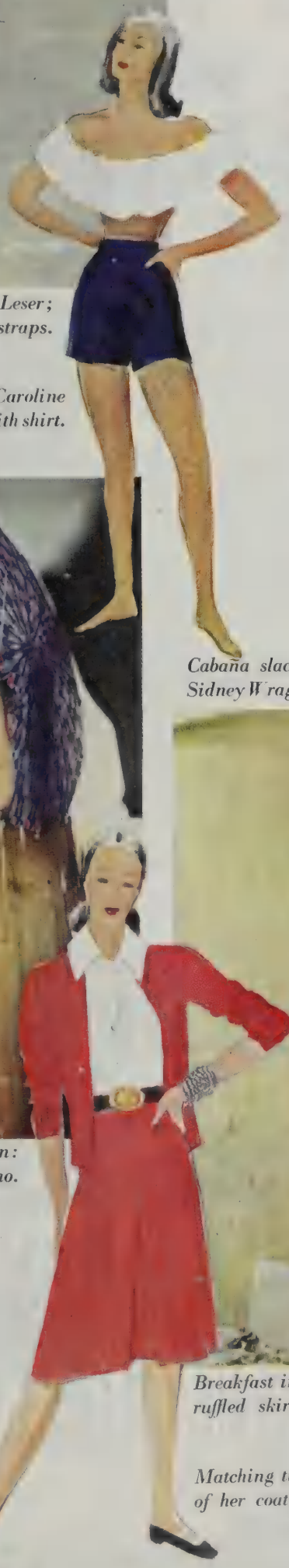
**Who says a bride can't be practical?** All the following fit like words and music into her suitcase, and into plans: A gay cotton or linen jacket and skirt that can be worn many ways. One cool sleeveless print or plain dress—picture a patio luncheon for two. Two gay young resort cottons—breakfast in the sun, browsing in the shops. A wool skirt and pair of slacks with two blouses and a sweater. A play suit with separate shorts, to be worn with different halters. Two bathing suits by all means. And a gay collection of scarfs, belts, jewelry. . . .

**Will the shoes go in, or won't they?** Ballet-type or flat cotton play shoes will. A pair of evening sandals must. Walking shoes will be worn with the travel suit. Golf and tennis shoes, if you insist, have all the earmarks of a problem. Let's not be too rigid . . . a smart overnight bag which the bride *could* carry herself will ease the tension and take the overflow. ★ ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**



*ped cotton bathing suit by Tina Leser; ng and gay with ruffled shoulder straps.*

*-the-shoulder beach fashion by Caroline nurer; navy shorts could be worn with shirt.*





*Cabana slacks in lime linen to wear with Sidney Wragge's sky-blue awning-striped shirt.*



*By Bermuda's bright blue waters: gay painted cotto skirt and bareback halter designed by Clare Potte*



*A white ground print with a ring-sized ribbon waistline, by Ceil Chapman.*



*glamorous afternoons in the sun: quin print, cap sleeves; by Bruno.*



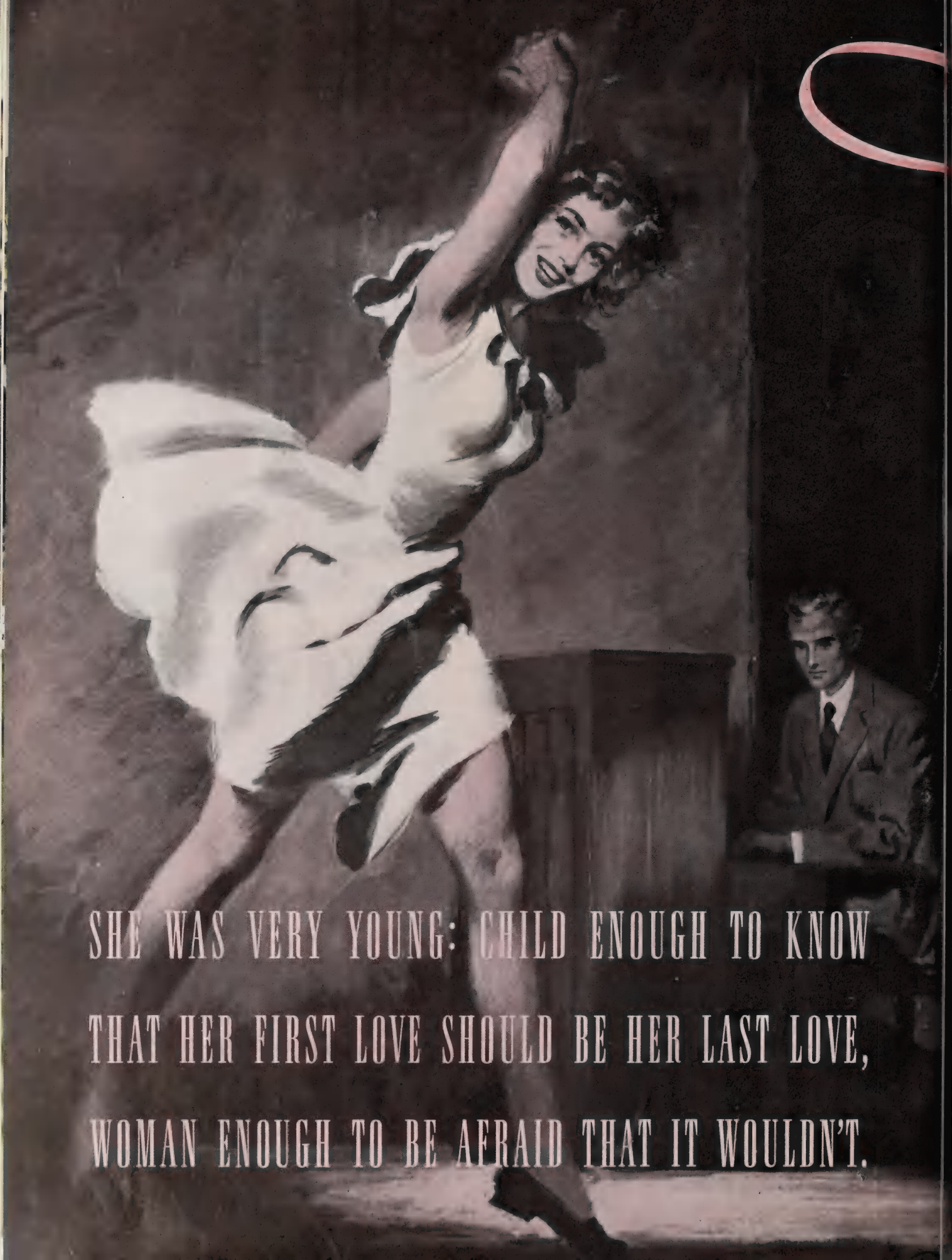
*Breakfast in the sun: Tina Leser's printed cotton has ruffled skirt, slim shorts underneath for the beach.*

*Matching tweed skirt and cardigan sweater, the color of her coat; for golf, or cool morning strolls. . . .*

SKETCHES BY REYNALDO LUZA
PHOTOS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



*Turquoise linen, sophisticated and divinely slim, de signed by Bruno. Worn with matching gloves and fa*


SHE WAS VERY YOUNG: CHILD ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT HER FIRST LOVE SHOULD BE HER LAST LOVE,
WOMAN ENOUGH TO BE AFRAID THAT IT WOULDN'T.

# Funny face

## BY MONICA EWER

ROGER ANGER, theatrical agent, leaned across his desk and looked at her with professional indifference. Joan Hutton looked back at him with a friendly smile. He had been finding her jobs ever since the days she had first kicked up her heels in a child troupe. Not very good jobs, to be sure, but regular and enough for Joan's simple needs. Sometimes she dreamed a little wildly—those nights when she made the other girls laugh—dreamed that there might be a place for her to make a wider audience laugh. Meanwhile she went on year after year as an efficient and impersonal member of somebody's chorus.

"They've got to find a third," he said. "The woman's called Sandra Finert—she's one of my clients. She's a peaches-and-cream blonde—really lovely. Gets the men every time."

"They have a double act?"

"Yes. The man writes the music. I hear he's crazy about her."

"Tough luck on them having to take in a third."

Roger Anger nodded. "Mullins won't book them for the circuit otherwise. He's got one song-and-dance duo in the program already."

"I see."

He let his glance run over her small neat figure, up to her soft young face that had still an almost childish chubbiness, and ended his scrutiny at her mop of brown curls. "It has to be a brunette."

She smiled. She could almost read his thoughts. Perhaps when dad had first brought her to Mr. Anger, in the days when she was a plump schoolgirl, they had both hoped that someday she might turn into a raving beauty. Why not? Mum was lovely and could always get a job at Christmastime as the good fairy. And her eldest sister Milly was magnificent. She'd played any number of leading parts on tour. Only Joan—well, she stayed somehow just a kid, clear-eyed and rosy; just a kid, for all that she was eighteen.

"It's good money," said Mr. Anger.

"I'll try," she said, and added confidentially, "but I haven't much hope. Though it would make a grand first step." She gave a fleeting sigh. "But I haven't much hope."

"No?" He didn't seem surprised or worried. He'd get her one job or another and she would go on earning his commission. Neat little thing and knew her stuff. Came of a decent theatrical family. "Well, be at the Greek rehearsal rooms at eleven. And if there's nothing doing there, go on to the chorus audition at the Royal this afternoon at two. That's more your line. Here's the card."

"Thanks," she said and grinned cheerfully. "I'll come back and let you know."

As she reached the door he called to her with a bit of fatherly advice. "Try not to look as if you'd just come off the hockey field."

She laughed back at him. "I'm a comic," she said. "I've got a funny face." She screwed it up for his benefit. "Someday someone will let me be funny and then I'll bring us both home an old-age pension!"

It was really a waste of time going after this job with the peaches-and-cream blonde. But Joan hurried along Shaftesbury Avenue from a sense of duty. Her step was very quick and light, her ankles very trim. But as she caught sight of herself in passing in a shopwindow she made a little grimace. She looked healthy and happy and nice, but she lacked—what was it? That was it; she lacked—glamour. You'd never want to hang her in jewels or wrap her in yards of mink or pin a garden of orchids on her chest. She'd never inspire a great passion. She looked so unromantically healthy. She looked so absurdly young. Other girls at eighteen were poised women of the world. And she'd been earning her own living since she was fourteen and she still looked like a kid. It wasn't fair. She supposed it came of having a cheerful, equable temperament. It might be a help in getting one through the day's work, but it wasn't the kind of temperament that got one anywhere in the profession.

THE rehearsal rooms were in a side street off the Charing Cross Road. They were bare save for a few bentwood chairs and an upright piano. There were three people waiting: two girls and a young man at the piano. The peaches-and-cream blonde had not yet arrived.

When Joan saw the two other girls she knew at once that it was entirely useless to wait. Beautiful girls. One had smooth blue-black hair, a very white skin, and eyes of a size to suggest all kinds of smoldering passion. She was perhaps the lovelier of the two, though the other had more vitality and a mass of auburn hair piled high on the top of her head in a bewildering complexity of curls. The girls glanced once in her direction and then pretended that she did not exist and went on exchanging confidences in a low murmur.

Joan walked toward the piano and grinned at the young man. He was a thin young man, with a tired face and far-seeing gray eyes. She jerked her head in the direction of the two girls. "Shall I leave now or wait till I'm pushed?"

He looked up from his scrutiny of the keyboard and grinned back. He studied the small childlike face and the bright brown eyes. "You're very young."

"I'm eighteen."

"You don't look it. Where's your mother?"

"She's working with dad. They do a cross-talk act. My eldest brother is a mind reader. My youngest sister helps him. Milly is playing lead on the B tours of Kiss That Girl. Another brother is in revue. Of course we've got a black sheep in the family."

"No!"

"Yes, we have." She bent forward to whisper, "My third brother is a bank clerk. Don't tell, will you?"

"Cross my heart."

She smiled at him that frank, open smile that made her look so very young. "Nice to have met you. I can show myself out."

"Don't go."

"Why not?"

His eyes had not left her face. Now he spoke decisively. "Lots of reasons. For one—you're fun. For two—stay and you'll get this job."

"You're not making any mistake, are you?" she asked. "You know I want to be part of the act. Perhaps you thought that I'd just come here to scrub the floors."

"You'll get it," he repeated.

She looked round-eyed from him to the two other girls. "What makes you think so?"

"I'm psychic!"

"You're idiotic."

"Like to bet?"

"I won't take advantage of you."

"Well, get into your practice skirt."

She spoke as one exercising patience. "Have you looked at those other girls?"

"Yes. That's why I say you'll get the job."

"What's she like—this Sandra? Ever seen her?"

"She's beautiful." He ran his hands lightly over the keys and drew forth a small sweet melody. "I think she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

Joan felt a pang of compassion for the poor pianist who must be so far removed from such a lovely lady. "I heard she was wonderful. It must be a great help ——" Her voice trailed away a little. It no longer seemed quite enough to look like a nice schoolgirl. It must be very comforting to make young men dream melodiously about one, to make them caress the keys at the mention of one's name, and write music inspired by the memory of one's beauty. Even though he was only a hired pianist at so much an hour. It must be very comforting—and anyway, he was a very nice pianist.

"WHAT are you thinking?" he asked.

"I've got to go," she said, the sudden color flooding her cheeks. She didn't want to stay and have the beautiful Sandra look at her coolly and reject her politely. It would be humiliating. Better to get away beforehand.

"Nonsense. The job is yours."

Joan gave him a rather uncertain smile. "You're nice and you're trying to be kind, but I know that next to those two ravishing creatures at the other end of the room, I look like the head girl at St. Angela's."

"I like the way you look," he said. "I like your funny face."

"Oh, you think it's funny," she said eagerly. "So do I."

"I think it's a lot of things—all pretty good."

"No—no," she said quickly. "I don't mind about that. I want to have a funny face—because I could be a funny person, if only anyone would ever let me. You can't think how difficult ——"

A door opened and closed. A clock somewhere chimed the quarter, and Sandra Finert swept into the rehearsal room and Joan saw at a glance that she was every bit as lovely as they had foretold. She had natural gold hair that curled on its own, gracefully, softly around her small head, and her eyes were a real violet blue, and her small features were models of regularity. It wasn't like a human face at all, thought Joan suddenly, but like something an artist might imagine, if he added all the perfections together. The result lacked a little in warmth and humanity. Sandra wore a lapin coat on which was pinned a bunch of fresh *(Continued on Page 221)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS


♥ ♥ ♥
To My Valentine
Oh, I would leap from crag to crag.
On mountains near and far:
And give you for your valentine
Yonder shooting star.
♥ ♥ ♥
MENU
Grapefruit Cocktail
Chicken Kiev Sauce Figaro
Rice Sautéed Pineapple Rings
Avocado Fritters
Asparagus Lemon Butter
Bowknot Rolls
Endive Salad Française
Ice-Cream Valentines Mous-Rose Cake
Demitasse

# With but a single thought

THIS piece deals in a big way with pure sentiment. If you have read thus far, and don't want any more, you may turn to the receipts and forget all about love, and just knock up some cakes and cook a nice supper. But if you are caught on the parlor sofa holding hands and playing footie, don't blame me. I didn't start this. I only make the whole thing more enticing, more worth while, more appropriate for the day, dedicated to good Saint Valentine. Such a lovely name, don't you think?

***Hearts and flowers.*** I've always thought that this saint's day ought to have come in the summer. The glamour of hand-on-heart affairs would seem to require a moonlit garden. These cold and snowy days of February are like stone walls against any but young love, which skis, skates or builds snow men regardless of the weather.

It takes true love and undying affection to hang on to life's romantic moments. Let's not forget that. And when we pay tribute to the good old saint, let's do it in a spirit that is worthy of his name. Saint Valentine, a lovely name with a ring to it—lighthearted, frivolous, gay, wistful, sweet and sentimental.

***For Saint Valentine's Day.*** The table should be bright and shining, and somewhere about there should be at least one red rose in a crystal vase, and the soft glow of candlelight. The food should be of the finest. And so we start off with a simple first course. Fruit of any kind, or a clear soup. Pink grapefruit with green grapes is our choice, for it somehow looks like a valentine itself.

***Something very special.*** The main course should be as rich and satisfying as love itself. So we've selected something very special. It's not easy, but it's subtle and it's not what it seems to be. These are no chicken legs we are offering up to Saint Valentine.

### CHICKEN KIEV

**Cut the breasts, not forgetting the fillet underneath, from 3 chickens, before they are cooked. This is not so hard as it sounds, once you get the hang of it. Use a sharp knife, cut close to the breastbone, and ease the meat off. Hum Silver Threads Among the Gold and off they come. Easy does it. Steam what's left of the chickens and cook the giblets separately. Remove the leg bones from the chickens and clip off the joints. Shears are best. Now chop and mash the livers. For each liver, add 3 tablespoons of butter or margarine. Cream the liver and butter together well. Season highly with salt, pepper and**

*(Continued on Page 204)*

BY ANN BATCHELDER



PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

# Pardon us, but your character

## SOMEWHERE AMONG THESE GROUPS IS A PICTURE OF YOU.

PIGEONHOLING people is a popular parlor pastime—as is trying tongue-twisting statements like that one. Here is a test that will classify you and your friends according to the way you write. For the study of handwriting, or graphology, is a very good means of interpreting character.

Perhaps you are skeptical and think it can't be done. Are you game to try? It isn't necessary to believe in order to have fun. And maybe you'll be surprised. For Nock Sylvus, the greatest modern handwriting expert, has helped take handwriting out of the literary-curiosity class so that graphology is now a widely recognized science. It is being used for vocational purposes and in many clinics as a means of diagnosis for the understanding of human nature and the evaluating of personality.

You can try this alone or with a roomful of people. Each person must use pen and ink—his own pen if possible—and write down the following in a natural, unstudied manner. Or use something you have already written, being sure it was done in ink.

"Dear Aunt Babs: Here is a personality quiz—I know how you love them. George suggested I send it to you last week, but Pauline wanted to use it at a party first. Regards to you all, Lovingly,"

Then sign your name in the usual way—all of it.

With this before you, answer the questions in each of these eight groups. The one in which you have the most Yes answers is your handwriting type. Many persons are a combination type, with one type predominating, however. So if two, or even three, groups have four or more Yes answers, you are a combination of those two or three types.

A word of caution: Do not let the examples of handwriting types influence you unduly. Two handwritings which to the untrained eye seem very dissimilar may each have the essential points to put them in the same classification.

After you have checked the questions, find the reading under your handwriting type, or types. Then upon this background add the traits indicated by the questions and answers which follow the readings, and you will have your present personality picture as revealed by your handwriting.

Are you ready?

## HERE GOES!

**GROUP F**

1. Do you prefer a broad, stubby pen point with a heavy flow of ink?
2. Is there a jerky rather than a flowing quality to your writing?
3. Are the letter formations the usual, commonplace ones?
4. Are the loops on letters larger below the line than above it?
5. Do these lower loops often run into the line below?
6. Do you often end letters or words abruptly?
7. Is the heavy pressure of your writing its outstanding characteristic?

**GROUP V**

1. Is your signature more individual-looking than the rest of your writing?
2. Is the rhythm gracious and flowing with curves and upswing endings?
3. Does it have a definite slant either to the left or to the right?
4. Are your *t*-bars no lighter than the other strokes?
5. Do you write with even, medium pressure?
6. Are the capitals vigorously made so they stand out noticeably?
7. Are the letters of a word nearly always connected?

**GROUP C**

1. Are your letters clear-cut and concise, and usually upright in angle?
2. Is your pressure firm, very even, but not heavy?
3. Are most of your capitals printed?
4. Small letters, such as *s*, *r* and *a*—are they quite often printed?
5. Do you make even spacings and margins throughout?
6. Do you usually omit the beginning and ending strokes of words?
7. Are your loops on letters often just a straight line?

**GROUP N**

1. Does your handwriting tend to be uncertain, unsteady and uneven-looking?
2. Are the letters quite variable in size?
3. Are the capitals sometimes graceful, sometimes awkward?
4. Is there a lack of rhythm in your writing?
5. Does the slant to your letters change and vary?
6. Is the basic line apt to waver and often slant down?
7. Are your spaces and margins uneven, now wide, now crowded?

**GROUP A**

1. Is your writing odd or unusual so that it often excites comment?
2. Are your capitals more individual looking than your small letters?
3. Has your writing a free-swinging rhythm that is noticeable but not necessarily graceful?
4. Do you sometimes use the period or *i*-dot that is a tiny circle?
5. Are the letters more round (or square) than angular?
6. Is the pressure uneven so that the writing often looks shaded?
7. Is your writing so "different" that it seems not to classify elsewhere?

**GROUP I**

1. Is your writing definitely the light pressure, fine-pen kind?
2. Are the capitals delicately formed but not particularly distinctive?
3. Are your *t*-bars often high above the *t*, or high up on it?
4. Do you frequently leave out connecting strokes between letters in a word?
5. Are your *i*-dots fine as a pin point?
6. Is your writing smaller than average.
7. Is there something assertive-looking about even your signature?

**GROUP M**

1. Is your writing more small than large, and of heavy to medium pressure?
2. Do you often make the small *d* with a single stroke that ends in the air?
3. Do you make a small *g* that looks like the figure 8?
4. Are your margins usually large, your spacings generous?
5. Does your writing have distinctive letter formations that are not pretty but seem to indicate mentality—just as you can tell an ugly man is intelligent?
6. Do you sometimes print the letter *e*?
7. Are many of your loops just a straight line?

**GROUP P**

1. Are your letters more round than angular and leaning slightly to the right?
2. Do you make a capital *A* that looks a lot like the printed one?
3. Are your *a*, *o* and *g* loosely closed, your *b* and *p* loose and open?
4. Do you sometimes loop a lasso over the top of your *t* to cross it?
5. Is your signature identical with the rest of your hand?
6. Are some of your capitals old-fashioned looking?
7. Do your loops on *f* ever swing to left; on *p*, *g* or *y* to right (backward)?

### GROUP F

You are the FUNDAMENTAL type, materialistic and hearty and craving creature comforts. Neither sensitive nor nervous, you are the earthy people, the handworkers of the world. Aggressive and fearless, you make natural soldiers, sailors and men of fortune. Some musicians, singers and artists belong in this classification, those of the mechanical rather than creative type, also many farmers, painters, carpenters, machinists and engineers.

Men of this group are heavier than the women, but both are inclined to be stocky and loose-jointed, with short neck and full face and a tendency to overweight after middle age. And both make passionate, intense lovers, inclined to be jealous and possessive. This type should mate with someone who is also a Fundamental, at least in part, as you are not bothered with intangibles and have an eager, often sensual interest in fleshly gratification.

### GROUP V

You in the VITAL group are interested in life and action. You are quick of step, vivacious and graceful, with sparkling eyes and good color. You make many friends and express your affections with ease and self-assurance; you love the out-of-doors and have a broad sense of humor.

Many composers are of this type, also exhibition dancers, publicity men, orators and actors and most of the salesmen. For this is the expansive, adaptive type, having practical common sense coupled with love of personal contact. You are long-lived, but apt to suffer from breakdown due to overwork and neglect of health. Marry in any group, except pure Fundamental. Parenthood is important, but wives are not lost to individuality after motherhood. They are good executives and detailists; the men great clubmen and sportsmen.

### GROUP C

The CONSTRUCTIVE type is marked by love of construction. Cool and self-confident, you are prone to be taciturn and abrupt, but keen and witty. Hating monotony, routine and confinement, you love to wander and travel and are subject to accident and breakdown, but take punishment well. In build this type is prone to be loose-jointed, the skin dusky or pale, with good hair, teeth and eyes.

In this group are the architects and builders, sculptors and painters, explorers and cabinetmakers—those trades which combine skill of hand with accuracy of eye and a fine sense of proportion. However, this constructive sense does not always make you good home builders or mates. For you possessive by nature, yet want your personal freedom. The best mate would Constructive-Mental or a Vital-Fundame combination type.

### GROUP N

This is the NERVOUS type, restless, ta tive, quick in mind and movement. Ge ally blue-eyed and fair, you incline to a larity of body and often seem awkward have personal magnetism. Appearing t frail, you have strong vitality and can vive more hardships than sturdier ty You have strong likes and dislikes, are in tive and high-strung, say what you th and are often religious.

Many actors are in this group, playwrig linguists, musicians, but not steady, trot workers. The women seem more ner than the men because they do not con themselves so well. Sensitive and comp all of you in this classification need outd life and quiet, and a pleasant life of c panionship in which sex does not play great a part. You should marry some who is in this group alone or in combinat with any of the others.

### GROUP A

This is the ARTISTIC type and, contrary legend, is not more temperamental than others, for real artists are usually adaptat good-natured, friendly people. Less artist looking than the Vital, you are similar build to the Nervous: thin, angular, colori more pale than deep, with pretty hands a feet.

You are great on concentration, none t good at business, often fanatical in religi and do not have a strong love of family a home. You may have talent for the sta music, playwriting and all creative arts, only a deep appreciation for them. Y should marry someone who is also artist not a homebody. The men in this group less constant than the women, less shrew more creative. All are extremely sensitive color, beauty, perfume, and so on, and sensuous (not sensual).

### GROUP I

This is the IDEAL type—the opposite earthy—and being delicately imaginati and aspiring, often but not necessarily spi itual. Very serious, with little humor, mo moral courage than physical, you in th group are not aggressive in forcing yo idealism on the world. So the fanatic do not belong here, unless linked with Fund mental, Constructive or Protective ty traits.

You are usually in-between in colorin neither striking blondes nor brunettes, an are often tall, frail and thin. You eat only t live, yet often outlive the hardier types there is a strong incentive. Unselfish and i tuitive, self-denial is easy for you, but yo are somewhat intolerant of a materialisti realistic world. Your mate should be a Ideal type. The really "called" clergymer the poets, philosophers and nonmaterialist of all kinds are in this group.

# howing!

BY MARGUERITE BARZE

### GROUP M

ersonality in the MENTAL group is efinite thing. It may be outstand- en the signature is unique, the color- he person high; if of pale color, the e is not so individual, the person iet and subtle, less vain and vivid. Mentals are cold and unfeeling mental plane, warm and sensuous physical, making them charmingly k.

reative writer, statesman, educator, n—all work requiring will power and endurance—are in this type, alone or bination. You make good parents, mates, like to teach and educate and easily bored by routine and details. joy walking and dancing, are subject t attack and breakdown. Indeed, ate of health depends upon your men- th greatly. Marry in any group—it s upon the individual.

### GROUP P

e are the PROTECTIVE type, who live and protect mankind and are pleas- arm and friendly with all who are in thy with them. Sincere, not high of , people in this group love nature and ies, little children and all human crea- In build you are apt to have undevel- gures with appealing rather than mag- ersonalities. In health you are like the us, with seemingly low vitality and bodies yet able to endure unlimited ip in a superhuman way.

chers, ministers, missionaries, reform- d some scientists are found here, also ans and poets if combined with the c. There are as many men as women group and they usually marry early, family in view, and often "mother" people's children. Marry your own or combined with Vital or Nervous.

## NOW CHECK THESE ESTIONS AND ANSWERS

s your writing unusually small? b. ally large?

u are good at details, close work, con- tion. b. You like to do things on a scale.

Are your capitals pronounced and sive-looking? b. Small and unassum-

u have the instinct to put your best orward, maybe show off. b. You are uming too—lack high pride and ag- on.

Is your signature heavier than the rest r writing? b. Do you underscore it?

u like to lead and dictate, don't you? u consider yourself an important per- nd probably are.

Do you end some of your words ab- , slashing them downward? b. Do o this in the middle of a word some- too?

u are inclined to be domineering. b. eed to check that temper.

Do the ends of your words curl softly ed upward? b. Is your *i*-dot a tiny

u've a gay disposition. b. Both signs for a fine sense of humor.

**6**. a. Are your upper loops large? b. Narrow?
a. You've aspirations aplenty. b. You're controlled and repressed but keen and penetrating.

**7**. a. Are your lower loops large? b. Are they a single line? c. Triangular?
a. You are materialistically inclined. b. You've mental individuality. c. You're opinionated.

**8**. a. Do you cross small *t* with a triangular affair? b. Just bring a return line halfway up?
a. You like to follow things through to the end. b. You're practical but conventional.

**9**. a. Do your *t*-crossings run away from the *t*? b. Or don't they quite get there? c. Or are they high in the air above it?
a. You race into things with exuberance. b. You don't—you procrastinate. c. You are full of imagination.

**10**. a. Does your *t*-bar slant downward? b. Upward? c. Is it weak?
a. You're very determined. b. You're hopeful and spirited. c. You lack self-confidence.

**11**. a. Is small *k* the tallest of all your letters? b. Is small *m* the largest?
a. You're predisposed to spirituality. b. You've executive ability.

**12**. a. Is your small *r* precise and sharp-cornered? b. Quick and round?
a. You are precise about appearances and details. b. You aren't.

**13**. a. Do you make small *e* like the printed letter? b. Your *s*, *r* or *a*?
a. You aspire for refinement—the "nice" things. b. You've constructive ability.

**14**. a. Does your small *d* end in the air? b. To the right? c. To the left?
a. This is the touchstone of culture. b. You're gay, talkative, cosmopolitan. c. You're precise of speech, controlled of emotion.

**15**. a. Is your capital *I* modest-looking? b. Is it a straight line? c. Is the upper loop large? d. The lower?
a. You, too, are modest. b. You're a simple soul of a high order. c. You may act pompous, but are real underneath. d. You take pride in fulfilling ideals.

**16**. Are your capitals *B*, *R* and *P* made with a preceding bulb or circle?
You take great pains with your appearance, may be vain and envious.

**17**. a. Is your capital *G* (or small one) made like an 8? b. Is your capital *H* elaborate and involved-looking?
a. You've a feeling for value and proportion, due to fine philosophy. b. Your complex nature gets you into involved situations.

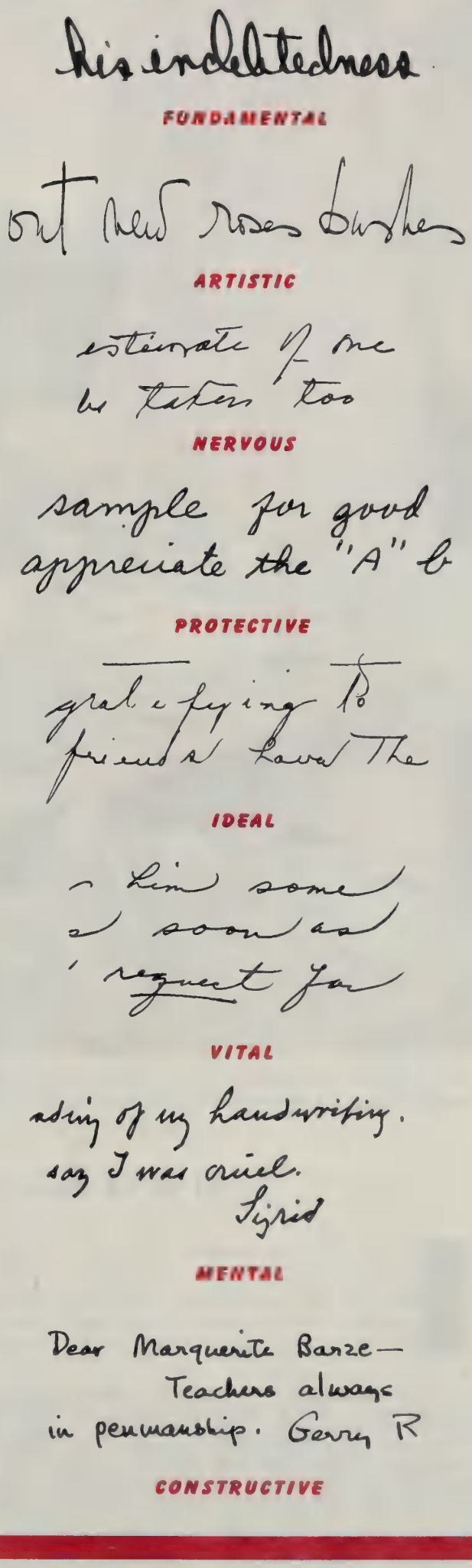
**18**. a. Do you close *a*, *o*, *b*, *p* and capital *D* up tight? b. Leave them open?
a. You are cautious, maybe secretive. b. You're frank and open, maybe credulous.

**19**. a. Are your cross strokes consistently heavier? b. The down strokes?
a. You've a strong will power and enjoy gratifying your senses. b. You've passions and appetites which are inhibited and ravage the inner nature.

If you jotted down all the traits to be added to your general handwriting type, you have a summation of your present-day personality. As one grows and changes, his handwriting changes also. You might be surprised to find out how much you have changed if you would test some of your writing of five years ago, or even one year.

And a few years hence—who knows? But the changes will show up in your handwriting, of that you may be sure.

**SAMPLES OF THE 8 TYPES OF HANDWRITING**



FUNDAMENTAL

ARTISTIC

NERVOUS

IDEAL

VITAL

MENTAL

CONSTRUCTIVE

# Conversation Piece



PHOTO BY STUART

*Any friendly evening plus dancing or bridge is sure to add up to appetite. For refueling, this cart supper of soup, curried chicken and water-cress sandwiches will win you top honors as a super chef.*

## BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

A LATE supper after a stimulating evening with your friends at a concert, a play or a good game of bridge is one of the delights of entertaining. It's a made-to-order formula for sure-fire success: informality, a receptive audience looking and feeling its special best, and a menu reduced almost to the proportions of a snack, but worthy to be discussed along with the arts. True, choosing the menu presents some tricky problems. It must be exquisite, obviously—this is no mediocre titbit we're planning for such an occasion—but the prepreparation of food must be so complete that within less than ten minutes after you reach home it can be served. And it must be light enough to induce purring contentment, not nightmares. Not such a large order, really. If design and organization are perfect, so will be your late supper, even if you've been away until the eleventh hour yourself. More of that later, but now to the menu.

For the chef-d'œuvre there will be Poulet Curry à la Crème. This is not curried chicken, but a luscious improvisation on the creamed-chicken theme, with just enough curry flavor to make it snap but not sizzle. It should be served from a chafing dish or hot bowl onto tiny—and I mean bite-size—triangles of crisp grilled bread, and there must be chutney, the essential accompaniment to any sort of curried dish. If Indian chutney is hard to find, there are domestic versions.

With the chicken we'll have steaming cups of clear chicken broth served at the same time (the combination is delicious), and rolled water-cress sandwiches.

After at least two servings of the Poulet Curry à la Crème, hunger will be gone, but we'll want coffee, and something to nibble while we drink it—not a real dessert. A beautiful tray of pecan-cheese balls and frosted grapes should be exactly right.

We'll plan for six or eight; and now for the recipes.

### ★ ★ POULET CURRY À LA CRÈME

Cut into pieces 2 big stewing chickens. I large kettle put 2½ quarts water, 1 onion, 2 ca several stalks of celery, leaves and all, 2 bay and 4 peppercorns. Bring this to a boil and ad chicken one piece at a time, so that the wate continue to boil constantly. Cover the pot an gently for one hour. Now add 2 teaspoons sa continue cooking until the chicken is tender—a three hours in all. Remove chicken to a bowl, the broth and pour enough over the chicken l to cover it. Set the rest of the broth aside to

When the chicken is cold, remove bone, g and skin and cut as neatly as possible into bit pieces—don't make them too small.

Melt 5 tablespoons butter or margarine in a s pan or top of large double boiler. Remove fro add 7 tablespoons flour and stir until smooth slowly at first and stirring all the while. 3 cups c and 2 cups of the broth in which the chicken c Undiluted evaporated milk may be substitute the cream. Moisten 1½ teaspoons curry powd teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoon Nepaul o pepper with a little broth, and add this to the with 1 clove finely minced garlic. Now retur pan to the fire and stir like crazy until the sa smooth and thick and begins to bubble. I'll a a double boiler is a little safer for this opera but it takes an beastly long, and if your pan do stick and you don't forget to stir, direct heat the job well and fast. Add to the sauce 6 tablesp shredded unsweetened coconut, fresh if pos but packaged will do, fold in the chicken, and Poulet Curry à la Crème is ready to be heated a last minute.

### ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ CHICKEN BROTH ★ ★ ★

When the broth is cool, skim off the greas clarify, crush and beat 2 raw eggs, shells and all to the broth and bring it to a boil, stirring al constantly. Boil for two minutes, cool for ten utes and strain through a double thickne cheesecloth. Taste for salt, but don't add any o seasoning. The broth should be delicately flav since it's to be served with the highly seas chicken.

### ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ GRILLED BREAD ★ ★ ★

Remove crusts and cut sliced bread into and-one-half-inch squares, then cut diago across each square to make small triangles. easy cutting, the bread shouldn't be too fresh. the little triangles in butter until they are go brown on both sides. Don't crowd the skillet, keep the heat low. This takes very little time should be done carefully. Put the triangles cooky sheet ready to be heated at the last min

### ROLLED WATER-CRESS SANDWICH

The day before, wash 1 large bunch of water cr wrap in a towel and store in refrigerator. W you're ready to make sandwiches, pick leaves f stems and chop them a little, but save one sm sprig of water cress for each sandwich. Cream gether ¼ pound butter or margarine, ⅛ po cream cheese and a little mayonnaise. Add chopped water-cress leaves and spread the mixt fairly thick on *very* thin slices of bread. Roll e slice as it is spread into a fingerlike roll and stic little sprig of water cress into one end. Wrap sandwiches in oiled paper, then in a damp to and store in refrigerator. If water cress is unobta able, use chopped chives instead.

### ★ ★ ★ ★ PECAN-CHEESE BALLS ★ ★

Cream until smooth ½ pound cream cheese, 18 ground dates and mix thoroughly. Set in frigerator, and when cold mold into tiny balls roll each ball in coarsely *(Continued on Page*

# LINE A DAY

*By Ann Batchelder*

**1** Two things are at their best—apples (do you know Northern Spies?) and cheese. A perfect end to a perfect dinner. Apples icy cold, cheese warm as the inside of a fur mitten. That's for me.

**2** A tiresome vegetable always left to itself is the green string bean. Oh, well, try fixing them up in a nice cream sauce with plenty of grated cheese and crumbs on top and bake au gratin. A dish to change your mind—maybe.

**3** Essence of celery isn't celery soup in a fancy dress. Take four cups of strong chicken broth and heat in the double boiler. Add a slice or two of onion and a bunch of fresh celery tops. Let it cook. Strain. Season it well and serve very hot in cups. Put a spoonful of salted whipped cream on each cup.

**4** What can be done with bread will never be completely told. There'll always be an untold story, and someday somebody will think that one up. You take large cubes of bread and fry them in butter or—well, you know what begins with *m*.

**5** *Second verse:* Arrange the bread on a hot platter, cover with apricot purée—hot. Glaze with sweetened apricot juice, boiled to a thickness. Serve with chicken.

**6** Spaghetti comes out of the kitchen into the haunts of *haut monde*. Rub your pan with garlic, melt a little butter or margarine in the pan. Add chopped chicken livers and mushrooms and a tin of Italian tomato paste. Stir in the cooked spaghetti and turn out on a hot platter. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Run under the broiler and serve as is or with thin slices of ham.

**7** *From an old cookbook:* "Put the soup in the kettle and let it boil fast and uncovered. It must be stirred *constantly* for *eight* hours." Let's see. That's from nine to five, isn't it?

**8** If you feel that a baked potato is as prosaic as a bank statement, take out the mealy inside. Mash up with cream, salt and pepper and a touch of mace. Beat in some crisp bacon and sausages (the little ones). Stuff the shells. Dust with cheese and heat again. That'll learn you!

**9** Grownups still like jams and preserves. Try this on them and you will see: Fold any preserve or jam into whipped cream and serve on gingerbread or cake squares.

**10** *News item:* Now that the wars are over, back to town comes the smoked-trout *pâté* from a place called Colorado Springs. Heard of that, no doubt.

**11** A very special salad dressing for a very special occasion. Grate a very little onion into a cup of mayonnaise, add a squeeze of onion juice, then fold in two tablespoons of caviar. Serve in the center hearts of lettuce with diced tomato and sliced hard-cooked egg.

**12** Rarebits should have strings like forty harps. At least that's what I think. But the creamy, creamy kind suits most folks. Good ones come in jars. Just thin out and serve bubbling hot on toast, with pickles.

**13** If you're going to have carrots, glaze them with sirup liberally endowed with chopped mint leaves. Use the smallest carrots. And, need I say it, cook them first.

**14** Always longing, as you long for greener pastures, for some new little appetizer for a party? So are we all. Little squares of shad roe, sprinkled with lemon juice and rind, wrapped in bacon and fried, are sweethearts. Toothpicks again, remember.

**15** Green bananas are not for baby, but for you they've got their points. Slice them (real green), dip in seasoned flour, fry in butter or margarine. Sprinkle with cinnamonized sugar and serve with chicken. ("Cinnamonized" is a new word.)

**16** Two-part receipt, and worth it, is cauliflower with creamed lobster sauce. Don't faint, it's the truth. Delicious. Boil the cauliflower, drain it and keep it whole and hot. (Cover with a towel.)

**17** Now make a highly seasoned, very-light cream sauce. Cut the lobster into thin slices and add to the sauce with the coral and tommi well beaten in for color and flavor. Pour over the cauliflower.

**WINTER REVERIE**

***Oh, little river of my dreams,***
***Why call to me tonight?***
***For where I am the stars are bright***
***And cold the pale moon gleams.***

***What have you now to offer me***
***But winter's dreary charity?***

**18** Kitchen parties are going strong—or so I hear. Kitchenette parties may move out and go some other where. For eats make cheeseburgers, for a change. Toast English muffins, butter well. Clap on a thinnish hamburger, cover with rich, soft cheese. Broil. There!

**19** Oyster pie, filled with creamed oysters, goes with the wind on a winter evening. A little mace in the sauce, and a crust as tender as a gossamer wing covers all. Serve with a salad and coffee.

**20** Talking of oysters—winter's delight—be daring and make a scallop with cream of mushroom soup as a moistener. Dash of cayenne and a suspicion of mace.

**21** *Dept. of utter despair, farthest-south division:* Tripe soup and milk soup "nice for children." But not for the kids *I* deal with.

**22** A cream sauce for spaghetti is touched with the magic of sweet basil, and while slivers of ham may not be magic, they're top-drawer in this special affair.

**23** If omelet-minded—and I hope you are—fold in a well-seasoned spinach purée for an uplift—both to omelet *and* spinach. Spinach asks for nutmeg. And then there's curried shrimps for your omelet! Well, *what* am I up to?

**24** Parsnips rate with carrots in my cuisine, but if you will, you will. Or, what will be, will be. Fry them and sprinkle with chopped chives.

**25** Cheese, crumpets, butter and soft Vermont maple sugar all go to make up the most delicious hot thing for tea you ever dreamed up. Divine is the word.

**26** I'm accused of neglecting desserts. But to make up, take peach halves and drain. Put in a buttered casserole. Fill with macaroon crumbs, chopped nuts, and dot with butter or margarine. Bake and baste with cherry juice. Serve with whipped cream. That will hold you!

**27** Baking-powder biscuits—can't she let 'em alone? Next time, my dears, but next time. Use orange juice instead of milk and grated peel—for fun—with dough. And next time you'll change your tune.

**28** February has twenty-eight days, and it's up to the man of your heart *this* year. Follow directions and sleep well o' nights. Spring won't be long alingering now.

# The Education of Eugene Miley

## IT TOOK THE LESSONS OF WAR AND LOVE TO SEND AN EX-SERGEANT BACK TO SCHOOL * * *

By Bill Davidson

UP until several months ago, twenty-eight-year-old Eugene Miley was an unschooled, unpolished, common laborer from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The miracle of his education from that point on is a complex affair, involving, in the order of their appearance, a burst of machine-gun bullets, a girl, the G. I. Bill of Rights and a farsighted city public-school system.

The machine-gun bullets were German, 7 mm., and Miley caught them in the terrible battle of Cisterna, on the fringe of the Anzio beachhead in Italy. Miley, a staff sergeant then, was leading his squad in a futile attempt to break through to the American Rangers trapped in the town. On his second dash from ditch to ditch, the cross fire of the enemy got him. At first he thought he had just fallen. But then he looked down at his right leg. It was attached, below the knee, by only the flesh. Sixteen hours later, in an Army evacuation hospital, he lost the leg.

The girl's name is Frances Baker. She is tall and gray-eyed and serious, and she comes from Oxford, Georgia, near Atlanta. When Miley met her, she was a Wave stationed in the Navy Bureau of Personnel in Washington. He was in a bus, on his way home from Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, when he looked up and saw her. She was going to visit friends in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. She was sitting right next to him in the bus. She was very pretty.

After a while, Miley spoke to her, timidly. She noticed his crutches and the Purple Heart on his chest, and she spoke to him. He saw her in Lancaster, and then in Washington. In Washington, he blurted out bitterly, "Why do you want to be messing around with a cripple? Don't you know I've only got one leg?"

Frances was a teacher and a graduate of the University of Georgia. "You fool," she said, crying, "I've never even looked at your legs. I've been too busy looking at your soul."

He kissed her.

One day in November, 1944, Miley put on his new blue civilian suit, got on a bus in Lititz, Pennsylvania, his home town, and went down to Philadelphia. He walked into the office of William E. Brunton, the Board of Education's Director of Veterans' Education. That's where the Veterans Administration had sent him for rehabilitation education under the G. I. Bill of Rights. The rain was pouring down and Miley stood there, dripping wet, a suitcase in either hand. "Sit down, son," Brunton said. Miley walked over and sat down. His new artificial leg didn't fit properly and he limped badly. He was just a few days out of the hospital. He was frightened and skeptical.

But then Brunton began speaking to him, and Miley wasn't frightened or skeptical any more. Tall, kindly Brunton, a World War I merchant-marine sailor, who had learned all the pitfalls of educating veterans by teaching them after the last war, explained the Philadelphia setup. He told Miley how, under the Veterans Administration, this school system is giving an accelerated high-school course to veterans from all over the country, and teaching trades in its vocational high schools to hundreds of other vets. He took Miley's papers, shook his hand and fixed him up temporarily with a room at the Y.M.C.A. Miley started classes the next day.

And so, at the age of twenty-eight, Eugene Miley entered high school with the fourteen-year-olds, resuming the education that had been interrupted in the eighth grade by hunger and depression more than a dozen years before.

Miley was born in the tiny village of Brunnerville, Pennsylvania, where his German-Scotch-Irish forebears had settled more than a century ago. As he says, "There is no mistaking my ancestry." He is tall and thin and deep-chested, with a pug-nosed face as Irish as Pat O'Brien's, and a crop of fine, straight hair as flaxen-blond as Siegfried's. He has gnarled workman's hands, quick blue farmer's eyes and slow farmer's speech. Brunnerville is in the fertile, picturesque Conestoga Valley country of the Pennsylvania Dutch and the Amish, Dunkard and Mennonite religious sects. "But," says Miley, "it wasn't very picturesque for the Mileys. All six of us crowded together into a little old broken-down tenant house."

Miley's father worked as a general laborer in the local animal-trap factory and eventually drifted off, leaving Mrs. Miley, Eugene and three younger daughters, Alverta, Violet and Bernice. Mrs. Miley tried to hold things together for a while. The tired, once beautiful woman, who lacked an education herself, tried mostly to keep the four children in school, especially young Gene, who was possessed of a tremendous curiosity and read everything he could get his hands on. "I read all the pulp magazines," he says, "and then I graduated to Collier's and The Saturday Evening Post. Mostly I picked them up in folks' trash cans. I even read the mail-order catalogues."

In the little two-room schoolhouse, Gene was well above the average in arithmetic, poor in everything else. He could stand at the blackboard working problems all day. But he had hours of chores to do, and he was a sickly child, so he missed more classes than he attended. Finally, in the blackest year of the depression, Gene walked up to the teacher in the tiny schoolhouse, turned in his books and said good-by. "I have to go to work to keep us from starving," he announced simply. He was just sixteen then, and he hadn't even completed the eighth grade. Alverta, Violet and Bernice, too, had to leave school to go to work before they finished the eighth grade.

Young Gene found a job as a laborer in a near-by shoe factory. Then he got a better-paying job with a small-house builder named Robert Yeager at $16 a week. This was outside work and it did him a lot of good. It filled out his skinny frame to a respectable 140 pounds. Also, it gave him a chance to work with Frank Sintz, a local artisan, who promised to teach him a real trade—bricklaying. In 1941, after six years in the construction business, Eugene was an apprentice bricklayer at $25 a week.

All this time, Miley retained his voracious appetite for reading, although he had trouble sometimes trying to figure out the big words. He was reading popular novels now. He struggled through Ellery Queen and one fourth of Gone With the Wind. He spent his precious nickels on the big national magazines every week and read them from contents to advertising. One day, back in 1940, he saw an advertisement for a correspondence school in one of the magazines. He sent for the catalogue and glowed vaguely when he read something about a course in accounting. He didn't quite know what accounting was. "I just recollected," he says, "that it had to do with bookkeeping and stuff." He always had liked mathematics. He sent for the course.

"That," said Miley, "got me hungry for learnin' again." Every night he hurried home from his hard day's work, stretched out in a chair and pored happily over the advanced mathematical equations. He didn't understand very much and got nowhere in the course, but he spent three hours a night looking through his books. He managed to work out six of the problems, and he did them over and over again, "I felt," he says, "like a composer practicing a new piece." But then came the collapse of the small-house industry in 1941. On December 12, 1942, Miley was inducted into the Army. The correspondence course was forgotten.

In the Army, Miley became a Ranger—the night-fighting, soundless-killing, knife-wielding American equivalent of the British Commando. He fought at Gela, Salerno, Venafro and Anzio. He knocked out an Italian tank overrunning the position and attacking toward the thinly held beach at Gela. He became a staff sergeant commanding his squad.

In the Anzio beachhead, the 1st, 3rd and 4th Ranger battalions were sent out one night to capture the important town of Cisterna, sitting astride the road to Rome. The 1st and the 3rd got into the town during the night, but by daylight they were surrounded by an entire German division. In the morning, the 4th Battalion, Miley's outfit, tried to attack into the town to allow the 1st and the 3rd to escape. The 4th didn't make a hundred yards. Of the 1400 men in the three Ranger battalions, the cream of the U. S. Army, there were only 200 survivors. Miley was cut down by the enemy machine guns in the first five minutes of the morning attack. He lay in an irrigation ditch for twelve hours before the medics could get to him. He put a tourniquet on his shattered right leg, but once, when he passed out, the tourniquet loosened itself and he lost pints of blood. Finally, after nightfall, the medics managed to crawl out and pulled him in. In the evacuation hospital, they pumped 100 cc. of whole blood and large quantities of plasma into him. That night they amputated the leg below the knee.

A few weeks later, Miley was lying around the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. He was bored, and in a pretty bad *(Continued on Page 190)*

# "... Specially Grown"

## TO MAKE AMERICA'S FAVORITE SOUP

Brimming with flavor under their plump, ruddy jackets . . . glowing with health and bursting with the summer's wealth of vitamins—such are the luscious tomatoes that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Each red-ripe beauty represents long years of patient development by Campbell's to produce tomatoes of just the right flavor and uniform goodness for this famous soup. Campbell's take these superb tomatoes, specially grown from special seed, and they blend and cook and season them according to a time-tried recipe.

You couldn't do better than plan a meal around steaming plates of this always-welcome soup. Why not serve it, by adding milk, as an extra-rich and extra-delicious cream of tomato?

**Campbell's TOMATO SOUP**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL




THE SOUP MOST FOLKS LIKE BEST

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS, but—

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!




PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

## THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

*(Continued from Page 40)*

replaced by cottages, surrounded by neat small gardens, wherein lived the workers at Munsey's factories.

The south end of Riversend now boasted a small but flourishing steel mill, a manufactory of harness and hardware, a big railroad shop, a wheat-flour mill, a brewery and a carriage factory. Extending far beyond these buildings lay the pleasant "garden" sections occupied by workers and their families. Each of the new owners of the factories had had his passionate but fruitless struggles with Jerome. Riversend, therefore, in appearance had become a "model manufacturing community."

There was not a spot upon the erstwhile tender landscape which did not steam or smoke, reflected Amalie, with a smile that combined both ruefulness and satisfaction. And this was all the doing of Jerome, her husband.

There had been a very bad time, during the panic of 1873. Jerome had almost bankrupted himself to keep the new horde of workers in food and under roofs. He had bought huge blocks of stock in youthful industries of Riversend, in order to keep them from going under. He had emerged, somewhat shaken, at the end of the panic, with a fortune quite depleted. Within five years, however, he was an enormously rich man. He was on the board of directors of every factory in the township. This wastrel, this loiterer on the fringes of a more sober and industrious society, had become the power of the community.

**There are no faults in a thing we want badly.**
**He who gets a name for early rising may sleep all day.**
**The truth never choked a man.**

But this community, though accepting him, drew the line at Amalie. He was fawned upon, respected, but she was not invited, save by her old friend, the Widow Kingsley, and the stout and bedecked wives of the "commercialists" who had invaded Riversend at the invitation of her husband. Neither Jerome nor Amalie resented this.

Amalie, standing slightly below Hilltop this hot and sultry August morning, could turn to her right and look at the western suburbs of Riversend. There, amid well-planted trees and excellent landscaping, stood the resplendent homes of the new industrialists. To her left, far down the hill, stood the severe but handsome residence of Alfred Lindsey. He had built this home eight years ago and there he lived with Dorothea as his housekeeper, and his son, Philip. He had not married Dorothea. He had married no one. Dorothea was more than adequate as cousin-mother to Philip, who had lately returned from Harvard, and it had never occurred to even the more censorious of the community that there might be anything even slightly questionable about Dorothea's presence in her cousin's home.

Though Alfred's house was less than three quarters of a mile from Hilltop, Amalie had seen none of that household close by, nor encountered any, for ten years. Once, on one of her rare excursions into Riversend, she had seen Philip at a distance. Then he had gone away to school. Amalie lived apart from Riversend, except for dining with the Widow Kingsley three or four times a year in Jerome's company, or entertaining, very occasionally, the wives of Jerome's industrial associates. When she and Jerome desired diversion, they went to New York or Boston or Philadelphia, and twice they had gone to Europe.

The "old" community was severely but graciously willing to accept her children. Invitations were extended to the very young Mary Maxwell Lindsey, but always a gracious reply from the young lady's mamma was returned: "We believe that Mary is not yet of an age when she should attend even children's parties." However, it was tacitly understood that when Mary was older she would be accepted in society, despite the ostracism of her mother. Mary would be quite an heiress, and she was her father's darling, despite the fact that he had a younger child, a son.

For some reason, Amalie was not resentful of the fact that Alfred had built within eye reach of Hilltop. She often sat on the terrace and looked down at the house with a strange, if tranquil, expression. Once Jerome had caught her like this and had said, disagreeably, "I shall buy you a pair of binoculars, so you can distinguish them more clearly." Amalie, her eyes twinkling, had accepted the offer, and when Jerome had actually given her the binoculars she had thanked him with more warmth than he liked. He never knew whether she used them or not, but had his suspicions that she did.

Amalie did. She would sit for a long time, the binoculars at her eyes, herself sheltered by the copse of pines. She could see Dorothea clearly in the garden, either strolling alone or with Alfred. When Philip was home on holidays, Amalie could see him sitting alone under bending willows, a book on his knee.

She and Jerome rarely, if ever, spoke of their alienated kinsmen. But sometimes, when they were alone together before the library fire, Amalie would see that Jerome had dropped his book and was staring before him with quiet savagery. Then the two ugly scars, one on his forehead and the other on his left cheek, would glow as scarlet as when they had been newly inflicted. Amalie knew that he hated Alfred and Dorothea with a voracious hatred, and that he felt his impotence to injure them. It did not matter to him that Alfred, with proud and touching dignity, had abandoned Hilltop to his cousin. Amalie knew that Jerome had offered to buy Alfred's interest in the house, and had been coldly refused. She knew, with secret and inner shrinking, that this grip Alfred was retaining on Hilltop maddened her husband, and she feared, not without a sense of justice, herself, that it was for this very reason that Alfred would not relinquish his share.

Amalie was thinking of many of these things this morning. She had filled a basket with the garden's best blooms for Mr. Lindsey's grave; this was the anniversary of his death.

She went into the house, encountered a maid and inquired for Mary. But Mary, as usual, had disappeared. Amalie uttered an impatient sound. She went into the library.

As she suspected, Mary was crouched in the depths of Mr. Lindsey's old leather chair, and was reading.

"Well," said Amalie, "you are a most odious young lady. I thought you were to help me gather the flowers for your grandfather's grave?"

Mary put aside the heavy book. She was less than ten years old, but she was tall for her age, and unchildishly shy. She said, "I'm sorry, mamma. I did not know it was so late."

"You never know. You are so very tiresome, Mary! I hoped to walk, but now we'll have to have the buggy. Look at your frock. In respect to your grandfather, you ought to have changed to something fresh."

The child looked down at her dress, but did not speak. She was somewhat afraid of her mother, who was usually impatient with her. But when Amalie stretched out her hand and smoothed the mass of hair on the childish shoulders, Mary detected more love than annoyance in the touch.

Amalie sighed. "Do go and find Jim, Mary, and ask him if he will drive us to the cemetery. And tie on a broad hat. The sun is very hot."

She put the basket on the long oaken table and left the room. When she was alone, the child approached the basket and delicately fondled the flowers. Roses, delphinium and

*(Continued on Page 56)*

# *She's Engaged!*



*ROSE-MERI'S RING*—
a square-cut diamond with baguettes, set in platinum. Her fiancé sent it from Honolulu in a native box with her name, a heart and a rose carved on the cover!



Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond's is her beauty care.



*IN THE ARMY* Reconditioning Program, Rose-Meri, charming daughter of the Robert Freemans, is a helper at Lawson General Hospital. Recently she visited the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York to see how they teach the handicapped to re-educate muscles, and train for self-support. Many handicapped people need a helping hand these days. Can *you* give one?

**OSE MERIWETHER LEWIS of Atlanta, Georgia and Coral Gables, Florida engaged to Lt. Comdr. BRUCE GREGORY KROGER, U. S. N. R.**

e-Meri's middle name comes from the ious Meriwether Lewis who helped dis- er the Pacific Northwest. "There's been leriwether in every generation ever since t time!" she says.

Another adorable Pond's bride-to-be—Rose riwether Lewis has true Southern charm ark-dreamy eyes, a complexion so smooth- oft it fascinates.

"I just *love* Pond's Cold Cream," she says, here is the soft-smooth way she uses it: She slips luscious-feeling Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats it well to soften and release dirt and make-up. She tissues off—clean.

She *rinses* with more fluffy-soft Pond's—whirling white-tipped fingers around her face in little circles. Tissues again—"to get my face *extra* clean and soft."

Copy Rose-Meri's twice-over Pond's creamings—every night, every morning, for in-between clean-ups. You'll see why it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!

## She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!




"*DOWN SOUTH*," Rose-Meri says, "you *have* to take good care of your skin if you want to keep it nice. Pond's Cold Cream is such a help! It leaves my face with the grandest soft, clean feeling. I honestly don't think there's a finer cream anywhere." *You'll* love Pond's Cold Cream, too! Get a *big* luxury-size jar—*today!*

**A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES** { *The Countess of Winchilsea · Miss Mimi McAdoo · Mrs. Victor L. Drexel · Mrs. Victor du Pont, III · Lady Stanley of Alderley*

# The answer is YES

**—there's an easier way to clean pots and pans**



**Food burned-on?** Then reach for the *one* cleanser—the *right* cleanser to whisk burned-on food away. Reach for S.O.S. No other cleanser just like it. Sturdy, long-lasting, easy to use. It works like magic. Yes, dip, rub, rinse—*burned-on food goes, shine comes!*

Magic cleanser of pots and pans




Look for the Yellow and Red package



**Sick and tired of greasy pans?** Then here's the cleanser that does a complete job—S.O.S.! The one cleanser you need to cut through greasy, sticky food. No bother with extra soaps, powders, rags or scouring aids. Try S.O.S. yourself—*grease goes, shine comes!*

**What makes it shine?** The answer's S.O.S.—with soap in the pad, it's the best and easiest way to clean, scour and polish dull pans. Try S.O.S.—*dullness goes, shine comes!*



*The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.*
*S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*




*(Continued from Page 54)*

early chrysanthemums made a splash of vivid color. Mary bent her head and sniffed deeply. Then she withdrew a single dark red bud and ran out of the room She climbed the staircase. She peeped into the bedroom of her mother and father. As she hoped, Amalie had gone for a last look at little William. Mary found a water glass, filled it from the pitcher, inserted the rose, and placed it on her father's dresser. She surveyed it with profound pleasure, then pulled the bud gently toward her and kissed it.

Her eyes, so like her grandfather's, sparkled deeply. She had a small face, pointed and delicate, but with a curious look of inner strength. It was not a mobile face, as Amalie's was. There was a hint of rigidity in it. Later it might be hard and cold as William Lindsey's had been on occasion. Now it was sweet and pure. A light of swift intelligence touched the eyes, the curves of the small pink mouth, the nostrils of the thin straight nose. Jerome called her his "little beauty," with pride and egotism. Quite without personal vanity, she knew that she was indeed beautiful, but she was glad of it, for it pleased her father.

She shook back her hair from her hot cheeks. As mamma had said, her frock of blue-and-red gingham was rumpled. She smoothed it with her small hands, pulled out the ruffles of her pinafore. Then, with Amalie's own impatience, she untied the pinafore, and threw it carelessly upon her father's favorite chair. He was to find it, later, and hide it hastily from Amalie's censorious eye. It touched and delighted him when he found these small evidences of his daughter's secret visits to his room. Mary ran down the stairs again, and hurried to find Jim.

In the meantime, Amalie had gone to the nursery. Little William, five years old, lay sleeping in his crib. She bent over him, her heart melting. If Mary was her father's darling, here lay her own. The little boy was big and sturdy, still retaining the roundness of babyhood. He slept lustily, his thick black curls spilling over the white pillows, one rosy fist clenched under his scarlet cheek.

AMALIE moved softly away from the nursery door. She was filled with a sense of profound satisfaction. She stopped in her room to tie on a wide straw hat, surveying herself dispassionately, but not without pleasure. She was thirty-three now, and childbearing had not injured her full, if slender, figure. Rather it had given her a richness, a fruitfulness. Her white lawn dress, enhanced her natural handsomeness. Her eyes shone vividly; her dark and glimmering hair was neat under her hat. It disturbed her, however, to remember that she had a few white hairs near one temple. But then, Jerome, at forty-two, was completely gray, and this only added to his distinction. As she thought of her husband her whole face melted, became young, almost breathless. Even the occasional angry turbulence which occurred between them only added to their passion for each other. There might be peace and contentment here, indeed, but there were furious upheavals also. Amalie laughed a little, and went downstairs.

She stood in the lower hall, after she had retrieved her basket of flowers from the library. The buggy was waiting. Jim, more gnarled than ever, was chattering loudly with Mary. He had brought out the two-seated open surrey, and Mary sat beside him, in front, bareheaded.

"You forgot your hat, you tiresome child," said Amalie, as Jim jumped out stiffly to assist her. "Go in at once and get it. You will have a sunstroke, and your father will blame me. Your cheeks are already flushed."

THE Lindsey burial plot lay at the far end of the cemetery, near an ivy-covered stone wall. A semicircle of tall frail willows drooped to the green earth, guarding the graves and sheltering the white marble benches. Here stood urns full of ferns and geraniums and bright phlox.

Amalie went to Mr. Lindsey's grave, accompanied by her daughter. Amalie laid the flowers gently on the grave. But someone else had been before her. There was a sheaf of white summer lilies there.

"What pretty flowers," said Mary. "What a shame to let them die here, where nobody can see them."

Amalie secretly approved of this realism, but she said, "Don't be silly, Mary. We see them, don't we? The flowers are for the living to enjoy, not the dead."

"Then why put them there?" asked the girl. "Why can't we take them home? We haven't any lilies like these."

Amalie was about to embark on a reproving lecture and then did not speak. Jerome was right. It was foolish to be sentimental with children. They always saw through it, and laughed at you in their hearts. She said, "Well, if you want one or two of the lilies, take them."

Mary eagerly selected two of the blossoms and held them adoringly in her small arms. "Grandpa won't mind, will he, mother?" she said.

"No," replied Amalie seriously, "I don't think he will. I think he'd like you to have them."

Mary gave her a quick, strange look, as though surprised at these words.

Amalie went on gently: "I wish you could have known your grandfather, Mary. He was more than a good man. He was a friend."

"Oh, yes," said the child, smelling the lilies. "I know."

"Papa told you?"

Mary shook her head. "No, I just know. I feel him, here."

Amalie knelt to rearrange the flowers. She said, "I wonder who brought the lilies."

"I suppose he did," said Mary calmly, pointing toward a bench in the shade of the willows.

Startled, Amalie turned. A man sat on the bench. When he saw that Amalie had discovered him, he rose and came forward.

"Philip!" exclaimed Amalie.

Smiling, he held out his hand.

Amalie hesitated, then took Philip's hand. She stammered, "How are you, Philip? You are looking well. You have hardly changed."

But Philip had changed. He was a man of twenty-five now, and though his deformed height had barely increased, his was the face of maturity. It was also Jerome's face, but kinder, more gentle, more thoughtful. There was a steadfast calm about Philip, as if he had come a long way, not without sadness

*(Continued on Page 59)*

## THE DARK WOOD

*"Dear Regan: From what I recall of your extraordinary speech last Monday, it seems that you no longer care to live with me, that you want a divorce at the earliest possible moment. You seem to have given the matter your usual lucid consideration, but you overlooked two factors: first, that I have no wish to divorce you or be divorced by you; second, that I wish my son to remain with me."*

It was difficult for Mark to write to her that way after the gentle notes which had been exchanged for four years; hard to believe that, contrary to the billet-doux of war's separation, Regan had not been waiting.

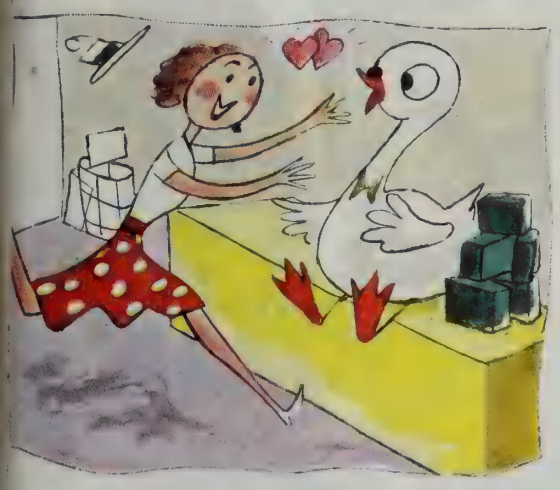
**The Dark Wood,** by Christine Weston, is the story of four electric individuals, and the sparking cross currents of their marriages.

*Beginning in the*
**MARCH JOURNAL**



*From Tex. to Fla., from Maine to Cal.*
*The smart gals want a certain pal—*

*They fly, they dance, they jump, they run*
*When Swan's in town! It's four in one!*



*Yes, one swell soap that acts like four—*
*How grand when Swan is at your store!*

Swan's the answer to a shopper's prayer. You don't need flocks of special soaps for this 'n that—long as you've got Swan!




*Most every soap job Swan will do.*
*Wash baby, dishes, duds, and you!*

You can keep the whole family clean and the house sparkling—with Swan! It's all the soaps you want, rolled into *one!*



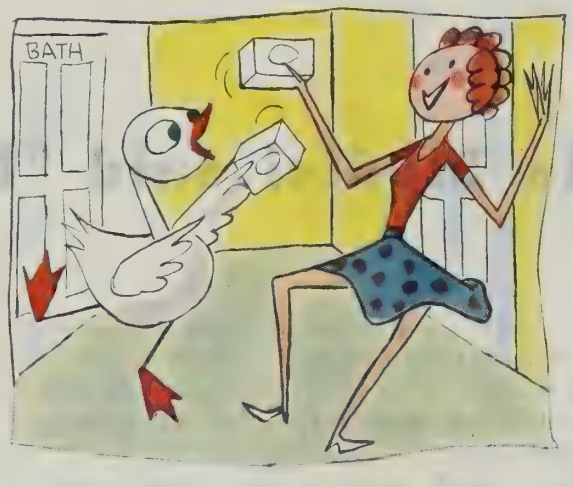

*Mild Swan agrees so well with skin,*
*No wonder young and old dive in!*

Doctors find Swan's ideal for baby's delicate skin. Baby-mild! Pure as fine castiles! So of course rich, lathery Swan will "baby" *your* pretty cheeks, too!



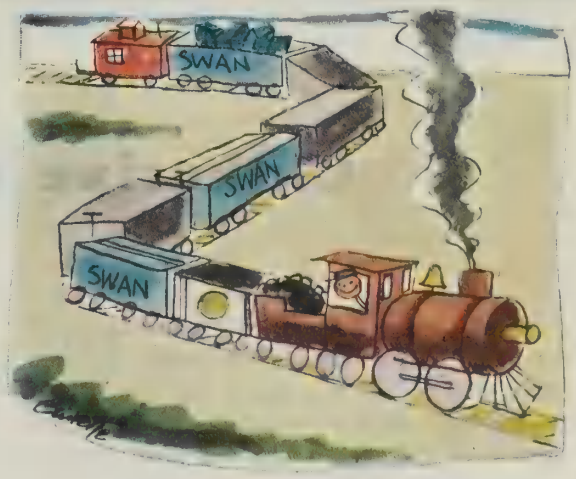
*For dishes Swan suds swish up fast—*
*Your days of slowpoke soaps are past!*

Dishes gleam in no time—and your soft hands stay happy in those baby-mild suds. Swan's dream-mildness helps fine duds stay fresher, too.




*Just snap your thrifty Swan in two,*
*Here's bath and kitchen help for you!*

Swan breaks easily into two smooth cakes. Use half in the bathroom, half in the kitchen. Get Swanderful suds and baby-mildness all over your house!




*And if sometimes you can't get Swan,*
*Try soon again! More's coming on!*

Millions of cakes of Swan are being shipped to grocers every week. So keep asking! Swan's a greater buy than ever—*four* swell soaps in *one!*

TUNE IN: The Joan Davis Show, featuring Andy Russell, CBS, Monday Nights

PLEASE DON'T WASTE SOAP!
Uncle Sam says it's made of vital materials



# Catherine de Medici said "Mmmmm!"

Catherine, it seems, was not quite so heartless a hostess as she was cracked up to be. She *did* serve an occasional cup of nice, hot poison. But most of her dinner guests fared very well indeed, for she fed them heaping dishes of a new delicacy — ice cream!

As brides will, Catherine brought favorite family recipes from Florence to her husband's court. One of them was for ice cream. And the novelty-loving French, unused to such a rare delight, promptly lapped it up!

That was over four centuries ago. Yet ice cream remained a nobleman's luxury for many long years. Only in fairly modern times could its unique appeal be enjoyed by *everybody* — at *every-day* meals.

And it's only in modern times, too, that ice cream is recognized in its true light — not as a luxury, but as a *valuable food*. Like milk, butter and cheese, it furnishes both vitamins and calcium in generous amounts, and is a fine energy source as well. Good reasons why you find it so frequently starred by nutrition experts!

Today, again, you can satisfy war-suppressed appetites for all the ice cream you want, as often as you want it. We're glad to be able to restore it on your menus. And we'll continue to make ice cream of finest quality —striving always through research, to offer you the greatest possible benefits from milk, "nature's most nearly perfect food."

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

**NATIONAL DAIRY**
**PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 56)

but also with immovable and compassionate courage.

"And you are just the same, Amalie," Philip said softly, still holding her hand.

Amalie, embarrassed, withdrew her hand. "And this is our daughter, Mary," she said.

Philip turned to the child, smiling. "Yes, I know. I have a pair of binoculars too."

Amalie drew in her breath, her face crimson. Then she laughed. "Oh, Philip! Don't tell me everyone—else—knows!"

"No," he reassured her.

Mary was staring at him, her blue eyes candid and pleased. "You look like my papa," she said. "Do you know my papa?"

"Yes, Mary, I am your papa's second cousin. My name is Philip Lindsey."

"Why don't you come to visit us?" asked Mary.

Amalie waited for Philip's answer. He said, "I have been away at Harvard, for postgraduate studies. I have just finished this June. But now I will be home. And if you want me to visit you, I shall be delighted."

"Where do you live?" asked Mary.

"Down on the hill, below you."

Mary's brows drew together. "You mean, in 'that house'?" she asked.

Philip smiled irrepressibly. "Is that what your papa calls it? Yes, I live in 'that house.'"

Mary, oblivious of her mother's embarrassment, said, "Papa says I mustn't go down there. He says gray stone men live down there."

"Mary!" exclaimed Amalie. "I never heard your father say that at all. You are just making it up, and you are very impolite!"

Mary turned to her with a severe look. "Mamma, I'm not making it up. You always tell me I make things up, but I don't. Papa told me that."

Philip considered the child with tenderness. "You look like your grandfather, my dear," he said.

Mary nodded. "Yes, I know. Papa and mamma told me."

"Let us sit down, Philip," said Amalie. "There is so much I want to know about you."

The three went to the bench and sat down. Mary was plainly fascinated by this new relative. She sat beside him and stared while he talked to her mother.

Philip told Amalie of his years at school. Now his father wished him to go into the bank.

"But your music!" said Amalie.

"My father has no other son, Amalie. If he—had married again, and there had been other children, it might have been different. I might, then, have done what I wished."

AMALIE'S eyes darkened. So here was another she had injured. "The bank is not as important as you, Philip," she said. "No one has a right to bury his talents."

Philip smiled. "I'm afraid I was just a dilettante, Amalie. Dilettantes have their place, but it is not convincing others that they are geniuses. Does Jerome still paint?"

"Only family portraits. He has painted me and the children."

"Well, if he had really been a genius, he could not have abandoned his talent. That is the test of genius: drive. I lacked it, as Jerome lacked it."

Amalie said, "You had more than a slight gift, Philip."

He took out his watch and glanced at it. A frail fairy note issued from the golden depths.

Mary was immediately entranced. "Oh, how pretty. Let me see it." She took it in her fingers delightedly, while Philip watched with amusement. She turned the watch over and read aloud: "To Philip from his loving mother —— Oh," she said softly. "From your mother. She is dead?"

Philip took the watch and replaced it in his pocket. "Yes, she is dead."

Amalie gazed at him, moved. "You still keep the watch, Philip."

"Yes, Amalie. Why not? I loved the one who gave it to me." He added, "And I still love her."

"Oh, Philip."

HE was silent, considering. He knew that she wanted to hear of the others. So he began quietly, "My father is well. He, too, has hardly changed except that his hair is almost gray. And Aunt Dorothea is ageless. She grows more energetic all the time. I think they are quite content."

"I am glad," whispered Amalie.

Mary had been listening to these incomprehensible remarks with curiosity. She said suddenly, "Can I go down to see you, Philip in 'that house'? Or won't they like me?"

"I am sure they would love you, Mary. But they are old people. There are no children there. I don't think you would enjoy it."

"But I could see you," the child insisted.

Philip gave this due consideration. "Well then, how would it be if I came up to see you sometime?"

Mary was delighted. 'Tomorrow?" she asked eagerly.

Philip and Amalie rose. Philip said, "Perhaps not tomorrow. But soon." He turned to Amalie. "May it be soon, Amalie?"

She hesitated. Then she said clearly, "Yes, yes."

They went toward the gates together, Mary holding Philip's hand.

Amalie said suddenly "Philip, do—they—still hate me?"

Philip said, without looking at her, "I don't think my father ever hated you, Amalie." He took Mary's small, flushed face in his hands and kissed her cheek. To Amalie's surprise, the child did not resent it, as she always resented familiarities from strangers.

Jim, waiting beside the carriage, saw them and stared unbelievingly.

"That house," as Jerome called it, had been unimaginatively christened The Pines. It had been built of bright red brick, decorated by four brilliantly white columns of wood at the entrance. There was an appearance of clean angularity about the house and its surrounding acres.

The interior had this same cold starkness. Dorothea had attended to the furnishing. She liked dark, hard woods and despised cushioning. The upholstery, stiff and reserved of color, did not invite lounging and dozing. If Alfred and Philip found no quiet and comfortable corners in which to read, no sense of seclusion, they were too grateful for Dorothea's excellent ordering of the house to complain.

Philip knew that she adored him. Much of her old devotion to Alfred had passed to Alfred's son. She was secretly delighted that his school days were over. She dreamed of his marriage to a satisfactory and well-dowered wife, who would not interfere with Dorothea's management of the home. Some quiet girl, who would give Alfred grandsons. What if darling Philip were deformed? He had a fine face. He was wealthy, cultured and traveled. He was a wonderful catch.

## *No Mourning After*

**By**
**Georgie Starbuck Galbraith**

Whenas my dreams of love are rent
To tatters by some heartless gent,
I have no yen for suicide
By ropes or guns or cyanide.
Not me! Though love may do its worst,
I feel no overpowering thirst
For poison or the briny deep
To ease my woe. Instead, I weep
A full half hour, and then I try
To rustle up another guy
And fall for him as fast as he
And time permit. This seems to be
Far pleasanter, and does the trick
As well as gas or arsenic!


# Rheumatic fever can be beaten!



Though it tries to harm the hearts of growing boys



and girls, serious damage may be avoided if the disease is recognized in time. Put your child to bed



if he has persistent low fever, pain in joints or muscles, or continued loss of weight and appetite.



Then have your physician examine him!



**If the disease attacks your child . . .**

. . . **make sure** the doctor's orders are followed. He should stay under a doctor's care until *all* signs—including laboratory tests — show that no vestige of the attack remains.

Unfortunately, rheumatic fever may *recur*. After convalescence, therefore, be specially careful to guard your child against wet feet and chills.

Try to avoid exposing him to people with "sore throats" and colds. For recurrence may be brought on by these and other mild illnesses, such as grippe and certain respiratory infections.

Sometimes rheumatic *heart disease* may be present although there has been no previous record of a rheumatic *fever* attack.

The only way to discover this condition—and to prevent serious heart damage—is by periodic physical examination.

*Rheumatic fever, itself, causes more fatalities among school-age children than any other disease.* The way to combat this tragic toll is to maintain youngsters in the best possible condition by proper diet, rest, healthy exercise, and *regular medical supervision.*

To learn more about combating the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 26-J, "Rheumatic Fever."

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*Prem, baked with bread dressing, and glazed with marmalade.*

**3 TO 1 PREFER BEEF ADDED!** Tender, flavorful beef has been added to Prem because American homemakers wanted it . . . by better than 3 to 1! From their own cooking experience, they know that the combination of beef and pork produces a better-flavored loaf. So try Prem soon. See how different it is. See how much better you like it.

IT'S **Swift's** ... SAY **Prem**!


Sally Tayntor had married the son of Mr. Kendricks, Alfred's lawyer, and had three bouncing little girls. Josephine was still unmarried. She was only four or five years older than Philip, and Dorothea saw to it that the young lady dined frequently at The Pines when Philip was at home.

It had been a grief almost unendurable when Alfred had informed Dorothea that he did not intend to marry again. Dorothea, at first hopeful, had finally contented herself with making a home for her cousin and Philip. She was no longer unhappy. She was almost fifty now, and her original passion for Alfred had solidified into a sisterly affection. She believed that Alfred was content.

Alfred sat beside Philip and looked tranquilly over the gardens. An elm tree near by threw a fretted shadow over the warm earth, and the evening sky was a veined turquoise.

Alfred said thoughtfully, "You will like our bank, Philip. It is stable, because our business is founded on land—on farms and sound real estate. Nothing dangerous or speculative." His expression became somber. "I am worried about the new spirit which is invading America. Of course I do not seriously believe that this threat will broaden and deepen. But the tendency is there. I believe in small and sound profits, which do not upset the equilibrium of society. And I believe such profits can come only from the land. Factories! Who will protect the workers there? Who will guard their health, their constitutional rights, so that they do not become a burden to society?"

Philip looked reflectively at a distant tree. "There has been much discussion of this, father. I read of it in the newspapers and in the periodicals. There are men who believe a new industrial age will bring more leisure and freedom for the common man."

"An evil, softening process!" protested Alfred.

Philip inclined his head. "Perhaps."

Alfred became almost excited. "An economy based on the soil is an economy of natural rhythm. It is steadfast. It inspires confidence in the continuity of government, the very continuity of personal and family life. It is an affirmation of the future."

Philip said, "Remember, father, I am only repeating the arguments of others. It is a fact, though, that America is tending to centralization and urbanization."

Alfred said, "I will do my best to maintain the old economy of the soil." He stood up. The disquiet in his eyes deepened. "You can see it here in Riversend. The well-paid workers in those abominable industrial works don't know what to do with themselves. They have nothing but their pay!"

Philip's eyes quickened as he looked at his father. "'Nothing but their pay!'" *Yes,* he thought, *my father has begun to think. And this time he is right. But I wonder if he knows how right, and how profound, that statement of his is, and how full of sinister potentialities?*

The dinner gong sounded and they went in together.

The dinner was excellent, hearty and quite unimaginative. Philip waited until both Dorothea and Alfred had been surfeited by their weighty meal. Then he said, "It was pleasant in the cemetery today. Your lilies were exquisite, Aunt Dorothea."

Dorothea said, "I know I should have gone myself. But I had so much to do."

Philip nodded. "I wish you had gone, Aunt Dorothea. I had the pleasure of seeing Jerome's little girl there. A beautiful child. She looks like her grandfather."

Both Dorothea and Alfred turned to him, their faces tightening. Philip calmly sipped his coffee.

"I trust," said Dorothea in a stifled voice, "that you did not speak, Philip."

Philip raised his eyebrows. "Why not? Such a pretty, fairylike child. It would have been impossible not to talk to her."

"Was—was anyone else there, Philip?" his father asked.

Philip put down his cup. "Yes. Her mother."







**Chocolate Pudding that's My-T-Fine**

Easy recipe for Chocolate Sundae Pudding: Prepare My-T-Fine Chocolate Pudding according to simple directions on the package. Top each serving with a mound of vanilla-flavored whipped cream, centered with maraschino cherry. Yum! Yum!

**5 delicious My-T-Fine desserts**

Chocolate
Butterscotch
Vanilla
Nut Chocolate
Lemon Pie Filling



rothea cried angrily, "Philip! Do not
ll he that you spoke to that creature!"
"es, I did, Aunt Dorothea. And why
ot She was very kind to me when I was
b . I have no quarrel with her."
rothea gaped at him. "Are you mad?"
ne asked harshly. "Have you forgotten
h she did—to all of us?"
Philip kept his voice quiet. "I have always
ee sorry that things happened as they did.
ut was a long time ago. I believe that it
l licrous to maintain an attitude of eter-
al ostility."
'Eternal hostility!'" Dorothea's voice
a practically a shriek. "And who, pray, is
ee ng up that hostility? Your father?
No One has only to look at that monstros-
y f a bank which that—that man has
u hardly three streets away from our
w Year after year he has injured your
at r, reduced our bank to second place.
He as taken away your father's wealthiest
ep sitors and left us with only the small
ar ers and little businessmen. It was done,
ll it, to humiliate your father, to ruin him
p ssible."
Men don't build great commercial bank-
ng houses out of sheer pique," said Philip,
s father slowly lifted his head. "Philip
s ht about that. I had many arguments
vi Jerome before—before —— He was
lw ys convinced that I was wrong. I knew
na he had had long talks with his father.
s pected, after a little while, that he was
pr incing Uncle William, and I had my
us cions that the will had been changed.
t as Uncle William's money, and Jerome
a his son."
orothea interrupted passionately. "He
c d not sell you his share of the house, nor
is hare in the bank!"
fred smiled somberly. "But I did not
el him my share of the house. Let us be
ni Jerome agreed to take half of all the
qu d assets of the bank as soon as conven-
en for me. He might have demanded it
m ediately, and I should have been ruined
pl pletely. During the panic he did not
re s for payment. He has no hold on the
ac now. He could have retained it, and
pr d have driven me out. He did not."
orothea stared at him, speechless. She
a known nothing of this. The fact that
e me had been "fair" only intensified her
p iliation.
fred stood up. "Philip," he said, "I
ld like to talk to you for a few minutes.
n our room."

fred smoked with heavy thoughtful-
e. Then, after several moments, he said,
I ilip, your aunt sometimes speaks hastily.
words are more violent than is—neces-
. You understand that?"
nilip nodded.
She means no harm. And we owe her so
much."
I know, father."
lfred sighed. "I know that there is no
stion of your loyalty, Philip. I have
n in your judgment. But—you will avoid
lar occasions, I am sure."

Philip said quietly, "I have been invited to Hilltop. I accepted the invitation tentatively."

Alfred turned quickly, as if incredulous.

Philip's voice was determined, but still gentle. "I am remembering that you own a half interest in that house, and that—later—that interest will come to me. I was born there; my happiest memories live within its walls. Sometimes I feel exiled." He paused. "I want to see my old home again. It is our home as much as it is Jerome's. More so, in fact."

Alfred stared at him in confusion. "You could," he suggested doubtfully, "arrange with—them—to let you go through the house and gardens, say, every few weeks. Doubtless they will be tactful enough to keep out of your way."

Philip repressed a smile. "That would be awkward," he said. "I think, perhaps, it would be best if I simply went up there naturally and looked about without previous notification of my coming."

Alfred frowned. "That would be the least awkward, I admit. But he—he might be there." His eyes, staring before him, burned darkly.

*He will always hate Jerome*, thought Philip. *And it is something more than Amalie.* He said calmly, "How will this be? I will never go there when I suspect Jerome might be on the premises."

Alfred said nothing, only looked before him fixedly.

Philip spoke with wiliness. "I have always admired one thing about you, father, more than any other. You have always been just. You could have made it so disagreeable for Jerome that he would have been compelled to leave that house. But you did not. For that he ought to be grateful. And in return, he ought not to object to my visiting my old home whenever I wish."

"He dare not object!" said Alfred strongly. He got up and went to a window. "Of course you need waste no words on—anyone—on your tours of inspection, Philip."

"Only as courtesy demands," Philip acceded. He said casually, "The little girl is very pretty, indeed. There is a quality about her which strongly reminds me of Uncle William. She has his eyes and his coloring. She is all New England. Not in the least like her mother, or her father either."

"I am really not interested in ——" said Alfred in a muffled tone. But he did not move.

Philip went on as if he had not heard his father: "Amalie has not changed much. She has some white threads in her hair." He paused. He said with affected hesitation, "She begged me to tell her that you did not hate her."

Alfred made an abrupt movement at the window, an involuntary movement of pain. Then he was still again.

"I said," Philip continued, "that I didn't believe you ever hated her. She seemed relieved." Philip did not mind lies that gave pleasure or peace to anyone, so he uttered a large one without scruple. "She asked about




*"Erwin, couldn't you please beat me, or something?"*





"Now you can win praise from your family — so easy!" says Aunt Jenny





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*Star Spangled Whipped Cream Pie*

Such delicate, delicious flavor in the fluffy filling and mouth-melting Spry pastry!

1 teaspoon gelatin
1 tablespoon cold water
1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks, beaten
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 baked Spry Pie Shell

Soak gelatin in cold water. Scald milk in top of double boiler. Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt and mix thoroughly. Add to scalded milk and cook until thick and smooth, then cook 15 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Stir a small amount of mixture into beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook a few minutes longer. Add gelatin. Add butter. Cool.

Add flavorings. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into baked pie shell. Decorate with cherries and baked pastry stars. Chill.

*Flaky, Tender Spry Pie Shell*

Mix 1¼ cups sifted ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR and ½ teaspoon SALT. Measure out ½ cup SPRY.

**Step 1 for Tenderness**—cut in about ⅔ of the Spry until as fine as meal. See how easily creamy Spry cuts in!

**Step 2 for Flakiness**—cut in remaining Spry till particles are size of large peas. Sprinkle 2½ tablespoons cold WATER over mixture. Mix thoroughly, with fork, until all particles cling together, form ball. Roll into circle ⅛ inch thick. Pat into pan with piece of dough. Trim pastry 1 inch beyond pan, turn back edge. Flute. Prick shell with fork. Cut stars from left-over dough. Bake in very hot oven (450°F.) 10-15 minutes.

you in detail, father. I did not enlighten her, except to tell her that you were well and content. She said that she always remembered how kind you were, and how good."

Alfred was still silent; then he swung sharply about. He said, as if speaking from some inner compulsion, "I shall never forget Amalie. I have held her—almost—guiltless." He put his hand on his son's shoulder. "Philip, I know I can trust in your good taste, your discretion." He pressed Philip's shoulder strongly. Then he went away.

*I hope,* thought Philip uneasily, *that I haven't said too much.*

When the carriage began to climb the slope to Hilltop, this August evening, Jerome Lindsey felt suddenly deflated. This deflation was becoming more frequent with him. He did not know its cause. He had brought prosperity, good wages, opportunity and progress to Riversend. But there was something in all this which was ominous also. What was it?

Amalie and the children were waiting for him on the lawn. With the prescience of a woman who loves much, Amalie guessed that Jerome was perturbed as he alighted from the carriage. There was something in the set of his shoulders.

She bent toward little Mary and whispered, "Darling, do not tell papa just now about our meeting with Philip. I will tell him later."

The child lifted her eyes to her mother's face. "But why, mamma?"

Amalie set her mouth. "Because I tell you not to," she said crossly.

Mary was silent a moment. Then, flinging her mane back over her shoulders, she ran across the lawn to her father. Jerome held out his arms to her, and she jumped into them. He swung her high and kissed her soundly. She wound her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek to his. Her face glowed.

Moving sedately, Amalie approached Jerome, holding little William's fat warm hand. Jerome's hat had been knocked in the enthusiasm of his daughter's greeti His curling gray hair gave his dark and n row face a distinguished look. When he w pleased, or unconcerned, the old scars on forehead and cheek were almost invisible

Amalie placidly accepted Jerome's ki She pushed little William forward for rome to kiss. He put down his daughter a lifted the small boy in his arms. The ch received Jerome's caress with shyness. I was relieved when Jerome set him down.

"It has been such a warm day," s Amalie casually as they walked together the flagged path to the house.

Jerome glanced at her quickly and su pressed a smile. He knew that Amalie h seen his irritation, and was giving him opening to unburden himself. He tweak her ear. "Nothing's wrong with me," said.

The cool and fragrant duskiness of t house soothed him, as it always did. Arm arm, he and Amalie went up the stairs their rooms. He saw the rosebud on dresser, and his eyes lighted. But he did n mention it to Amalie. They chatted amiab while he washed and changed. Amalie ti his cravat. Then, quite casually, she lift the rosebud from its glass and put it in h lapel.

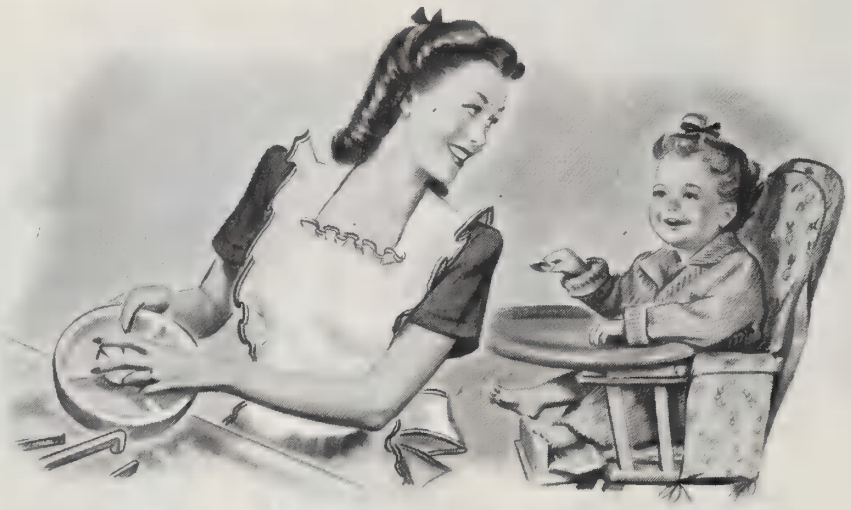
"How the child loves you," she murmure

Jerome glanced in the mirror. "She's minx," he said with fondness. "She kno all the feminine tricks. I wonder what s wants this time."

"Nothing. Do women always want som thing?" Amalie laughed.

"Always," he said, pinching her chee They looked at each other breathlessly a moment.

Feeling that Jerome could now bear th unpleasant news, Amalie drifted to her ow dressing table and smoothed her hair. Sh said casually, "Mary and I went to you father's grave today. Do you know whos we discovered there? Philip! He had bee decorating your father's grave too."

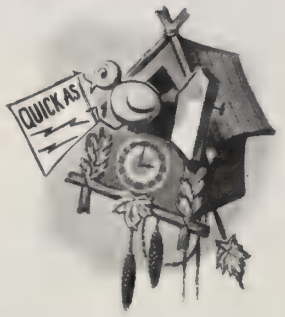



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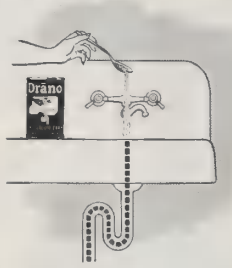



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Jerome looked up sharply. "I hope he n't have the impudence to speak to you." Amalie raised her brows. "Impudence, ome? Of course he spoke. In fact, Mary covered him. I had a feeling he wouldn't ve made himself known if she had not nd him." She paused. "'Impudence' was ver exactly the word for Philip."

She was apprehensive when she saw that scars on her husband's face had turned a nt scarlet. He said, "I never had anyng against Philip. But I am sure you re discreet enough not to carry on any necessary conversation."

"It depends," said Amalie judicially, "on at you mean by 'unnecessary conversan.' We had a few things to say to each er. Philip is going into father's bank."

"What? No music?" ome's tone was sneer-, but Amalie saw his erest.

"No. I gathered he felt was his duty."

"Another one!" Jerome ghed shortly. "How ty' haunts this family! ll, I never did have much faith in his nts. I suppose he's grown up now. Has changed?"

"He's not much taller," Amalie told him, ut he is a man. In manner, and in a cern way of talking, he resembles your father y much."

Amalie was surprised when Jerome said, es. I always thought that too. Poor il," he added reflectively. "So he's going o the bank. I can't reconcile that with at I remember of Philip. But I suppose s become a stick too."

"No. You are wrong, Jerome. He is as was—only more so. I—I am very fond Philip."

Jerome turned and his expression was k. "How you two must have wallowed sentimentality!" he said. "One such epile is enough. Let that end it."

Amalie's temper was fast surging over its boundaries of caution. "That is not so easy, Jerome. He wishes to visit Hilltop."

"He does, eh? And I say no."

"You forget that he has an interest in this house."

Jerome was silent. He regarded his wife blackly. Then he said, "So. He wishes to come up here and spy."

"Philip? Spy?" Amalie was outraged. "How can you say that? He will not come, if you ask him not to. Are you going to?"

Jerome said, "When I cut away a certain part of my life, I made a clean cut."

Amalie's distress suddenly lightened. "We have no quarrel with Philip," she said with gentleness. "You two always liked each other. But he is sensitive, and I know he won't come when you are here, if you wish it that way."

**Repentance never comes ahead.**

**Not what the fiddle wishes is being played on it.**

**To get up early three mornings is equal to one day of time.**

"Well, if he wishes to come, he is within his legal rights, I suppose. Let him come, poor devil. Who am I to deny him a little pleasure?" He smiled again, still unpleasantly. "Have you arranged another meeting, my pet?" he added.

"Oh, don't be abominable, Jerome. You can be so petty. Philip may not come at all."

The dinner gong boomed softly through the house. Jerome rose. He held out his hand to Amalie and pulled her playfully to her feet. They went downstairs to dinner, hand in hand.

Jerome's depressed mood returned and did not lighten next day. When, at sunset, he rolled home in his carriage next evening, his thoughts were dark and confused. The road rose gently, rounded a sharp curve. Philip was strolling along, frolicking with a small white dog.

Jerome's first impulse was to drive on, looking straight ahead. Then a second impulse came, and he ordered the coachman


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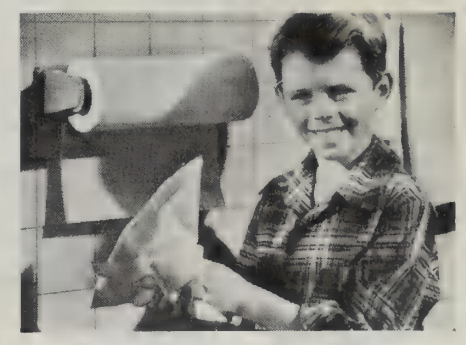
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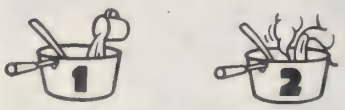
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## *Student: 8 a.m.* BY BERNICE SLOTE

Synchronize the body
To the white alarm of day.
Tear the fuzzy net
Of sleep away.

Sit to hear the teacher
Rattle like a gourd,
Ticking tocks of nothing—
You are bored.

Does he know the sky's
A sentimental pink?
Or does the old professor
Merely think?

Slip the hump of night,
Recovering that kiss.
What star can teacher show
Near as this—

(The exquisite condition
For which man evolved.
The first and last equation
Ready solved.)

Pass the flaming windows
To a light less far—
What other star, professor?
Say what star.

to stop. Hearing his voice, Philip turned, smiled with genuine pleasure.

"Jerome!" he exclaimed, reaching the carriage.

"Well, Philip," said Jerome, slightly embarrassed. He extended his hand to the younger man.

Philip took his hand warmly. "It's been a long time, Jerome. I'm glad to see you."

"And I'm glad to see you," replied Jerome, suddenly surprised that this was true. He added, "Amalie told me you intend to visit Hilltop. Could you have dinner with us tomorrow evening?"

Philip hesitated. Then he said, "Yes. I think I can. Thank you." There was no embarrassment in his look or in his words, and Jerome thought, *You could always rely upon Philip to do the natural and reasonable thing.*

His old liking for the boy increased to warmness and friendliness. "I'd like you to see my bank," he said, "and the factories. We've made progress, Philip. You've been away so much you could hardly know what has been going on."

"Yes, I see there have been changes. I want to know about them. If you don't mind, I'd like to tour your bank and the factories tomorrow. Unless you are busy."

"I'd like you to see them," Jerome repeated. "Until tomorrow, then." He touched the brim of his hat in a friendly salute, and was driven on.

Philip created a minor furor when he entered Jerome's bank next morning. But his manner was natural and his voice was calm when he requested a clerk to inform Mr. Lindsey that Mr. Philip Lindsey wished to see him.

Speculation buzzed among the few customers. The final stupefaction came when Jerome was heard to call for his carriage, and the two went away together.

At two o'clock they were seen together at the hotel, where they ordered luncheon. Other diners stared at them furtively, tried to overhear their conversation. But Jerome and Philip seemed absorbed in each other; it was as if they were entirely alone.

"Well," said Jerome buoyantly, "what do you think of it all?"

Philip smiled. "I think Napoleon was very clever when he spoke about the ease with which he could build a new army. If you remember, he said that all he had to do was to offer escape from button factories."

Jerome frowned. "Button factories? I thought you'd be impressed, Philip."

Philip said, "I have often walked through the prettified sections where the workers in those factories live. I see men and women sitting vacantly on their stoops. Something is lacking in all this, Jerome. I'm not sure what it is. But increased leisure, more money for things is not the answer. I think men like you are making a grave error, but I don't know what the error is." To his surprise, Jerome was regarding him searchingly, almost eagerly.

Jerome said, with an attempt at flippancy, "You are going to be exactly like my father. Come on, now—you have reached some conclusion. What is it?"

"You've felt it yourself, haven't you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about." Jerome looked at the steaks which had been placed before them.

Philip said, "Let us get back to the button factories. They produce things in volume, yes. But I do not feel that producing 'things' will give man all that his nature basically craves. Say what you will, the worker in the old days had a personal pride in what he made with his hands. Whatever he did, he stamped with his individuality. I have an uneasy fear that factories will rob man of his pride, his belief in his own value. Don't misunderstand me. I like the sound of industry; I think you are right in your prophecies of the future. But I don't think we must make a choice between individual happiness and pride, and mass production. I think the answer lies in combining them.

"Somehow we must discover something outside the monotony of factories, which will give man his necessary feeling of value, that he is contributing something peculiarly his own to the world. The bigger the place the machine takes in life, the smaller man will be squeezed. But man is a spiritual explosive. It is frightfully dangerous to compress explosives. They have a bursting point."

Jerome leaned his elbows on the table. He said softly, "So, Philip, you are joining the fight against the gray men too? Good! The gray men have left the land; they are invading industry now. I've felt this for a long time. I could never speak of it before to anyone. I'm grateful to you." His voice became more intense. "Contrary to what you may have heard, Philip, I am not 'money mad.' I've gotten a lot of it, yes; but as for money in itself, I have never really cared. Money earned by individual effort is the only money that contains any personal satisfaction."

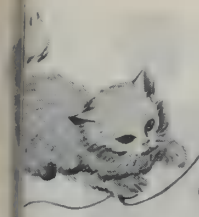
Philip listened, nodding. Jerome was excited. He looked at Philip with an expression that kindled his dark features.

"I have been having my fears, too, Philip. I have felt, with you, that the expansion of the machine is lessening man's sense of innate integrity. I know that emotion is the basis of all men's lives. And all their happiness and emotion and drama are being sucked out of them by mechanisms. My friends would think me a heretic. But they are gray men, without imagination. Well, what is the answer?"

Philip sighed. "I don't know. Is it religion? Is it education? I don't know. I only know that man will have to find an active life apart from his work. Man's emotions can't be indefinitely suppressed. I think the first step must be decreased hours of work in factories, so that the monotony won't drive him mad."

"Yes, I know that. The men work nine hours a day in the Riversend factories instead of ten. But you've seen their faces during their hours of leisure. It's damnably confusing."

*(Continued on Page 66)*



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*Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!*


*(Continued from Page 64)*

They finished their coffee in silence. Then Philip said, "Perhaps I'm not a practical man. I really know very little about all this. I only feel that man can't live objectively all the time. He must have some escape from the button factories."

Amalie, in soft gray taffeta, was waiting with the children. She was slightly nervous. When Jerome had informed her the night before that he had invited Philip to dinner, she had regarded him searchingly. Jerome was not given to doing things on impulse, and she suspected his motives.

But she saw that Jerome was all affability to Philip as they descended from the carriage. She came forward with the children, holding the two by their hands. Mary was dressed in white muslin and lace. Young William was sleepy, his dark curls a tangle on his round head.

Philip thought, *What a picture they make!* The children were presented to him, and he acknowledged their presence with grave courtesy. He watched as Jerome kissed his daughter with great tenderness; his son with casual affection.

"Philip, I'm so glad," said Amalie simply, as she touched his hand. She sent the children away then, and she and Jerome and Philip entered the house. She engaged Jerome in conversation in order that Philip might look his fill in the cool dimness of the hall.

"Nothing has changed," Philip said.

Amalie glanced about vaguely. "Hasn't it?"

The grandfather clock struck seven. Philip listened. How often he had heard those notes. Here was the library. It would not have surprised him had he seen Mr. Lindsey's long and emaciated figure in that old red leather chair.

Everything was poignant to him: the tall French windows which were only frames for painted scenes of garden, trees and grass; the high shelves of books; the long oaken table with its old lamp.

It was Jim who opened the dining-room doors, and Philip stopped to shake hands with him. "It's good to see you again, Mr. Philip," said Jim.

It seemed odd to Philip that only three places were set at the table. Jerome sat in old Mr. Lindsey's place now, and Amalie in Dorothea's. As for Philip, he sat where his father had sat. Amalie, who had expected some constraint, was happy to discover that there was none. But then, Philip had always been tactful and diplomatic.

They sat on the terrace in the twilight after dinner. Philip watched the lavender shadows stealing over the earth; he watched the silver curve of the moon rising over the copse of pines. He listened while Jerome spoke of his children, and particularly of Mary.

"The minx has quite a musical gift," he said, with an affectation of amused indulgence.

Philip was immediately interested. "I should like to hear the child play," he said. "But of course it is too late."

Jerome rose. "No. I don't think so. Has she gone to bed, Amalie?"

Mary had indeed gone to bed, but Amalie went to fetch her. The girl came down, swathed in the white silk ruffles of a pretty dressing gown, her blue eyes wide and bright.

Philip said, "Mary, I have heard that you play splendidly. Would it be too much if you played just one selection for me before I go?"

The faintest of blushes ran over the child's face; she dropped a small curtsy. "Thank you. It will give me pleasure," she replied with the artificial poise of a well-bred young girl. She smiled at Philip primly, and without embarrassment sat at the piano.

A look of absorption came into her eyes. Her small white hands moved softly over the keys. Philip began to recognize a theme of Chopin's. But the child was improvising. Philip was astonished. The technique was both childish and mature. Mary's head was thrown back; it was evident that she was not aware of her parents or of Philip. She was




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entranced in some dream of her own, aware of nothing but her music. Beyond the windows the night was still and warm and dark; the music invaded it like a loud and harmonious voice. Then, abruptly, the piano was silent. Mary turned shyly. She looked at her father.

Jerome smiled. "Her teacher says she has talent. What do you think?"

"Extraordinary," said Philip. He regarded the girl with gravity.

She stood up, hesitated; then she said, "My mamma says you play too. Would you play for me?"

Philip bowed. "It will give me the greatest pleasure, my dear."

He sat down before the piano. He began to play the second part of the first movement of Schubert's Symphony No. 8 in B Minor. Now the keys responded with a great cry, a wild and discordant imploring that tore at something primitive and terrible in the human heart. Then, mingling with these cries, moved a gentler, more majestic theme, soft and compassionate.

Mary had moved so close to Philip that she almost touched him. She fixed her eyes on his face; her mouth had opened slightly. Jerome had taken Amalie's hand, but he, too, looked at Philip. The sweetness and majesty were almost unbearable, stately and exultant. Mary's face was wet with tears. When he had played the last note, and had turned to her, smiling, she looked into his eyes. His smile abruptly disappeared. She turned suddenly and ran from the room.

**An old-fashioned mother nearly broke up a woman's club meeting when asked how she brought up children. Her brief and pointed speech was as follows: "I feed 'em good, old-fashioned food. When they want to wade in the mud, I let 'em. If they don't get up when I call 'em or try sassing me or doing something I've warned 'em not to do, I cut off a peach sprout and give 'em a good tanning. I get out and romp with 'em every day, if I have time. When they get a stomachache, I dose 'em myself. That's about all I do to keep 'em in line, except that if they get in bad with the teacher at school I usually find out why; and if the teacher's licked 'em and they needed it, I give 'em another, so's they'll remember it. And they really do pretty well."**

—DELINEATOR

"I have frightened the poor little creature," he said, rising from the stool.

"Oh, no," said Amalie. "She is so sensitive, and music often disturbs her. But I've never seen her so moved."

"All New England," said Jerome. He seemed abstracted. "You certainly haven't lost your gift, Philip."

Philip's expression became withdrawn and polite. He drew out his watch. "I must really go now," he said. "Thank you for a delightful evening. Are you sure I haven't frightened the child?"

They reassured him with affection. Jerome called his carriage. They shook hands. Jerome said, "I have enjoyed your coming, Philip. Please come often."

The winter day was all fiery blue and white. The holidays long since had been forgotten, and the townsmen looked forward to the spring. Jerome, from his office windows, could see the thick white plush of the snow on the lawn which surrounded the bank. He and Philip and General Tayntor sat at a small table and sipped brandy. Papers were spread upon the table, papers which the general was regarding skeptically.

The general had weathered, rather than aged. His wicked, ruddy face had thinned, but it still wore its air of twinkling cunning and knowingness. He tapped the papers with a lean finger. "This will cost a lot of money, this infernal 'Riversend Community,'" he said. "Who's to foot it, eh?"

*(Continued on Page 69)*




# *A Sweater traps more than Men, my pet!*

YOU'RE SO CUTE. So curvaceous. And you *could* be so alluring in a sweater. If only it didn't trick you into trapping underarm odor!

Warm winter clothes increase your chances of offending. For even in freezing weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture and cling to those close-fitting wools.

Winter or summer, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but it can't protect you against underarm odor *to come*. Smart girls count on Mum for that.

So take half a minute for Mum. Clinch your bath-freshness for the day or evening. Keep yourself nice to be near.

Gentle, velvet-smooth Mum won't irritate skin or harm fabrics. It's safe, sure—can be used before or *after* dressing. And Mum won't dry out in the jar.

• • •

**For Sanitary Napkins** — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*




*Product of Bristol-Myers*

**Mum**

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



# "Home-from-school" lunch

## SPOTLIGHTS OLD-FASHIONED, CHICKENY NOODLE SOUP!

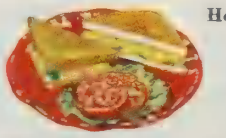
HERE'S a wonderful, surprise lunch that is sure to make children's faces light up!

And easy? Why, you can almost fix it while they hang up their coats and wash their hands and faces.

Start off with the "something hot" they need—big, steaming bowls of Lipton's Noodle Soup! Rich and chickeny-tasting—with oodles of tender egg noodles like the soup grandma simmered for hours in her own soup kettle. With Lipton's you get fresh-cooked soup—and yet it takes just a jiffy.

Lipton's is thrifty, too. Why, just one 10¢ package of Lipton's will serve 4 to 6 with the grandest, real, old-fashioned noodle soup ever!

**"HOME-FROM-SCHOOL" LUNCH**



**Lipton's Noodle Soup**
**Hot Western Scrambled Egg Sandwich***
**Rosy Baked Apple**
**Cookies**
**Milk**

***Hot Western Scrambled Egg Sandwich.*** (As quick a face-lighter-upper as those steaming bowls of Lipton's.) Cook 4 slices bacon until crisp. In 2 tablespoons of the hot fat, lightly brown 1 tablespoon chopped onion and 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper. Beat 4 eggs well with ¼ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, and dash of Worcestershire sauce, if desired. Add crumbled bacon. Pour into frying pan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until of desired consistency. Place between slices of hot buttered toast. Makes 4 sandwiches. Put Lipton's on your grocery list today so you'll have it on hand for the children's lunch—or your own!




Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR RETURN OF MONEY

**10¢**

ALSO IN THRIFTY 3-PACK CARTONS

**LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP**

*Made by the makers of that brisk Lipton Tea*

(Continued from Page 67)

Philip glanced humorously at Jerome, who said, "You've got a lot of money, general. You're almost a millionaire, and you have me to thank for it, to a great extent. What do you want with all that money, anyway?"

The general grinned. "You mean I'm an old man, and I've got enough? Nobody ever has enough." He turned to Philip. "What does your dad think of this, your being here as cozy as a bug in a rug?"

Philip said, smiling, "My father respects my judgment."

"First time I ever heard of Alfred Lindsey respecting anybody's judgment but his own. Think I'll mention this to the state examiners."

Philip indicated the papers. "I'm willing to put up twenty thousand dollars of my own—not from my father's bank. Jerome will do the same. We thought you might wish to contribute, for the good of the Community. The Widow Kingsley is willing to advance ten thousand, and there are others. When you consider it over a long range, the scheme will pay its own dividends."

"Visionary! Anarchistic!"

Philip said coolly, "We are making an experiment, an experiment in humanity."

"Ho! Damn humanity! It's come to a pretty pass when you pay a man more than he's worth, then worry about his soul! This cattle hasn't any soul. Isn't it enough that Jerome's got hours reduced to nine a day? What more do they want?"

"They want to live, too, general."

The general looked from Philip to Jerome suspiciously, his eyes narrowed so tightly that they almost disappeared. "Come on," he said to Jerome, "what's behind this? It isn't love for humanity. I know you too well."

Jerome said, "You are right. It isn't. Rather you could call it hatred for the kind of men I've always hated. The killers of joy and gaiety. The gospel-shouters of 'work.'" He stood up and began to walk up and down the room. "I meet these men regularly. I wonder at their barrenness of heart, their drabness of imagination. If they can find nothing better to do with their own lives than work, one wouldn't mind. But they impose their dusty laws on others too. They try to imprison all men in their jails."

The general scratched his ear, but his eyes, fixed upon Jerome, were intent and curious.

Philip spoke: "I think what Jerome is trying to say is that a mechanical civilization does moral violence to the subjective nature of man. Man cannot live by machines alone, nor by the things they produce. He must have something else. Jerome, in our Riversend Community, hopes to give the local workers that 'something else.' He will buy two hundred acres of land to the west of Riversend, and allow every worker to buy an acre, on easy payments financed by this bank. The worker and his family will raise what they will—flowers, vegetables, chickens. He will not be divorced from the land. We think it a dangerous thing for men to be divorced from the land. If men must work in factories, they must have earth to stand on afterward, their own earth."

The general tapped the papers again. "Well, I agree with you about the land. But what about his 'education'? Teaching factory hands to 'enjoy' books! Teaching them what American citizenship means! Getting the parsons and the priests to help! They won't!"

"They will," said Philip. "We've talked to several ministers, and to the Catholic priests. We've talked to teachers and others. We'll have classes in the skilled trades, recitals by workers who can play musical instruments. We'll have tinsmith shops, carpenter shops, handicraft. We'll have a store where these things can be sold. All these things will be done after working hours, on holidays, week ends."

"What rot!" muttered the general.

"Playgrounds for children," went on Philip. "And for the women, instruction in household matters, child care, cooking, sewing."

"Visionary! You'll have the whole country down on your necks! You'll be laughed out of existence."

Philip winked surreptitiously at Jerome. "What do you say, general? Will you donate a few thousand dollars? Think of your name in the newspapers. We're going to give the matter a lot of publicity."

The general stood up. "You're mad." He scowled. "How much? I won't put in a cent more than five thousand dollars."

Philip and Jerome stumbled over each other in their haste to shake his hand.

The general glared at them. "I'm going demented in my old age. You can pray I don't change my mind."

**In a big city the twin spirits Romance and Adventure are always abroad. . . . Without knowing why, we look up suddenly to see in a window a face that seems to belong to our gallery of intimate portraits; in a sleeping thoroughfare we hear a cry of agony and fear coming from an empty and shuttered house; . . . we exchange glances of instantaneous hate, affection and fear with hurrying strangers in the passing crowds; a sudden souse of rain—and our umbrella may be sheltering the daughter of the Full Moon and first cousin of the Sidereal System; at every corner handkerchiefs drop, fingers beckon, eyes besiege, and the lost, the lonely, the rapturous, the mysterious, the perilous, changing clues of adventure are slipped into our fingers. But few of us are willing to hold and follow them. We are grown stiff with the ramrod of convention down our backs. We pass on; and someday we come, at the end of a very dull life, to reflect that our romance has been a pallid thing of a marriage or two, a satin rosette kept in a safe-deposit drawer, and a lifelong feud with a steam radiator.**

—O. HENRY: From The Green Door, from The Four Million (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., copyright 1904).

Dorothea was pruning the lilac bushes. Her garden was only thirteen years old, and Alfred had said it took much more than thirteen years to make a garden. It was unlike Alfred to say things like that, she reflected. It was not so much his words; there seemed to be a deeper undertone to what he said these days. Alfred had changed. When had he changed? She could not remember. But she saw now that he was a different man—somber, abstracted, given to weighing matters doubtfully, whereas at one time he had had an instant and dogmatic opinion. He was tired. He was very tired. She knew this now.

Philip's little white dog, that had been sniffing busily among the shrubs, suddenly emerged, barking shrilly. He ran toward the gate excitedly. Dorothea called to him. He glanced back at her, still barking. A young girl was leaning on the gate, gazing over it.

Dorothea said coldly, "What is it? Are you looking for someone?"

The girl was tall and slender in her printed muslin dress. She had a delicate, cool face, finely cut and firm. She said, "Philip lives here, doesn't he?"

"Philip? Who are you, my girl?"

The girl smiled. "I am Mary Lindsey. And you must be my Aunt Dorothea. My real aunt. Not Philip's." She put her hand on the gate, opened it and stepped inside. Dorothea watched her, numbed. Mary tossed back her hair; the sun, coming out from behind its cloud, shone suddenly and brilliantly on that mass which hung below her waist. "How do you do, Aunt Dorothea?" said Mary formally.

*She has my father's face,* thought Dorothea. *She has his eyes, and his movements. She is my own flesh and blood, my niece.*

Mary was glancing about her at the garden. "I wonder why I was told I mustn't come here?" she asked in a musing voice.

Dorothea said with faint bitterness, "Have you asked your father?"

(Continued on Page 71)


# Toasts each slice exactly "as ordered"



*The G-E Automatic Toaster—at your dealer's soon.*

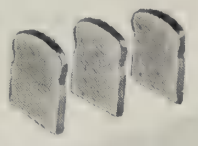
**New G-E Automatic Toaster**

**also pops toast up or keeps it oven-warm inside!**

**"Snap-in" crumb tray for easy cleaning!**

Before you buy, compare this beautifully styled new G-E Toaster with *any other.* You'll see *automatic* features you've never seen in a toaster. And only G-E has them *all!* General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

**Serves toast to each taste!**



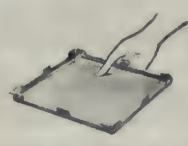
All *you* do is set a knob for light, medium, or dark. G-E's new Toaster does the rest—*automatically.* Toasts every slice exactly the way you want it, *every time.* No matter if fifty slices are set for "dark," then one slice for "light," they turn out just that way!

**A boon for late comers!**



No more need to serve cold, tasteless toast when someone's late to the table. You can set the G-E Toaster to "Pop Up" or "Keeps Warm." And *automatically,* the toast pops up when it's browned just right. OR, it stays inside, crisp and warm for everyone to enjoy!

**So much easier to clean!**



Do you have to pry and shake to get crumbs out of your toaster? Not with the G-E Toaster, you don't. A new, G-E crumb tray "snaps" in and out . . . can be removed with the flick of a finger, brushed, and snapped back in!

**G-E Automatic Toaster**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

# *A proud tradition*

**TRIUMPHANTLY HELD TO —**

**IN PEACE AS IN WAR,** *every effort is being made by Swift & Company to distribute available supplies to insure a fair share for consumers everywhere.*

# *Swift's Premium Bacon*

**WITH THE SWEET SMOKE TASTE**

**Throughout the years, one fine American tradition has always been consistently upheld. There has been no compromise with quality in the making of Swift's Premium Bacon. It is always supremely delicious. That America appreciates this achievement has just been shown conclusively: in new checks of national preference, Swift's Premium's leadership has again dramatically increased.**



(Continued from Page 69)

Mary smiled. "Yes. He was very indefi-. It seems he doesn't like anyone here Philip." She studied Dorothea coolly. ou don't seem very formidable, Aunt orothea. I have just come home from Miss ch's school on the Hudson. I thought I'd e to see if Philip were home."

He is not. He is at his father's bank." orothea hesitated. Her eyes had dimmed te unaccountably. "So you are Mary."

Yes."

Let me see—you are about fourteen, n't you, child?"

Almost. Next February."

A young lady," murmured Dorothea. Mary inclined her head with stately gra-sness. "Yes. I am going to marry Philip en I am seventeen or eighteen."

Dorothea stared at the girl, blinking her s.

I haven't told him yet, of course," Mary tinued. "But I shall soon. That is why I e down here. I think it is so silly that I uldn't know my own aunt and Philip's her."

Dorothea glanced involuntarily at the se. It happened that Alfred was home ay, with one of his headaches. Dorothea s alarmed. Alfred must not see this girl.

I think," Dorothea said, "that you ought ask your father's permission to come here, ld."

He would not give it to me," said Mary. know that. It's so foolish. Aren't you ng to kiss me, Aunt Dor-ea?"

She moved forward and orothea regarded her in pefaction. She saw that ary was presenting her eek. To her own further pefaction, Dorothea nd herself bending to-rd the girl. Her lips ached flesh as soft and eet as a rose.

Something happened to orothea then. Something lted and flowed in her e tears. She put her nd on Mary's shoulder d looked into those aloof ue eyes. She said, "Mary. ary."

Mary's smile became ntle. "Aunt Dorothea," e answered.

Dorothea, her eyes moist and aching, said rriedly, "My dear, you must not come re again without your father's express per-ission. It would be wrong and undutiful."

"I have every intention of telling papa. ut he was not at home this morning, and I uld not ask him then."

*That,* Dorothea thought with mournful ony, *is what papa would have called sophis-y.* Mary had a pure and untouched look, delicate transparency. But Dorothea was ddenly enlightened, and not without nusement. This was a resolute child, with iet and determined strength. There was ndsey steel in her. She searched the girl's ce for resemblances to Jerome and Amalie, ut there were none. *She is more my father's ughter than theirs,* thought Dorothea with athetic gratitude.

"You have a little brother, too, haven't ou?" she asked.

"Yes. William is nine years old, and a other. Little boys can be very annoying, nd he is mamma's pet, which makes him orse."

MARY had an air of disarming frankness. Dorothea studied her with new affection. There was such a cleanness and freshness bout the girl.

"I am about to have my luncheon," she aid, suddenly reckless. "Will you join he?" What did it matter if Alfred saw this eautiful young girl? Dorothea had the ddest thought that Alfred would not be isturbed. That was part of the change hich had come to him.

Mary accepted the invitation with the nost matter-of-fact manner. She looked bout her as she accompanied Dorothea into the house. Dorothea saw this, and again her voice was embittered when she said:

"This is not like Hilltop, is it, Mary?"

"I think Hilltop the nicest place in the world," replied the girl. "But this could be very nice, too, if there was just a little more sun in the rooms."

Dorothea said, "They do not make fabrics and rugs as they did once. These might fade if I allowed too much sunlight to come in."

"Oh, everything is faded at Hilltop. And I think it charming."

DOROTHEA was annoyed, then she hesitated. She drew back the draperies at the windows of the living room and let the sun pour in, though she winced when she saw it splashing in golden pools upon her best Brussels carpeting.

She said, "Sit down, my dear. I shall consult the servants about setting another place."

She went upstairs. She felt both excited and pleased. She knocked on Alfred's door, opened the door and stood on the threshold.

"Alfred! We have a visitor! I do hope you do not mind." She regarded him eagerly. "It is Mary. Jerome's daughter. I have invited her to have luncheon with me," Dorothea went on. "She is such a sweet child. But it is not necessary for you to come down. If you wish, you may have a tray in your room."

Alfred saw that Dorothea was flushed and tremulous. "That is not necessary," he said. "I shall be glad to join you."

"How kind of you, Alfred! I must speak to Elsie about another place," said Dorothea, and hurried away.

Alfred went slowly and heavily down the stairs, and into the living room.

The girl stood up and curtsied. "I am Mary Lindsey, sir," she said politely. "And I presume you are Philip's father."

"Yes, my dear." Alfred held out his hand to her, and she took it without shyness. She surveyed him frankly.

"I think you are my second cousin, sir?" Mary asked.

Alfred hesitated. "Yes, that is correct, Mary. But I was adopted by your grandfather, so I am your adopted uncle. You may call me Uncle Alfred. It is unfortunate that Philip will not be home for luncheon, but I hope you will not be too bored by us."

"Oh, I am sure I will not," she assured him seriously. "Philip has spoken of you and Aunt Dorothea so often that I feel I already know you." She remembered her manners, sedulously taught in Miss Finch's school. "I hope you will not be bored by me, nor think it presumptuous of me to come here without invitation."

"I do not think it necessary for you to wait for invitations," said Alfred. "Please come often. We'll be delighted to see you."

She waited for him to seat himself, then sat near him, her hands folded in her muslin lap.

He asked her about her school and she informed him that this was her first year away from home. Her papa had not wanted her to go, but mamma had insisted. Now papa was quite reconciled. He thought she, Mary, had improved very much. She had a most excellent music teacher. The girls were often escorted to New York to see opera, and sometimes to a play. There were so many things to see in New York.

She turned her profile to Alfred for a moment, and its outlines, cool and clear, caught at his heart. It was William Lindsey's profile. But there was something else too. There was a certain tilt to her head, a certain shadowy modeling about her cheekbones which hinted of Amalie.

He said, "I once lived at Hilltop, Mary. Before you were born. I still remember and love it."

## *Song to the Singing*

**By Jean Aston Fulkes**

Paintbrush or pencil,
What does it matter?
Sunsets, sonatas,
Or good cake batter.
Dust mops or moonlight,
A baby's hand clinging—
Life is a song
To the singing.


*Have you tried the Delicious*

**NEW COFFEE**

*you make in just 5 seconds?*




**The delicious, rich-bodied Instant Coffee you've always hoped to find!**

NO WONDER thousands are switching to the NEW G. Washington's Instant Coffee now that it's "back from the war." For G. Washington is *pure* coffee, 100% coffee—no dextrins, maltose or dextrose. That's why it tastes so good. And made in 5 seconds, simply by adding hot water to *one-half teaspoonful!* No coffee pot; no grounds; no waste!

**A LEADER IN THE FIELD**

Remember, G. Washington has been making delicious instant coffee for more than *25 years!* It's experience that counts—and that's why thousands of housewives, and their husbands, too, will have no other instant coffee but G. Washington!

**COSTS NO MORE!**

Best of all, it *costs no more*; the 2-oz. container is equal to a full pound of ground coffee! Try it! Ask for G. Washington's New Instant Coffee at your grocery or delicatessen store today!

NEW G. Washington's INSTANT COFFEE

IT'S ALL COFFEE!




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# Only one soap gives your skin

*this exciting Bouquet*



**Know how so many popular girls win their fragrant appeal!**

The *nearness* of you—would you like to charm him with a beguiling bouquet? Would you like the *fragrance men love* to steal softly from your skin? Then do as popular girls have done for seventy-six romantic years. Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, the soap with the *fragrance men love*. This ravishing fragrance comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Be dainty! Be desirable! Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Lovely for your complexion, too.

10¢

3 CAKES FOR 27¢

Cashmere Bouquet

**ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE**

CASHMERE BOUQUET




Mary looked at him quickly. "I did not know. Why did you leave? I should have loved it to have Philip there."

Alfred was silent. When he saw that Mary was waiting for his answer, he said, "After all, it is best for a family to be alone. Two families can often become very tiring to each other. I—I thought it proper to take my own family away, and build a home of our own."

"But Aunt Dorothea is my father's sister," said Mary, puzzled. "She ought to have stayed with us."

Alfred's smile was somber. "But your—father—had your mother, my dear. I had no one. So Dorothea came with us."

Mary fixed her eyes upon him penetratingly. She knew that he had not told her everything, and she had a child's natural curiosity which had grown over the years. "But you never visit Hilltop. Don't you like my papa and my mamma?"

Alfred stood up, stung by pain. He said in a stifled tone, "Yes, I liked your mother very much. But sometimes families are incompatible. . . . Was that the gong I just heard?"

Dorothea rustled into the room then, to Alfred's deep thankfulness. Mary rose properly when her aunt entered.

She thought the luncheon very plain and tasteless, quite unlike the spirited meals at home. No wonder darling Philip came so often to Hilltop. The silence and the chill must be disagreeable to him too.

Dorothea suddenly became anxious. "But your mother, my dear: will she not wonder where you are, and why you have not appeared for luncheon?"

Mary shook her head. "I had an earlier luncheon with my brother, in his nursery. Mamma is entertaining Mrs. Kingsley today, and she told me to keep William away from them. Mrs. Kingsley doesn't like children." Mary considered this thoughtfully. "I don't blame her, really. Little boys, especially, can be very tiresome."

Dorothea had a sudden swift memory of her own guardianship over the obstreperous Jerome so many years ago. She, too, had often been warned to assist the nursemaid in keeping Jerome away from the guests.

She turned to Alfred. He was smiling. He, too, was thinking of the things that were filling her own mind. It had been a long time since Dorothea had experienced this sense of warmth and understanding, this closeness.

Then Dorothea remembered that Mary had been remiss in her duty. "But you left your brother alone," she reminded her niece, with an attempt at severity. "That was quite wrong."

**A married man looks comfortable and settled and finished; he looks at a woman as if he knew all about her.**

**A bachelor looks unsettled and funny and he always wants to be running around seeing things. He looks at a woman sharply and then looks away and then looks back again, so she knows he is thinking about her and wondering what she is thinking about him. Bachelors are always strange, and that's why women like them.**

—JAMES STEPHENS: The Crock of Gold. (Macmillan Company.)

MARY was not abashed. "I had had enough of him for two hours," she said. "I gave Margie, his nurse, an old locket of mine on her promise to keep him away from mamma and Mrs. Kingsley. She said she would tie him down if she had to. Of course he roars," she added reflectively. "But Margie can keep the doors shut."

Once Dorothea had locked Jerome in a closet. She stared at the tablecloth, remembering. Her grim mouth shook in a smile. It did not occur to her until later that she had recalled these memories of Jerome without bitterness or hatred.

Mary refused a drive home. She liked the walk. She left messages for Philip, composedly kissed her Aunt Dorothea, and then Alfred, thanked them for the luncheon, and sedately went away.

Dorothea and Alfred watched her tall slender figure climbing steadily up the hill. When she was some distance away she turned to wave to them. They both felt a poignant sense of loss.

"Really, Mary!" exclaimed Amalie, v perturbed. "I can't think what your fat will say when we have to tell him. Un you do not tell him."

"Oh, I intend to," said Mary placi "He never said expressly that I should visit Uncle Alfred and Aunt Dorothea."

Amalie sighed resignedly. "Don't use t sophistry on me, my girl. You've kno surely, that you should not go down th You have not been in ignorance of y father's—feelings—about that family."

MARY smoothed her hair with both han then shook it back again. "Mamma," said quietly, "I am almost fourteen ye old. I am not really a child any long Don't you think I ought to know why th is such a feeling about Philip's family?"

Amalie was silent. The girl was rig Someday, perhaps very soon, she would h the story. It might be garbled. Peo could be so merciless. Amalie knew t Mary had a deep capacity for emotion, spite of her surface tranquillity. The b facts might be shocking enough. Howev she paused. Mary was not yet fourte after all. What could she know of hum passions? Would she blame her parents

Amalie, despairing again, said, "At time I was married to Alfred Lindsey."

Mary moved quickly. She turned a gazed steadfastly at her mother.

Amalie twisted her fingers together. "W all lived together at Hilltop then. Y father came home for the wedding. Y papa and I—your papa and I—decided loved each other. a few months lat Alfred and I w divorced, and your pa and I were married.

"Divorced!" s Mary.

Amalie frowne "Surely you know wh divorce means, Ma Of course divorce rather—unusual. B sometimes it is nec sary." She could r read Mary's large bl eyes. They had r moved from her mot er's face. All at on it came to her with shock that Mary w admiring her.

"Why, mamma," said Mary, almost wi wonder, "you must have been very co rageous!"

Mary was scrutinizing her mother wi profound interest. Mamma was not d then. Mamma had been daring and you and strong; she had had courage to do a m outrageous and adventurous thing. Ma was excited her budding sense of roman stirred. And papa! How gallant, how ir sistible he must have been! Mary decid that she had never loved her parents much.

"So," she said dreamily, "that is why o families don't visit. Uncle Alfred must ha been hurt, wasn't he?"

Amalie moved her head restlessly. "I b lieve he was," she said, still dumfounded what she had seen in her daughter's fa "But he is a very sensible man. I am su he holds no grudge. But things are som what awkward, you see. So we think it be to have nothing to do with the family dow there."

"Yes," said Mary. "I think I see. Unc Alfred asked about you, mamma. Wh didn't he marry again too?"

"I'm sure I don't know!" exclaim Amalie. "After all, he had been marri twice. Perhaps he thought that enough She stopped. "What did he ask you abo me, Mary?"

"He wanted to know if you were st pretty." Mary concentrated on her moth with new eyes. "I didn't know it then, but know it now. He still likes you, mamma

Amalie rose. She spoke in an odd voic "Mary, your papa is going to be very angr I—I think you ought to tell him yourself.

*(Continued on Page 74)*

HAT BY MME. REINE. FURS BY ESTHER DOROTHY

# "Yes!" say her feet

Ask her once, ask her twice, ask her once again—
to go here, there, everywhere. Her feet never stop her!
She doesn't know what foot fatigue means because
she wears *genuine* Selby ARCH PRESERVER shoes
—the *only* shoes with these three famous features:

- *steel arch bridge for firm support*
- *individually placed metatarsal pad for comfort*
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New York City, and Your Leading Shoe
and Department Store.

*Manufactured for women by* THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, Portsmouth, O.; *for men,* E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Rockland, Mass.; *for children,* GREEN SHOE MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

IN CANADA, MURRAY-SELBY, LTD., LONDON, ONT. • IN ENGLAND, SELBY SHOES, LTD., LONDON • IN AUSTRALIA, SELBY SHOES (AUST.) LTD., SYDNEY • IN NEW ZEALAND, SWINTON & OATES, LTD., AUCKLAND • IN ARGENTINA, ALBERTO GRIMOLDI, BUENOS AIRES

*SELBY SHOES THE WORLD OVER — ESTABLISHED 1877*

Copr. 1946, The Selby Shoe Company

*Selby* ARCH PRESERVER *Shoes*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN RAWLINGS

A special process keeps Kleenex

# Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong




Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



YOUR NOSE KNOWS— THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

***In these days of shortages*** we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we'll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

**There is only one KLEENEX***

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*(Continued from Page 72)*

think you ought to tell him what I have told you. I don't want to be there when you do."

Mary nodded. Her smile was secret and mature.

"I think he will tell you not to go down there again, Mary. And you must obey him."

"I don't think children should obey stupid commands," said Mary with composure. "And I like to visit my relatives."

Amalie gasped. She turned quickly on her daughter. "Why, Mary! How can you say such things? Can't you realize that parents sometimes give children commands beyond the understanding of foolish girls?"

"No," said Mary. "After all, I am not a child. I am old enough to form my own opinions. I think papa will see that too. He always listens to me."

Jerome was white with rage. He and Mary were sitting together in her room. Mary had invited him there after dinner.

If he was almost speechless with his anger, Mary was all calm. "You must not blame mamma," she was saying. "She did not know I was going. In fact, I left the house without her knowledge. When I returned, mamma was very angry with me. I insisted that she tell me about everything. So she told me. I am not in the least shocked. I think it exciting. Of course," she continued reflectively, "I need not have told you or mamma at all. But I think that would have been wrong. There is no sense in being dishonest and sneaking."

Jerome had never struck his daughter in all her life. Now he had the most brutal desire to do so. He said thickly, "You knew I did not want you to go down there. But you deliberately disobeyed!"

Mary winced internally. She was frightened of her father for the first time in her life. But she lifted her chin, though her color was gone.

Jerome felt a tautness, a burning in his scars. This incensed him even more against Mary. He stood up now, went to the girl and struck her violently across her face. Mary did not cry out. She merely lifted her head higher. The imprints of Jerome's hand sprang out in crimson on her white cheek. She regarded him steadily. Suddenly he hated himself for that blow. But his voice, though unsteady, was still thick when he spoke.

"I want you to understand this. You must never go down there again."

Mary said, "There is something here I don't understand, papa. If anyone should be angry, it is Uncle Alfred, not you. You took mamma away from him."

"Your mother is a fool for telling you," Jerome said. "She ought to have known that you would not understand. Someday, perhaps, you will. Then you will know why I must tell you never to go down to that house again. I'm sorry, my darling."

"If that is your express command, papa, I shall obey," said Mary.

"Thank you, my dear." Jerome left her then. He had intended to call Amalie and upbraid her viciously. But now he felt only misery, and an increasing sense of loss.

*(To be Concluded)*

## OUR READERS WRITE US

*(Continued from Page 13)*

I want a home that my children will enjoy and can bring their friends to and I also want a place where my husband and I can have some privacy. I do all my own work and expect I always will, except for the help of my children as they grow older. I won't mind doing my own work if the kitchen and laundry are planned efficiently and there is not a lot of running up and down stairs.

The house I live in now was planned with an idea of torturing women. A bedroom between the dining room and kitchen. A large and inefficient kitchen. The sink is too low. And I could go on and on about the woodwork and moldings that catch dust; the long windows that rattle and that are in all the wrong places.

If there is a chance that in the not-too-distant future we can plan and hope for a house like the ones you show, I won't let myself get too discouraged. I can dream, can't I?

Sincerely,
MRS. M. BERTSCHI.

*Dear Mrs. Bertschi:* I hope your dream will soon come true. You may have seen in the papers that a bill has been introduced in Congress by Senators Taft, Ellender and Wagner, which, among other progressive features, would make it possible to buy or build a $5000 home for $250 down with 32 years in which to pay off the balance and with an interest rate of only 4 per cent. This would make the original payment as well as the monthly payments very low indeed and should bring a $5000 home well within the reach of a $40-a-week family income.

All this in my opinion makes sense. But there is something else which has to make sense before a $5000 house can be a really adequate home for an average American family. It must be twice as much house as you can buy today for $5000. It must be planned by the country's finest architectural talent to do all the things you long for in your letter to make housekeeping easy and family life healthy and pleasant. It must be designed, built, equipped and finished to reduce running costs to a hitherto unheard-of minimum and eliminate the customary repairs and replacements. It should be part of a community as carefully planned as the house itself.

And now, such a house in this technological age of ours is not only possible, but it should be child's play for present-day scientists, engineers, architects and manufacturers to achieve and produce. Unfortunately, the homebuilding industry on the whole is uncoordinated. And it is beset by conflicting interests of labor, lenders, land speculators and manufacturers. And it seems to me that the only hope for you and all the rest of us is the prompt establishment of some over-all governmental guidance group which will initiate research into new, better and much less expensive materials and indicate to the industry how it can best get together for its own good. This guidance is the most vital feature of the housing legislation I mentioned. If you are really interested, I suggest you write your congressmen to fight for that feature.

Thank you for writing.

Sincerely,
RICHARD PRATT,
*Associate Editor.*

### You Can't Sell It

*Hammond, Indiana.*

*Dear Editors:* The five and six room bungalows with the wide front porches that were built row upon row about 20 years ago are considered old-style today. Just as the modern shacks advocated by architects such as Richard Pratt will be considered old-style 20 years from now.

Since working for a real-estate man, I have learned that one of the most important things in building a home is to keep in mind what the market value will be if the owner is forced to sell later. Will the modernistic home be as marketable as Georgian, Regency, Cape Cod, English, Dutch Colonial, and so forth? Try selling a chair or a chest 20 years old. If it is of the style which was called modern 20 years ago you'll have a hard time getting rid of it. However, if it is a definite traditional piece, you'll get the maximum price.

A home should express the occupant's personality and taste just as his clothing does. The JOURNAL indicates by its policy

*(Continued on Page 76)*

MARSHA HUNT . . . CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "A LETTER FOR EVIE"

# Golden Glamour

## Woodbury Champagne Rachel



**MARSHA HUNT**. . . of the luscious ivory-and-gold dream skin. And her "glow-girl" look can be yours —yes, fluff on this exciting new powder shade, Woodbury Champagne Rachel! A warm golden, exotic Rachel—*color-full* as never before—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. See its golden glamour on your skin—the same exciting shade you see in the box! Compare its mist-of-a-veil flattery with the powder you're wearing now—count the hours Woodbury clings with true "stay-fresh" color! It conceals tiny flaws and lines . . . doesn't clog or turn pasty. Choose from eight Star-excitement shades.

**P**retty **S**mooth . . . before powdering, fluff on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Blends with *any* shade, and your make-up c-l-i-n-g-s!

Marsha is the Woodbury Champagne Rachel type!

PICK YOUR STAR SHADE!

**FAIR SKIN?** RACHEL, Yvonne DeCarlo's shade: Creamy luscious blend for pale ivory skin!

FLESH, Lana Turner's shade: Heavenly petal-pink for pink-and-white skin!

NATURAL, Barbara Bates' shade: Fair Cameo-charm for blonde skin!

**MEDIUM SKIN?** WINDSOR ROSE, Frances Gifford's shade: Fresh rose prettiness for pink-toned medium skin!

CHAMPAGNE RACHEL, Marsha Hunt's shade: Sheer gold-sparkled drama for "honey" skin!

**DARK SKIN?** BRUNETTE, Esther Williams' shade: Rosy and warm to liven up dark skin!

SUN PEACH, Kathryn Grayson's shade: Kiss-of-sun sparkle for dark skin!




**MATCHED MAKE-UP** *—all 3 for $1.00**

Here's a beauty-bonus—shade-matched powder, rouge, and lipstick, *all* 3 keyed to your skin-type!

1. Big $1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick—your *just-right* shade
3. Matching rouge—*right* for you

"Prove-it" sizes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢. *Plus tax.

Woodbury *new film-finish* Powder

American designers create for the American woman. Hat by John-Frederics; jewels by Olga Tritt; dress a Ben Reig original by Omar Kiam; background by New York's skyline; complexion by Barbara Gould—Definitely Beauty in the American Tradition.



Beauty

in the AMERICAN TRADITION

Special Cleansing Cream
*for dry skin* . . . $3.50 $2.00 $1.00

Cream Pompon
*for all skin types* $3.50 $2.00 $1.00

Skin Freshener
*for skin sparkle* . . . $3.00 $1.75 85c
*(All prices plus tax)*



Easy as one—two, the Barbara Gould way to radiantly clean skin.

One . . . Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream . . . rich and smooth and luxurious. It *soaks up* soil . . . lifts it right off the skin's surface, leaving behind a soft, smooth baby-freshness.

Two . . . Barbara Gould Skin Freshener . . . zesty, sparkling . . . it removes every trace of soiled cream and seems to put new zing into your complexion.

Treat your winter-dull complexion to this Barbara Gould wake-up cleansing . . . and see it take on fresh, new bloom.

Barbara Gould

NEW YORK

*(Continued from Page 74)*

that people have no individual tastes and preferences. When I come home at night, I want to be able to find my house without counting off from the corner: "Ours is number four," or, "This one is mine because the one with the gasoline pumps out in front is the filling station!"

Yours very truly,
MRS. ARLINE HATCH.

### —But You Can Live in It!

*South Bend, Indiana.*

*Dear Editors:* I am very much interested in the homes you are showing, and amused by the "chicken coop" designation. I have been living in a "chicken coop" for nearly four years, in a government project of 250 homes, designed and built for war workers.

My "chicken coop" is the last word in convenience. We have four rooms, bath and basement. The house is built on two levels, with the bedrooms and bath on the higher level. We have living room and kitchen below, and basement beneath them. Company may be served in the living room. We have very large windows, cross-ventilation and no west windows, to keep out the summer heat. We also have a gas furnace. I have no desire to live in the conventional type of home again. The housekeeping duties are so light that I felt it my duty to take a full-time job in an essential industry during the war, and I am still working.

Very truly yours,
*Name withheld by request.*

### England Volunteers for Peace

*London, England.*

*Dear Mrs. Gould:* The Cabinet has asked that WVS (Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence) continue in its present form during the transition period. We are, therefore, changing to peacetime work. Actually, post-war reconstruction is so very like post-raid reconstruction that the adjustment comes almost naturally.

There was here a revulsion of will for hard work immediately after the cease-fire with Japan, but I am glad to say that a return to real action is seen now everywhere. Our people at WVS felt for a time that they had made their full contribution during the war, and could return to "normal life." They now say that what they learnt in the war has gone deeper than they had recognized, and they would like to continue to contribute to the life of the nation. I am quite sure that if this spirit of service can be held, great objectives will be reached.

Feeding and clothing are our two great immediate problems. Housing is the worst headache anyone has, but this winter we have urged everyone who has a spare room to take someone in. We have also a scheme for Temporary Houses and Prefabricated Permanent Houses. Through the Rehoming Scheme—donations of furniture from people in the country to blitz victims—84,845 families have been helped to restart a home. (It is impossible to buy furniture, bedding, beds without a docket.)

The WVS is helping with Emergency Feeding and all the side lines of feeding that we were busy on before—the Agricultural Pie schemes, School Feeding, etc. We are also doing a job with Make-Do-and-Mend and Clothing Exchanges. You possibly remember that people bring outgrown children's clothes to the Exchanges, have them pointed and draw larger clothes. No money passes, but the textiles are used over and over again.

I think everyone is beginning to get a "second wind," but I must admit the last few months have been difficult. It is nice to feel that they are behind instead of ahead of us.

Yours sincerely,
STELLA READING.
*Dowager Marchioness of Reading, G.B.E.*
*Chairman, Women's Voluntary Service.*

## CONVERSATION PIECE

*(Continued from Page 50)*

**chopped (not ground) pecans. This recipe will use about ⅓ pound nuts and will make about thirty balls. These are deceptively easy to do, for they're really exceptional and bound to become a *spécialité de la maison* of all your guests.**

*** * * FROSTED GRAPES * * ***

**Using a pair of scissors, separate 2 large bunches of grapes into small sections, leaving a piece of stem on each little bunch. For color contrast, use both Malaga and Tokay grapes if you can get them. Stir together 1½ cups sugar and ¾ cup water, bring it to a rolling boil, then let it continue to boil for five minutes, no longer. Remove from fire and begin dipping the grapes. Holding the stem, dip each little bunch in the sirup, then sprinkle at once with granulated sugar and transfer to a greased platter. Be generous with the sugar. When all the grapes are coated you'll want to stand gazing in admiration at what you've accomplished, but don't do it. Put the platter in the refrigerator at once. To serve, make an attractive arrangement of grapes and pecan-cheese balls on the same serving dish. *Attractive*, did I say? They'll look far too good to eat, but don't let this worry you.**

***Service.*** The food is bound to be heavenly and the doing of it is not difficult; I love foolproof recipes, and these are all in that class. But the headwork involved in the engineering of this little supper is something else indeed—so let's work out a foolproof recipe for that.

The trick is to have everything ready for full steam ahead the minute you reach home or the bridge game is over. If you're one of those lucky girls who have a tray-size electric hot plate with a unit low enough to keep food hot without cooking it, the trick couldn't be easier. Plug it in early in the evening and put all the hot food on it—even make your coffee ahead of time if you want to. Bring the chicken and broth to the boiling point before transferring to the hot plate, but you needn't preheat the bread. Cover the whole thing with an inverted oblong roasting pan. This will help retain the heat. I do hope y have an electric hot plate, but from here I'll assume you haven't.

Here's the plan. Before you leave t house—or if it's bridge, before your gue arrive—have ready on the stove for la minute heating, the Poulet Curry à la Crèt in a double boiler, the chicken broth a your coffeepot with coffee in it. (No wat of course, unless it's a percolator.) T grilled bread will be in the oven. On counter or table put a plate for the sar wiches, the chafing dish or serving bowl, t dish of chutney and a tureen or pitcher the broth. In the refrigerator are the gra and pecan-cheese balls arranged on th serving dish, and the sandwiches s wrapped in a towel.

If you have a double-decker serving ca arrange the lower deck with all the dish silver and napkins to be used, leaving t upper deck free for the food. If you do have one, use two small tables: one for t dishes, and so on, and one for the food. B do plan to serve your supper in the livi room; it's fun for this kind of party.

And now to the zero hour. If you're pla ing bridge it's a cinch to slip unobtrusive kitchenward while scores are totaled a bridge tables removed. If you're out, u mirror and lipstick on the way home and y can count on a precious five minutes or mo in the kitchen while the other girls repa their make-up.

Turn on three burners of the stove; p chicken broth on one, teakettle on anoth and double boiler on the third. Light t oven and turn it as low as possible. Fill t lower part of the chafing dish with water a light the burner under it—or put servi bowl in the oven with the grilled bread.

By the time the teakettle boils everythi will be ready. Pour water into the coffeepo transfer chicken to chafing dish or bow broth to tureen or pitcher, and away you to the living room with your little feast th will seem to have appeared by a miracle a will taste like one.


SILVER FLUTES
RAMBLER ROSE
CANDLELIGHT
CHIPPENDALE
OLD MASTER
A wonderful way to live!
Curtains at the windows! Each book and chair and table in its very own permanent niche! We're living in our new home . . . and it's a wonderful way to live.
Lovely Towle Sterling gleams proudly on our table, each breakfast, lunch and dinner. We waited for our Towle, too . . . clear through the war years. We're glad we waited for now we know we have the best.
It's a wonderful way to live!
• • •
Made of solid silver, each Towle pattern brings a heritage of lasting beauty. Yet a single place setting costs as little as $22.70, including 20% Federal Tax. Ask your jeweler to show you his selection of Towle patterns.
For Gracious Living — the new Towle book of Sterling Silver — its selection and care, with modern table settings. Write to: Towle Silversmiths, Department J-2, Newburyport, Massachusetts.
TOWLE
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OLD MIRROR
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# *Just One Cake of Camay—and your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!*




A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.



MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Luke of Cleveland, Ohio
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard

**THE STORY OF THE KEITHS—**

**It was Rhythm** and romance for Jean and Alan as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan naturally couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—divinely smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to Camay care—says "My *first* cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."





**Sentimental Journey.** Gay and romantic, the Keiths stopped off at Niagara Falls on their honeymoon—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'll try to stay a bride, always," says Jean. "I'll try to keep my skin smooth and radiant—I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."



**"Word of Honor,"** adds Jean, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet it's no trick at all to gain a lovelier complexion." *Camay is really mild—it cleanses without irritation.* Simply cream Camay's gentle lather over your face, night and morning. Rinse warm—add a cold splash for oily skin. Your beauty blooms! Doctors proved just *one cake* of Camay can mean fresher, more alluring skin.




*Please use your Camay wisely—make each cake last.*
*You see, precious materials go into making soap.*

## NICODEMUS

*(Continued from Page 18)*

ıd magazines, or made speeches about it on e air. They gave Henry the inside story, ıich always directly contradicted anything se that had ever appeared in print.

*Now upon the first day of the week, very early the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, inging the spices which they had prepared.*

Never once had she regretted marrying enry. She loved him, although Henry and s crowd did not admire love. They admired othing. They were too intelligent for en-ıusiasm or hope; they permitted themselves belief except the opinion that all men, ex-pt themselves, were fools and no good ould come of it. When the children were ung, Laura had been too absorbed to ques-on the belief that all men were fools. But tely—since Ted went to war and Betsy arried—she had come to believe, privately, ıat Henry and his crowd were gullible, more illible than the grocers and taxi drivers to hom Laura talked. All that the intellec-ıals said did not keep them from being fools ıemselves, and no good would come of it.

*And they found the stone rolled away from e sepulchre.*

Over Henry's breakfast tables Laura had eard the inside story that Hitler would not cupy Czechoslovakia, Russia would not ıst six weeks, and Japan would never dare ttack this country. And the men who had ıade these predictions suffered no loss of restige when the pre-ictions proved to be ılse.

This morning they ad all seemed like a lot f heads, with clatter-ıg voice boxes, sup-orted by no flesh and one. And especially y no heart. If she had ot left the table, she ight have told them o, and Henry would ave said she was not ell, which was true. She was not well. Henry said it was be-ause she missed the children, but she had ecided that it was because she was sur-ounded by people who were never simple, atural, serene. The children's going away ad simply brought her face to face with the ruth that her heart was starving to death.

*Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto hem, Because they have taken away my Lord, nd I know not where they have laid him.*

She had become one of those women who aunt doctors' offices when there isn't a thing n the world the matter except everything in he world. She felt guilty. She had so many lessings. A home and a husband. Two grown hildren. Money. She was even a little bit ood-looking. She had got a habit of squint-ng her eyes when she looked into mirrors, ut she was sure—almost sure—someone ight think she was attractive.

SHE never told Henry how she felt. No nan wanted to hear a list of symptoms that ame and went, grew better and grew worse. So she always said, "I'm just fine, Henry." She had developed little ways of appearing ust fine. But she was getting no better. Sometimes she felt as if she were outside the vorld, trying to get in, but the surface was lippery and her fingers were losing their ıold. She might slide out into space. Here, ıs she sat in this pew, she was outside, and he singing and the speaking were inside, where she could not reach them. Why had she come here? She couldn't say. It was—t was just somewhere to go.

*I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.*

The last hymn before the sermon had been sung. The choir settled, rustling, into the stalls. The congregation had stopped cough-ng. And now, in the sighing silence, Dr. Job Tatum rose to deliver his Easter sermon. There were more than a thousand faces, lifted, waiting to hear him. In a steady voice he read his text: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

*He did not believe a word of what he was saying.*

THEY screamed questions at her through the little round hole in the glass. They had to scream, on account of the trains' roaring. But it always surprised Gladys when they opened their mouths so wide, because, to her, the trains made no noise.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon and she was thinking about yesterday and the Easter service. There was a sharp rap on the glass. She looked down at the arch and there was nobody's hand. So she looked up at the hole and there was somebody's eyes staring straight at her. Jake! She thought she was going to faint, but she ran out of the cage and he took her in his arms.

"I thought you was in camp! Why didn't you let me know? I could of ——"

"There wasn't no way to let you know, kid," he told her. "We're pushing off. Kinda soon, I guess. I ain't supposed to say even that much. But—I got a twenty-four-hour pass."

"But, Jake—that means we've only got till tomorrow noon! We haven't got even that much. I can't leave here till another four hours. And we was going to be married."

"I feel like I'm going nuts."

"Look, Jake. We got sixteen hours." She put her hand on his shoulder. "We won't let nothing spoil that. You're here and ——"

"Yeah. But we can't get married."

"When you get back ——"

"If I get back!"

There were customers at the window. The rush was starting and she had to leave him. And after a while Jake went away. Just before eight he was back with a bunch of sweet peas. And smiling, like he'd made up his mind he wouldn't spoil what time they had. But Mrs. Kraken, who was supposed to relieve Gladys at eight, didn't show up for twenty minutes. She was so sorry over being late that she gave them a whole pound box of chocolates she had bought for herself.

When they got upstairs it was real dark. Jake wanted to eat, but Gladys said, "I got to go change my clothes, Jake. I got to. We won't be togethér for a long while, Jake. I want to put on my pink dress so's you can remember me in it. The one you said went so good with my hair."

He sat down in the parlor at Mrs. Mitrou's while she changed as fast as she could. Mrs. Mitrou watched from out in the hall to see that Jake didn't try to go upstairs. She looked disappointed when Gladys came down in her pink dress, with the sweet peas pinned on, and her new black patent-leather pumps.

They had supper in an Italian restaurant, but it didn't taste good. They didn't talk much because what they were thinking about was things they couldn't say. Then they went to the movies and had to stand in line for seats, but finally they were up in the balcony, with Jake's arm around her, and her head on his shoulder.

Afterward they walked along Broadway, bumping against a lot of other guys and girls who had nowhere to go. Gladys' face ached from smiling. By now the new pumps were hurting something terrible, and the pain in her feet and the pain over Jake's going away were all mixed up together.

"Let's go to Central Park, Jake. We can sit down in the park."

"It's sorta funny. If you wanta hate anybody, there's plenty of places. They spend lotsa dough on you so you can go kill guys.

---

**To make a success of single, married and family life, to remain solvent, to be loyal to one's mates without abrogating one's own judgment, to maintain a many-sided relationship with authority without becoming a rebel or a slave—these are no different and no easier for a laborer than for a cabinet minister. They demand the same attitudes toward authority, the community and oneself.**

—GEOFFREY VICKERS: In Fortnightly, Quoted in Magazine Digest.

---





Fit is the essence of fashion . . . And in shoe-fashion, it's Foot Saver fit. For in Foot Savers the lines of your foot are translated in leather to hug your heel snugly and free your toes gently. The effect is custom-made—thanks to Foot Saver's exclusive Shortback* Last, over which every Foot Saver Shoe is made. In suave Spring styles—each a perfect foil for daytime or dress. Write for name of nearest store. The Julian & Kokenge Company, 272 South Front Street, Columbus 15, Ohio

$9.95 to $14.95

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Only Foot Savers are made over Shortback* Lasts, which prevent looseness and gapping at the heel without crowding at toe.

SHORTBACK

Foot Saver Shoes




Look to Libby's for Perfection!




**It's 5-ways luscious**

Fragrant-ripe peaches . . . sweet, juicy pears . . . especially tender seedless grapes . . . Libby's peak-flavor pineapple . . . ruby cherries! Five luscious fruits . . . each of the SAME SUPERB QUALITY that has made Libby's fruits world-famous.

This *de luxe* fruit cocktail is made only in the heart of California's famed Santa Clara Valley. Libby begins with FRESH, WHOLE FRUIT . . . peaches, pears and grapes from nearby orchards and vineyards. To this trio are added Hawaiian pineapple, packed at peak flavor, and Maraschino-style cherries.

Always get Libby's . . . the fruit cocktail that's 5-ways luscious!

*LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY*
*Chicago 9, Ill.*

Libby's
**FAMOUS FRUITS**
*Pineapple • Peaches • Pears*
*Apricots • and Others*


But if you love anybody—you ain't got nowheres."

"I never thought of things like that."

"A guy gets to thinking in the Army."

Anyhow, it was quiet in the park. When they found an empty bench, Gladys slipped off her pumps and they looked up at the sky around the park and it was all full of little square lights, the windows of people who had places to go.

"I been thinking, Jake. People like us, we don't get nothing that's as good as what other people have. But if we could of had a baby—that would of been something that only you and me could of had. Nobody with a billion dollars could of had our baby. Nobody but us. Sometimes I get to wondering. Where's our baby *now?* I mean—is he out in the air somewheres, waiting for us to have him? Is he alive already? You know—there's been nights when I thought I heard him crying."

"The world is full of people with plenty of chance to have babies. But you and me ——"

It started raining. They went to Grand Central Station and found a seat in a corner. They ate the chocolates and talked about running their own gas station. . . . When dawn came through the great windows they were asleep, heads bowed, borne away in their dreams to a place where people who loved were welcome.

"We are certain the sun will rise tomorrow morning. But actually there is no such thing as certainty. Our certainties are merely faiths that, as far as we can discover, have always worked. What we know and what we do not know are identical. Faith is all we have, and the known and the unknown are simply its varying degrees."

Dr. Job Tatum's study was paneled in dark wood, and, between the panels, tapestries of books reached to the ceiling. Job Tatum's desk stood before a stained-glass window that represented the miracle of water into wine. Facing the window was a wide chair with pale soft upholstery, ready for anyone who had made an appointment weeks in advance.

Job Tatum sat with his back to the window. All last night he had walked up and down in his bedroom. He could not remember what he had said, yesterday, after he had given out the text and known, suddenly, with a giddy sensation of falling through darkness, that he did not believe. But what he could remember, and what filled him with a special sort of humiliation, was that he had preached well.

He had always thought himself a man to whose words sincerity gave a special power. "Truth is power," he had often said. And that must be a lie. Evidently he had learned his tricks of voice and gesture so well that he could be eloquently and powerfully false. Over the years he must have become more skillful in his spiritual habits, but lived by less and less spiritual light, until, now, the last spark had gone out.

This was darkness. This was no quick stab of doubt which every minister had. Such moods were bad enough. A doubting minister could do nothing but wait and pray to the God he doubted until his faith was with him again, come as mysteriously as it had gone, like a wind, like a mood. But this was no mood. This morning, as he walked through the church, the altar had looked unfamiliar. And now the study was strange. The Madonna and the cross on his desk might as well have been fetishes set here by some savage.

How poor a thing his belief must have been, if it could crumble so imperceptibly until, on Easter morning, he could say in his heart there was no God. Perhaps if he thought back to the reasons why, in his youth, he had believed, the same reasons would make him believe again.

He did not want to remember, because he had never forgiven his childhood. The only loving thing he could remember about it was once when his father, a little while before he died, had held a handkerchief in the air, made a gesture, and suddenly there was a bright little pot of flowers. He wished his father had not shown him how the trick was





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one because it was better to believe that, ll of a sudden in the air, there could be a pot f flowers. But his father had shown him ther tricks; some of them he could still do.

The night his mother died, when he was six, e had run out of the ugly flat into South Bleecker Street and sat on the curb and obbed. Because a neighbor had said the po- ce would take him to an orphans' home. outh Bleecker Street children dreaded being ent to a home. They said you ate bread and vater there and marched in lockstep. So Job ad sat on the curb in the dark until he felt a and on his shoulder, steady and gentle. And e had looked up to see a woman's face. He ad often thought, in these many years since, hat it was the face of God, in a blue-and- ed Salvation Army bonnet. And that God ad stooped down and taken his hand.

The woman took him back to headquar- ers; he was bathed and fed, given a place to leep. All the faces and voices were kind. He earned to stop shrinking back and covering p his head when anybody spoke to him. And resently they told him that a young man rom uptown had seen him standing on a hair, helping with the dishes, and had offered o pay his way through boarding school. And e must never know who the man was.

In vacations he lived with the Army, earn- ng his board, when he grew older, at odd obs in stores and at the docks. When he sked the Army people why they spent their ives helping others, they said it was the will f God. It was only atural for him to want to devote his ife to this God. And o he went to theo- ogical seminary, nd his faith was uilt on gratitude.

Of course, his aith had broadened nd deepened. How ervent he had been bout his first coun- ry parish! How umble he had felt when he met Ann here and knew she oved him! They had known three adiant years. And hen their girl child had died when she was two months old. Ann had clung to him and said a line from one of the poets she loved: "Not as a child shall we behold her, but as a daughter in her Father's house." Ann came down with pneumonia, and pneumonia killed fast in those days. Even then he had not lost his faith. Instead, it seemed as if, in his grief, he had come closer to understanding God.

Ann had never seemed dead till this morning. Now, suddenly, he had a feeling that never again would he imagine she was alive.

MISS GROOBY came into his study. For a wry moment, he wondered if he had lost his faith on account of Miss Grooby. She was not only talkative but pious; and, if you are a minister, talkative piety is almost intolerable. Job had sometimes dreamed of having a secretary who was a taciturn agnostic. But, as Miss Grooby would have put it, that was Not Meant To Be. It was his destiny to be greeted, in fair weather, by Miss Grooby saying, "Isn't it a lovely morning? We must thank our Heavenly Father for it." If it sleeted and froze, she still indefatigably thanked our Heavenly Father that it was no worse.

But she was efficient. She was careful, for instance, to keep people from him who might "take his strength"—the drunks, panhandlers, neurotics, would-be suicides, even the duller members of St. Simon's. There must be a visitor of whom she approved this morning, since she had appeared without being sent for.

"Mr. Romney to see you—*the* Mr. Romney. The actor."

Job was relieved that his visitor was not a church member. "Have him come in."

Nick Romney took the chair that faced the water-into-wine window. He had the absorbed look of a troubled man.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Romney. I saw you in the play about the magician."

"Do me a favor. Call me Nick."

"Short for Nicodemus?"

"Nathaniel."

Job looked at him inquiringly. Obviously he had not come here to confess a sin. And yet Nick Romney was afraid.

"I'VE got the lead in a play that's being produced this fall," he said. "A Protestant minister. Now don't get me wrong. My minister is a good scout."

"Congratulations. Protestant ministers on the stage are usually depressing."

"It's like this," Nick went on awkwardly. "I've got this part and I've—well, I've never given much thought to religion. I guess that must seem shocking to you, but ——"

Job shook his head. No one in that chair could shock him after all these years, although they always thought they could. People had all committed very much the same sins and asked very much the same questions. And Job had all the answers at his tongue's end, the beautiful language of the Bible and the ritual, that seemed so brilliant in contrast to the fumbling words of those who asked the questions. But Job hoped that Romney would not ask questions, because, this morning, his throat thickened at the thought of beautiful language.

"Playing a role is more than getting the lines. That's been said by a lot of hams, but it's true. I've got to—have the feel of things. I picked you because I've always heard you not only put on a good show, but you believe what you're saying."

Suppose, Job thought, he should tell this man he did not believe? No. He might be mistaken in his unbelief; he hoped to God—well, he hoped he was mistaken. "Tell me about the play."

"Well, it takes place on a station platform over in New Jersey. It's time for a commuting train, so there's all kinds of people on the platform, and they all have their problems. There's a minister too. And he has everybody's troubles on his mind. So—well, the play has fantasy in it. The minister tells the people they don't have to take the train for Hoboken. There's one that's going to heaven, and they can get on that. Everybody thinks that's wonderful. But then the minister says this train is going to only one heaven, and they've got to decide what heaven they want. So everybody—it's done by blackouts—tells his idea of heaven. And then they all get to fighting because nobody likes anybody else's idea. It's really much better than it sounds."

"It sounds important."

"That's just it." Nick's voice was eager. "The idea sort of gets you. Especially now. It's a big chance for me if—if you'd let me talk to you now and then. I don't even know what religion is all about."

Job said, "I think you should get some idea of what it's all about. That would give you what you call the 'feel' of things. I suggest you read the New Testament. As you

*KITTY thought: "This is the way it happens. This is the way people drift into things. When he kissed me I liked it. I liked him. But what I love is my husband, my child and my home."*

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would read any book. For the picture it gives you." He went over to a bookcase. "Take this one."

"If I could come back—after I've read it?"

"Of course. Some of us who have been close to the New Testament for a long while are apt to lose our perspective. But here you are, meeting it for the first time. I'll look forward to hearing what it does to you."

When Nick had gone, Job sat staring at the gold cross. Then he moved it out of his line of vision. But he kept seeing it. He could not escape from it, nor from the Madonna. Nor the books on the shelves. He was a man surrounded by the belongings of a dead love. It was like that time when, everywhere he looked, he could see Ann's gloves, although he had locked them away. He buzzed for Miss Grooby.

"I'm going away for a week," he said. "A week in Vermont. Have Mellon take the Sunday-morning service and ——"

"You're exhausted," Miss Grooby said earnestly. "I said to the sexton only this morning, I said, 'If only Doctor Tatum would go away for a week, it would be a direct answer to prayer.' God moves in a mysterious way. There isn't anybody prominent in the church who's sick. You can go away with a free mind and lift up your eyes to the hills from whence cometh our strength."

"I got a letter from a girl," the soldier said in the foxhole. "She says she's trying to kill time. Makes my blood run cold. Time is all we've got. Why, if I just knew I had time ——"

They were in the dusky light of La Belle Fleur. In a corner booth, where no one could see them. It was Easter Monday at the cocktail hour. Laura was wearing the hat with the wreath of blush roses and her dress matched the wreath. This was one of the days when she felt well. Barry had made love to her, off and on, for a quarter of a century. It was soothing to hear him say pleasant things about her dress and her hat.

"It's been five years," Barry said. "Do you know what I thought when I saw you come in?"

"I want to know." Her head tilted a little to the side, as it used to tilt when she was a girl.

"You are not reconciled to life. Since I've been back, so many faces look smug. But, thank God, you're not satisfied."

She thought triumphantly of what Betsy would say if she could see her mother now, Betsy who thought she was ready to drop into her grave. And Henry too.

"And no wonder! The people you go around with! How on earth do you stand them? Did you ever see any of them do anything except talk and talk and talk? They don't believe in anything, so they don't live for anything. That isn't good enough for you, Laura. You want more than that. You need—love."

She sighed. For a moment she had thought he might be going to say something important. But it was the old game. However, she could play that game, in the hat with the wreath of roses.

"I need everything," she said.

He leaned closer. "Look, my dear. Every time we meet you're more beautiful. But you're dead. What you need is someone to make you come alive again. To take you in his arms and make you feel like a million dollars not giving a damn."

His tone and manner were perfect. Men had learned a lot from the radio and movies. Their technique had definitely improved. Or was she getting more susceptible?

"I've got plans for you and me," he said. "Are you tempted?"

"Perhaps."

"Here are my plans. I'll take you in my arms and kiss you until you are blind and deaf and dumb. And then ——"

She looked down at the orange slice and cherry in her glass. So many women of her age, who had begun to wonder what life was all about, solved things with a man like Barry. Using sex like drink or dope or a good osteopath. But she had always hoped there might be, up ahead in the years, a sort


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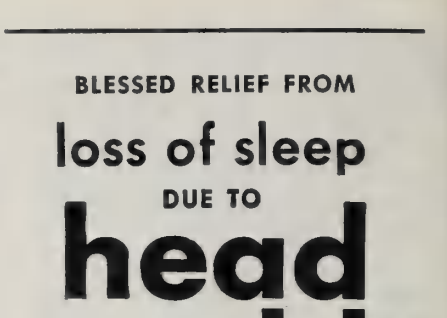
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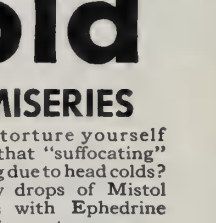
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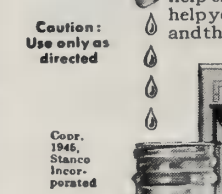
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radiance. And she had not meant, by that, other man.

She foresaw her future with Barry: the ispers, the expectation, the illusion of owing and being known, the giving and taking. . . . But she had been through that. And she was not stupid enough to nk Barry could introduce any variation. y affair in middle age was a going back- rd, a return to adolescence, and without physical equipment of adolescence, or its ility not to foresee.

"I want to go forward, Barry. If there is y forward. If life isn't just a dead-end eet. I don't want to imitate my past. ere must be another way out."

He was angry, but trying not to show it. Of course. You might try collecting stamps old china."

It was spring outdoors, and it had seemed spring in this little booth, with the pale ors and the sparkle and the music. And w, at Barry's words, spring dimmed and nished. And she sat here, letting it vanish, d she felt as if she could not bear it. And n, suddenly, Barry kissed her. Holding close, tipping her head back, unsettling hat.

"Barry," she said shakily, "I had for- ten. I had forgotten what it was like."

He was juggling oranges, tossing them up with left hand, catching them with his right, cas- ly, in exact rhythm. *I have wasted my life*, he s thinking. *Now that vaudeville is dead, who es about jugglers? Why did I take the trouble earn, when there is nobody to look?*

A man left a haunted house. By any door. thout stopping to think whether it was best door. So had Job Tatum come to s Vermont lake surrounded by dark hills d vineyards. Instinctively he had wanted take refuge here, where Ann and he had nt their honeymoon, where life had been flood tide, and it was easy to see God. It had been early September then. Ann d called it a benignant season, Ann gather- heavy blue grapes in a basket, Ann run- g lightly under the trees, the red leaves ling on her sunny hair. Ann had always nted to go back, but another visit was too pensive. It was heartbreaking to remem- that any delight had been too expensive Ann. He and she had both been deceived that false spacious sky that said, "Plenty time. . . . Plenty of time."

He did not recognize the lake. This steel- ored Vermont April was not at all like at blue benignant September. The water s gray, the trees bare and the grapevines isted skeletons. The cottage where Ann d he had stayed had burned down. Job k a room at the Bassett house, which had ign saying TOURISTS.

All the first day he stayed in his room, king out at the rain, the streaming trees, the church spire on the hill and, beneath his window, the wet blur of grass and lilac buds. He was as caged here as he had been in his study. He really should have gone South to some fecund place which burst with leaves and flowers. If there were a God, He was to be found in the midst of abundance. Man, in his darkest moments, had never imagined a frugal God.

NEXT day the weather was mild. Job walked up the hill and sat on a dry sunny stone. Over his head were the pregnant branches of an apple tree. He had often, with Ann, looked through branches to the sky, staring until Ann and he and the branches and the sky were one. But now he saw only remote sky and disinterested buds. He leaned over and rapped his knuckles against the ground. It was hollow. Under its ordered crust, the universe was vacant. It had no purpose that concerned the heart of man. This was its guilty secret.

According to popular notion, atheists were gay and lusty. They had gusto, and believers had gloom. But Job had never met any happy atheists. All those he had known were haunting the offices of doctors and psychiatrists, falling apart inside. Those who portrayed the gusto of unbelievers simply did not know life. Their world was the banal fantasy of the loaf of bread, the jug of wine, and the wench beside them singing in the wilderness. It sounded fine. But life did not work out that way. Wind and sun and eating and drinking and wenching were not enough for the suffering of the world, the failures, the lonely, the bereft.

Be frank, Job Tatum. You are miserable because, if you continue to have no faith, you must give up your pulpit. You would find it unpleasant to stop being the famous Job Tatum and be nobody at all in some new line of work. Moreover, you must break yourself of so many habits of thought. Even now, you find your mind snagging on some of the old phrases: "Let not your heart be troubled." . . . "Lo, I am with you alway." For these phrases, blanks must be substituted. And you must learn to remember Ann as the aimless functioning of a mechanism whose flywheel was the belief that it was not a mechanism. Or why remember at all the face of nobody who was nowhere? You must get used to it. You might, in time, even adopt the philosophy of eat, drink and be merry. But you did not think so. You could eat and drink, but not be merry. If your fellow men suffered, hoped and sacrificed, and at last went into the ground, prayed over by those who were either hypocritical or mistaken, mourned by dupes or cowards, there was nothing merry on this earth.

Tramping the hills, in a daze of thoughts that circled endlessly back to the place where they began, Job spent that black week at the





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Bassetts'. On Sunday Mrs. Bassett asked him to go to church, but he refused. On Monday, after lunch he borrowed Mr. Bassett's fishing tackle and rowboat. He rowed a mile to a cove that Mr. Bassett recommended. The water was molten silver tipped with molten gold. He let his line down.

For an hour nothing happened. Only the light wind blew, and the boat turned round the anchor, and the sun lowered. No wonder Christ had chosen fishermen for His disciples. They were by nature hopeful and patient. It was irritating to have such a thought come now, when he had almost forgotten his torment. "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

He let down his line on the other side. The fish struck. Hard. It swam with the line; it rushed toward the boat; it leaped with white spray out of the gold-and-silver water. For twenty minutes, Job was released from thought of everything except the line singing on the rod, the tightening reel, winding his quarry in, little by exultant little, until finally it came over the side of the boat.

It was a small-mouth black bass. It lay in the bottom of the boat, fins spread, scales shining, mouth wide, tail thumping, flat bright eyes eager for life. Mindless, beautiful, drowning in air, its amoral life force was gathered into an instinctive rage against death. Job gently unsnagged the hook from the desperate gaping mouth.

"If I believed in God," he said, "I would have Mrs. Bassett cook you for supper. But now that I believe nothing, and this flicker of life is all we have, I will throw you back into the lake. Swim. Comb the water through your gills. Eat, drink and be merry."

Ever since Jake went away, Gladys and Mr. Omar had gone somewhere every Saturday night. He said it was his way of keeping an eye on her like Jake told him to. This Saturday they were in Madison Square Garden at the circus. It was just wonderful. There was so much to see that she didn't know where to look, and, just for a minute, her heart stopped hurting for Jake's danger.

"I can't thank you enough, Mr. Omar. If it wasn't for you, I guess I wouldn't go anywheres except to church on Sundays."

"Never been to a church. But I heard plenty. If you want to go to church, okay, but don't take it too serious."

"But, Mr. Omar, aren't people supposed to take church serious?"

"It ain't sensible. They tell you in church that God loves you. Now you got to take that with a pinch of salt. Suppose you was starving to death. Would God reach down out of the sky and say, 'Kid, here's a half a buck; go stuff yourself'? Would He?"

"Maybe God don't reach half a buck out of the sky, but he answers prayers. Why, there's a window in the church that says ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE. So I figure, if I pray, Jake'll be safe."

"If praying does you any good, go ahead. But why do you have to pray in a church? Why couldn't you do it right in your own room."

"Look, Mr. Omar. The printed thing they give you at church says, 'This is God's house.' I figure maybe God has His ear cocked special toward His own house."

"Say, I wish I had that trick dog. My boy Leon is crazy for dogs. Now they tell you God loves you. Well, then, why do you have to pray to Him to keep Jake safe? Why wouldn't He do it anyhow? I'm just your friend, but if I could do it I'd keep Jake safe for you and you wouldn't have to ask me and you wouldn't have to thank me afterwards neither."

"You don't understand. Maybe if I didn't pray, God would think, 'Now there's that guy, Jake Malone. Nobody gives a darn for Jake and somebody's got to get killed so it might as well be him.' But when God hears me praying, He says to Himself, 'There's somebody wants Jake. I'll keep an eye on Jake. It's a good thing Gladys reminded me.' You see, Mr. Omar, there's some things you just don't understand."

Away from La Belle Fleur she had managed to see, once and for all, that Barry was not what she wanted. But one thing Barry had said was true. She was dead, and she must rise from the dead. Must rise from this white sofa in the room with the zebra rugs, and get back into the world of the living.

Ever since Easter she had thought of religion. She was that desperate. How many times she had pitied middle-aged women, without the opportunity for sex or the money for doctors, who had tried religion's obscure brands! They went up rickety stairs, sat in stuffy rooms, listened to men with turbans on their heads or women dressed in beads and scarfs. Aghast at the naïveté of a Christian heaven, they put their trust in the transmigration of souls, and said they had once been Egyptian slaves. And the conviction that she had been an Egyptian slave never seemed to console any woman for longer than six weeks.

Suppose she tried religion? Well, she would certainly choose a kind that lasted longer. Oh, stuff and nonsense! But she had tried all the sensible things. Why not try stuff and nonsense? It might be—an adventure. But of course she didn't have the right spirit. She would never get anywhere, just experimenting with some vague God as an adventure, and thinking underneath, *It might all be fiddlesticks.* She had no trust, no humility, none of the virtues that God seemed to admire. All she possessed was her need.

In the late afternoon, a pale light was flickering into Melita's bedroom over the boxes of blue hyacinths on the balcony outside the windows. This room was done as Melita wanted, but she was forever dressing to get away from it. On the stool that looked like a high blue mushroom, she was brushing her black hair, looking into the mirror with those white-lidded narrow silver eyes. She was going out to have cocktails with Ben Bliss. He not only was producing Nick's show this fall, but the musical in which Melita would soon be the star ballerina. It was only natural that she go out with Bliss.

And yet Nick wanted to say, "Don't go, Melita." He knew that she was not in love with Bliss. But he also knew that behind this meeting there was some purpose which should disturb him. And it was not any physical infidelity. Melita, having clawed her way to the top from the wrong side of the railroad tracks, was not the sort to take chances with an affair. She liked, at long last, being respectable.

But this was no comfort. Melita was planning to betray him in a fashion which would go deeper than any bodily disloyalty. She had a subtle unfaithful air as she laid down the brush, shrugged into a white dressing gown, lifting her cloud of curls over its collar.

She must not know how closely he was watching. He was anxious for her to believe he was wrapped up in this new part which would make her, once more, the wife of Broadway success. So he had brought th New Testament into the bedroom and he s in the blue slipper chair as if he were sorbed in the book and was here only becau this light was good.

"This is a very interesting book, Melit Even if I didn't have to read it for my pa I'd be interested. The man in here—yo can't help but like him. He never sai 'What's in it for me?' You can't figure out man like that."

"He wouldn't get very far these days."

"I don't wonder that people followed hi around. Suppose a man like him had put h hands on my father's eyes and made him s again? Why, I'd have followed him an where."

"This is definitely not my day." She fi gered the perfume bottles. "I'm all out Intoxication. Well, that's life for you."

"He said something I can't understan I mean when he healed people. He sai 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' I don get it. But I have a feeling that it's sort of key to the whole thing."

She was slipping into a thin black dres Carefully, so as not to disturb her hair. H knew she was not listening, but he kept o talking, because a silence, just as she wa about to go, seemed so sinister. His voic because he was not saying what he wanted t say, was pitched higher than normal. It wa a voice he would use on the stage if he we playing the part of an old man. His blin father had sounded like that when his moth had come to the door before she went out t a party. And his father had always said, "A you wearing the blue dress, Flora?"

Melita had perched a cluster of cherries o top of her head and slid a bag under her arm "Poor Nick. Reading that old book!"

She was gone. When he went to the ba cony and looked down she was standing o the curb, far below, while the doorman foun her a taxi.

*If the devil should come along right no* Nick thought, *and tell me to cast myself fro this window and promise me that it would ma Melita love me all our lives—I'd do it. I ju wish I had the chance. I'd do it.*

He looked at the empty mirror, listened t the empty room. "Fool," he said bitterl "Fool." And he did not know whether h was speaking to himself or to the man in th book.

*I, Laura, the wife of Henry, can be sure privacy under a drier in a beauty parlor. Wit the metal cap over my wet head, nothing is r quired of me.*

*There are ten other women under driers. I what goes on inside of them as desperate a what goes on inside of me? If they would te*

*(Continued on Page 87)*

## *Ice Hazards*

REMOVE snow and slush promptly before it becomes packed or frozen, advises the National Safety Council. If ice has already formed and cannot be cleared, sprinkle it with salt, sand, ashes, fine cinders—or mix the salt with any of these gritty materials.

### *Icy Steps are Especially Dangerous*

Icicles which hang from the roof above entrances should be removed so that they do not fall on the heads of unsuspecting guests or fall and cause puddles which freeze into icy spots where accidents may happen.

Two strips of strong adhesive tape placed to form a cross on the soles of rubbers or galoshes will make them more skidproof. This is particularly important this year, since most rubbers and galoshes are worn smooth and new ones are scarce.

An indication of the seriousness of the ice problem was a report last winter that 100 members of the police force of Chicago were disabled from falls on ice during one month.

# "Love like Ours can't change"...



*Would you be "different"*
*when you came home,*
*I'd wondered? You'd been away*
*so long. But*—"I'll love you
forever," *you said.* "A girl
with such exciting-soft hands"...
*Oh, no wonder Jergens Lotion*
*is far and away the favorite*
*hand care! Stars in Hollywood*
*use Jergens, 7 to 1.*

**So—an apartment for two.**
*"We'll surely go places,"* you said,
*"now your soft hand's in mine for always."* Oh,
darling, I'll always use Jergens.







**Now more effective than ever**—
thanks to wartime research. Important skin-care discoveries were made during wartime. Jergens skin scientists used this new knowledge to make your favorite Jergens Lotion even more effective. *"Makes my hands feel even smoother, softer,"* women said, after testing this even finer Jergens Lotion. *"Protects my hands longer."* You didn't think the best could be even better, but once again Jergens proves —science knows no limitations.

**Have the joy** of using this post-war Jergens Lotion. Still contains those 2 ingredients—so helpful for skin-softening that many a doctor prescribes them. So easy! No oiliness; no stickiness. In the stores now—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).

*For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use*

# JERGENS LOTION

*Now more Effective than ever, thanks to Wartime Research*



*Frigidaire—the name that is known best for keeping foods cold—has won an equally fine reputation for making foods hot.*

# *Why Frigidaire is America's finest Electric Range!*

**Fast!...Low Cost!**...Clean!...Sure Results! ...Safe!...Beautiful! These advantages, in fullest measure, are Frigidaire's contributions to the ease and enjoyment of modern electric cooking. And they are in addition to all the exciting new features, all the outstanding conveniences in Frigidaire's long record for lasting satisfaction, unsurpassed value . . . a record for proved dependability established by Frigidaire appliances in millions of American kitchens.




**Only Frigidaire has Radiantube Cooking Units!** Heat fast, save current. Unique design guards against heat waste, insures maximum contact with utensils. Long-lasting, rugged. Spill-overs can't hurt them. Easy to clean.

**This combination of** features makes Frigidaire America's finest electric range. Cook-Master clock control turns heat on and off automatically...Thermizer Cooker cooks a complete meal for less than 2 cents . . . oven is largest size available . . . extra-thick insulation keeps heat in, keeps kitchen cool . . . accurate controls assure cook-book results every time . . . broiler is waist-high for extra convenience . . . cabinet is porcelained inside and out—wipes clean easily.

## *See the Favorite...See Frigidaire*

**See your Frigidaire Dealer for proof.**
He'll be glad to show you all the advantages that make Frigidaire America's finest electric range. Or write Frigidaire, 703 Amelia St., Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, 468 Commercial Road, Leaside 12, Ontario.

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HOME FREEZERS • KITCHEN CABINETS • WATER COOLERS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS

(Continued from Page 84)

*ie—but we could not hear each other. That is ie trouble with this world. No heart ever really ears any other heart.*

*God. I'm afraid to try God. So many people in for religion and are touched in the head. 'hat man Henry knew who began talking bout God and then had a nervous breakdown. don't want to be crazy. But every emotion akes its lunatics. The world is littered with ves wrecked by love. There must be sane at- active people who believe in God. But I don't ant to meet people who have a creed. Who are lways stretching things out or chopping them ff. Suppose I ignore everybody except God. uppose I just keep my mind on God. Sup- ose I say, "I am thinking about You, God. ven if it is a sign I am going crazy. I cannot e any worse off than I am now. See, I am be- ng frank with You. I know nothing about ou. And what I have heard is not terribly en- ouraging. But at least I am willing to take a hance on You. Here I am. With my good and y evil. With what I did and what I did not o. Here I am. With no excuses."*

*The Bible says that every hair on our heads s counted. God, I wish You would take as uch notice of me as the hairdresser does who mbs out my pin curls.*

He had never seen enough of spring. There as always some part of it he missed. In other ears, the crocuses had lain in ambush and cap- ured his lawn when he was not looking. He ad always been too busy to take time for the ood tide of spring, when the apples, the pears nd peaches and lilacs all blossomed at once, nk and purple and white, under the warm blue y. But this spring was different. He had lenty of time. He walked in the sunlight owly under the flowering trees. He had been linded at Salerno.

It was absurd to think, this early, about tudying your part. It was only the first of une, and rehearsals would not start until ctober. But you were like a man too long way from a devoted wife.

You tried to memorize just one scene. You hose the speech where you quote from the ermon on the Mount. But you could not arn it. You had no memory at all. You got ust so far and then your mind was suddenly tuffed tight with gray wool. And then you ooked at the script and wondered how you ould have forgotten, because the words ere not difficult at all:

"And he opened his mouth, and taught hem, saying, 'Blessed are the poor in pirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn ——'"

There the blank came. Why should you ail in just that place? Of course you did not elieve that those who mourned were lessed. Who wanted to mourn? Perhaps ou forgot those lines because you thought hey were not true. But all your life you had aid, and very glibly, lines in which you did ot believe. Why, now, should you stumble?

You tried analyzing these lines because, if ou understood them, you might remember. But the Nazarene was a mysterious fellow. ometimes he sounded so wise that you aught your breath and sometimes he ounded foolish. Could he have been both ise and foolish? That didn't seem possible.

Comforted. How? If you went to Melita nd told her that you could not remember our lines, she would not say the right hings. You had always known there was no omfort of that kind in Melita. But perhaps ou were wrong; you had never given her a hance.

You ought not to disturb Melita at a re- earsal. But there was no one else. If a man ouldn't go to his wife when he was in rouble, where could he go? You went out. A taxi bore you through the blue night air of he park toward the spangled windows of hose who mourned or did not mourn, rising ier on tier into the night.

You were in the wings. Melita was re- earsing the white ballet. The floor of the tage was a mirror, so that every dancer was wo dancers, joined together lightly at the oes. In the wings opposite, you noticed Don Bellamy, the handsome young man who had the role of the mayor in your play. Whom did Don Bellamy know here?

Melita was twirling on her toes, the ice-white dress fluttering and foaming, drifting like a feather. As she turned, you saw her face, and your heart bounded. Why, you had been wrong about Melita. She had the comfort you needed. The other dancers gathered about her, like the petals of a white peony, and she was lifted up, in her most radiant pose, her face, secret and tender, the face of a woman in love.

"Okay," someone shouted. The radiance stopped in midair. The mirror was dull. A dancer was no longer two dancers. Melita began walking toward the opposite wings.

"Melita," you called, and she turned, startled. All the tender promise in her face was gone. She only looked very tired. Your heart dropped like a stone.

"Nick," she said. "Why are you here?"

"Blessed are they that mourn," you said, dazed and stupid. "It's a line in my play. I can't remember the next line. Can you help me remember?"

"Are you crazy? How should I know?"

"If you loved me, Melita, perhaps I could remember."

"You are talking nonsense," she said. And she was right.

"You must be baptized," Reverend Primrose said. He looked more like a football player than a minister. His hair was a stiff sandy brush all over his head, and he had freckles. It didn't seem right for a minister to have freckles.

"But—I thought baptizing was just something they did to babies."

"Everyone must be baptized before becoming a church member."

"I'd just as soon."

"Just why do you want to join the church, Miss Foster?"

"Do I—do I have to say why?"

"But surely you must have a reason."

She told him about Jake, and that was no lie, because she wanted to get affiliated not just on account of a funeral, but on account of Jake too. Reverend Primrose smiled, and when he smiled he looked real human. She wasn't afraid to ask him, now, the question that was on her mind.

"I don't mean anything disrespectful. But—how does God love us? Like—like I love Jake?"

"God loves us like a father."

"My father drank."

"That's the fault of our social order." He looked at his wrist watch. "I wish I could talk longer, Miss Foster. But I have other calls to make. Come to my office at the church next Sunday at half past ten. I'll baptize you, and then you can join the church at the morning service."

He didn't sound at all sacred. It was like making a date for a permanent. "I sort of expected you would ask me some questions. Like am I going to lead a better life or ——"

"I don't need to ask you any questions," he said. And then, just for a minute, he did sound sacred. "I know you're going to lead a better life."

The floor show was on at the Golden Galleon. The music was loud and the girls were kicking up their heels to the stars painted on the ceiling. "I want to forget," the man muttered into his glass. "I'll sit here and pay a hundred bucks to forget. Then I'll go out of here and remember."

Job Tatum, in the wing chair by the hearth, looked over at Mr. and Mrs. Briggs on the wide velvet sofa. This dinner had been exactly like all the others in the twenty years since he had baptized their boy in his christening robe on the satin pillow.

Mr. Briggs was smoking the right kind of cigar. Mrs. Briggs, with gold-tipped needles, was turning the heel of an Army sock. These were the chief pillars of his church. Without the Briggses and a few others like them, St. Simon's could not function. Year after year, they gave generously. Nor did they, like so many pillars, attempt to dictate church policy. Of course the policy of St. Simon's had never run counter to their wishes, but that, perhaps, was only a coincidence.

Since his return from the lake, Job had gone about his work almost as usual. It had been fairly easy to busy himself with the details of organization work and committees. Other ministers, he felt, must have concealed the emptiness of their spirits in this way, till finally they had forgotten what faith was like, as a person long ill may forget what health is like. Or they kept crusading for enlightened government, world cooperation. Faith in world objectives was easier than what some of the modern clergy called "the mystical side" of religion.

But Job was not made of the stuff of compromise. He was determined to leave his pulpit unless he could believe. Every day, every hour he was consciously or unconsciously searching for a way to believe. That was why he had accepted the Briggses' invitation. They were "good people." They had a "Christian home." Perhaps if he turned the after-dinner talk that way, they might tell him why they had faith. Their only son had been killed in action. Next Sunday they had sat, as usual, in their pew.

## *A Tidy Life*

**By Pauline Bridge Henderson**

**I want a tidy life,**
**Neat as a woman's**
**Workbasket.**

**Tasks . . .**
**Wound on separate spools**
**That unravel**
**In single-thread**
**Logical fashion.**

**Ideas . . .**
**That keep filling the basket.**
**Good cloth**
**To make things of.**

**Dreams . . .**
**That lie close**
**Though separate**
**As a woman's collection**
**Of buttons.**

**A mind . . .**
**That is stern**
**As the scissor,**
**That cuts the cloth**
**To shape.**

**Pains . . .**
**Sharp and clean**
**As needles,**
**To sew all the pieces**
**Together.**

**And love . . .**
**Like the basket itself,**
**Firm-woven, strong**
**And cradling.**

Job might find a way to believe if they would only say how, in the test, God had stood by them.

And yet, they seemed so untouched. Of course there were little differences. Once, during dinner, Mrs. Briggs had said, "My son," and stopped, and time had seemed to stop with her. Then she had hurried on to say something about their victory garden on the terrace. What Job had noticed most was what the Briggses did not say. What they did say was the same: Mrs. Briggs apologizing for the way dinner had been served and Mr. Briggs discussing, with a wry amusement, the problems of a businessman at the mercy of politicians in a world made imbecile by war. Tonight he turned to prophecy:

"Between you and me, all this talk about a better postwar world is just the stuff they feed the troops. When we get the dust out of our eyes, this earth will be pretty much the same old place it's always been."

Job knew that he should not say what he was going to say, but if he were going to get any help, he must reach beneath the surface. "What did your son think about it?"

"Guess he never got around to thinking very much," Mr. Briggs said gruffly. "After all, he was only nineteen. How about some brandy?"

"I did so enjoy your sermon last Sunday," Mrs. Briggs said hurriedly.

*. . . And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.*

At last he was away from them, in the open air, breathing it deep, wishing he could smash his fist into the teeth of conventional morality—the earth-born and shrewd and sterile thing that people like the Briggses lived by, that Job Tatum, unless he found his faith again, must substitute for religion, heaven-born and fecund. And he always had known and always would know, in or out of St. Simon's, that man could not live by morality alone. Her breasts were shriveled. Her loins were dry. He could see himself, in the years to come. Godless but moral. Arid but law-abiding. A man who might believe in love, but who, since his love died, had been alone.

It was the fifth of June. Tomorrow was her wedding day. She leaned out of her window and looked at the approving stars, and the silver flowers smiling in their sleep. "Such a wonderful night," she said. "Such a peaceful night. Everybody asleep but God and the milkman and me. Thank you, fifth of June, for being so quiet and so beautiful."

Job wakened with a start. And yet there had been no noise. But there was a loud sound in his mind. He turned the knob of his bedside radio.

"*American troops have landed in France.*"

This was the hour. The long waiting had ended. Here was an exultation that, a year ago, would have made him turn to his God and pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." But now —— At this moment, men were dying. And, since there was no God, in death men became nothing.

He tried to imagine nothing. He could not, because there was no nothing in Nature. Even the black space between the stars was not empty. And how strange that death, which seemed so natural, should be this unnatural nothing.

"—— *casualties so far are light* ——"

No casualty was light. Not when it struck home. Job had always thought, since he was too old to be a chaplain, that his work would be to comfort his people not only for the death of those they loved, but for the sense of weariness and doom which war brought even to the victorious. But now he was useless. The hour had come, and he had nothing to give. He prayed. It was difficult to break this habit. He prayed, "Lord, let me die, and let a man with faith be saved to comfort Thy people."

Next morning in the church study he kept the radio turned low. Miss Grooby said she thought the invasion showed God was in His heaven and all was right with the world. But had Doctor Tatum forgotten about looking in on the convention of Sunday-school teachers this morning?

Around eleven Job looked in. The teachers were seated in earnest rows. They all were trained in "religious education." The church had gone a long distance from the days when any old maid could teach Sunday school and say anything she pleased.

A superintendent from Passaic was speaking on Social Attitudes. The child, he said, must not be taught insecurity; there was some doubt as to the value of the old song, Jesus Loves Me, because the line, "I am weak but He is strong," might lead to an inferiority complex.

Job knew that these workers were far better equipped than the Salvation Army woman who had given him, at the age of seven, a gaudy chromo of Christ, with the words "All we like sheep have gone astray." And yet, there was something missing at this meeting.

At two o'clock, Mellon came to the study. A minister could not be too particular these days about his assistants. Yet every time Job heard Mellon's voice he wanted to grind his

# ...and *first* in the hearts of pie lovers!

Bake 'em big or bake 'em small they will all be juicy, with a rich flavor that only Karo can give. Try baking any or all of these deep-dish pies. They are easy to make, cost very little and do big things to make your family happy.

THE KARO KID








## DEEP-DISH CHERRY PIE

3 cups pitted sour cherries, drained
2 tbsp. sugar
3½ tbsp. corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. almond extract
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
¼ cup cherry juice
1 tbsp. butter, melted
1½ cups Karo, Red or Blue Label
(½ recipe pastry)

Place cherries in 9-inch deep-pie dish. Combine other ingredients as listed; stir until well blended. Pour over cherries.

Cut 9-inch circle from pastry rolled ⅛ inch thick; cut slits, or cherry design, to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce to moderate (350° F.), bake 35 minutes longer. Serve warm. For 6 individual deep-dish pies, use same filling but one recipe pastry.

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## DEEP-DISH PRUNE AND APRICOT PIES

1½ cups cooked prunes
1½ cups cooked apricots
1 tbsp. corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
1½ tbsp. butter, melted
1 cup Karo, Red or Blue Label
(1 recipe pastry)

Drain fruit. Pit and halve prunes. Mix with apricots. Put in 6 individual deep-pie dishes. Combine other ingredients; blend well. Pour equally over fruit.

Roll pastry ⅛ inch thick. Arrange lattice of narrow pastry strips across top. Make rim with one long strip. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 35 minutes longer. Serve warm. For one 9-inch deep-dish pie, use same filling but ½ recipe pastry.





## DEEP-DISH APPLE PIES

6 medium-sized apples
1 tbsp. corn starch
1 tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
3 tbsp. butter, melted
1½ cups Karo, Red or Blue Label
(1 recipe pastry)

Peel and core apples. Cut in eighths. Put in 6 individual deep-pie dishes. Combine other ingredients as listed; blend well. Pour equally over apples.

Roll pastry ⅛ inch thick. Cut into six circles, ½ inch larger than pie dish. Place over apples. Turn under outer edges. Seal edges. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce to moderate (350° F.); bake 35 minutes longer. Serve warm. For 9-inch deep-dish pie, use same filling but ½ recipe pastry.

*(Continued from Page 90)*

got rich expensive silence. And Job had grown to like silence. The constant noises twisted his nerves. Why did he have to hear, to know, to share, to get involved? Why could he not find his faith in silence, in a cool, clean, sweet-smelling place, by tumbling green sea water or on a high mountain trail? If there was a God, He liked silence. On the seventh day He rested and took His ease in the silent spaces between the stars.

It was cooler when night came, but he did not like the dark. He seemed to stop being Job Tatum and be that child again as he felt himself falling asleep. He woke about two in the morning, his heart pounding. He was lying, as he had used to lie as a child, facing the door, listening for his mother's steps on the stairs, wanting and yet not wanting to hear. Ice cold in the heat, he turned on the light, and was reassured by the sight of his middle-aged body. But, for a while, he could not think the thoughts of a middle-aged man, the minister of St. Simon's. He kept the light on until he stopped being a child. And he heard all the night noises: outside, the fire truck, the police car speeding; inside, the sighing—yes, under it all, there was a strange sort of sighing—as there had been, on Easter morning, at St. Simon's.

At five o'clock he went to an all-night restaurant where he had eggs and coffee. The cash register, the dishes, the tinware jangled, clattered and crashed.

"Kinda quiet, ain't it?" somebody said. "Let's put a nickel in the juke box. I get the creeps when it's so quiet."

He was at the dock at six, showing the button on his shirt. He stood with a group of other workmen, self-conscious because his cap and overalls were new, shoving his white hands deep in his pockets. The early climbing sun reddened the mist on the river; it would be another scorching day. "Hey there, get a move on," the foreman called, and Job and another man started rolling a heavy drum.

But Job still did not feel *of* the people. He felt exactly as he had on the morning when he took Holy Orders.

SHE had been trying now, every day for a month, to think about God. But nothing had happened. She thought and thought, and that was the end of it. She had even hunted up an old Bible, and read it, here and there, but it had no meaning for her. After years of neglecting God, she could not expect —— Yet God was everywhere. Even in her failure to find Him. God was love.

Whenever she thought of love, she thought of Betsy. Not of Betsy as she was now, tall, slim, adult, married, a separate human being wanting very much to be separate. Another Betsy, a child of seven, with wide serious brown eyes and long straight hair falling around her shoulders, a pudgy Betsy, whom one could love almost as much as one wanted.

*God is a spirit, and they that worship Him ——*

Henry had always been afraid she would ruin the children by loving them too much. Henry had been the victim of a doting possessive mother. He had sent Ted, very young, to a boarding school, and, after that, Ted had belonged to his school and was never part of the country house where Henry and Betsy and she lived. But Henry had seen no harm in her keeping Betsy at home. And so the love of which Henry was afraid had flourished. It was like the little milk jug in the fable. The more you poured out, the more bubbled up from its secret source.

Betsy was seven when Poos came to the house. Poos was a tiger kitten. "A real tiger," Betsy had said, her eyes bright and proud, as if all the other children were being deceived by false tigers. Poos hadn't been in the house three days before Betsy found out Poos was a ventriloquist. She never seemed to open her mouth, but she made Betsy and mamma open their mouths and talk in a special high voice they called "the Poos voice." Maybe Betsy spoke in the Poos voice, while mamma answered; or the other way round.

*You are not here to think about Betsy, but to think about God. Concentrate. God is everything. God is love.*

It was very clear, from the first, that Po loved Betsy much more than she loved ar body else. If there was any argument abo anything, Poos always took Betsy's part. F instance, when it was time for bed, Poos ma mamma say it was wrong to put such a lov little girl to bed so early. Betsy would lau so hard over how embarrassed mamma was have to say such a thing that she forgot to sorry about going to bed.

*Laura, you are a scatterbrain. You will nev find God. The heavens declare the glory of G and the firmament showeth His handiwork.*

When Betsy got a cold, Poos got a cold to Betsy didn't want to stay in bed and have th doctor, but Poos made things easier by usin mamma's voice, much squeakier and hoarse than usual, to tell about her doctor. He wa called Doctor Stripey because nobody kne whether he was a black cat with white stripe or a white cat with black stripes.

Doctor Stripey had been born and brough up in China, where, as everyone knows, pec ple do things backward, like reading fro right to left and shaking hands with them selves instead of with one another. So, o course, Doctor Stripey always prescribed fo his patients backward. When Poos coughed he'd say, "You don't need any medicine. Al you need is to go out and get your feet we and eat a lot of candy." Betsy used to argu and argue with Poos, trying to show her wha backward advice this was, but Poos wen right on believing Doctor Stripey. Naturall her cold got worse, while Betsy, taking th right medicine, got better. When Poos' voic became only a whisper, she stopped believin in Doctor Stripey. Until her next cold.

*Abide in Me and I will abide in you.*

Poos died when Betsy was fifteen, bu Betsy and mamma talked about her som times. Years afterward, on the night befor Betsy's wedding, mamma went into Betsy room. Betsy lay in bed, her brown hair sprea over the pillow. Mamma didn't say any thing, because there was so much to say, bu Betsy said, "I wish Poos was here."

*May the peace of God, which passeth all u derstanding, fill your hearts and minds.*

The room with the zebra rugs looked unrea to Laura. For a while she had been to a plac that was real. For a moment it was given h to know that in some sunlit world, ind structible as love, beyond the reach of tim over the edge of death, the little girl and t tiger kitten were still playing in their garde Not lost, not gone, not over, but safe in dimension where all other dimensions we outmoded.




*"Terrible, wasn't it sit through it*

*it? I could hardly the second time."*

Back in this everyday room, the light faded. God was as far away as ever. But the dry hardness in her heart was melted, and she wept. And she had no idea why.

"You would never have harmed that man," Doctor Tatum said.

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"Tell me. I can take it."

"You are at war with yourself. Trying to find out who you are. Don Bellamy has nothing to do with that war."

"That's true. I do keep wishing somebody could say to me, 'This is you.' Once and for all. It would be a comfort."

"What's that line you always have trouble remembering?"

"Blessed are they that mourn."

"Do you think it's a lie?"

"No. Not exactly. I think that what He meant was just that time is a great healer. But that's not the sort of comfort I want. That's not enough."

Doctor Tatum took a long time answering. Then he said, as if he didn't want to say anything, "I doubt if Christ was talking about the mere passage of time. If He had been, He would simply have said that those who mourned would be comforted. But He went further. He said they were blessed. I've always preached that those words mean exactly what they say. That those who mourn are blessed because theirs will be a special sort of comfort that only sorrow can bring."

"Can you figure out how I'll be comforted?"

"No. But I hope you will not commit the sin of not wanting to be comforted, a sin which is more common than you think. People clutch their crosses because it's easier to carry a cross, sometimes, than it is to lay it down. But I trust you are not that sort of man. And so, someday, you will find your own comfort. There'll come a time when something in your life will be lifted up, and it will draw you to it, and you will know who you are and what you want. And then you will be comforted." Doctor Tatum got up and opened the window behind him. By now it was dark outside. "The truth is that the people who mourn know what other people can never know, see what other people can never see. That is, if they walk through the valley of the shadow with their eyes open. That's why the cross is the symbol of Christianity, instead of a thousand happier symbols."

"Say, remember the first time I came here and you asked me if my name was Nicodemus? Why, he was the fellow who went to Christ in the middle of the night and wanted to know the low-down. Guess I'm kind of like that."

"Everybody makes me think of Nicodemus. This whole world is wondering, in the middle of the night, whether there's a God to find, and how they can find Him. In the middle of the night, mind you. By day, they won't admit it."

"I couldn't make sense out of what Christ said to Nicodemus about being born again."

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He had given up trying to force himself to believe. He saw, now, that forcing was as foolish as if he should try, by main strength, to mend a broken arm. *Relax and wait. Heal from the inside. Easy does it. All in good time,* he told himself every night. *All in good time.*

He was getting used to South Bleecker Street. The filth and smell and noise had stopped troubling him. However, so far, the people here were dull. As dull as the people uptown. No one seemed worth knowing. What a joke on him it would be, if he came to South Bleecker Street to get close to his fellow men, to be refreshed by his fellow men, and found a bartender who was a stuffed shirt, a priggish street sweeper, a tedious policeman, a smug butcher.

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Except for their clothes, they all seemed no different from the people uptown. Men came home from work with tabloids under their arms, or candy, or a pint of ice cream. After dinner they listened to the radio, or went to the movies, repeating, in another setting, the daily life of the parishioners at St. Simon's.

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*(Continued on Page 95)*

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THE KARO KID






## DEEP-DISH CHERRY PIE

3 cups pitted sour cherries, drained
2 tbsp. sugar
3½ tbsp. corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. almond extract
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
¼ cup cherry juice
1 tbsp. butter, melted
1½ cups Karo, Red and Blue Label
(½ recipe pastry)

Place cherries in 9-inch deep-pie dish. Combine other ingredients as listed; stir until well blended. Pour over cherries.

Cut 9-inch circle from pastry rolled ⅛ inch thick; cut slits, or cherry design, to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce to moderate (350° F.), bake 35 minutes longer. Serve warm. For 6 individual deep-dish pies, use same filling but one recipe pastry.



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## DEEP-DISH PRUNE AND APRICOT PIES

1½ cups cooked prunes
1½ cups cooked apricots
1 tbsp. corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
1½ tbsp. butter, melted
1 cup Karo, Red and Blue Label
(1 recipe pastry)

Drain fruit. Pit and halve prunes. Mix with apricots. Put in 6 individual deep-pie dishes. Combine other ingredients; blend well. Pour equally over fruit.

Roll pastry ⅛ inch thick. Arrange lattice of narrow pastry strips across top. Make rim with one long strip. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 35 minutes longer. Serve warm. For one 9-inch deep-dish pie, use same filling but ½ recipe pastry.

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(Continued from Page 93)

they ould do if they were Eisenhower. They him of his own board of trust

Or ernoon in early August, Mr. on Job's door. "I thought mayl you wouldn't mind going with me to see my boy Leon. He's in an Army hospital over to Long Island."

"Wounded?"

"Not what you'd call wounded. He got a knock on the head over in France, but there ain't a scratch on him today. It's his memory. He don't remember nothing at all. The doctors ain't let me see him yet, but now they want me to. They think it might make him begin to remember. I'd like for you to be along. I don't know why, but I've took a shine to you."

"Be right with you."

Job liked Mr. Omar's asking him. He liked it better than anything that had happened in a long while. Perhaps now he was really beginning to get close, reach through, be in touch. Mr. Omar seemed like his best friend in the world.

They didn't talk much on the long subway ride. At the hospital a doctor in a white starched gown warned Mr. Omar how Leon would act and led them into a small room where a man stood alone by a window, looking out.

"Hello, Leon," the doctor said. "This is Mr. Tatum—and—your father."

Leon was gaunt. His face was somber. "Sorry not to remember," he said.

"That's all right—son." Mr. Omar's voice was thin and bright. "You look fine, Leon. I guess they take good care of you here."

"They keep me busy." Leon moved over to a table on which was something covered by a wet cloth. "Here's what I've been doing."

Job caught his breath. It was a statue of a dog, a large hungry mongrel dog, who might be running along South Bleecker Street, his muzzle to the ground.

"We're very proud of Leon," the doctor said. "He has the makings of a first-rate sculptor. We're planning to hold an exhibition of his work. To encourage the other men."

"But this ain't like you, Leon," Mr. Omar said. "You never did nothing like this."

The doctor frowned at Mr. Omar. "It sometimes happens in cases of this kind that hidden talents are uncovered."

Job asked, "Could we see Leon's other work?"

They went downstairs to the workshop. Leon's other statues were all strong and sure, like the mongrel dog. There was one that Leon called Memory, the figure of a woman with her face turned away. Here, with his sculpture, Leon did not look somber. His face lighted up. He talked and talked about what he planned to do. It was only when they went upstairs again that he lost his glow, and said, as if it were a lesson which he had learned, that he was sorry not to remember.

BACK on South Bleecker Street, Job stayed awhile in Mr. Omar's flat. Mr. Omar didn't want to be left alone. And Job was lonely too. He suddenly realized how lonely. It was fine, just sitting here with Mr. Omar. Job was close to Mr. Omar.

"Guess I'll have to be going," Job said, around midnight.

"Thanks for staying with me, Mr. Tatum."

"I think you were the one who stayed with me."

"Those statues Leon made. They're beautiful, ain't they?"

"They certainly are."

"It ain't everybody can make such things. I been studying it out to myself. Of course it hits you hard when your son don't know you. But it's like this, Mr. Tatum. If Leon can make those beautiful things—well, he don't have to remember me."

Nick and Melita were giving an after-theater supper. Melita's musical was opening tomorrow night. The apartment was full of food, smoke, drink and voices.

Nick liked the party. When they guests, it seemed as if Melita and he really a husband and wife, who loved other. And this crowd tonight knew Commuters to Heaven was going place that Nick Romney was successful again. "Boy, you look fit." . . . "Lemme to you for luck." . . . "Here's to you, Nick." Though it was shallow, it was good to he Nobody but a man who had been on ragged edge of being forgotten could imag how good it was to hear.

He took Larry a highball. Larry was the piano, a cigarette sagging from his li "I hear you're a man of God," he mumble and he stopped playing, and there was th sudden silence which, for no reason at a can come over a noisy party. "I hear you g religion," Larry said, in a high sodden voi and everybody crowded around Nick, b cause this would be something. Melita w next to Don Bellamy, a little apart from t others, as if desire had drawn a circle arou them.

Nick couldn't think of any wisecracks. H looked down at his glass. "I've been studyi the part."

"Studying the part!" Melita drawle "Nick's been living the part. He simp haunts some church or other."

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

## *Song of Loved Things*

**By Elizabeth-Ellen Long**

**In times of joy and times of grief**
**These I have loved beyond belief,**
**These I have loved and always will:**
**All trees that grow, and every hill,**
**Fields newly plowed, young corn in rows,**
**The old dark prophecies of crows,**
**Evening wind in willow thickets,**
**Frog songs and the songs of crickets,**
**Stone walls that wear frail lichen lace,**
**The daisy's round and sun-washed face,**
**Lanes over which wild grasses lean,**
**All things my own hands have scrubbed clean.**
**These I have loved in times of pain**
**And times of happiness: the rain,**
**First stars, white moonlight, nor shall I**
**Leave them behind the day I die!**

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

The crowd brayed and screamed.

"What's it like in church, Nick?" Larg said. "Give. You're among friends."

They were smiling at Nick, breathing him, breathing vodka and smoke. He had say something. But if he should tell the the truth—what Doctor Tatum had sa about being born again, and how there w something about that sort of thing which y couldn't put out of your mind, once it g in—they'd start tapping their heads.

"Take it easy," Nick said. "Sure, I go ov to the church. I have to know how ministe act, don't I?"

"Show us how," somebody said. "Mal like the guy over at that church, Nick."

Nick made like the sort of guy they thoug a minister was. "Miserable sinners," squeaked, "repent or you'll burn in he fire." Everybody nearly died laughing. Ni was priceless. Nick was out of this world.

But no act could hold this crowd very lon Larry crashed down on the piano. The othe turned away, getting their glasses filled, p ing their plates. In another ten minute they would have forgotten. Melita had a ready forgotten. She was smiling at Do the palm of her hand flat against his.

*Nick Romney. These are not your peop That woman over there is not your wife. Th*

Back in this everyday room, the light faded. God was as far away as ever. But the dry hardness in her heart was melted, and she wept. And she had no idea why.

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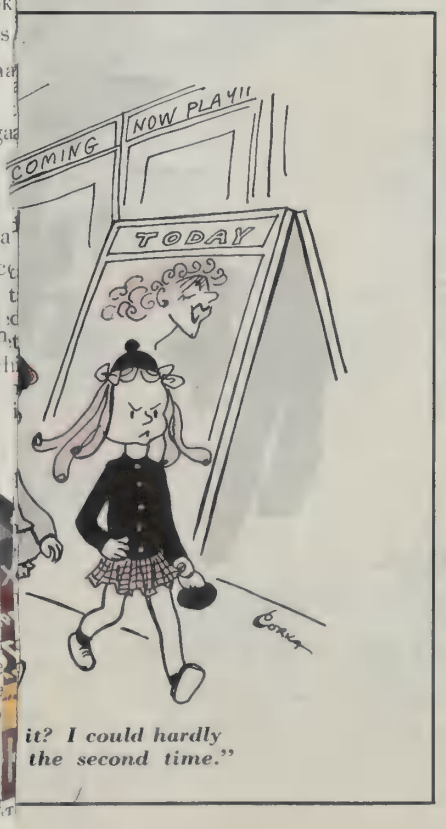
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(Continued on Page 95)




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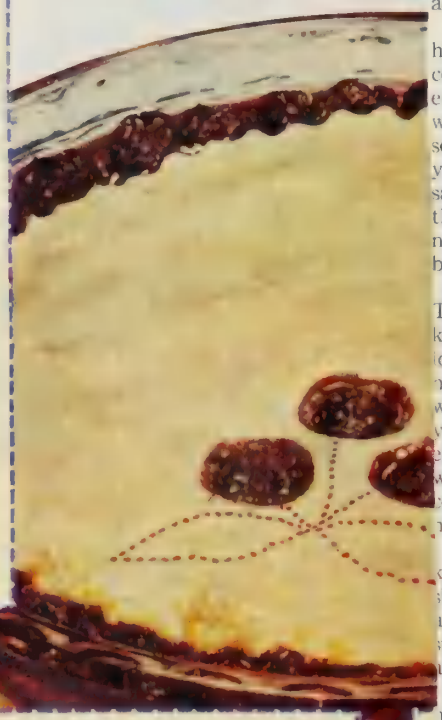



**DEEP-DISH CHERRY PIE**

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2 tbsp. sugar
3½ tbsp. corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
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1 tsp. lemon juice
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⅛ tsp. nutmeg
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(½ recipe pastry)

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hat held her, transfixed. If she turned and ooked over her shoulder —— But she was fraid to turn—and then the otherness was one.

She came up to the street with the box nder her arm. No. It had not been an illuion. The otherness was real, more real than nything she had ever known. More actual han the sidewalk under her feet, or the tall apery buildings, or the people who were hadows gliding past.

Gradually the buildings stopped being paery, and the people were flesh and blood. Everything was almost the same. But not quite. And she did not feel at all tired. She walked lightly to the post office and laid her burden down at the window.

Sunlight is pouring over the hills, the plains, the valleys. Housewives hang their washing in the sun. Children play in the sun. Bathers on the beaches bare their bodies to the sun.

Ever since you, Laura, a very ordinary woman, had known that otherness, you had belonged. You did not have that dreadful sense of being outside the world and trying to get back in. That panic, that sense of slippery surface under your hands, had gone. You knew, now, that there was no such thing as being outside the world.

The more you thought about what had happened, the more real it seemed. You could never live it over again, like any other event, but it was real. It was like suddenly, when you least expect it, seeing or hearing something beautiful; like the moment when you lose yourself in beauty, before you start saying why it is beautiful and asking who is the artist. But the otherness was better than beauty.

You were not unique. The experience you had known must happen to a lot of people. Only they never told about it. You would never tell. Because you could not make the experience real to anyone who hadn't known. It could be told only with new words.

But the people who had known that otherness should have a special way of nodding at one another. As if to say, "We know. We were surprised, like you. We belong. We are not alone."

Maybe churches, back in the beginning, had been meant to be that special sort of nodding. And they had called that otherness God.

Such an experience as yours was supposed to make you "better." But you were no better. You were almost the same Laura. With your headaches and your nerves. With your old set of sins. You were no kinder or more patient, and you had not forgiven your enemies. What were you supposed to do? Were you simply to wait for the otherness to come again?

*Be still. The otherness is always near you. It does not really come and go; it does not live or cease to live. It is steadfast, and you are not steadfast. Because you are human, you cannot know it all the while. You could not bear it. Take heart. Be still. You have known what you have known. Rest there a while.*

JOB TATUM dreamed he was down at the docks and all the men had hammers. He woke. Someone was knocking at the door. It was not yet midnight. He threw on his dressing gown, shoved his feet into slippers and opened the door. A woman he had never seen confronted him.

"I'm Dell Royal," she said. "I live next door, with Bert and Liz. I'm sorry to —but my little boy if you could come over ——"

He stopped only to take his money from the bureau. He had learned not to leave money lying around at No. 12. They went through a kitchen into a room with a single bed and a cot on which lay a small boy gasping for breath.

"Asthma," Dell Royal said. "I'm out of his pills. If you could stay with him while I run to the drugstore ——" She turned to the child. "Mamma will be right back, Pete darling. Mr. Tatum's going to stay with you. I'm sorry to bother you like this, Mr. Tatum. But Liz is at the movies and Bert has gone bowling."

Job put his arm around the boy, propping him upright against the pillow. The small body felt hot. *O Father in heaven, send down Thy healing.* The words he had spoken by so many bedsides came by habit to his lips, but he did not say them aloud. He reached into the pocket of his gown.

"Why, look, Pete. You're a magic boy. You have a quarter coming right out of your nose." It was one of the tricks he had learned from his father.

Pete looked. Coins came out of his nose, his ears, out of the air. Pete's voice was choked and husky. "Gee, that's keen."

Job was still making magic when Dell Royal came in. She was older than he had thought; around thirty. Her brown eyes were anxious.

"He's better."

"It comes and goes like that." She stooped over the cot. "You're fine now, Pete. Go to sleep."

"Will the man stay till I'm asleep?"

"I'll stay," Job promised. "I'll wait in the kitchen till your mother says you're asleep."

HE went out. The kitchen had a table covered with yellow oilcloth, and four straight chairs painted yellow. The curtains were yellow-checked gingham. It looked like the sort of kitchen Dell Royal would have. But not Bert and Liz Oak. Job wiped his forehead. No air was stirring. Dell Royal came out of the bedroom, leaving the door ajar. She pushed a yellow glow of hair back from her forehead.

"You've been so kind," she said. "I'm sorry I had to bother you. But Liz and Bert have to get out once in a while."

He was conscious now of his dressing gown and slippers. But she did not seem to be. He had a feeling she never noticed unimportant things.

"I'll make us some coffee." She went over to the oilstove. "After Pete has one of his attacks I always feel like coffee."

There was something about her which did not belong to South Bleecker Street. And yet she behaved as if she were at home here. Probably, anywhere she was, she would be at home. But how did he know? He had never seen her before.

"The doctor thinks Pete would be better in the country. I'm saving up to take him there."

"The country is where you belong. Not South Bleecker Street."

"Liz and I used to live in Ohio till"—she stopped—"till just before Pete was born. Then we moved here, and Liz married Bert." She stopped again. "You know, Mr. Tatum, you don't seem to belong here, either."

"What makes you say that?"

"Oh, it's just a feeling. That's what I go by. Feelings I have."

He would have asked her about her feelings, but Liz came in. "Bert home?"

"Not yet," Dell answered. "Pete had one of his attacks and Mr. Tatum came in. Have some coffee."

Liz did not ask anything about Pete. She drank her coffee, her eyes on the door. Bright moist eyes.

Dell looked in the bedroom and shut the door. "All right now, Mr. Tatum. Pete's asleep. I certainly appreciate your courtesy."

Mr. Omar had asked Gladys to the party he was giving for Leon. Leon had come back home, with his memory as good as ever. The doctors said it sometimes happened like that, all of a sudden.

Mr. Omar had worked hard, getting ready for the party. There were pink paper streamers from the light in the ceiling out to the

*(Continued on Page 98)*

**There is, perhaps, no surer mark of folly than an attempt to cure the natural infirmities of those we love. The finest composition of human nature as well as the finest china may have a flaw in it: and this, I am afraid, in either case is equally incurable: though, nevertheless, the pattern may remain of the finest value.** —HENRY FIELDING: In Your Life.

Very personally yours



More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins

Back in this everyday room, the light faded. God was as far away as ever. But the dry hardness in her heart was melted, and she wept. And she had no idea why.

"You would never have harmed that man," Doctor Tatum said.

Nick had dropped into St. Simon's late on Saturday and the funny-looking secretary said that Doctor Tatum just happened to be in from the country, going over his mail. Evidently Doctor Tatum had been using his hands in the country, because they were bound with adhesive tape.

"From what you've been telling me, I suspect that you're a proud man. You didn't kill Don Bellamy because he was you as a young man. He said and did what you said and did at his age. And you have too much pride to kill yourself. I think there was another reason, too, why you did not use the gun."

"Tell me. I can take it."

"You are at war with yourself. Trying to find out who you are. Don Bellamy has nothing to do with that war."

"That's true. I do keep wishing somebody could say to me, 'This is you.' Once and for all. It would be a comfort."

"What's that line you always have trouble remembering?"

"Blessed are they that mourn."

"Do you think it's a lie?"

"No. Not exactly. I think that what He meant was just that time is a great healer. But that's not the sort of comfort I want. That's not enough."

Doctor Tatum took a long time answering. Then he said, as if he didn't want to say anything, "I doubt if Christ was talking about the mere passage of time. If He had been, He would simply have said that those who mourned would be comforted. But He went further. He said they were blessed. I've always preached that those words mean exactly what they say. That those who mourn are blessed because theirs will be a special sort of comfort that only sorrow can bring."

"Can you figure out how I'll be comforted?"

"No. But I hope you will not commit the sin of not wanting to be comforted, a sin which is more common than you think. People clutch their crosses because it's easier to carry a cross, sometimes, than it is to lay it down. But I trust you are not that sort of man. And so, someday, you will find your own comfort. There'll come a time when something in your life will be lifted up, and it will draw you to it, and you will know who you are and what you want. And then you will be comforted." Doctor Tatum got up and opened the window behind him. By now it was dark outside. "The truth is that the people who mourn know what other people can never know, see what other people can never see. That is, if they walk through the valley of the shadow with their eyes open. That's why the cross is the symbol of Christianity, instead of a thousand happier symbols."

"Say, remember the first time I came here and you asked me if my name was Nicodemus? Why, he was the fellow who went to Christ in the middle of the night and wanted to know the low-down. Guess I'm kind of like that."

"Everybody makes me think of Nicodemus. This whole world is wondering, in the middle of the night, whether there's a God to find, and how they can find Him. In the middle of the night, mind you. By day, they won't admit it."

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"Neither could Nicodemus. Nobody does, until he's been through it. A man starts being born again when he suffers, when he starts thinking, not only about his own suffering but about everybody else's suffering. When he gets compassion, not for himself but the fellow next door. Maybe, when all he sees around him is darkness, he's being born again. I'll tell you what I have learned to hope. Somehow this whole age of ours is being born again. It's the fashion to call our times rotten and decadent. Those are the words of people who see only chaos. But I believe—I've got to believe—that this age has more new life stirring than any other. Our times are painful. They are cruel. They are bloody. But from this age of mourning, man will emerge—comforted—and alive."

Sleep. Extinguished in a darkness where noise and silence, pain and pleasure, belief and unbelief were all the same. Now Job Tatum's nights had no dreams. As soon as his head struck the pillow, he dissolved in sleep, and, the next moment, the alarm clock sounded morning.

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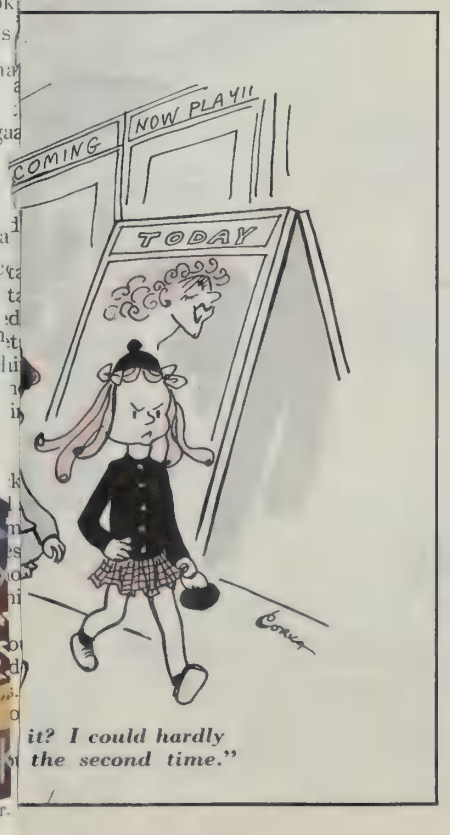
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Perhaps Mr. Omar might be an exception. After dark, he sat on the front steps, smoking, with a Turkish fez on his bald head. Job asked him about the couple in the flat next to his. They were Bert and Liz Oak, Mr. Omar said. They had been married only about six months. Bert Oak had a good heart, because he let his wife's sister, Dell Royal, stay in the flat with her boy, seven years old, born out of wedlock. As for the rest of the folks at No. 12, Mr. Omar said they were all hard workers. You might say that even the streetwalker, who lived in the second floor, was a hard worker. Nobody held what she did against her, because she didn't bring her men to this house. Job met the streetwalker one day on the stairs and he would never have known what she was, if Mr. Omar hadn't told him. In the halls, on the stairs, sitting on the front steps with Mr. Omar, Job happened to meet everybody who lived at No. 12. Except the Oaks, and Dell Royal and her child.

Except for their clothes, they all seemed no different from the people uptown. Men came home from work with tabloids under their arms, or candy, or a pint of ice cream. After dinner they listened to the radio, or went to the movies, repeating, in another setting, the daily life of the parishioners at St. Simon's.

Down at the docks, his fellow workers were friendly. They told jokes they had heard on the radio, recited the plots of motion pictures, quoted from the newspapers, said what

*(Continued on Page 95)*




*it? I could hardly the second time."*

# ...and first in the hearts of pie lovers!

Bake 'em big or bake 'em small they will all be juicy, with a rich flavor that only Karo can give. Try baking any or all of these deep-dish pies. They are easy to make, cost very little and do big things to make your family happy.

THE KARO KID






**DEEP-DISH CHERRY PIE**

3 cups pitted sour cherries, drained
2 tbsp. sugar
3½ tbsp. corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. almond extract
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
¼ cup cherry juice
1 tbsp. butter, melted
1½ cups Karo, Red or Blue Label
(½ recipe pastry)

Place cherries in 9-inch deep-pie dish. Combine other ingredients as listed; stir until well blended. Pour over cherries.

Cut 9-inch circle from pastry rolled ⅛ inch thick; cut slits, or cherry design, to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce to moderate (350° F.), bake 35 minutes longer. Serve warm. For 6 individual deep-dish pies, use same filling but one recipe pastry.



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**DEEP-DISH PRUNE AND APRICOT PIES**

1½ cups cooked prunes
1½ cups cooked apricots
1 tbsp. corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
1½ tbsp. butter, melted
1 cup Karo, Red or Blue Label
(1 recipe pastry)

Drain fruit. Pit and halve prunes. Mix with apricots. Put in 6 individual deep-pie dishes. Combine other ingredients; blend well. Pour equally over fruit.

Roll pastry ⅛ inch thick. Arrange lattice of narrow pastry strips across top. Make rim with one long strip. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 35 minutes longer. Serve warm. For one 9-inch deep-dish pie, use same filling but ½ recipe pastry.


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corners of the room. On the wall there was a big sign framed with ferns: WELCOME OUR HERO LEON. Out in the kitchen was a table with beer and lemonade and things to eat.

Mr. Omar said almost everybody on South Bleecker Street was there. Gladys liked all the people except perhaps a couple called Bert and Liz who made her feel kind of embarrassed, the way they carried on. Leon was a lovely fellow.

"Where you been all my life?" he said to Gladys. He said it to everybody all evening. "Gee, it's great to be home! I'm gonna take a week off and paint the town red and then I'm gonna get my old truckin' job back. Am lucky!"

"It must of been terrible at the hospital when you ——"

"Say, that was funny. For a while I couldn't remember a thing. They say I wasn't crazy. But I must of been. The doctors showed me some sissy stuff I made. Statues. Can you tie that? They said I ought to be proud of it but it darned near made me sick in my stummick. Gee, am I glad I scrammed outa there! Come on, kid. Beat feet. Where you been all my life?"

Around midnight, Gladys noticed that Mr. Omar was missing. She was afraid he might be sick or something, so she started looking for him. She found him in the back room, sitting on the bed. His head was bent down and his face was swollen, like he'd been crying. He was holding a little statue of a woman who was looking back over her shoulder.

"Leon made this," Mr. Omar told Gladys. "At the hospital. It is called Memory."

"It's just lovely, Mr. Omar. Leon was telling me ——"

"Go back to the party. It ain't right for you, a young girl, not to have a good time. Soon enough you should grow up and have your troubles."

She sat down on the bed and put her arm around Mr. Omar. He really had been crying. His face was wet. "Why, you mustn't cry, Mr. Omar. Suppose Leon hadn't ever remembered you? Then you'd have something to cry about."

But tears kept on running out of the corners of Mr. Omar's eyes.

Reverend Primrose had said so much to Gladys about what he called "the social gospel," that she had begun to understand that, with the love of God in your heart, you could try to make His kingdom come on earth. And His kingdom, according to Reverend Primrose, was better living conditions.

ST. SIMON'S had a lot of women's societies for improving what Reverend Primrose said were "conditions." She looked over the list in the church bulletin. The Guild. Home missionary. Foreign Missionary. World service. Race Relations. But all of them must be run by women who had free afternoons. It looked as if women with jobs didn't get a chance at the kingdom. And then she saw, at the foot of the page, The Red Cross Room Open Daily From Two to Five Including Saturdays. Members and Friends Welcome. She felt proud to know she was more than a friend.

But Saturday afternoon, when she got to the Red Cross room, she had a feeling that she wasn't dressed right. She was wearing her navy-blue suit and beanie, and the women workers were sitting at long tables in white hoods and gowns, but they looked up other like they hadn't come here in suits and beanies.

There was a Grey Lady at a desk who seemed to be head of it all. "Yes?" she said. Even in her uniform, you could tell she was rich, terribly rich. It was queer how you knew.

"I wanted to help. I'm a member."

"A member?" the woman said. "You mean from our—our establishment—on South Bleecker Street?"

"No," Gladys said. "I'm affiliated here at St. Simon's."

The Grey Lady looked surprised. "We must have skilled workers, you know. Right now we are making baby clothes."

It would be wonderful to write Jake she was sewing on baby clothes. She would tell him she was getting into practice. "I've done a lot of sewing. I've made my own dresses."

"Very well." The Grey Lady sighed. "Put your things on the rack. I'll give you some nightgowns to start with."

Gladys put her beanie on the shelf among all the wonderful hats with ribbons and flowers. She hung her suit coat among the summer fur jackets. Ordinarily, she would be embarrassed at being in a place where all the others had such different clothes. But this was the church, where, Reverend Primrose said, in the eyes of God everybody was the same.

THE Grey Lady—the others called her Elfrida darling—gave her a hood and a gown and some pieces of flannel and showed her where to stitch, although she could see that for herself. She sat down at the end of a table where about twenty ladies were sewing. They didn't seem to notice her, except for looking at one another out of the corners of their eyes, and talking in queer voices, like they were saying something they didn't want her to hear.

Gladys thought it was very uninteresting talk. She put her mind on tiny even stitches, and on the baby who would wear this gown. If it was hers and Jake's baby, she would embroider the gown with little flowers.

"May I look?" It was Elfrida darling. She took up Gladys' gown and showed it to the others. "I wish you all could sew like that. It's really a little work of art."

Gladys was so pleased. She would write Jake what the Grey Lady had said, right out in front of everybody: a little work of art.

"I'm Mrs. Sampson," one of the ladies at the table said. "Mrs. Walter Sampson. What is your name, my dear?"

"Miss Foster. Miss Gladys Foster."

"I suppose," Mrs. Sampson said, "you just sew for yourself? Not for—anybody else?"

"I don't get much time. I have a job. In the subway. I make change."

"Isn't that remarkable?" Mrs. Sampson turned to the others. "Imagine being able to add and subtract like that! But, my dear, if you went to people's houses and sewed, you would get a great deal more money than you earn in the subway."

"I don't want to change jobs now. You see, Jake has been where I work and he can picture me there. I wouldn't want to go where Jake couldn't picture me."

But just as she and Mrs. Sampson were getting on so nicely, a man came in with a camera and said he was going to take their photograph for the society page. Gladys felt very happy, because she could send the photograph to Jake. But the ladies whispered together in a corner, and then Elfrida darling came over.

"I wonder, my dear," she said, "if you would mind not being in this picture? You see, it's your first time here, and—well, this is supposed to be a picture of our regular workers."

Gladys was disappointed, but she could see how fair it was. She kept on sewing while the ladies lined up in a corner. It took a long while for them to decide just how they wanted to stand, except that Elfrida darling was always in the middle. And just as it was settled, in came Reverend Primrose. They all said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Primrose," and turned their teeth back to the camera.

"Hold on a minute," Reverend Primrose said.

Mrs. Sampson said, "Now, Mr. Primrose, surely you aren't going to mind our having a picture?"

**A child enters your home and makes so much noise for twenty years that you can hardly stand it: then departs, leaving the house so silent that you think you will go mad.**

—DR. J. A. HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses. (University Pub. Co.)

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on the blanket, her head propped in her hand. The sun blazed in her yellow hair.

"Really, Dell, I can't make you out." He could not resist saying it. "You have a difficult life, and yet you're not unhappy. What makes you like that, Dell?"

"My life doesn't seem difficult to me, Mr. Tatum."

"But why? I'm not asking just to be curious. I have a feeling that if I could find out why your life doesn't seem difficult, I'd—well, I'd have the answer to something that's wrong with me. There must be something in human beings that makes them bear lives that look, from the outside, unbearable. I've come to believe that the sum of human happiness is as great on South Bleecker Street as anywhere else, in spite of the living conditions there. That means there's a mystery at the heart of man. What is it, Dell?"

"People take pleasure in things, Mr. Tatum. That's all I know."

"Ann—I mean Dell—do you believe in God?"

A shadow went over her face. "Let's stop talking." She lay on her back and stared up at the sun. "It's so lovely here, and I'm so sleepy."

It was lonely here on the Atlantic out of sight of land, with the pale sky, the burning sun, and the sea water that heaved and plunged. So might it all have looked millions of years before man came on the earth. And where, before man came, had the mercy of God been? Had it brooded over the dinosaurs? Was it compassionate toward the ichthyosaurus?

Laura was setting the table. Betsy and her husband, Evan, home on furlough, were coming for dinner. There was a new maid, Mrs. Bogleman, but she had seen better days and needed a lot of help with the work, and was sensitive. Laura must warn Henry to remember how sensitive Mrs. Bogleman was when she served him on the right side or brought the vegetables in the gravy boat. She did hope Henry would be pleasant. He, who had always warned her that Betsy must become adult, was apt to treat Betsy as if she were a child and say something which Betsy's carefully cultivated sense of independence resented.

*O Lord, let Henry be pleasant tonight,* Laura prayed, laying the salad forks. And then she offered up another prayer: *O Lord, let me not be frightened by Betsy and Evan. They seem so strong and knowing. They make me feel old and stupid and say silly things. Let me not be frightened.*

THE young people came at seven. Betsy was sleek and rosy, her shining hair arranged in a halo cut, her figure what a figure should be, her clothes immaculate with no little middle-aged bunches. Evan glittered in his uniform. Young people did not seem to feel inadequate. They did not have to pull themselves together. Looking at them, Laura felt that old alarming sense of being fuzzy in her mind; her hair was worse than usual; her dress did not quite fit; everything she said had one foot in the grave. She was afraid.

But suppose there was everlasting life? And forever actually was forever? Then she was not old. Compared with forever, she was very young indeed. The thought was exhilarating. She trusted her mind to it, carefully, like a skater venturing on thin ice. It held. How foolish to feel old and tired in front of Betsy and Evan, when, in eternity, everyone was young! And she took a long breath and leaned back in her chair, and she was not afraid.

Henry was pleasant at dinner. He spared Mrs. Bogleman. He did not, as usual, intimate that Betsy did not feel what she thought she felt. He did not bore Evan with comments on the war which had already been heard on his broadcasts. In fact, Henry hardly spoke at all. Laura began to feel uneasy. Two prayers answered in only a couple of hours? So many desperate prayers rising all over the world, and here God came right into this room and made Henry pleasant. It just couldn't be. But afterward, in the living-room with the zebra rugs, Henry continued to be gracious. Betsy and Evan were sitting on the white sofa. Evan's hand was laid lightly over Betsy's.

"I wonder you didn't notice something special about us," Betsy said in her young voice.

Laura looked carefully. Betsy seemed the same. Except that perhaps she had tonight a bit of the simplicity of the child who had played with the tiger kitten. And a bit more that child's wonder.

"You tell them, Evan," Betsy said, and her voice sparkled.

He said, "No. You."

"Well," Betsy said, drawing a long breath. She looked at Evan, and at Henry, but her radiant eyes stayed with her mother. "You're going to need Poos again. A grandmother must have a Poos."

LAURA'S voice had caught in her throat. She held out her arms and Betsy came over and sat on the floor beside her, her head in Laura's lap.

"Are you pleased, mamma?"

Laura finally said, "It's a miracle."

"There's no miracle in having a baby," Henry said, but not unpleasantly. "It would be a miracle if these young people didn't have a baby."

Laura smoothed Betsy's hair. Betsy and she talked together without words. And she smiled at Evan while Henry spoke about doctors and nurses. Now, at Laura's shoulder, there was again that otherness. The presence of a merciful God in the house of an ordinary woman. But this time, loving her child, she was not afraid to trust that otherness. Even if it meant losing herself as she knew herself. She turned and looked over her shoulder.

And she was not lost, she was found.

**Shouting is the effort of a limited mind to express itself.**

—From Our Wife (Columbia Picture).

Play rehearsals would start in two weeks. Now Nick could work in earnest. Every morning he could shut himself up in his room and study, not only his own part but the play itself. This dream of a better world—it could come true, or it could fizzle out. After victory, people's hearts would sag with weariness and disillusionment. Spectacular heroism in war was easy compared with the long, grinding pull of peace. All this the play said. And he would carry its chief burden. He had slipped already into his role. He was even thinking like a minister.

The play and the role protected him. He lived in a circle that his work had drawn around him. For the time being, he was saved from suffering too much over Mel and Don. He could even sit here in his study and think of Don, not as the man Mel might love but as the actor who had the part in the play, of the stuffy mayor, whose idea of heaven was to get on the right side of an influential seraph and work his way up. What really mattered was whether Don would make a competent mayor. Perhaps he would. The role had no depth.

There was a knock on the door and Mel came in. She was wearing her green taffeta house gown that whispered as she walked, green as a violet leaf, and there were violets on her shoulder, and her blue-black hair curled about her throat. Oh, yes. When the play had settled down, he would suffer again over this woman.

"I'm busy, Melita. What is it?"

She sat down near the desk, leaned back, crossed her green whispering knees, lighted a cigarette. Her fingers tapped the chair arm, the toe of her sandal made a small restless circle. She was nervous, and that was not like her. If he had not been protected by his work, he would have been afraid.

"Nick, you used to promise me that you would do anything for me. All I had to do was ask. You've said that so many times."

He only nodded, smiling. His mind was on the play.

"This part can't mean so much to you. After all, you've had so many successes."

*(Continued on Page 103)*

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"What's that line you always have trouble remembering?"

"Blessed are they that mourn."

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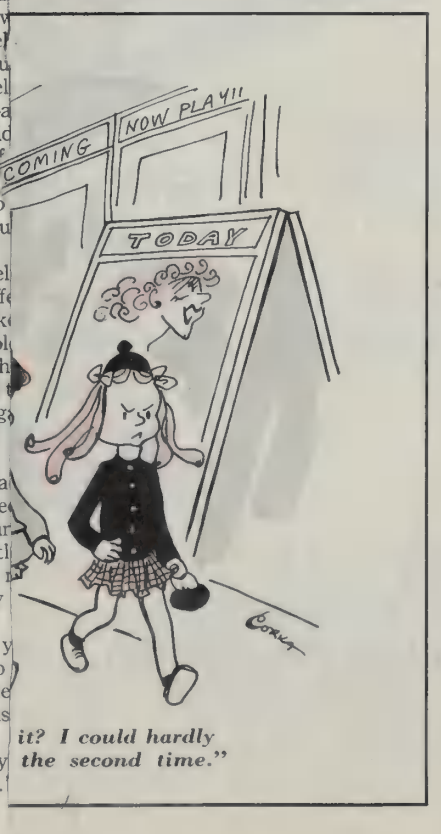
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He was getting used to South Bleecker Street. The filth and smell and noise had stopped troubling him. However, so far, the people here were dull. As dull as the people uptown. No one seemed worth knowing. What a joke on him it would be, if he came to South Bleecker Street to get close to his fellow men, to be refreshed by his fellow men, and found a bartender who was a stuffed shirt, a priggish street sweeper, a tedious policeman, a smug butcher.

Perhaps Mr. Omar might be an exception. After dark, he sat on the front steps, smoking, with a Turkish fez on his bald head. Job asked him about the couple in the flat next to his. They were Bert and Liz Oak, Mr. Omar said. They had been married only about six months. Bert Oak had a good heart, because he let his wife's sister, Dell Royal, stay in the flat with her boy, seven years old, born out of wedlock. As for the rest of the folks at No. 12, Mr. Omar said they were all hard workers. You might say that even the streetwalker, who lived in the second floor, was a hard worker. Nobody held what she did against her, because she didn't bring her men to this house. Job met the streetwalker one day on the stairs and he would never have known what she was, if Mr. Omar hadn't told him. In the halls, on the stairs, sitting on the front steps with Mr. Omar, Job happened to meet everybody who lived at No. 12. Except the Oaks, and Dell Royal and her child.

Except for their clothes, they all seemed no different from the people uptown. Men came home from work with tabloids under their arms, or candy, or a pint of ice cream. After dinner they listened to the radio, or went to the movies, repeating, in another setting, the daily life of the parishioners at St. Simon's.

Down at the docks, his fellow workers were friendly. They told jokes they had heard on the radio, recited the plots of motion pictures, quoted from the newspapers, said what

*(Continued on Page 95)*




**Flavor**-yes, BLUE BONNET has a delicious flavor! Fresh, delicate, country-sweet! Grand on griddle cakes, toast, baked potatoes.



**Nutrition**-yes, proved nutrition! Every fresh, sweet pound is rich in Food-Energy, rich in Vitamin A—actually *15,000 units of Vitamin A in every pound!*



**Economy**- yes! Delicious BLUE BONNET saves you real money. Costs so little you can spread it on twice as thick!


(Continued from Page 96)

corners of the room. On the wall there was a big sign framed with ferns: WELCOME OUR HERO LEON. Out in the kitchen was a table with beer and lemonade and things to eat.

Mr. Omar said almost everybody on South Bleecker Street was there. Gladys liked all the people except perhaps a couple called Bert and Liz who made her feel kind of embarrassed, the way they carried on. Leon was a lovely fellow.

"Where you been all my life?" he said to Gladys. He said it to everybody all evening. "Gee, it's great to be home! I'm gonna take a week off and paint the town red and then I'm gonna get my old truckin' job back. Am I lucky!"

"It must of been terrible at the hospital when you ——"

"Say, that was funny. For a while I couldn't remember a thing. They say I wasn't crazy. But I must of been. The doctors showed me some sissy stuff I made. Statues. Can you tie that? They said I ought to be proud of it but it darned near made me sick in my stummick. Gee, am I glad I scrammed outa there! Come on, kid. Beat feet. Where you been all my life?"

Around midnight, Gladys noticed that Mr. Omar was missing. She was afraid he might be sick or something, so she started looking for him. She found him in the back room, sitting on the bed. His head was bent down and his face was swollen, like he'd been crying. He was holding a little statue of a woman who was looking back over her shoulder.

"Leon made this," Mr. Omar told Gladys. "At the hospital. It is called Memory."

"It's just lovely, Mr. Omar. Leon was telling me ——"

"Go back to the party. It ain't right for you, a young girl, not to have a good time. Soon enough you should grow up and have your troubles."

She sat down on the bed and put her arm around Mr. Omar. He really had been crying. His face was wet. "Why, you mustn't cry, Mr. Omar. Suppose Leon hadn't ever remembered you? Then you'd have something to cry about."

But tears kept on running out of the corners of Mr. Omar's eyes.

Reverend Primrose had said so much to Gladys about what he called "the social gospel," that she had begun to understand that, with the love of God in your heart, you could try to make His kingdom come on earth. And His kingdom, according to Reverend Primrose, was better living conditions.

ST. SIMON'S had a lot of women's societies for improving what Reverend Primrose said were "conditions." She looked over the list of the church bulletin. The Guild. Home Missionary. Foreign Missionary. World Service. Race Relations. But all of them seemed to be run by women who had free afternoons. It looked as if women with jobs couldn't get a chance at the kingdom. And then she saw, at the foot of the page, The Red Cross Room Open Daily From Two to Five Including Saturdays. Members and Friends Welcome. She felt proud to know that was more than a friend.

But Saturday afternoon, when she got to the Red Cross room, she had a feeling that she wasn't dressed right. She was wearing her navy-blue suit and beanie, and the women workers were sitting at long tables in white hoods and gowns, but they looked up over their glasses like they hadn't come here in suits and beanies.

There was a Grey Lady at a desk who seemed to be head of it all. "Yes?" she said. Even in her uniform, you could tell she was rich, terribly rich. It was queer how you could tell.

"I wanted to help. I'm a member."

"A member?" the woman said. "You mean from our—our establishment—on South Bleecker Street?"

"No," Gladys said. "I'm affiliated here at St. Simon's."

The Grey Lady looked surprised. "We must have skilled workers, you know. Right now we are making baby clothes."

It would be wonderful to write Jake she was sewing on baby clothes. She would tell him she was getting into practice. "I've done a lot of sewing. I've made my own dresses."

"Very well." The Grey Lady sighed. "Put your things on the rack. I'll give you some nightgowns to start with."

Gladys put her beanie on the shelf among all the wonderful hats with ribbons and flowers. She hung her suit coat among the summer fur jackets. Ordinarily, she would be embarrassed at being in a place where all the others had such different clothes. But this was the church, where, Reverend Primrose said, in the eyes of God everybody was the same.

THE Grey Lady—the others called her Elfrida darling—gave her a hood and a gown and some pieces of flannel and showed her where to stitch, although she could see that for herself. She sat down at the end of a table where about twenty ladies were sewing. They didn't seem to notice her, except for looking at one another out of the corners of their eyes, and talking in queer voices, like they were saying something they didn't want her to hear.

Gladys thought it was very uninteresting talk. She put her mind on tiny even stitches, and on the baby who would wear this gown. If it was hers and Jake's baby, she would embroider the gown with little flowers.

"May I look?" It was Elfrida darling. She took up Gladys' gown and showed it to the others. "I wish you all could sew like that. It's really a little work of art."

Gladys was so pleased. She would write Jake what the Grey Lady had said, right out in front of everybody: a little work of art.

"I'm Mrs. Sampson," one of the ladies at the table said. "Mrs. Walter Sampson. What is your name, my dear?"

"Miss Foster. Miss Gladys Foster."

"I suppose," Mrs. Sampson said, "you just sew for yourself? Not for—anybody else?"

"I don't get much time. I have a job. In the subway. I make change."

"Isn't that remarkable?" Mrs. Sampson turned to the others. "Imagine being able to add and subtract like that! But, my dear, if you went to people's houses and sewed, you would get a great deal more money than you earn in the subway."

"I don't want to change jobs now. You see, Jake has been where I work and he can picture me there. I wouldn't want to go where Jake couldn't picture me."

But just as she and Mrs. Sampson were getting on so nicely, a man came in with a camera and said he was going to take their photograph for the society page. Gladys felt very happy, because she could send the photograph to Jake. But the ladies whispered together in a corner, and then Elfrida darling came over.

"I wonder, my dear," she said, "if you would mind not being in this picture? You see, it's your first time here, and—well, this is supposed to be a picture of our regular workers."

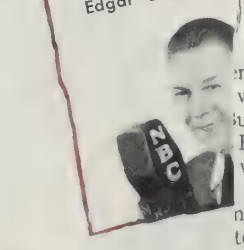
Gladys was disappointed, but she could see how fair it was. She kept on sewing while the ladies lined up in a corner. It took a long while for them to decide just how they wanted to stand, except that Elfrida darling was always in the middle. And just as it was settled, in came Reverend Primrose. They all said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Primrose," and turned their teeth back to the camera.

"Hold on a minute," Reverend Primrose said.

Mrs. Sampson said, "Now, Mr. Primrose, surely you aren't going to mind our having a picture?"

**A child enters your home and makes so much noise for twenty years that you can hardly stand it: then departs, leaving the house so silent that you think you will go mad.**

—DR. J. A. HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses. (University Pub. Co.)

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on the blanket, her head propped in her hand. The sun blazed in her yellow hair.

"Really, Dell, I can't make you out." He could not resist saying it. "You have a difficult life, and yet you're not unhappy. What makes you like that, Dell?"

"My life doesn't seem difficult to me, Mr. Tatum."

"But why? I'm not asking just to be curious. I have a feeling that if I could find out why your life doesn't seem difficult, I'd—well, I'd have the answer to something that's wrong with me. There must be something in human beings that makes them bear lives that look, from the outside, unbearable. I've come to believe that the sum of human happiness is as great on South Bleecker Street as anywhere else, in spite of the living conditions there. That means there's a mystery at the heart of man. What is it, Dell?"

"People take pleasure in things, Mr. Tatum. That's all I know."

"Ann—I mean Dell—do you believe in God?"

A shadow went over her face. "Let's stop talking." She lay on her back and stared up at the sun. "It's so lovely here, and I'm so sleepy."

It was lonely here on the Atlantic out of sight of land, with the pale sky, the burning sun, and the sea water that heaved and plunged. So might it all have looked millions of years before man came on the earth. And where, before man came, had the mercy of God been? Had it brooded over the dinosaurs? Was it compassionate toward the ichthyosaurus?

Laura was setting the table. Betsy and her husband, Evan, home on furlough, were coming for dinner. There was a new maid, Mrs. Bogleman, but she had seen better days and needed a lot of help with the work, and was sensitive. Laura must warn Henry to remember how sensitive Mrs. Bogleman was when she served him on the right side or brought the vegetables in the gravy boat. She did hope Henry would be pleasant. He, who had always warned her that Betsy must become adult, was apt to treat Betsy as if she were a child and say something which Betsy's carefully cultivated sense of independence resented.

*O Lord, let Henry be pleasant tonight,* Laura prayed, laying the salad forks. And then she offered up another prayer: *O Lord, let me not be frightened by Betsy and Evan. They seem so strong and knowing. They make me feel old and stupid and say silly things. Let me not be frightened.*

THE young people came at seven. Betsy was sleek and rosy, her shining hair arranged in a halo cut, her figure what a figure should be, her clothes immaculate with no little middle-aged bunches. Evan glittered in his uniform. Young people did not seem to feel inadequate. They did not have to pull themselves together. Looking at them, Laura felt that old alarming sense of being fuzzy in her mind; her hair was worse than usual; her dress did not quite fit; everything she said had one foot in the grave. She was afraid.

But suppose there was everlasting life? And forever actually was forever? Then she was not old. Compared with forever, she was very young indeed. The thought was exhilarating. She trusted her mind to it, carefully, like a skater venturing on thin ice. It held. How foolish to feel old and tired in front of Betsy and Evan, when, in eternity, everyone was young! And she took a long breath and leaned back in her chair, and she was not afraid.

Henry was pleasant at dinner. He spared Mrs. Bogleman. He did not, as usual, intimate that Betsy did not feel what she thought she felt. He did not bore Evan with comments on the war which had already been heard on his broadcasts. In fact, Henry hardly spoke at all. Laura began to feel uneasy. Two prayers answered in only a couple of hours? So many desperate prayers rising all over the world, and here God came right into this room and made Henry pleasant. It just couldn't be. But afterward, in the living room with the zebra rugs, Henry continued to be gracious. Betsy and Evan were sitting on the white sofa. Evan's hand was laid lightly over Betsy's.

"I wonder you didn't notice something special about us," Betsy said in her young voice.

Laura looked carefully. Betsy seemed the same. Except that perhaps she had tonight a bit of the simplicity of the child who had played with the tiger kitten. And a bit of that child's wonder.

"You tell them, Evan," Betsy said, and her voice sparkled.

He said, "No. You."

"Well," Betsy said, drawing a long breath. She looked at Evan, and at Henry, but her radiant eyes stayed with her mother. "You're going to need Poos again. A grandmother must have a Poos."

LAURA'S voice had caught in her throat. She held out her arms and Betsy came over and sat on the floor beside her, her head in Laura's lap.

"Are you pleased, mamma?"

Laura finally said, "It's a miracle."

"There's no miracle in having a baby," Henry said, but not unpleasantly. "It would be a miracle if these young people didn't have a baby."

Laura smoothed Betsy's hair. Betsy and she talked together without words. And she smiled at Evan while Henry spoke about doctors and nurses. Now, at Laura's shoulder, there was again that otherness. The presence of a merciful God in the house of an ordinary woman. But this time, loving her child, she was not afraid to trust that otherness. Even if it meant losing herself as she knew herself. She turned and looked over her shoulder.

And she was not lost; she was found.

Play rehearsals would start in two weeks. Now Nick could work in earnest. Every morning he could shut himself up in his room and study, not only his own part but the play itself. This dream of a better world—it could come true, or it could fizzle out. After victory, people's hearts would sag with weariness and disillusionment. Spectacular heroism in war was easy compared with the long grinding pull of peace. All this the play said. And he would carry its chief burden. He had slipped already into his role. He was even thinking like a minister.

The play and the role protected him. He lived in a circle that his work had drawn around him. For the time being, he was saved from suffering too much over Melita and Don. He could even sit here in his study and think of Don, not as the man Melita might love but as the actor who had the part, in the play, of the stuffy mayor, whose idea of heaven was to get on the right side of an influential seraph and work his way up. What really mattered was whether Don would make a competent mayor. Perhaps he would. The role had no depth.

There was a knock on the door and Melita came in. She was wearing her green taffeta house gown that whispered as she walked, green as a violet leaf, and there were violets on her shoulder, and her blue-black hair curled about her throat. Oh, yes. When the play had settled down, he would suffer again over this woman.

"I'm busy, Melita. What is it?"

She sat down near the desk, leaned back, crossed her green whispering knees, lighted a cigarette. Her fingers tapped the chair arm; the toe of her sandal made a small restless circle. She was nervous, and that was not like her. If he had not been protected by his work, he would have been afraid.

"Nick, you used to promise me that you would do anything for me. All I had to do was ask. You've said that so many times."

He only nodded, smiling. His mind was on the play.

"This part can't mean so much to you. After all, you've had so many successes."

(Continued on Page 103)

**Shouting is the effort of a limited mind to express itself.**

—From Our Wife (Columbia Picture).


# The Amazing Case of Dorothy Mullins







| Dorothy Mullins' Measurements | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | *Before* | *After* | *Change* |
| Height | 5′ | 5′½″ | +½″ |
| Weight | 215 lbs. | 128 lbs. | —87 lbs. |
| Bust | 44″ | 36″ | — 8″ |
| Waist | 37″ | 28″ | — 9″ |
| Abdomen | 45″ | 33″ | —12″ |
| Hips | 49″ | 35″ | —14″ |

IN THE FILES of the DuBarry Success Course are thousands upon thousands of true success stories, but none more remarkable than that of Dorothy Mullins of Danbury, Connecticut.

Dorothy was 34 years old. Only five feet tall, she weighed 215 pounds. Deeply sensitive about her size, she had long been resigned to what she thought was her lot in life. Social affairs were not for her. Evenings she just stayed home with her family.

Several times, but always with lessening hope, Dorothy had tried so-called reducing diets, but none brought results. Then she began to hear about the DuBarry Success Course. She sent for information. The Course could be taken at home—that was important.

Dorothy was advised first of all to go to her doctor, have a thorough physical examination, tell him what she planned to do. With his approval, she started. She lost 8 pounds the first week, 31 pounds in 6 weeks. At first some of the exercises were a little difficult for her because of her size, but soon she was really enjoying them. In six months she went through the Course *four times*—lost a total of 87 pounds, reduced her bust 8 inches, her waist 9 inches, her abdomen 12, her hips 14. Accustomed to wearing a size 44 dress, she found she could slip into a 14.

In spite of all this weight loss, Dorothy's skin is smooth, her body firm. She has learned to care for her complexion, to arrange her hair becomingly, to use make-up properly. Starting under a great handicap, she has made herself an attractive woman, with a good figure.

But Dorothy Mullins is free not only from the burden of weight, but from a feeling of inferiority. "Gradually," she says, "it is dawning on me that my life's dream is coming true. I can't begin to tell you what a thrill even the little things give me—such as sitting in a chair and not filling it, or having others say, 'There's room for one more, you don't take up much space.' It's as if a new world had opened for me. The experience has made me so happy that never, never can I thank you enough."

Of course, the case of Dorothy Mullins is unusual. Few women need to lose 87 pounds. But her achievement offers convincing proof to countless other women with far less to lose that they *need not* be overweight. Dorothy Mullins has emphasized what a quarter of a million other women have happily discovered—that the DuBarry Success Course is a plan that really works. It can help you bring your weight to normal, have a figure you're proud of, have a smooth, glowing skin, learn glamorous make-up, look better, feel better, make the most of yourself.

And you can enjoy this plan at home—at a cost so low it will surprise you. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon on Fifth Avenue, New York.

Why not at least find out what this Course can do for you? The coupon will bring you full information.

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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs._____

Street_____

City_____ Zone No., if any _____ State_____

# Why limit your corn enjoyment to just one meal?

**WHAT! CORN FOR BREAKFAST? You bet! Wait'll you taste those muffins — those other dandies, too. With Del Monte Brand Corn — of course!**

## Add these to your list of corn treats

**CORNPATCH MUFFINS — COUNTRY STYLE**

**4 tbsps. shortening, melted**
**1 cup yellow corn meal**
**1 can Del Monte White or Golden Cream Style Corn**
**½ cup all-purpose flour**
**4 tsps. baking powder**
**½ tsp. soda**
**2 tbsps. sugar**
**1 tsp. salt**
**2 eggs, lightly beaten**

Melt shortening, set aside to cool. Stir corn meal into Del Monte Cream Style Corn. Fine corn packed in its prime! Isn't it rich and creamy? Sift flour, baking powder, soda, sugar and salt together; add to corn and corn meal. Add eggs and shortening. Stir until just mixed. Bake in well-greased "ears of corn" pan or gem tins in hot oven (425°F.) until done—about 25 min. 16 muffins *full* of Del Monte corn flavor.

*(Lower Left)*

What could outdo this flavor-rich Del Monte Golden Cream Style Corn! It's super with ham ring as shown. Or in a rib-sticking chowder. Mighty tempting any way you serve it.

*(Upper Right)*

Oven fried chicken begs for Del Monte Golden Whole Kernel Corn, heaped high, glistening with butter! Watch the family polish off every last bright tender kernel. You get ***extra*** richness —"grown in" goodness in all three styles: Del Monte Golden Whole Kernel, White or Golden Cream Style.

*(Center)*

**FOR BREAKFAST**

**OR LUNCH**

**OR DINNER**

**Remember! Del Monte puts**

***flavor first***

- ✓ In Growing
- ✓ In Packing
- ✓ In Picking
- ✓ In Testing




# Del Monte CORN

3 styles— for all-round enjoyment

*(Continued from Page 101)*

Absorbed as he was, her words reached him. But all he felt was a sort of mild surprise that she did not know how much the play meant to him. He thought that in every word, every gesture, he had told her.

"Bliss said if you dropped out of the play he would have to give the part to Don." Her voice caressed the word. "It would mean such a lot to him, Nick. If he made a hit he would be set for life." She smiled radiantly. "Please, Nick. Just for my sake, let Don have the part." She was holding on to herself, but there was a white line around her lips. "You said you would do anything for me."

"You love Don Bellamy." He was astonished at the loud sharp tone in which he could say those words he had always dreaded.

"A woman can't help how she feels, Nick. But I'd never dream of leaving you—if you could do me just this one little favor."

It was as if she were asking him to go down to the corner and get her a box of chocolates. "Does Don know you're asking me?"

"Yes. But he said I mustn't. The tears came to his eyes when I said I was going to ask you." Her voice rose theatrically. "He thinks of me and never of himself. And if I could just feel I had helped him, that would be"—she dabbed at her eyes with her blue handkerchief—"that would be all I'd ask."

Only two utterly selfish egoists could hatch up a plan like this. Two shoddy people. Nick began to feel an invigorating fury. "Not on your life," he said.

She narrowed her eyes and her voice soured. "Suppose I was to leave you, Nick?"

She had said that before, jokingly, and he had begged her not to say it. He had been so humble. No wonder she had thought he might do this for her; he had encouraged her to believe there was no limit. He stared at her, with the violets on her shoulders, as if he had never seen her before.

"Listen, Melita. My work is me. The real self I've been hunting for. From the days when it was hard to get a start to the time when I was a star, my work has been me. It was only when I married you that I forgot it. But I remember it now. And it matters more than anything else, more than you or anything else in the whole world." He paused. "Thank you for asking me to give up the part. If you hadn't asked me, maybe I would never have known."

"I'll leave you. That's what I'll do. I'll go to Don."

"I'll want you sometimes, Melita." His voice shook. "I'll miss you. After you're gone, I'll call myself a fool. But right now I see who I am and what I want. Like—like somebody said I would. And I see that, compared to my work, you have little to offer. You'll fail me. You won't last."

She went to the door, the green taffeta billowing and hissing behind her. The battle was over. He had peace. The dead flat silence of peace. He was very tired. Although he knew who he was and what he wanted, he was tired. He folded his arms over the script of the play and laid his head on them. After the fury and the glow of battle, peace was a weary bitter thing.

HERE I am sitting at the washstand that I made into a desk and getting ready to write you a letter, Jake. I always write you just before I go to bed, because then I feel the closest. But I never can think of anything to say except I love you. Maybe it's because I'm trying to sound cheerful, like they tell you to on the radio, and I'm not cheerful.

I wish we'd had somewhere to go that last time you was here. I thought being away from you would get easier, but it doesn't. It's worse. I know God is taking care of you, but I wish I was taking care of you.

The people talk on the radio about how you're fighting for a better world, where the common man will have a chance. Well, you aren't a common man. You're wonderful. Mrs. Kraken says her son Sammy isn't a common man either because he's going to be a lawyer, and Mr. Omar says it don't fit his son Leon. I haven't met anybody who'll say that anybody he knows is the common man. I asked one of the subway guards and he said, "There's no such thing as the common man. He's a guy the politicians made up." So I can't understand how you're fighting for somebody that nobody is, Jake, and I hope you don't hear about it and get worried.

I had a funny dream the other night. I dreamed I heard a baby crying. It was so real that when I woke up I couldn't believe I'd been dreaming. I got up and looked all around the room, but there wasn't nobody.

I better start writing you. It's getting late. "Dear Jake: Your last letter was so wonderful. I carry it around with me everywheres. Don't you worry about me, because I'm feeling just fine. Like a million dollars. It won't be long now till I see you. . . ."

If only time could have stood still that afternoon. When she sat on the lawn with the sun shining and the grass green and she read aloud to the child and the child's head was in her lap. *If I were to be consulted about heaven,* she thought, *I would choose that afternoon. But maybe it was heaven. Perhaps, just for that afternoon, I stepped in ahead of time. Maybe we all do.*

They were sitting before the fireplace, after one of Mrs. Bogleman's bad dinners, when Henry asked if she had noticed that he hadn't said very much lately. And he told her that for the last couple of weeks he'd felt a sort of lump in his right side. Of course it was nothing, but ——

He seemed smaller. His face was pinched and drawn down to a point. And it stabbed her. She had always kept on thinking of Henry as a young man—as young as on the day she wore the wedding veil. But now she could see he was not young, and it seemed like her fault, because a woman always feels that everything that happens in her house is, in some way, her fault. She should not have let Henry get old. She ought to have kept him from being smaller, and stooped, with those lines in his face.

He pulled up his shirt and there the lump was. She could feel it with her fingers. Lots of people, she told him, had lumps like that and they turned out to be only cysts or something, and of course it was terribly trivial, but perhaps he should see a doctor because even a tiny cyst was better if you didn't let it go too long, and they decided to go tomorrow morning. They went to bed early and Henry took a large dose of phenobarbital, because knocking yourself out with phenobarbital was easier than finding a philosophy of life that would let you go to sleep.

She lay in the bed next to Henry's. Even Betsy or getting in touch with God seemed unimportant compared with Henry. Ever since the night Betsy had said she was going to have a baby and the otherness had come again, and she had dared look over her shoulder, there had been a voice inside her, like the watch on a ship, saying that all was well. Now was the time for that voice, but she could not hear it. This was Henry. The heart of her heart. He had a lump in his side that might be cancer. Prayer? But there was no use praying that Henry's lump might not be cancer, because, if it was cancer, the harm had already been done. For such a thing, a person ought to start praying years ahead. . . . After half an hour, she got up and took an even larger dose of phenobarbital than Henry had.

Next morning, Henry and she were in the doctor's waiting room with twenty other people, reading the old magazines that everybody joked about. But it did not matter what the magazines were, because most of the people did not know what they were reading. They were sick with fear, as well as with whatever they had; it was fear of which they wanted, most of all, to be healed. She kept telling Henry he had never looked so well in all his life. She had been a fool to think about God. She should have thought, instead, about Henry.

The doctor, who was a big shot with plenty of office equipment, made tests, took X rays. The result wouldn't be known until tomorrow, but Henry was going to be okay, old man. Henry went to the studio, and, since it was Mrs. Bogleman's day off, Laura cleaned the apartment. Better than it had been cleaned since war was declared. Henry and she were very cheerful at dinner. Afterward they read aloud, as they hadn't done since their honeymoon days.

Next morning the doctor said that Henry had a tumor and must be operated on, and then science could discover whether the tumor was "malignant" or "benign." Odd words, Laura thought. As if tumors were good and evil spirits. The doctor arranged for Henry to go to the hospital tonight and be operated on tomorrow morning. "The sooner the better, old man. Get it over with." At six o'clock they took a taxi to the hospital.

She sat in the waiting room for more than an hour, and then the nurse came and said she could see Henry, but she must go by nine-thirty so he could have a good night's rest. And there Henry was, in the narrow bed with the head raised, looking, not old, but washed and innocent like Ted when he had his tonsils out. Even his clean pajamas looked cleaner. His big gold watch ticked loudly on the bedside table. In the closet were Henry's clothes, waiting to be put on again. Clothes could wait forever. Such terrible things happened to people. God or no God, they got lumps in their sides and died. She sat down by the bed, near enough to touch Henry if he wanted her to.



*"Well, gosh—it's a living room, ain't it?"*

"Is there anybody you want me to call up?"

"Not till I'm out of the woods. Funny thing, Laura. There isn't anybody in the crowd I'd want to see right now. They're not the sort of people you want to see when you're—in trouble. Death embarrasses them. They're swell, but they don't want to be in at the death."

"You mustn't talk like that. Everything's going to be all right."

"Sure. Oh, sure. Everybody who hasn't a lump in his side is as bright as a monkey. They had an intern in here taking my case history. A mere kid. I swear his voice was changing. He had the nerve to wish me luck, as if surgery was a matter of luck." His voice trailed off and he turned his head away. "You better go home."

"If you really want me to."

He reached for her hand, gripped it hard. "No, stay. I'm—I'm not so good alone. I feel like the day you came to see me off on the boat, and you were waving from the pier and the big deep whistle was cutting right through me, and the distance between us was getting wider and wider. I'm saying a lot of words, Laura. What gets me is—this isn't words."

SHE smoothed his hand, the nervous hand that had written so many thousands of intelligent words.

"Something tells me it's cancer. And I've wasted my life. I haven't written what I meant to write, or said what I wanted to say. I should have written real things. Not words. I should have said something people could hang on to in a world like this. When things happen—like a lump in the side. Or worse things. . . . I'm afraid of death. Always have been. But I've managed not to think about it. And now ——"

"Henry, you aren't going to die."

"I don't want to be nothing, Laura. I don't want to be nothing! And I'm going to be. And I haven't a thing to take hold of!"

"What makes you so sure death is—nothing?"

"Don't give me that. Don't talk to me about heaven. I can't stand any soothing sirup."

She should tell Henry about the otherness. But it would be like trying to describe sunlight to a man who had never seen the sun. "Soothing sirup, Henry? Why should the deepest hope people have be soothing sirup? What have you against hope?"

"It stands to reason ——"

"Reason isn't the only way we have of finding out things. It's comparatively new, and it's faulty. It takes us only just so far. Then we leave it behind and go out to the frontier. Out of the dead-end street to where there's a lot of room."

"My dear"—his voice was indulgent—"frontier? Dead-end street?"

"The trouble is there aren't any words. People like me have got to beat out a whole new language. But it's something like this. Once, in school, I saw a paramecium through a microscope. He didn't have any mind, any sense, except the sense of touch. Well, there was once a time when the world was all parameciums, and nothing else. Anybody might have said then, if anybody had been around, that the world would always be nothing but parameciums, that it stood to reason there would never be a creature like man with his mind and his heart and his five senses. But there was hope for the world, even in those days; hope was true, and not despair. And hope is still true for the world, and all of us, now. Someday there will be people on this earth with far more sensitive minds and hearts than ours, and with more than five senses. And they'll look back on us as we look back on the paramecium."

"If you think you can cheer me up with talk on evolution ——"

"I'm not saying it right. But what I'm trying to say is—I believe, when man gets a sixth sense, it will be an awareness of something that is not man, of an otherness. I have known that otherness, Henry. Now and then. I can't describe it. I only know—it just comes over me. And when it comes over me, I'm sure that we aren't the





only ones in the universe who think, or love, or suffer. There's Someone Else. Knowing us and waiting to be known by us."

He spoke so softly that she could scarcely hear him. "You really think so, Laura?"

"Every time we hope, we are thinking true, Henry. There is Someone. He means well by us."

"Means well? In a world like this one?"

"I still don't understand why we suffer, but I have a feeling that if we opened our eyes and looked, we'd see joy and sorrow and life and death all woven together. I think life and death are not so different, Henry. They're one coin with two faces. So when death comes to us—a long, long time from now—we'll find it very natural and we won't mind. Honestly, Henry, we won't mind."

"It's pleasant to hear." He shook his head. "Anyhow, it's pleasant to hear."

"I love you, Henry."

"I've meant to speak to you about that. Since all this happened. I've been afraid of love. I said you might spoil the children with your love. But maybe I was only afraid you would give all your love to them and have none left for me. I've distrusted love. And hope. But perhaps what I really distrusted was myself. I never thought I'd get anywhere, and I was surprised when I did."

"But you did get somewhere! You see, Henry? It's such a pity to live as if only the worst were true. Let's not live that way."

"You're really a very nice woman, Laura. If there were a God, I'd like Him to be half as nice as you."

The nurse came in and said Laura must go now. Laura stood up and kissed Henry on the lips.

"I meant to tell you about the key to my safe-deposit box, Laura. You'll need ——"

"I won't need anything."

All the way home in the taxi, she wept. He was like a child. Pathetic. It tore you apart to see pathos; it was worse than seeing pain. As she undressed, she felt deserted, forsaken. She had none of the faith that she had put into words at the hospital. There was, right now, no otherness. No One she trusted, no light. She hung her dress on a hanger; it was, at this moment, more real than God.

When she finally slept, her hand was stretched out toward Henry's bed. But no hand was clasped in hers. It was empty.

In his dreams, between sleep and waking, Job thought of going back to St. Simon's. It was mid-September, and he seemed no nearer the end of his search than he had been in June. He had received a two-week extension of his vacation "on account of illness." And the illness was very real.

Between sleep and waking . . . he dreamed that he was the sower going forth to sow, with his bag of good seed. And he met many people. But they all had knives and firebrands. And he said, "We must sow seed in the earth," but they laughed and put the torch to the earth. And then suddenly he saw his pulpit at St. Simon's. He went up into his pulpit, and the faces of his congregation were old and withered. Because the young and the strong did not come to St. Simon's. So he went on preaching to the old, and he told himself the young were arrogant. But then he saw that the church itself had grown arrogant. It must be humble again. It must learn to be a place where the young and the old might come and discover new light . . . a place of life and not death.

He dreamed that he was walking along a road with men carrying heavy burdens. And they met a man who said, "You are ape-born, a little better than the gorilla, but not much better, because you and the gorilla have so many traits in common." So the men with the burdens bent lower and they turned into ape-men, because men become what they are told that they are. And they ran out and made war.

And Job saw, too, in his dream, that a church could not be a house divided, running a mission downtown for one sort of people and a place uptown for another. And he dreamed of St. Simon's as a church free and open, with no pompous ushers, in cutaways and gray gloves, showing the regular customers to the place in the Lord's house that was theirs. A church with windows not "Sacred to the Memory of" but "Sacred to the Future of." And there, with uptown and downtown gathered together, he should tell all the people something—something old and wise and simple—but he could not think what it was.

He woke. He was back in his bedroom at No. 12. And he knew no peace because he still had no faith, and unless he had faith his voice would be in the pulpit a fool's voice. Worse than that it might even be a sentimental baritone, with a reputation and a salary, crooning over the tragedy of mankind.

"I'm superstitious, Nick," Bliss said, dipping an oyster into the little red cup. "The more hell I have putting on my plays, the better they go over. That's why I wasn't worried about Don Bellamy's dropping out of the cast."

Nick stirred his potage. "Funny. Don was the one who had to pretend he had a nervous breakdown because he didn't have the nerve to face me at rehearsals. And Melita didn't go to him. She's staying at a hotel. I'm well rid of her. I was in a sort of slavery to her. Like somebody told me—I was worshiping idols."

"Mason's got to do more work on the last act. It needs sharpening up."

"I can leave my study door open all the time and nobody'll interrupt me. I'm a free man. I know who I am and what I want."

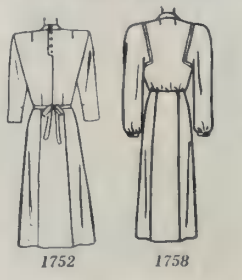
"The dialogue isn't quick enough. It wants to go snap, snap, snap."

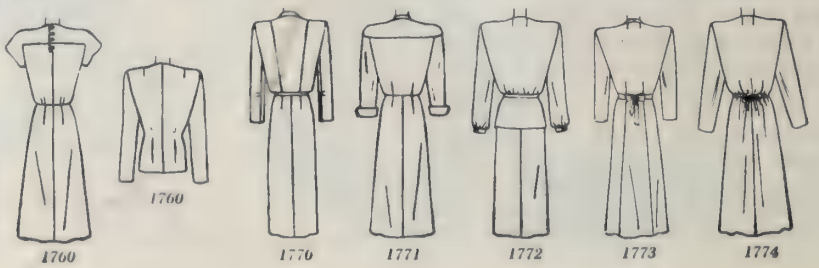
"I wake up in the morning, all by myself, and I don't have to wonder how I'm going to

*(Continued on Page 106)*

**Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on Pages 36 and 37**

**1752. One-piece dress; 10 to 18. 25c**
**1758. One-piece dress; 10 to 18. 25c**
**1760. One-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 20. 25c**
**1770. Bolero suit and blouse; 12 to 20. 25c**
**1771. One-piece dress; 10 to 18. 25c**
**1772. Two-piece suit; 12 to 20. 25c**
**1773. One-piece dress; 12 to 20. 25c**
**1774. Coat; 12 to 20. 25c**



# "Rub your eyes, honey—it's a brand-new Singer!"



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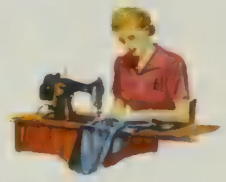
**Yes! Now you can order that new Singer you've been waiting for!**



Look—and blink—and look again! Yes—those are *new Singer Sewing Machines*. First to arrive!

They are now coming off the assembly lines into Singer Shops—portables, cabinets, consoles—ready for orders and early delivery.

We know that many of you have been *needing* a new Singer . . . *needing* it to catch up on dozens of sewing and make-over ideas.



Now you can carry out those plans of yours. Make lovely new clothes. Fix up old ones. Freshen the house with curtains and slip covers!

Say good-by to your sewing problems—see your Singer Sewing Center* about *your* new Singer today! Yes—we can arrange easy terms for you so you may have your new Singer very soon . . . use it . . . enjoy it . . . and pay for it as you go along! Ask us about our convenient budget plan.



# SINGER

## SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

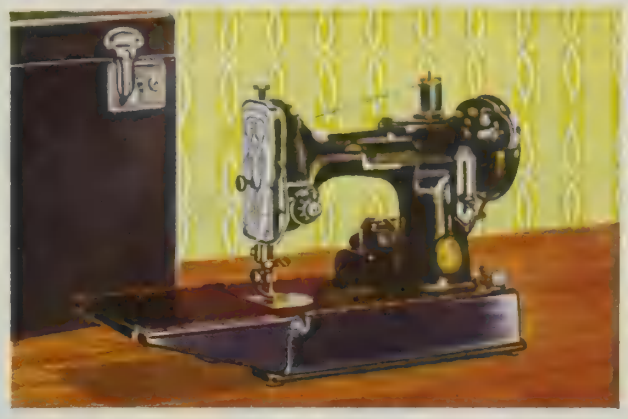
*FOR YOUR PROTECTION: Singer Sewing Machine Co. continues its long-time policy of selling its machines only through Sewing Centers identified by the famous Red "S" trade-mark on the window—never through department stores or other sewing-machine dealers.



▪ **A handsome modern desk PLUS!** Whisk up the top, and there's your efficient sewing department! Three big drawers hold your sewing things—and one holds your stationery! This comes in blond oak or in walnut; stool to match!



▪ **A trim little cabinet machine!** Fits decoratively into any room. And when you're ready to use it, the doors open to reveal a tray, drawers, spool rack! Walnut or mahogany finish.



▪ **A portable wonder!** Weighs only 11 pounds—yet performs like the big de luxe machines, stitching forward and backward, doing all the tricks. Comes in an easy-carrying, light, luggage-type case.

(Continued from Page 104)

please her. I can keep my mind right on my work. I'm lucky it happened. I was telling myself that this very morning when it seemed kind of quiet around the apartment."

"I'm glad you see it my way, Nick. I figure it'll be a smash last-act curtain when everybody piles on the train for Hoboken and you're left alone on the platform."

"She wasn't worth breaking my heart over. I knew it all along. And that made it worse. But at last I got the strength to tell her. The trouble is, life isn't like a play where you have one big moment, the climax, and then it's all settled. Life never winds up. After a big moment, you've got to keep on having the strength."

"It's our big chance. Just like we were the people in the play. I wouldn't say this to anybody but you, Nick, but if we could just show people they've got to decide what better world they want, or else—you know what I mean. I've got a boy in the Pacific."

"Somebody told me once that, if you go through a tough spot, you come out on the other side and are born again. With a whole new way of looking at life. Well, I guess that must have happened to me. I'm a free man and I don't waste any time thinking about Melita. That's all over."

"You're going to be great, Nick. You'll *be* the minister. Why, you're the minister already."

"What she does is none of my business now. I have plenty of time to think. It's amazing how much time there is when you're all by yourself. I've got my work, and there's nothing that gives a man so much satisfaction as his work."

Bliss looked at his watch. "I've got to run. You've been a big help, Nick. It's always a big help talking things over with you."

Nick signed the check and walked out into the blue smoky bitter air. Nowhere to go that he didn't want to go; no one to see that he didn't want to see. He was free. What more could he expect? A man couldn't have everything. Even if a man was born again, he couldn't have everything.

GLADYS could not believe it when the old man brought her the telegram late that Sunday afternoon when she was washing her hair. But when she saw Jake's name—"deeply regret" . . . "killed in action"—she had to believe it.

She tipped the old man a quarter, and then she thought how terrible it was to tip anybody for a telegram like this, but the old man was gone. She ran downstairs to the pay telephone and called the church. Reverend Primrose was there. She said, close to the mouthpiece, "It's Miss Foster. I've heard from—from the War Department. Could you come right down?"

She walked up and down the room, her hair, which wasn't quite dry, the dark red hair Jake liked so much, hanging around her shoulders, till Reverend Primrose came. His face was putty color and his black clothes and his collar looked, all of a sudden, too big for him.

"It could be a mistake, Miss Foster. You mustn't lose hope."

She sat on the bed, holding on hard to the brass ball of a bedpost, and he sat in the lopsided wicker chair. "I hoped and I hoped, Reverend Primrose. Now I'm all out of hope."

He felt terrible. You could see that. He said, "Jake would want you to be brave."

It didn't sound real. Only the brass ball of the bedpost, hurting her hand, was real. And she felt kind of surprised to hear her own voice saying, "Look here, Reverend Primrose, I don't mean to be disrespectful, but what have you got to say to me now?"

He didn't speak quick and easy, like he did when he talked about wages and hours. He spoke slow, with his eyes looking down at his shoes. "Jake and you love each other. People who love can never lose each other."

"Don't say things I can't understand." Her voice was high and shaking. "This time you've got to talk so's I know what you mean. You said Jake was safe. You told me to pray, and I've been praying. You said God would help me. What did you kid me for? It's no good kidding people, Reverend Primrose."

His face was white as a bedsheet. "I never told you that praying would keep Jake from—being killed. You and tens of thousands of women have prayed their men would come back, and they won't come back," he said and he put his hand over his eyes, like they hurt him. "Religion can't explain the suffering in the world. What religion can offer is the Hand of God to help people through."

"What is God? I gotta know."

"We believe in God," he told her. "We know He exists. But with our mortal minds we cannot exactly know what He is. We must have faith ——"

"Don't know," she whispered. "I never figured you didn't know. What are you a minister for if you don't know?"

"You've had a dreadful shock, Miss Foster. You need—and I need—the grace of God. We cannot expect to understand His ways, but we believe He is a great creative Force, the Mind in which we live and move ——"

"But I never wanted a Force like you talk about, or a Mind. I wanted that Good Shepherd. I wanted somebody who cared for Jake!"

"God does care for Jake."

"Then why didn't he keep Jake alive? If He could of saved Jake and didn't, He's not good. And if He couldn't save Jake, what use is He?"

"We must have faith. If you trust God ——"

"Trust God? I did trust God, and look what happened! Now you want me to trust some more. Like I was a sucker. When I joined the church, you seemed to know a lot about God. You even said He was interested in wages and hours and wanted His kingdom to come on earth with the social gospel. But now—when Jake is dead—all of a sudden you don't know who God is or what He does with people."

**Some ask why mankind in general do not compose one nation, and are not contented to speak one language, to live under the same laws, and agree among themselves to have the same customs and the same worship; whilst I, seeing how contrary are their minds, their tastes and sentiments, wonder to see even seven or eight persons living under the same walls under one roof and making a single family.**

—JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

"Faith and trust are all we have, Miss Foster. In times like these our faith is tested. Try to believe that God has a good plan for the world. Jake is part of that plan. Because Jake, and others like him, died, we will have a better world, with peace and justice and brotherhood."

"What do I care? Jake's dead. He won't come back and we won't have our children. They're dead too. They was killed before they was born. God didn't plan for them, did He? We wanted three children. And they was swell children. They wanted to get born. What do I care about a better world where Jake and our children are dead?"

"Words are no good to you now. You can't see beyond your own grief. That's only natural. But later on you'll understand that Jake died to make the world a better place for other people's children."

"No. That's what they say on the radio, but it isn't true. Jake died because he was healthy and they drafted him. He didn't mean to die. What he wanted was to come back to me and have our children."

"You'll see Jake again. All we can do now is hold fast and have faith. And try to make a world where no more young men will die ——"

"Oh, stop that! You're always talking about the world, getting out of talking about me. When will I see Jake again? That's what I want to know."

"In God's good time."

"You're just guessing." She stood up. "You don't know any more than I do about who God is or where Jake is. I'm not going to hope any more. I'm through with your God who didn't keep Jake alive. Please go 'way, Reverend Primrose. Maybe you meant it all right, and maybe you was just a big gyp. But please go 'way." She fell sobbing on the bed. "I wanted a God I could know. I wanted a God who was close to me and who'd tell me, 'Gladys, it's hard now, but it's going to be fine.' Please go 'way Reverend Primrose! You haven't got a real thing to say!"

The doctor told Laura, early that hollow-eyed morning in the hospital waiting room, that the tumor was benign and that Henry had come through the operation beautifully. When the doctor had gone and Laura was alone in the ugly room, she felt that otherness again. All around her. Blessing. Glowing. Reassuring. She had meant, if God came to her again, to take Him by the throat and ask Him why He had not been with her when she needed Him. But now all the questions fell silent in her heart. She simply drew a long breath and moved her stakes a little farther out into the unknown. She forgave the ways of God to her, as He forgave her ways to Him.

The sparrow fell. "Make a note of that," said God. But the sparrow kept on falling.

Next Sunday Job Tatum must be in the pulpit of St. Simon's. He could not help feeling a sort of expectant exhilaration at the thought. Lately, whenever Job had visited his study, it had not seemed strange, but familiar again, like a place where he belonged.

It was Thursday evening and he was on his way to the Briggses' house. During the summer, the Briggses had decided to move to California. St. Simon's could ill afford to lose such pillars, Job told himself. And not on account of their money. On account of their faith, the persistent faith that kept on believing, no matter what.

The Briggses were in the midst of crates and barrels. The house, stripped of draperies and furniture, seemed curiously small and unimportant. And the Briggses, like their house, were shrunk. Mr. Briggs did not have that round well-filled importance; Mrs. Briggs' feet were those of an old woman, uncertain, turned inward, and there was a constant small tremor in her hands.

"We made up our minds rather suddenly," Mr. Briggs said. "But we wanted to see you before we went."

"I'll miss you," Job said earnestly. And he was not so sure now about the Briggses being stuffed shirts and this room being airless. Last June it was he who had been airless.

Mrs. Briggs said, "We're sorry to go. This is where Abner grew up. I'm always seeing him lying in front of the fire, or climbing the stairs."

"We planned to hold on to this house for his sake," Mr. Briggs said. "But it's like mother said. We're always seeing him. His—his passing hit us harder as time went on. I guess at first we just didn't take it in. But California has no memories for us. We won't be seeing the boy everywhere. And it's a sort of place where old folks go."

THE Briggses wanted to be old, Job thought. He remembered how, after Ann's death, he had felt angry at his own youth and all the years he had to live. Too long. It had never stopped being too long.

"There's something I wanted to tell you." Mr. Briggs went on. "I never meant to, but"—he stopped and rubbed his knees, head bent, like a confused child—"but now that Abner's gone I'd like you to know. And mother here would like you to know." He stopped and went on. "You never knew who it was that saw you, down there, when you were a small boy washing dishes for the Salvation Army, and had them send you off to boarding school. Well ——"

When Job had seen, on that dark street, the face of the Salvation Army woman, he had thought it was the face of God. And now, as he looked, Mr. Briggs' tired furrowed face seemed to have the same sort of glory. "You," he said, stupid with surprise. "You!" He felt very small. Like the child in the dark street. "I can't tell you ——" he began huskily.

Mr. Briggs said, "Don't thank me. I got a big kick out of it. I was just a kid myself, with my father's money burning in my pockets. You were standing on a chair with an apron around your neck, wiping dishes, and I thought I'd give you a chance. But I didn't imagine you'd—many's the time I've sat in my pew while you were preaching and thought, 'I helped to put him there.' I never meant to tell you. But now Abner's gone—I wanted to feel that you knew you were carrying on for us. It'll give mother and me a lot of comfort to think that every Sunday—well, I can't put it into words, but you know, son, you know."

"Let me tell you something," the older woman said to the younger. "It is something that, if I had known when I was young, would have saved me a lot of fear. I'm going to die, and I have found out that, when your time comes to die, someone, on the other side, takes your hand. Who is it? I don't know. But it's someone."

IT was past two o'clock when Job finally reached his room at No. 12. He did not undress, but lay on his back on the bed, his hands folded behind his head. Humble. Shaken. "Help me, Ann," he said aloud.

There was no use trying to sleep. At four he dressed and went out into the hall. There was a light under the door of Dell's flat. And suddenly he knew that he wanted to see Dell. Humble and shaken, he needed to tell her what had happened to him tonight and hear her voice answering. Ann did not answer.

Softly he knocked on her door, and it opened. Dell was wearing her blue dress and her hair was in yellow braids so that she looked like a child.

"Come in," she said. "Everyone is asleep. But I didn't want to sleep. I've just been sitting here drinking coffee."

They sat down by the kitchen table. She gave him coffee and he drank it. For a long while he did not say a word. With Dell, he had always been free to speak or be silent, as he pleased. She was, as Ann had been, capable of silence.

"Remember, Dell, you said once that I could never help anyone until I became what I really was. You've known all along that I was not really Mr. Tatum who worked down at the docks. Now I want to say who I really am. I'm a minister."

He was not prepared for the sudden joy in her face. "A priest?"

"A Protestant minister. I'm going back to my work. This is my last night here."

"It's wonderful your being with me now. You don't know how wonderful—how I've wanted someone like you to—to hear my confession. I used to be a Catholic. When—things happened—I went away from the church. I've wanted to go back and confess, but I was ashamed."

"That's just the time we all should go back—when we are ashamed."

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," she said quickly and made the sign of the cross. "Pete," she said. "He's not my child. Liz is his mother. When our mother died I promised to look out for Liz. I promised. And when Liz told me she was going to have a baby she said she'd kill herself. She could never stand people saying what they would say about her. I was older. I could stand it better. So I took her out to the country, and when Pete was born we moved here and I said he was mine. Liz didn't mean any harm. But she's not the kind to bear things."

He said, "Yes. I can see how it would be."

"And then she met Bert. And it was so important for Bert not to know. Or he never would have married her. Bert is what she wants—even if ——"

"I know."

"I have a hard time remembering Pete isn't my son. He seems so—mine. And Liz has a hard time remembering too. When I

(Continued on Page 109)



# *Finest* way to tie a beau-knot

*Finest*

**RECIPE FOR VALENTINE CORN SCALLOPS**

1 can Stokely's *Finest* Whole Grain Corn
1½ tablesp. shortening
2 tablesp. flour
¾ teasp. salt
few grains pepper
3 eggs

Drain corn, save liquid. Add water to make 1 cup or use 1 cup water with vacuum-packed corn. Melt shortening; blend in flour, salt, pepper. Stir in liquid. Cook 'til thickened. Stir into slightly beaten eggs. Add corn. Divide into 10 greased heart molds. Bake in 350° F. oven 25 min. or 'til firm. Turn out; serve on broiled ham. You'll find a heartful of golden goodness in every luscious kernel because this corn was nourished and nurtured with loving care . . . grown where soil and climate produce prize kernels . . . packed at the peak of perfection to capture farm-fresh, corn-on-the-cob flavor. So just remember to insist on *nothing but the Finest* . . . and that, of course, means *Stokely's Finest!*




*Always Delicious*

Products of
Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., Indianapolis
and Stokely-Van Camp of Canada, Ltd.

# Woman at her Worst

## ( How guilty are you? )




## "Southern Exposure"

Now the bends are O. K. for some girls, but not for Helen—who suffers from shrinkage of the dress. And the pity of it is that it takes only a "Sanforized" label to make such a picture impossible! For a dress tagged "Sanforized" *never* shrinks out of fit—and out of style!





## "The Goop-Droop"

Here's another unlovely picture—which is, alas, all too common. Eleanor bought a dress that was *too big*, to allow for shrinkage. Silly girl! So much smarter to buy a dress with a "Sanforized" label *in your right size*. For a "Sanforized" dress that fits when you buy it has its good lines for *keeps!* So whenever you're shopping, whatever you want to pay—look for the "Sanforized" label on *every* washable cotton!

## "The Tug-Tugger"

Particularly noticeable on street cars and busses. Ethel's legs haven't grown longer—her dress got *shorter*. Wouldn't have happened if she'd looked for a "Sanforized" label, and made sure her pretty dress would *stay* pretty—no matter how many times she washed it!

*To keep on looking smart*
*—it's got to keep on FITTING!*

**•SANFORIZED•**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Standard Test**

*"Sanforized": Checked standard of shrinkage.* The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark.

*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

(Continued from Page 106)

told her I wanted to move out into the country with Pete, she didn't care. She was glad." She bowed her head. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

He said, "You are forgiven if you just ask. We are all in the midst of forgiveness."

"But there's something more I want to say. While everything on my heart is being said. I want to thank God for a wonderful life. I have been so blessed. Sometimes I've wondered why I was picked out to be so blessed."

He could not keep the sound of wonder from his voice. "It seems as if you had been given so little. How have you been blessed?"

"I have had Pete. As if I were his real mother. I never could be thankful enough for Pete."

Here in this room, evil and even death had no meaning. Only good quickened this quiet air.

"Dell," he said, "I've heard your confession. Will you hear mine? I have sinned. A heavy sin. A sin of the heart. My eyes have been blinded to the good in others. I did not accept it. So I ceased to believe in goodness. I saw drab lives, but I did not see, at their center, a light. When I saw goodness in you, Dell, I did not understand it. I was even irritated by it. When, as a minister, I came to know people's sins, I thought I knew the truth about them. But the real truth about them—you might call it God's truth—was their courage, their love, their sacrifice. But people told me their sins. And I listened. This would be a better world if we told each other our good, and we all listened."

"You're saying what I've always thought. Only—only I didn't know how to say it."

"All summer long, I've been learning about people. And now tonight, with some friends of mine uptown, and with you, I have begun to see what I always should have seen. There is a spirit in man. It persists. No matter how much evil there may be. No matter what darkness surrounds us. Compassion and forgiveness and hope and justice and truth—these things abide in the human spirit. Deeply. Eternally. Indestructibly. They abide. I once told you there was a mystery at the heart of man. The mystery is goodness."

"Those things—compassion and hope and all the rest—if we believe in them, we believe in God. Isn't that how it is, Mr. Tatum?"

"Yes," he said. "It's as simple—and as deep—as that."

He walked over to the window and raised the shade. The night had gone, and the great sun was rising, and it was morning. It was morning in his heart.

*O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie;*
*Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by;*
*Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light;*
*The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.*

It was Christmas Eve. Laura had put wreaths in the windows, wreaths with artificial leaves and berries which stood the apartment climate better than real ones. She was ready to trim the tree. She had got out the boxes of ornaments, saved year after year. The colored balls. The tinsel. The icicles. The strings of lights. A tiny crimson bird that had been the children's favorite. And now Betsy's child might see, someday, the little bird.

HENRY had always been indulgent about Christmas. He always said, like so many others, "Christmas is for children." But that was not true. Because children could not understand Christmas. They had only the toys. When they grew older, they would have Christmas. The more adult you were, the more you had Christmas. Because then you saw, underneath its gay lighted surface, its solemn splendor.

*While shepherds watched their flocks by night,*
*All seated on the ground,*
*The angel of the Lord came down,*
*And glory shone around.*

Henry had recovered from the operation, but he still liked to take it easy. He was sitting on the sofa by the fire in his cherry-colored dressing gown, talking to Sam and Zorella. And they were trying a concoction of champagne and coffee mixed. Sam and Zorella had come to see Henry because they were always restless on Christmas Eve.

"It irritates me to have everybody act so happy," Zorella said. "Give me a good old snarl."

SAM poured himself another drink. "Christmas only goes to show you what a hold legends have on the man in the street. Tell you what. Let's us make a legend that will last two thousand years."

"That reminds me," Henry said, "of when I was in the hospital." Sam and Zorella settled back with a hunted look, but Henry did not notice. He liked to talk about the hospital experience, in a proud voice, as if it had been a trip to the moon from which he, by his own daring and ingenuity, had returned. "One of the interns told me that people in a hospital often go right back to infantilism. Now you take the night before my operation ——"

"You take it," Sam mumbled. "Hospitals give me the creeps."

"That's just it, Sam. Our horror of hospitals drives us right back into childhood. That night before I was operated on—well, is my face red every time I think of all the kid talk I spilled! I wouldn't have believed I had it in me. Laura was a good sport, though. She saw how I felt and she pulled some guff herself. But if she won't tell what I said, I won't tell what she said. How about it, Laura?"

She was fastening the crimson bird onto the tree. "I meant it all, Henry."

Henry said, "Good old Laura. The most astonishing things go on in her brain. Come here and give me a kiss."

As she kissed him, Laura thought it was now that Henry had reverted to childhood. To the small boy who pretended he had not been afraid of the dark.

"I figure that most people who go through something tough have an experience like mine," Henry said. "They want to hear myths and legends."

Laura hung and looped the tree with color. The voices of Henry and Sam and Zorella wove themselves into a familiar braid. But now it did not matter. She was not alone. She had no poverty of spirit. She could not, no matter what happened, get outside of the love of God. She was a woman sitting in the sun, and not straining after the sun but letting it reach her, and knowing it would. She had trimmed the tree. She pressed the switch. The lights came on.

*Joy to the world, the Lord is come;*
*Let earth receive her King;*
*Let every heart prepare Him room,*
*And Heaven and Nature sing ——*

Commuters to Heaven opened on Christmas Eve. Everybody was there, a mink-and-white-tie audience. Even before the curtain went up, the theater had the generous air of success which experienced playgoers can feel clear out to the sidewalk. It was going to be good. The scenery was handsome; the lights worked perfectly in the tricky blackouts. And as for the actors—during Act II, a woman in the third row said to her husband, "You know, I think that man who's starring must have been a minister sometime in his life."

During the intermission between Act II and Act III, everyone backstage was holding his breath. So far, so good. The play was building. But there was still Act III. The climax. And it was so easy to destroy a play, especially a play like this one.

(Continued on Page 111)

**What the average woman wants is a strong, inflexible man who can be wrapped around her finger.**

—LITTLE ROCK GAZETTE.







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Ford

(Continued from Page 109)

Nick, in his dressing room, was poised on the peak of a wave that was about to break. In another hour, this role would be created. After tonight, he would not have this surge under him again. The thought gave him a lonely feeling. Leaning toward the mirror, he thought of the time he had watched Melita at her mirror and read to her out of the New Testament: "'Thy faith hath made thee whole.'" It seemed like a long time ago. And those words had never been quite clear to him. A normal man wasn't meant to keep his mind on that stuff. It was all right for a minister.

"Watch it, Mr. Romney," his dresser said. "You're takin' it all too serious. You just relax, Mr. Romney. You was swell."

Nick hardly heard. The Mayor. Would the Mayor blow up in Act III? "Do you think the crowd is getting it?"

"Take it easy. Sure the crowd is getting it. You're laying 'em in the aisles. And say, Mr. Romney, your wife's here. In the third row. She's lookin' swell."

Nick's thought about the Mayor snapped like the stem of a glass. His breath choking in his throat, he looked through the peephole in the curtain. Almost everyone else had gone out into the lobby, but Melita was still in her place, alone. In the blue dress, with the blue veil in her hair. Smiling to herself, as she had used to smile before she said, "Come here, Nick."

On stage again, he had the crowd with him. The old trouper in him could tell. They were feeling what they should feel. They were here, in the play, with him. He was careful not to look at Melita. And now he had almost reached the place where he quoted from the Sermon on the Mount. At rehearsals he had remembered it every time.

## DOROTHY SAYS GOOD-BY TO GOOD OLD U. S. A.

*New York City.*

*My dear Bruce and Beatrice:* This is my last week in the Aladdin's cave that is New York. It has been a wonderful time for me, and I can't thank you all enough for all your kindness to this escaped prisoner. I wish I had kept a diary to read over the wood ash when I get back.

An extraordinary thing happened the other day, when I took a taxi to Radio City. The taxi driver said, "English, aren't you?" for some reason getting the idea at once, the way they seem to out here! He went on to tell me he had been back only two months himself. He said he had liked it over there and had quite a good time on the whole. And when we got to my destination, and I asked him how much, delving among the quarters and things with buffaloes on them in my purse, ready to pay, he said, "Nothing to you. People were pretty good to me over there, and we owe quite a lot to England." If he hadn't driven off so quick I would probably have kissed him.

*Later.* In these last days I feel like the condemned man preparing his final banquet. What to take. What to leave. Whatever it is, how I shall regret it. Toys are especially hard to pass by, but so bulky. However, I have got two handsome dolls for prizes at the Rudgwick village school. One for the infants, one for the big girls. I have never forgotten seeing the children walking around nursing dolls, homemade with loving hands but little skill, and with the most appallingly ugly faces I have ever seen.

Must go and pack. Fortified by real orange juice, gorgeous meals and a lot of fun, I return to the forms, directions and other snags of my native land. Queer how fond one is of one's own country in spite of all. However uncomfortable. But one thing I know: if I hadn't happened to have been born English, I would have plumped for America. American women seem to me to have a wonderful time. If I were a young woman, I'd be out there, angling around. It has always been my conviction that the ideal marriage is between the English girl who has been brought up to Know Her Place, which is certainly not the first one in this man's land of England, and the American boy. She expects so little. He is convinced it is up to him to do so much. The recipe sounds to me a good one. It will be interesting to see how the many war marriages turn out.

Love and thanks to you all,

DOROTHY BLACK.

*Homeward bound.*

*My dear Bruce and Beatrice:* We are off down the Hudson, in a blizzard. This is a one-time luxury liner, on which I have sailed before, but her own maker would not know her. I am berthed in a sort of gals' dormitory with sixteen bunks in it—but mercifully we are only four. There is nowhere to hang anything, and all day long the loud-speaker blares sinister messages to unknown soldiers: "Will Private Baffle go at once to the orderly room." We are called by reveille. We are put to bed by the last post. To bed, on a hard straw mattress, with two cement pillows. Maybe I would pity myself if I didn't realize it was sixteen boys who packed into the same space, and wrestled with the taps that are so strangely reluctant to turn on.

I hated seeing the sky line fade, and the familiar statue wave me a last farewell. To Liberty indeed, as far as we all are concerned, I'm afraid.

*Later.* We had a film show last night, in the course of which a small child I had never seen before appeared from nowhere, worming her way down the row of seats. I said, "Are you looking for someone?" She replied, "I am looking for you," climbed into my lap and went to sleep. When her mother removed her, she bawled. It's quite a while since I felt so flattered.

*Later.* England's coast line is just heaving up out of the murk, and the orange juice and the fun and games seem very far away. It is bitterly cold, and of course it is raining.

*Later. The Duke's Cottage. Rudgwick.* Was it really me who went to sea, and shopped without coupons, and had all that fun? It seems just a bit like a dream. Icicles hang from every tree, and the silence is broken by shattering sneezes. A sheaf of bills awaited me—and that is life! Eric, the pony boy, has grown another foot and bought a razor. The garden looks wonderful, thanks to the constant attention of Wm. Tullett, who has had things all his own way, and moved trees just where he thought he would. A new beehive has been erected, and painted white, in the bees' garden city at the end of the orchard.

At the moment I am beginning to realize there is a lot to be said for central heating. But I shall get used to it, and no doubt my nose will thaw out in time.

Love to you all, DOROTHY.








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FOR THAT YOUNG, YOUNG LOOK


But it had always brought a pang. And now, suddenly, everyone was speaking too fast . . . too fast. . . . The play hurtled on, revolving like a great wheel. Here ——

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." He drew a long breath. "Blessed are they that mourn ——"

His mind went blank. The gray wool filled it. The stage whirled. The floor tipped under his feet. In a moment, the play would tip too. He thought very fast. *Blessed are they that mourn.* Why? He did not know. He had no idea. But now he heard the prompter. "For they shall be comforted," Nick said, and the moment was saved. But he never would believe that line. When he heard the prompter's voice, he had given up trying to believe it.

The play was over. Nick took a dozen curtain calls. But as soon as he could get away from the crowd in the dressing room, he was going to find Melita. He must have been crazy these past months. Out of his head with the strain of putting on the play. That stuff about wanting to know who he was and getting born again—that was morbid, unhealthy. Now that the strain was over, he could see what a fool he had been. He was going to get Melita and take her home. The play was a success. He had created the role. He could store it now with all the other roles in Cain's warehouse.

And yet he could not help remembering the time when he had been running the mile in the school track meet, and, just before the finish, his breath had given out and he had dropped from the race.

*Silent night, holy night,*
*All is calm, all is bright*
*Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,*
*Holy Infant so tender and mild;*
*Sleep in Heavenly Peace* ——

Christmas Eve. Gladys Foster was sitting on her bed, her forehead pressed against the cold brass knob of the bedpost. If she could just sit here like this, not even going out to eat, she would not have to see any more of Christmas. There seemed to be so much Christmas.

She was ashamed of what she had said to Reverend Primrose. After all, he believed what he said; he could not help it if he was wrong. He didn't deserve for anybody to speak to him like that. Mrs. Mitrou said he had telephoned a couple of times, and once he even came to the house, but she was too tired to talk to him. Even her voice these days was kind of tired.

There was a knock on the door. She didn't answer. If it was any of the boarders wanting to say something about Christmas, please couldn't they go away and leave her alone? The knock came again. Oh, well, better to answer than to keep hearing that noise. It was Mrs. Mitrou. With a letter.

Jake. The letter was from Jake. Her hands trembled so she could hardly open it. Perhaps—perhaps it would be dated after the day the telegram had said he was killed. Perhaps he wasn't killed. No. He had written it the day before. He had begun it: "I figure this will be my last letter for a while because I'm going to be plenty busy." She took the letter over to the bed. Maybe she would not read it all now. She could read a sentence every hour and make it last over into Christmas Day. This was her Christmas present from Jake. She ought not to hurry through it.

But she could not read it like that. She had to hurry through it.

"I've been thinking over what you said about praying for me, and I've come to believe there's a lot in it. Out here, a guy comes to understand a lot of stuff and see things different. I can't say it now, but when I come back, I'll tell you. I figure you'll get this letter sometime in December, I hope, I hope. So will you do me a favor? Probably you're going to do it anyhow, but I'm making sure. Will you go to the midnight Christmas service at that church you wrote me about? I'll be there. Whatever happens. I'll be there. So you be there. A guy doesn't want to be stood up."


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**GLYCO-THYMOLINE**


It was ten minutes past eleven. But she could make it. If she hurried. She heard someone sobbing, but she was sure it couldn't be her. Because she was so happy. She felt strong, strong. She could of run ten miles; she could of climbed mountains. She put on the dress Jake had always liked. It wouldn't do for him to see her in strange clothes. She put on Jake's favorite hat and the coat with the raccoon collar he had seen a thousand times.

She ran downstairs. From the wreath on the front door she broke a sprig of holly and put it in her buttonhole. When she got on the bus, she said "Merry Christmas" to the driver, and she said it again to an old man who sat beside her, but he was asleep. The bus stopped three blocks from St. Simon's. She ran those three blocks, so as to be sure not to be late, and she did not feel the sidewalk under her feet at all, nor get out of breath. She was like a bird flying.

She was in time! The choir hadn't even gone up to the altar. And suddenly, right in the vestibule, she saw Jake. He was dressed in his battle uniform, helmet and all, and he had a sort of light around him, and the strange part of it was that he had three children with him, and they looked as if they were waiting for her too.

And then it seemed as if they weren't in the vestibule of St. Simon's, but in a place of their own, and the light grew brighter all around them.

"Why, Jake," she said. "These children—these are our children. We aren't going to miss nothing."

"Sure," he said. "No matter what happens, we aren't going to miss nothing."

"But, Jake," she said, and her heart was full of laughing and singing, "it's like we was in heaven!"

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**It is not true that love is blind; the truth is that love remains indifferent to faults or weaknesses which it sees quite clearly if it finds in a human being the thing that matters most and which as a rule cannot be described.** —ANDRÉ MAUROIS: The Atmosphere of Love. (Appleton)

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And then the light was gone and Jake was gone, and she was in the vestibule again. Instead of Jake, there stood Reverend Primrose, and she held fast to his hand, because, if she had not held fast, she would have fallen.

She said, "I seen ——"

"Yes?" he said, and smiled.

"Forgive me," she said. "Forgive me, Reverend Primrose."

*Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;*
*Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;*
*Come and adore Him, born the King of angels;*
*Oh, come let us adore Him ——*

Every pew in the church was taken. The pillars were wreathed with evergreen; there was holly at the windows Sacred to the Memory Of. At the Good Shepherd window. At the window which said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Over the altar hung a star. And the altar itself was heaped with crimson flowers. Job Tatum knew that Dell and Pete were in the balcony. They were going to move to the country in April. He was making certain of that in a way that Dell would never find out.

The soprano was singing. Job looked down at all the faces. Miss Grooby, as usual, was in the front row. Miss Grooby had been afraid that God might strike the soprano dead in the middle of her solo, on account of her asking for more pay. But the soprano kept on singing. Beautifully. Miss Grooby's face was wreathed in her Christmas smile, but she looked tired. All the faces looked tired. They were in need.

Job remembered his dream of what he would do when he came back to St. Simon's. He had dreamed there was something wise and old and simple he must say to his people to answer their need. But he had not known what it was. Now, looking at the faces, he knew. It was the word that would comfort


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the sighing he had heard here in the pews at Easter, and down at the slum called No. 12, and here again on Christmas Eve.

The simple ancient word was "love." That was what he must say to his people. It was only through love that people came close to one another, and to God. In love, all virtue and all light were gathered. He bent his head. "Ann," he said, "if I had only learned, when you left me, to take the love in my heart for you and the child and give it to my people—but I did not." Then he looked down at the weariness and the need of all the faces, and he yearned over his people, as he had used to yearn over his own sorrow.

It was time for him to speak. He mounted the pulpit. He had planned to tell his people that Christianity held out the only hope that democracy would conquer totalitarianism now and forever. He had taken his text from Isaiah: "And the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful." But on this Christmas Eve, it seemed as though they should hear, instead, the first words which the angel had spoken to the shepherds: "*Fear not.*"

He opened the Bible on the pulpit to the new text: "Fear not, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The words shone in the silence of the church. And they were all true.

It was always high noon, where the sun stood. The sun did not know darkness. But the earth, beneath the sun, rolling out of the shadow, was creating Christmas morning.

(THE END)

## HUSBAND TO SPARE

*(Continued from Page 31)*

again at the unrolling scenery. What an unpleasant young man! If there had been any place else in the train to sit, she would have moved, but she knew every inch was filled. People were even sitting in the washrooms.

She must have dozed off, because the next thing she knew a conductor was announcing something in a loud voice. She caught only the last few words.

"What did he say?"

The captain still had his eyes closed, but he answered her, speaking with evident enjoyment. "You'll have to get off, I'm afraid. They're taking off the day coaches and clearing out a lot of the passengers. Only women who are officers' wives, traveling with their husbands, can stay on. Tough luck."

At first she thought he was lying to her, trying to get rid of her, but she saw people getting things together and she overheard their conversations and knew it was true.

"Oh, my!" she said in a half whisper.

She would be too late for her job. Craig had said it was important for her to be there on time, and now goodness knew when she could get there, and they wouldn't hold it for her. He'd had trouble enough wangling it, when there had been applicants they could interview in person, and now they would take one of those applicants instead of her.

She would have to go home. She couldn't go to New York without a job, without a prospect of one. She had very little money, and she hadn't bought a return ticket because she hadn't expected to go back—well, anyway, for years. She could just about manage a ticket home from here.

"Oh, my!"

The captain looked down at her with an expression that might almost have been concern. "What's the matter?" he inquired. "Are you ill?"

She looked back at him, and just then he turned so that a ray of sunlight from the window caught the bars on his shoulder and flashed blindingly into her eyes. She blinked them shut. When she opened them again, her face was flushed and she was almost as breathless as though she had been running.

"Listen," she said. "Listen, captain, you have to help me."

"Oh-oh." He put up his hand as though to ward her off. "I know that opening too well. Whatever it is, count me out. I told you—I want nothing to do with women."

She bent her head as though to hide tears, all the while thinking furiously. She had to get him to do it. She had to. She couldn't give up all her dreams—the job, New York, Craig, everything. She had to find some way ——

"Crying's no good either," he said. "I hate crying. If you need help of some kind, why not find a nice, willing fellow who loves women and doesn't mind getting snared? There are lots of them. Why pick on me?"

"That's just it," she said. "I could trust you, where I couldn't take a chance on a man who likes women. Even my—husband would approve of you."

He looked at her warily, but she thought she could see the little muscles around his mouth relax, and when he spoke his voice had lost its edge. "You're married?"

She nodded. "I'm on my way to meet my husband now. He's been in Germany, and I haven't seen him for three years. Now—now I have to get off the train; goodness knows when I can get another one. I'll be too late." She turned her head away and repeated in a whisper, "Too late," and then wondered tensely whether she had overdone it.

But he asked, "What do you mean? Won't he wait?"

She shook her head slowly. "He has to be hospitalized. We were to have three days together first." She got up, smiling wanly. "Well, I suppose I'd better get ready to get off."

"Wait a minute." His gray eyes were very nice, she thought, when they were not cold or wary. "When you wanted me to help you, did you —— I mean, if you—well, what I want to say is, that if you said you were my wife—I'm an officer, you see—and then they'd have to let you stay on."

Her heart returned to its proper place, high in her chest. She shook the hair out of her eyes and looked up at him with her electric-blue eyes and grinned. "Oh, that would be wonderful! Would you really do it?" She sat down with a little sigh. "I don't know how to thank you."

He smiled for the first time, and the smile broke up the austerity of his tanned face and made it appear younger, more boyish. "It's little enough to do for a brother in arms," he said. "Somebody's bound to have half of my section, and it might as well be you. I ought to add that what I said before—about women, I mean"—he was stammering again; he was actually rather shy, she thought—"it's only when they're looking for husbands that I—well, don't like them. Once they're married—well ——"

"You mean," she offered helpfully, "that you have no objection to me, now that you know I have a husband? I'm glad."

The conductor was calling the next station, repeating his instructions about those who had to get off. Then he began going from seat to seat, making individual inquiries.

"Listen," Dinah whispered. "Who am I?"

"Who are you?" the captain echoed.

"What's my name?" she said impatiently. "Mrs.—what?"

"Oh." He laughed. "You won't like it, I'm afraid. It's Wickenbush—Ronald Wickenbush. I had nothing to do with it, you understand."

The conductor was upon them now. Dinah was certain his stare was suspicious, and she felt herself getting warm under his sharp old eyes. "You two," he said gruffly. "Man and wife, are you?"

Captain Wickenbush only nodded, but Dinah felt that some more emphatic response was required. "Oh, yes indeed," she said. "This is my husband, and I'm Mrs. Wickenbush. Unusual name, isn't it? But then what's in a name, as I've always said to Ronnie."

She stopped, because the conductor's stare had sharpened, and she knew suddenly that she had said too much, that she had sounded nervous and unconvincing. She smiled up at him weakly, waiting for him to tell her he knew she was lying, but all at once his heavy, wrinkled face broke up into a toothy grin.

"Newlyweds, eh?" His hoarse whisper was meant to be confiding, but it reached every corner of the crowded car. Necks craned to look. Men beamed at them fatuously. Women made soft little *oh* and *ah* sounds. In front of them, the stout woman who had given up her seat became aware that her protégés were the center of some kind of pleasant excitement. She turned and gave them her beaming smile and said, "Yes-s-s, yes-s-s, sit with friends."

"Now you've done it," Captain Wickenbush muttered, the pleasant look gone from his face again. "If you'd just relaxed, it would all have been so simple. We tell the conductor we're married—he has to take our word for it, so he can't put you off the train—and that's that. Everybody in the car didn't have to ——" He broke off with a disgusted click of his tongue. "Women!"

"Listen here, Captain Wickenbush ——" Dinah began angrily, with emphasis on the ridiculous name, but her words were drowned out by a sudden blare of music. A soldier had taken a harmonica out of his pocket and begun to play, to be joined instantly by two others, one with a sweet potato and another with paper wrapped around a comb. Slowly, majestically and loudly they played the Wedding March from Lohengrin.

Even the fat woman understood this universal language. She turned around again nodding so vigorously that her large head seemed about to fall from her neck. "Yes-s-s," she said. "Yes-s-s," as though to indicate that she had known it all the time.

Dinah glanced fearfully at Captain Wickenbush, and just then he glanced at her. It was like the moment when they had found themselves unexpectedly and forcefully sitting together. Simultaneously they began to laugh, his hearty roar mingling with her little giggle, and finally he had to proffer her his big handkerchief again.

"Well!" she said. "Well! Thank heaven you have a sense of humor!"

"It is funny," he admitted, "and I guess you couldn't really help it. That conductor was just a romantic old fool."

"Romance," Dinah said, "can be very nice. It's too bad you're so sour on it."

"You would be, too, in my shoes."

She looked up at him with an interest that was not at all simulated. That was another of Dinah's charms. She was genuinely interested in almost everything about almost everyone. "Tell me," she said. And she kept her eyes riveted on his face while he talked, nodding sympathetically. She really did begin to understand. It was enough to make a man unpleasant to women and suspicious of them, when as long ago as grammar school they had been after him for his money.

"She had blond corkscrew curls and blue eyes, and I'm sure she was an insipid little fool, but I thought she was wonderful," he said. "And then I overheard her best friend asking her what on earth she saw in me, or words to that effect, and she said, 'My goodness, he gets the biggest allowance of any boy in the class.'"

It had been that way ever since, and when he got into uniform it was worse. Every girl he met wanted to marry a captain with a large private income, and that's all they had to know about him. They didn't care that he was a nice, warmhearted fellow who had always been good to his mother and handy around the house. He might as well have been one large dollar sign. Now that the war was over he was going home to Connecticut and buy a farm and devote himself to the simple life, with women strictly excluded.

"You've met the wrong girls," Dinah said. "They're not all like that. You've just been unlucky."

"Maybe I have." His gray eyes smiled pleasantly. "Maybe I have at that. You, for

*(Continued on Page 116)*



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**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

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(Continued from Page 114)

instance, rushing to be with your husband for a few days ——" He looked at her budget-shop suit, its commonplace lines enhanced by her neat, small figure. "I'll bet he's not rich, either."

"No-o," she said. "No, of course not."

He asked her questions then. What was her husband like? How long had they been married? What—with a laugh—was her name, anyway?

"My husband." She thought of Craig, who called her "darling" now. "He's very nice. In high school we were just pals. We played tennis together and picnicked—things like that—and were never serious or sentimental. Then he enlisted and went away."

She made the rest of it up—how they had been married on his first furlough, three years ago, in the little white church, and how they had had only two weeks together before he went away. While she was telling it she felt that it was true. She could see herself in her wedding dress, looking up at Craig; she could see herself in his arms at that last farewell; she could feel the love, the tenderness, the anguish of parting.

"Don't cry," Ronald Wickenbush said softly. "Here." He handed her his big handkerchief. "You keep this."

She dried her eyes and then smiled again, stuffing the handkerchief into her suit pocket. "You still don't know my name. It's Dinah."

"Hello, Dinah."

Then she had to add the final touch of reality. "Dinah Ware, it is. Mrs. Craig Ware."

She had scarcely finished saying it when a porter came through with a telegram, shouting, "Miss Dinah Gormley. Telegram for Miss Dinah Gormley." And she had called to him and taken the yellow envelope before she realized what she had done. She turned around to the captain, smiling feebly.

"It must be from someone who doesn't know I'm married."

"That's hardly likely. Anyone who knows you well enough to know you're on this train would certainly know you're married, after three years."

"Well you see, in business I always used my maiden name on my job. They didn't approve of married women."

He gave a disgusted snort, but his face cleared. "Old-fashioned nonsense!" he said. "Well, aren't you going to read it?"

"Read it? Yes—yes, of course." The message was from Craig, telling her that he could hardly wait till she arrived, darling, and for a moment she forgot everything in her dream of the moment when she would get off the train.

"Not bad news, I hope?"

"Just from my old boss. Nothing important, Captain Wickenbush."

"Better call me Ronnie." He grinned. "The other's a little formal for a husband, don't you think?"

THEY went to the dining car at the first call, prepared to wait interminably to be served, but the crowd parted for them at once and a smiling steward showed them to a table. It was occupied, but one couple arose immediately at their approach—a huge, red-faced Irish lieutenant, and the fat woman from their own car.

"Sit with friend," she said. "Yes-s-s, yes-s-s, sit with friend." She waddled out, the lieutenant following silently in her wake, and Dinah and Ronnie stared after them.

"I'd have sworn," Dinah said, "that she didn't have that lieutenant in tow before. Do you think ——"

"Why, Dinah! All these years we've been married, and I never knew till now what a suspicious nature you have!" He grinned at her, and she thought how nice he was, now that he was no longer wary of her.

When they got back to the Pullman car which had been assigned to them, the porter was making up the berths.

"You'll take the lower, of course," Ronnie said.

"Oh, no, I couldn't. It wouldn't be fair. After all ——"

He gave her a warning glance, and whispered, "What kind of husband do you think would let his wife sleep in the upper berth?" Aloud he said, "That's sweet of you, dear, but my asthma's not bothering me at all tonight. I'll be fine in the upper."

"Mistuh cap'n." The porter turned around, a gray Pullman blanket over his white-sleeved arm, a wide grin on his face. "Ain't no use to argue, suh. Train's so crowded, even with all those people off, you an' the missus gotta double up. You has both got de uppah."

"Why should we have the upper?" Ronnie inquired indignantly. "Who has the lower?"

"A majah an' his wife, suh." He moved off, shaking his head and chuckling, and Ronnie turned to Dinah, still indignant.

"These majors," he said. "They get the best of ——"

"Ronnie," Dinah broke in gently, "did you hear what he said? He said we'd have to—to—*double up!*"

"Certainly I heard him. That's what ——" He stopped, and realization broke over his face. "Oh-oh," he said. "Oh-oh."

"WHAT'LL I do now? I just have to think of *something*." She frowned in deep concentration. Finally her face brightened. "Look—what about our fat friend? If they're not really married either, they're in the same fix we are. If you could find that lieutenant, and sort of feel him out ——"

"That's a great idea. I'll look for him right away." He smiled, his gray eyes crinkling nicely in his lean face. "Though there won't be much room for you, in a berth with that lady!"

He went off, and Dinah looked after him for a moment and thought that it was really a shame to deceive him like this. When she had thought he was mean and conceited and impossible, it had seemed a good joke on him. She had even considered telling him at the end of the trip, as a laugh, but now she could never tell him. If he knew he would think she was just like all the other awful girls, going to any lengths to get what she wanted. If she didn't tell him, he would always think well of her and remember their trip with pleasure, and no one would be any the worse for it. Still, she didn't like deceiving him. Not any more. He was too nice.

"Telegram!" It was the chuckling porter, back again. "Telegram for Miss Dinah Gormley."

She took it, giving the porter a very undignified wink along with his tip. "It's a secret marriage," she confided. "Nobody knows it yet. That's why the telegram says 'Miss.'"

The message was from Craig again, more ardent than the previous one, more liberally sprinkled with "darlings." He had changed in the Army, she thought. He had certainly lost his shyness. She had been very impatient with him sometimes, knowing how he felt about her, yet never hearing him tell her. The evening he had gone away, she had tried to help him say it, but he had stammered and blushed and gone without telling her. She had written a few impersonal letters and received a few noncommittal V-mail answers, and then suddenly he was back and she was his darling.

"Your fat lady friend," a grim voice said, "does not care to share her berth with you."

Dinah looked up, startled, into the gray eyes of Ronnie Wickenbush. Rather, she looked up into one of his gray eyes. The other was tightly shut, obviously not by inclination, but perforce, and the puffy skin around it was turning rapidly purple.

Dinah gasped. "The lieutenant?"

Ronnie shook his head. "Not the lieutenant. I wish it had been. I'd have had him court-martialed for striking a superior officer." Suddenly the anger went out of his voice and he grinned. "I've never seen anybody get so red in the face and still control himself."

"But how ——"

"He had his wife hit me—oh, yes, she's his wife all right. I made some jocular crack about their not being married, and he got redder than the Soviet flag and gabbled




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something to her in some foreign language. She grinned and nodded as if her head were coming off, the way she does, said, 'Yes-s-s, yes-s-s,' and socked me in the eye."

Dinah giggled. She did not mean to giggle, because actually she felt very sorry about the whole thing. It was awful that he should have been hurt trying to help her, especially when she was a fraud and a phony. But the picture of the fat woman nodding and grinning and meanwhile hitting him in the eye was too much for her.

"Oh, my," she gasped. "I'm sorry—I'm s-so—s-sorry. Oh, my, oh, my!" Finally she got her breath, dabbed at her eyes with his handkerchief, and looked up at him guiltily. He was smiling, his eye bright with laughter. "You know," she said, smiling back, "I've never met a man before who could see the fun in a joke on himself."

"I've never met a girl before," he said quickly, "with whom I could see the fun in so many things."

Then he turned dark red under his tan, and there was a short, embarrassed silence which Dinah filled with activity. She took his handkerchief and soaked it in cold water and then came back and had him hold it to his eye. She made herself very busy with powder and lipstick, looking at her small, pert face in the mirror and wishing suddenly that it was glamorous instead of merely cute.

"Well," Ronnie said finally, "what are we going to do now?"

She gave him a grateful glance for the *we*. "I'll just have to sit up. I can go into the ladies' room, maybe, and sleep in a chair."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. A fine sight you'd be to greet your husband, with hollows under your eyes." He reached for a pillow. "Go on now, you climb up there and go to sleep. I'll be all right. After all, I'm used to foxholes—anything better is luxury."

It was useless to argue with him, and besides, the passengers who had already retired were hissing vicious shushes at them. She climbed into the berth, set her little alarm clock for three-thirty, and fell asleep almost at once.

When the alarm went off, she was dreaming that she was in New York, and that she had to get up to go to work. She sat up at once, with a vague feeling of disquiet, and then felt unaccountably pleased to see where she was. She smiled to herself as she rang for the porter.

"Yes, missus?" he whispered, from the other side of the green curtain. "You want de ladder?"

"Yes, and I'd like to see my husband too. Will you see if you can find him?"

After what seemed a long time she heard a discreet knock on the metal edge of the berth. She looked out from between the curtains, and saw Ronnie, looking sleepy and disheveled and, with his now very black eye, faintly disreputable. Somehow, looking at him, she felt a way that she had never felt before. She felt maternal.

"You wanted to see me?" he whispered.

"It's your turn to sleep now. Don't argue. I'm coming down and you are coming up." Without waiting for him to answer, she slid out and down the ladder, clutching her robe around her in one of those vain attempts at modesty in a Pullman. "Go ahead now," she urged, when she was standing beside him. "You look exhausted."

"I just woke up," he said. "I was ——"

"Quiet!" The major in the lower berth stuck out his head and glared at them. A funny look came over his face, which Dinah could not make out, and Ronnie disappeared hastily up the ladder.

Dinah repaired to the ladies' room. It was empty, and there was a long, leather-covered seat which would make a fair bed for a little thing like Dinah. She made a pillow of several folded towels and lay down. It was hard, but she thought she could doze a little.

"Miss—I'm sorry, miss." Someone was shaking her. She sat up, and saw a small, plump woman in white bending over her. "This is where I sleep, miss," she said. "I'm the stewardess. I'm sorry—they told me everybody had a berth this trip."

"It's my husband," Dinah murmured sleepily, reciting the explanation she had planned if anyone questioned her. "He snores."

She staggered out, and stood uncertainly in the aisle, wondering where to go next. As she stood there, the romantically minded conductor came by, ignoring her according to the night etiquette of Pullmans. He stopped at the end of the car, opened a narrow closet in the wall, and was concerning himself solely with his conductor's business when Dinah's chuckling porter came along with another telegram.

"Miss Dinah Gormley?" he inquired, loudly enough for the conductor to hear. The conductor stopped what he was doing and turned around, watching her take the telegram and read it.

What she read was so incredible, so calamitous, so absolutely impossible that she scarcely knew what she was saying. "Stage name," she muttered to the conductor, forgetting that she had given a different explanation to the porter. "Stage people never use 'Mrs.'"

She began to walk dazedly out of the car. "Your berth's in the other direction," the conductor told her. She turned around and walked to her own car, and was about to go on through, looking for another place to sleep, when she saw the conductor had followed her. She stood near the berth, waiting for him to pass, but he smiled at her, got the ladder from a near-by berth, and held it for her to climb up. There was nothing for it but to go ahead.

**A comedian asked Mark Twain to write five good jokes for him. He offered a fee of fifty dollars but was refused. The humorist argued: "It can't be done, for we both would get bad reputations. Anybody who knows that I have as much as fifty dollars may consider me a thief. You certainly will be called one if you have five good jokes in your act."**

She got gingerly inside, staying as close to the edge of the berth as she could, until she thought the conductor was gone. She did not even look at Ronnie, feeling that by not looking at him she was making the whole thing more impersonal, but even in her discomfort she was aware that he did not snore. She was as quiet as possible, so as not to wake him, and as soon as she thought it was safe she climbed down again.

The porter stood there as she descended, waiting for the ladder. He grinned at her knowingly. "Don't you fret, missus," he whispered. "By mawnin' he won't be mad no mo'. You could maybe sleep comf'table in de baggage car, like he did."

"Which way is the baggage car?"

He pointed, still grinning. Then, as though no longer able to contain himself, he whispered admiringly, "You sho' give him one beautiful shiner, for such a small lady."

She stared after him, and now she understood the major's funny look, and despite the fact that disaster had overtaken her, it struck her as hilarious that she should be suspected of socking her new husband in the eye. She began to giggle, standing right there in the aisle between the berths, and before long she was joined by a familiar chuckle that grew into a suppressed roar. All along the line, angry faces appeared and voices hissed for quiet.

A hand came out from between the curtains of the upper berth, proffering a large handkerchief. A moment later Ronnie himself appeared, fully dressed. "Your turn," he whispered. "I've had enough sleep."

"So have I. I'm going to get dressed too."

"I'll wait for you in the observation car."

Breakfast with Ronnie, after the night's vicissitudes, held a peculiar intimacy. She knew, now, without his telling her, that he had been awake while she sat uncomfortably on the edge of the berth, waiting for the conductor to pass, and she thought it was very

*(Continued on Page 119)*


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**BAKED PUDDING**

¼ cup shortening—1 cup **Brer Rabbit GREEN LABEL Molasses**—1 beaten egg—4-oz. package butterscotch pudding—1¾ cups sifted flour—1½ teaspoons baking powder—½ teaspoon soda—½ teaspoon salt—1 cup milk—1 teaspoon vanilla extract.

Cream shortening; beat in molasses and egg. Stir in butterscotch pudding (as it comes from box). Sift together remaining dry ingredients; add alternately with milk and vanilla to first mixture. Bake in greased and floured 9" square pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 30-40 minutes or until done. Serve with ice cream or whipped cream. 8 servings.

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Here's how: Ask your meat-man to cut the short ribs into individual squares.

Season with salt and pepper. (Sprinkle with flour, for a richer brown.)

Brown meat slowly on all sides in hot fat.

Add a small amount of water. Cover tightly. Cook over low heat on top of range for about 2½ hours.

30-45 minutes before meat is done, add vegetables such as potatoes, onions, carrots, parsnips, celery.

Continue cooking until meat and vegetables are tender.

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(Continued from Page 117)

tactful of him to pretend to be asleep. She thought he was wonderful about the black eye too. He had never once, not since the very beginning, blamed her for anything that had happened. He had just laughed and been a good sport and made her problem his own, and she thought it was wonderful. Now it was almost as though they were really newly married, having breakfast together.

Ronnie was playing it up for the benefit of the other passengers. "Pass me the jelly, dear. . . . Have another cup of coffee, darling." His tender looks were part of the act, of course. Still ——

For three hours, out in the observation car, they had talked. You can learn a lot about people in three hours alone, speeding through the darkness, watching the dawn break and the sun come up. You can become very friendly, and feel as if you had known each other a very long time. You might even look at each other tenderly, and mean it.

But all that would be over soon. In her pocket Dinah had a telegram that changed everything. Soon, in a few hours, Ronnie's look would change to that cold distaste with which he had first glanced at her. Soon everything was going to be awful. The telegram said:

CANNOT WAIT FLYING TO RICHMOND JOINING YOUR TRAIN THERE DARLING.

In a little while Ronnie would know Craig was not her husband—that he was not about to be hospitalized—that he was not even a soldier any more. He would know she had told him the most terrible lies, and he would despise her. She had hoped to leave him as a friend, perhaps to invite him to visit when she and Craig were married, but now there was no hope of that.

It would be better if she told him beforehand, tried to soften the blow a little. She kept trying to tell him, but it was no use. The words would not come. Every time she tried to say them, other words came out instead. And then the conductor was shouting, "Richmond! Fifteen-minute stopover. Richmond!"—and it was too late.

The train had scarcely stopped when a man in a gray pin-striped suit with a conservative tie came into the car, looked around quickly, and rushed down the aisle to her. He said, "Dinah! Darling!" holding out his hands, and she felt queer, embarrassed, as though a stranger were approaching her with words of endearment. It was ridiculous, of course. This was Craig, with whom she had gone to school, whom she expected to marry. A bigger, more mature, more assured Craig, but still the man she had known almost always. "It's wonderful to see you, darling," he said. "Wonderful! I had hoped to get a seat on this train, but it was impossible, even"—he laughed deprecatingly—"with influence. But I've arranged for you to fly back with me, darling."

She wished he wouldn't keep calling her "darling"—not, anyway, with Ronnie sitting right there. She had been pretending to be Ronnie's wife for—well, it was only hours, of course, but it seemed much longer, and she had gone through so much with him. She felt a little the way she thought a woman must feel when her husband discovers another man making love to her.

And then Ronnie's voice asked quietly, "Is this your husband?" and she saw how terribly mixed up she was. Because it was Craig who was going to discover that there was another man around—Craig to whom explanations had to be made. Of course Ronnie was in the dark about certain things, too, but it didn't really matter. She would never see Ronnie again, and she was going to spend the rest of her life with Craig.

She shivered a little, and looked from one to the other, wondering what to say, how to begin, and in the meantime Craig asked, "Who's this?"

"Captain Wickenbush," she said, and she didn't think it sounded unusual; she thought it was a name with character, a name you wouldn't forget—not ever, not as long as you lived. "He's been—wonderful."

Craig looked at Ronnie and frowned. "Wonderful," he repeated. Dinah tried to remember whether he had been bright in school, but she couldn't. She couldn't, really, remember anything important about him at all.

"It was like this," she said, and then she told him all about it—but she was not really telling it to Craig; she was reliving it, chuckling over the fat lady, smiling tenderly over the hours in the observation car.

When she had finished, he was still looking at Ronnie and frowning. He had not laughed once. It would be awful, she thought, to spend your whole life with a man who had no sense of humor.

"You won't want me any more," she said suddenly, not knowing she was going to say it, not planning it at all. "I was—in his berth with him."

Ronnie stood up. "Look here," he said. "Say, look here, you weren't—that is, you make it sound—what I mean is, I don't want to come between husband and ——"

"He's not my husband," Dinah burst in, and as she said it a feeling of relief flooded over her. "I'm not married. I just told you all that so you'd help me, because I knew you wouldn't if you thought I was single and you might get involved in something. I wanted to go to New York. I wanted to meet—Craig. At least I thought I did. Now I don't care if I never see New York or—or ——" She stopped, because Ronnie hated tears, and after a minute went on quietly: "I'll get off the train now. I'll get a job in Richmond and work until I have enough money to get back home."

Craig was still frowning. "I don't get it," he said. "I don't—get it. You wouldn't do anything wrong, Dinah."

She smiled at him. "Thank you, Craig, but you can't really know what I'd do. We don't really know each other at all."

"What are you talking about?" The frown on his broad, handsome face grew puzzled. "We've known each other almost all our lives."

"Sometimes," she said, "you can know a person better after one day than you can know another person after a lifetime. It all depends"—she stopped, and then added in a low voice—"upon the person."

Craig looked at her, and then he looked at Ronnie. "Oh," he said. "Well"—he took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead—"well, I guess I'll be going along then. Good-by, Dinah. Good-by, Captain—Crackenbush."

"Wickenbush," she corrected.

"Does it matter?"

She looked after him pityingly. She hoped he would find a nice girl, serious-minded but not too sensitive. *Does it matter*, indeed!

Finally she put on her coat and stood up, keeping her eyes away from Ronnie. "I'm going too," she said. "As soon as I'm sure Craig is off the train."

Ronnie did not answer. It struck her that he had not spoken for a long time. Maybe he had fainted. In alarm, she turned and looked at him. He was sitting with his head against the back of the seat, staring at the ceiling of the car, a beatific expression on his face. Presently he began to speak in a dreamy, faraway voice.

"She isn't married," he said. "She isn't married. Did you hear that, Ronnie, my lad? She isn't married."

Dinah stood staring down at him for a minute. Then she sighed and took off her coat and sat down beside him again. "Keep it quiet, please," she said comfortably. "I'm not supposed to be on this train unless I'm married to an officer."

"We could fix that," he said, still dreamily. "We certainly could fix that."

## WE SHOOK THE FAMILY TREE

(Continued from Page 29)

the Wicked Old Queen had prepared for me, and had fallen on a conveniently placed stretcher, dead. In the next scene the seven little dwarfs, played by sturdy little boys from the fourth grade, were to pick up the lifeless Snow White on the stretcher and carry her mournfully across stage. Unfortunately, one of the little boys stepped smack on my hair as they lifted the stretcher with me, the corpse, on it. As they kept lifting, I knew I was being scalped. Funeral procession or no, I came to life with a roar of pain.

"Hey, get your feet off my hair," I yelled.

The seven little dwarfs were so startled at this resurrection from the dead that they dropped me with a bang and stood there dumbly. I sat up and felt my backside gingerly, to see if I was hurt.

From the wings my third-grade teacher was whispering "Hildegarde, you're dead."

This was sheer wishful thinking on her part, because I was at the moment berating the seven little dwarfs for dropping me. Then I lay down dead again, and we proceeded with the funeral procession, while the audience cheered resoundingly.

My father told mother afterward that he'd love to see me as Little Eva. "Imagine what Hildegarde could do in that scene where Little Eva goes to heaven," he said. My mother just shuddered.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1917, my brother Bobby and I were playing hopscotch on the front walk, when a newsboy came up Buffalo Street. Usually he folded our copy of the Franklin Herald into a neat, tight square and threw it so that it landed right on the door mat on our front porch. On this day, instead of throwing the paper, he handed it to me all spread out.

"The President's declared war," he said. "Watch us knock that old Kaiser galley west."

I ran into the house to tell mother the big news. She was upstairs bathing my baby sister. When I waved the newspaper, she hauled Sally out of the tub, rolled her in a towel and jounced her absent-mindedly on one arm, while she read the headlines.

"Those Germans," she said. "Poor Mr. Wilson." As one of the few Democrats in Franklin, my mother had a fierce, protective love for the President.

I would like to be able to say that I, too, recognized Wilson's greatness then, and that in the next anxious months I followed the war battle by battle, as my parents did, on maps pinned up on the living-room wall. But at the age of eight I viewed the whole thing as an exciting new game, with words like Big Bertha, cooties and Hun to savor on my tongue.

I was proud of the way my parents were working for the war effort. My father was one of the volunteers who canvassed the town to sell Liberty Bonds. Almost every day he brought my brother and me a Thrift Stamp, and while he talked to mother before dinner Bobby and I would lie on our stomachs on the floor, pasting the stamps into our books.

If the war itself is hazy in my memory, certainly the coming of the Armistice struck with such force that I'll never forget it, mainly because of the unexpected part I played in the day's events. A month or so before it came, one of the older boys in the neighborhood had let me tag along when he went down to the wooden shack in an alley behind the Franklin Herald building, to get his daily stack of newspapers to sell. When I went home, I couldn't talk of anything else.

"Can I sell papers like Harry?" I asked.

"Not *can* I. *May* I," mother corrected me automatically. She said that it wouldn't be nice for a little girl to sell newspapers.

When she went upstairs to put Sally to bed, I switched the attack to my father, who was trying to read the paper. After I'd hung all over his chair coaxing, he looked up and said jovially, "Maybe you can sell papers the day the war ends." Then he went back to his reading. As far as I was concerned,


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this was as good as a promise, and, like the elephant, I had a deadly memory.

When the news finally came, on a sunny November afternoon, all schools were closed because of Spanish influenza, and I was out in the yard supposedly keeping an eye on Bobby. Mother ran down the back steps and hugged both of us.

"The war's over," she said. "Your father just telephoned."

Some wily instinct had warned me not to tell mother about my plans for selling papers. After she'd gone around the corner I ran upstairs and got nineteen cents I'd been saving up for a binge at the annual Sunday-school picnic. Then I told Bobby I was going downtown to buy him some candy. Surprised and pleased, Bobby agreed happily to sit on the front steps until I came back.

I have probably never covered three blocks as fast as I did that day, on my way to the wooden shack in the alley. When I got there, at least a dozen boys were waiting for their papers. I plunked my nineteen cents on the counter.

"Please, I want that many papers," I said to the man behind the stand.

There was so much noisy confusion that he must have started to hand out my papers without even noticing me. Suddenly he looked right at me, astonished. "Who you buyin' these for?"

"Me," I said faintly.

He seemed stunned. "Girls can't sell papers." He pushed my money back. I stood there miserably, looking up at him. Perhaps it was my dogged, silent suffering that wore him down. "Whose kid are you?"

I murmured my name.

"Is Cliff Dolson your daddy?" He sounded incredulous.

My voice came out in a hoarse, eager croak. "He said I could sell papers the day the war ended."

"Aw, let the kid have some papers," a tall, red-haired boy said. "Who says girls can't sell papers?" There were more shouts of "C'mon, give her the papers. We've got to get goin'."

The man fingered a pile of Heralds. "It's against the rules to sell them to her," he said. He sounded really sorry.

The red-haired boy turned to me. "Here, kid, give me your money." He took my nineteen cents and shoved it across the counter. "Listen, this is my money and it's not against the rules to sell me, is it?"

The man said "We-el-l-l—no." As the red-haired boy put the pile of papers into my arms, the man grinned and said "Anything to please a lady." He wished me luck, and I thanked him radiantly.

"Come on, kid," the red-haired boy told me. He and four other boys escorted me through the alley to Liberty Street. By that time the entire block was jammed with shouting, happy people, but the boys formed a sort of flying wedge, to get me across the street in front of the Exchange Bank. "This is where you stand and sell," my red-haired patron said. "It's the best place in town."

It was my first experience with man's generosity to co-workers of the opposite sex, and nothing has ever happened since to disillusion me about their tactics—in business, that is. As I stood there with the five boys that day, I must have been the proudest child in Pennsylvania.

"Don't forget to yell," the red-haired boy told me. "Just holler 'Armistice—read all about the Armistice.'" He said that if I wanted anything, he'd be a half block away.

After all the boys had gone, I stood in a flushed, dreamy fever of excitement. Even if I'd remembered the newsboy's advice to holler, I was much too overcome by the bedlam to raise my voice. There were church bells ringing and factory whistles tooting continuously. A group of high-school students formed a snake dance and weaved down the street, yelling. Somewhere behind me, firecrackers were going off. I watched grownups hugging one another on the walk.

I must have stood there a half hour before I saw our next-door neighbor, Mr. Sheasley, come out of the bank. I called to him, suddenly mindful of my role as newsboy, "Will you buy a paper from me?"

He took a paper, handed me a dime, and then seemed to realize for the first time who I was. "Well, if it isn't Hildegarde," he said. "How's business?"

I explained shyly that he was my first customer whereupon he grabbed another of my papers and waved it like a flag.

"Huns Quit!" he yelled, quoting the three-inch headline.

Men began to reach for the papers, handing me quarters and dimes and dollar bills. The red-haired boy had loaned me money to make change, but when I tried to give it to my customers, they waved the money away. Everybody must have felt that a little girl selling papers was one of the gay, crazy things that could be expected to happen on Armistice Day.

When all my Heralds were gone, I ran to the corner to ask the red-haired boy what to do. He gave me ten of his papers, and whistled in amazement when I hauled a fistful of bills and silver out of my coat pocket. "Gosh, kid, you're rich." He seemed as pleased about it as I was.

There must have been another wonderful, dizzying hour while I stood there in front of the bank, handing out papers and collecting more money than I had ever seen in my life. Several of the newsboys brought me more Heralds, and I paid them nonchalantly from the money stuffing my pockets.

It must have been almost five o'clock when I saw my father coming up Liberty Street through the thinning crowd. "Father," I called. "Look, father, I'm selling papers."

I have never seen my father so dumfounded.

"You said I could," I reminded him. "You said I could the day the war ended."

When he'd recovered his wind, my father said, "Well, we'd better go home now."

I let out such a howl of protest that he took me into Hambro's Ice Cream Parlor for a dish of vanilla ice cream. When I saw the candy behind the glass case, I remembered my new wealth and invested lavishly in gumdrops for Bobby.

In the excitement of my home-coming, nobody had the heart to scold me, and Bobby was even allowed to eat gumdrops before dinner while I babbled on to mother about selling papers. As nearly as I can remember, she said, "It's a wonderful historic day, and this is something to remember all your life." When she asked me to promise never to sell papers again, I agreed readily.

It was two years after the Armistice when mother saw The House. My Grandmother Brown, a lively, beautiful old lady, was visiting us at the time, and she and mother discovered it one afternoon when they were out walking. At dinner that night they tackled my father. The House was not only for sale, they said, but would cost even less than the one we now owned, so it would actually be a saving to move. They described how it sat on the hill at the top of Buffalo Street, and mother kept stressing the view, and how important it was to have room to breathe. Whenever my father asked what the house itself was like both mother and grandmother would say, "Oh, Cliff, it's so original."

My father, being a man, found this description rather ominous, but he consented amiably enough to go and see the house. A few weeks before, father had bought our first automobile. So on that Saturday afternoon we all piled into the car and chugged up the steep Buffalo Street hill to The House.

My mother and grandmother had been truthful in saying it was original. It was indeed. I can still hear my father's roar of

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**At forty you learn not to cross your bridges until you get to them, because at forty you know that you have, in the past, feared so many bridges that you never had to cross. You realize that you have worried over so many things that never happened.**

—G. B. SHAW: Encyclopedia of Creative Thought (Maxwell Droke.)




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pained surprise when he discovered there wasn't even a washstand, and that the bathroom, consisting of a tub and commode, was downstairs next to the kitchen. The house itself was about the size of the one we owned, but much older, solider and sweeter somehow, sitting there built into the hill with a beautiful view of the town below. To us children, it was the most fascinating, wonderful place we'd ever seen. To my father, it was a house without a furnace. With Bobby, Sally and me hanging on to him squealing "Oh, please" and my mother and Grandma Brown talking very fast and telling my father he must be blind not to see the marvelous possibilities, he spoke with the natural caution of a man who has learned when not to argue. His actual words were "We'll see."

The next evening, just after dinner, my mother sat reading the paper, and suddenly she squealed, "Oh, Cliff." Then she jumped up and kissed my father, who was looking very pleased with himself. What mother had read was an item saying "C. B. Dolson has bought the Evans property at the top of Buffalo Street Hill."

We moved into the house soon afterward, living for weeks in a lovely bedlam of carpenters knocking out partitions, electricians cursing as they tried to bore through solid hundred-year-old oak beams, and plumbers hauling the bathtub upstairs. Bobby and I spent most of our time exploring the woods behind. Our four-year-old sister spent her time with a child just her age, who was visiting our next-door neighbors, the Reads.

THE only trouble was that this new friend insisted on biting Sally at least once a day, often deep enough to draw blood. She never bit anybody else—just Sally—and I don't know quite why my sister stood for it, unless she sensed it was a literal translation of the "you look good enough to eat" line. (Even as a child Sally was quite a dish, with hair the color of goldfish and very white skin.) Anyway, the Reads were terribly mortified and they said couldn't we make Sally bite back? This Sally refused to do. Naturally, she howled every time Mary Katherine bit her, but she howled even more if she wasn't allowed to play with her. Finally Mrs. Read announced in desperation that she herself would bite Mary Katherine. She did, too, although it took a lot out of her. Mary Katherine was dumfounded at this tooth-for-a-tooth technique, but I must say she caught on very quickly. From then on, whenever she licked her lips and eyed Sally hungrily, her mother had only to say, "*Remember*, Mary Katherine," and Mary Katherine remembered all right. It wasn't what you'd call a voluntary embracing of the Golden Rule, but at least it was a Good Neighbor policy with teeth in it.

It was Nature, and not our neighbors, that presented the really tough problem. Mother said she didn't want a back yard that looked like everybody else's, although there was small danger of this, since few Franklinites went in for boulders and tall grass in landscaping. She gradually succeeded in transforming the back yard into one of the prettiest in town, with rock gardens, pools, little fir trees and a leveled-off terrace for eating.

The total transformation of the yard must have taken years, with the aid of my father and an occasional husband or nephew of whatever maid we had at the moment. As children, we weren't especially conscious of the process. Just after my father and mother had coddled along grass seed to get a velvety front lawn, we took to playing blindman's buff on that very spot. Some woman who had come to call told mother she mustn't let us trample over the new lawn, and mother said serenely, "But I'm more interested in raising children than grass."

Soon after moving up on the hill we'd been given an Airedale named Trouble, who would dash down between our sleds barking with uproarious gaiety and pretending to nip at our legs. He also had a lovable trick of following me into school if he were coaxed hard enough, and we never missed coaxing him.

Besides Trouble, the other addition to our household was a new baby brother, Jimmy,


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born in 1921. Since his arrival was not accompanied by any such memorable phenomenon as my having mumps, I can't remember much about it. When my teacher at school asked me what our new baby looked like, I said briefly, "He's vermilion," and let the matter rest there.

With Bobby, Sally and me to heckle him into action, our towheaded brother had very little time to lie in a crib and gurgle. At the age of two, he was not only a tireless walker, but could roar out a fine, thumping rendition of our favorite songs, including Onward, Christian Soldiers. Never having read the printed verses in a hymnbook, he had to depend upon his ear, and it was some time before anybody realized that while the rest of us sang the generally accepted version, "Christ the Royal Master leads against the foe," Jimmy was singing, with equal fervor, "Christ the Royal Master leans against the phone."

Another of Jimmy's accomplishments was his ability to stand on his head for remarkably long periods of time. Once mother complained to our friend and family physician, Doctor Mac Brown, that she didn't think it was good for a little boy to stand upside down so much. Doctor Brown said nonsense, no child could stand on his head long enough to matter.

The next time he came to see us, mother called my little brother in from the yard and said, "Jimmy, stand on your head."

Jimmy was rather surprised at this command, because mother had been trying to discourage his favorite stance. However, he obeyed happily, and not only stood on his head, but was well on his way to breaking all previous endurance records, with purpling face and bulging eyeballs, when Doctor Brown got so nervous he urged my brother to stop. "You see," mother said. Doctor Brown saw, all right. He had a nice little talk with Jimmy, and told him he must conserve his strength to grow up and be a good big football player. After that, Jimmy stood on his head on only very special occasions, or when somebody offered him a nickel.

**People who can hear their telephones ring and not answer are so strong-minded as to be dangerous: and people who get outside their front doors, think they hear the telephone and go back to find it was a telephone somewhere else, are just ordinary people.**
—PUNCH.

Like my father, my brothers were ardent fishermen from the time they were old enough to recognize a night crawler from a crab. Even before they could actually accompany my father on his Saturday-afternoon fishing sprees, they were allowed the exquisite pleasure of digging for worms and filling a can full of bait.

One day Jimmy forgot to take the tin can up to the far corner of the back yard, where he was helping Bobby dig for bait. When he came back down to the house, looking like an angelic boy doll in his little cowboy suit and cowboy hat, my mother was entertaining several members of the Presbyterian Missionary Society on the sun porch. "Dear, take off your hat and say how do you do to the ladies," she told him. Jimmy said he didn't want to take off his hat. My mother persisted, although she was soon to regret it. When my brother finally removed his headgear, a live mass of fishing worms sat on his head, wriggling. Lacking a bait can, Jimmy had been keeping them safe and warm. As the worms wriggled down his head toward freedom, the ladies of the missionary society squealed like stuck pigs. Mother helped Jimmy pick up all the worms and get them into a can before she served her callers tea. She said there was no sense in wasting good bait, and besides, she didn't want my brother getting an inferiority complex.

Even as a baby, when Jimmy chased a butterfly he had the same rapt look Harpo Marx wears when he chases a blonde over tables. By the time he was four, his daily costume was a cowboy suit, plus a butterfly net with a bamboo handle six feet long, and an ether jar for chloroforming his catch. When benevolent old ladies stopped Jimmy on the street and asked him playfully what the jar was for, his reply was terse and to the point: "I kill butterflies."

Once mother decided he belonged in kindergarten, but after the first day Miss Wynne, the teacher in that haven for tots, sent him home with a note saying he was a child of Nature, and shouldn't be cooped up indoors. This was a graceful way of putting it, all right, and at least she didn't send my parents any bill for breakage.

Almost every Sunday, my father would suggest we take a little drive, and there would follow a touching scene, in which father tried to sell Jimmy on the idea of leaving Trouble, our Airedale, and the butterfly net at home. Nobody really expected anything to come of this, but I'll say for father he used lucid arguments, so lucid that they convinced everybody but Jimmy and the dog. Then off we'd go, with three of us wedged into the front seat, three in the rear, and Trouble bounding from lap to lap like a happy cow, or licking father's neck in gratitude for being included in the party. Meanwhile the butterfly net, protruding at length from a car window, called forth a frenzy of shouts from the drivers of passing cars.

Jimmy wasn't allowed to sit next to the door, because we had discovered that if he saw a butterfly, he'd go after it willy-nilly. This had become alarmingly clear when he was two, and had spotted a swallowtail as we drove down a country road. One minute our baby brother was with us, the next minute he wasn't. Upon realizing she was one child short, mother screamed, whereupon father pulled on the brakes and they both ran back to find Jimmy lying in the road. As they bent over him, frantically looking for signs of life, Jimmy sat up and said in a pleasant conversational tone, "I watched the wheels go round." He was very philosophical in his pursuit of Nature, and except for some cinder scratches, culled when he fell out of the car on his face, he was in dandy shape. After that, however, father had such trick safety catches put on the door handles to thwart Jimmy, that we could hardly get out of the car ourselves without a crowbar. As a further precaution, Jimmy had to sit in the middle, and a rope loop attached to his cowboy belt was fastened to mother's wrist.

On one of father's fishing expeditions, he had seen what he thought was an ideal picnic spot, and for weeks afterward, whenever we went driving, he kept looking for this Shangri-La in which to lay out our deviled eggs.

When we finally found the picnic spot, on a Fourth of July, it was all father had claimed: mossy places to sit, a stream for wading, and a lovely clump of trees. While mother and I were laying out the picnic, father took Sally and Bobby down to the stream, and Jimmy roamed around us with his butterfly net. It must have been at least ten minutes before mother realized he was missing. We called father and he started out with Bobby and me on a searching party. Just on the other side of the clump of trees, we came to a fenced-in field. My younger brother was inside, at the end nearest us, stalking a butterfly. Then we saw the bull. It was a very big bull, and it was standing there gazing at Jimmy. My father made a leap that would have done credit to Nijinsky, and was inside the field, grabbing Jimmy just as the bull decided to close in.

It's rather awkward to be chased by a bull when you're carrying a little boy, but father got back to the fence, tossed Jimmy over, and scrambled over himself at least three feet ahead of the horns. All of us thought it was a highly successful rescue—that is, all of us but Jimmy. He was furious because his butterfly net had been left behind in the field and wanted to go right back and get it. We had to promise that we'd fix him a new net and catch him a Luna moth before he'd calm down enough to eat a deviled egg.

*(Continued on Page 124)*




## Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in *fortified food!*

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with certain other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified supplementary food-drink, it contains, besides vitamins, nearly every precious food element needed for good health. Especially, those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A needs protein for necessary work in cell-building. Vitamin $B_1$ and fuel-food also must act together for sparkling vitality. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus can't do their best work without each other. You get all of these in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine, as so many people are doing? If you're eating normal meals, including citrus fruit or tomatoes, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals you need for robust health.

**Read what you get in**
**2 GLASSES OF**
**OVALTINE**

more **FOOD-ENERGY** than **2** servings of Ice Cream



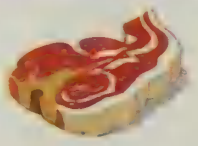
more **IRON** than **3** servings of Spinach



more **NIACIN** than **5** slices of Enriched Bread

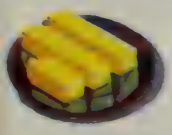


more **VITAMIN G** than ¾ pound of Sirloin Steak



more **CALCIUM** and **PHOSPHORUS** than **2½** servings of American Cheese





more **VITAMIN D** than **10** ounces of Butter



more **VITAMIN A** than **2** servings of Peas

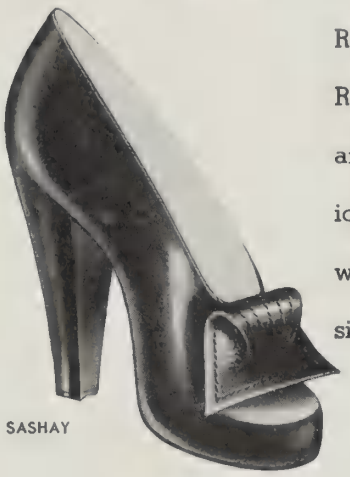


more **PROTEIN** than **3** Eggs



more **VITAMIN B1** than **3** servings of Oatmeal




In tune with the smartest fashions—that's Rhythm Step. And when you walk the Rhythm Step way, you walk with grace and poise. Invisible Rhythm Treads cushion the heel, arch and ball of your foot with every step. No wonder your heart sings!

MOST STYLES $7.95

$8.50 Denver and West

Rhythm Step Shoes




JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE COMPANY—ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

(Continued from Page 122)

Luna moths are huge, beautiful and a delicate opal green. On spring evenings, at least a dozen of the lovely things would flutter around the high-poled street lamp at the corner near our house. Jimmy used to go there at dusk, just before his bedtime, and stand, small and frustrated, looking up at the moths. One night he came home and went up to bed with suspicious quiet, before he'd even been clapped for.

The next day a policeman came up the hill to say somebody had thrown rocks and broken the street light. He wanted to know if we knew anything about it. When mother called Jimmy and began to cross-question him, the policeman chuckled.

"But a little boy like that couldn't throw a rock high enough to hit a street light," he said, patting Jimmy on the head.

My brother's professional pride was outraged. "Oh, yes, I could, too," he snapped, and rushed to the corner, where he grabbed a piece of brick lying in the road. Crash went the rest of the globe from the street lamp. Jimmy had proved his point.

We learned later that he thought if he put out the light, the Luna moths would come down to the ground within reach of a butterfly net. It was an interesting theory, but my parents discouraged any more active research of this type.

At least once a year father would vary his fishing activities by going frog hunting, and we were all fond of this annual treat of frogs' legs, or we were until Ursula entered our lives. Ursula was a hulking maiden who had come over from Germany the year before she came to work for us. Soon after she arrived, my father brought home a nice lot of frogs. Mother explained to Ursula that the legs were very edible, and told her to cook them for dinner. As we sat down at the table that evening, Ursula clumped into the dining room with a huge platter and set it down before my father. On it were arrayed six boiled frogs, heads and all, arranged in an ominously lifelike attitude, as if they were about to jump off the dish. Even Bobby looked queasily green, as he stared at Ursula's chef-d'œuvre. For once the Dolson appetites were nonplused. After the platter had been removed, we ate scrambled eggs listlessly. None of us has ever cared much for frog's legs since.

**The only safe thing to do when you meet a new mother and baby is to say: "What a beautiful baby—and how well you're bringing him up!"** —SADIE RUTHERFORD: Outspan.

Earl Liederman had a much more lasting influence on our lives than Ursula, although we never saw him in the flesh. That's a silly thing to say, because, in one way, we saw him *only* in the flesh. Every picture Bobby had of Mr. Liederman was a stunning expanse of muscular flesh as far as the eye could see, except for a modest patch of leopard skin, of course. He was one of the world's strongest men—physically, I mean—and he was Bobby's ideal. When Bobby first urged my parents to let him take the Earl Liederman correspondence course and become an iron-muscled man, mother and father thought it was funny. As the months wore on, and Bobby wore my parents down, in the slow, sure fashion of water dripping on rock, they ceased to see the humor. We had Earl Liederman for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and as warmed-over hash for Sunday-night supper. Bobby argued from the standpoint of health: "You want me to be brawny, don't you?" He also argued from the standpoint of efficiency: "If I built up my muscles like Earl Liederman, I could mow the whole lawn in ten minutes." This campaign started in June; he got the course for Christmas.

I think the lessons came every other week, but the one piece of equipment arrived by express, at the very beginning of the course. Earl Liederman called it tension cables, and the word "tension" had a certain rightness throughout this phase of our lives. The contraption itself consisted of two wooden handles with coil springs. Between these was stretched a long black rubber cable about as big in diameter as a child's finger. With a handle held in each fist, the cable was stretched as far as possible, on the same principle as pulling taffy, only tougher. As the pupil grew stronger and stretchier, he could add more and more cables, and Bobby claimed that Earl Liederman himself used ten. In addition, Mr. Liederman had suggested, in one of the lessons, that the pupil erect an iron gymnasium bar "in some unused spot," to practice chinning himself. Bobby and his friend, Tim Ely, rigged up a bar across the upstairs hall, a thoroughfare about as unused in our house as Broadway is in New York. The bar was enough higher than Bobby and Tim to give them a nice jumping range, but any tall and unwary visitor, traveling down the dusky narrow hall, ran the risk either of being decapitated by the bar or getting an awful conk on the head.

I'm still dazed and pleased to remember that Bobby's muscles actually did expand. At times you could almost see them growing, like morning-glory seeds. An early lesson had included a diagram of all the important muscles, explaining which ones to concentrate on, and Bobby's superior knowledge was hard on the rest of us. "You've neglected your deltoid, father," he'd explain kindly. "That's why your shoulders are narrow." Or grabbing Sally, a small, exquisitely made child, by the scruff of the neck, he'd say, "Just feel her trapezius. It's terrible." Sally would insist stoutly she didn't care, but all of us felt a bit sullen, like pygmies. Bobby was especially critical of my scrawny frame. "If you'd chin yourself ten times a day, Hildegarde," he'd say, "you'd have a bigger latissimus dorsi in no time. You'd get so you could even lift a horse." At that stage of my life, I wasn't much interested in lifting a horse, although I'll admit now it would be quite an effective parlor trick.

We of the inferior latissimus dorsi and trapezius were still human, and we couldn't help feeling a solid satisfaction when the Liederman method finally boomeranged on Bobby. It was Lesson No. 9 that egged him on to new and interesting usages for the tension cables. Instead of just holding a handle in each fist and stretching, Mr. Liederman explained it was also possible to put one handle on the floor, hold it there with the foot, and pull upward on the rubber cable with both hands. Bobby was pulling in this fashion, with all his new iron muscles, when his foot slipped. Immediately the released cable snapped up to hit him a forthright wallop on the nose. He went around for days in adhesive tape, but the only one of us who showed sympathy was Jimmy.

If I say we had a haunted Italian villa in Franklin, Pennsylvania, it sounds a wee bit far-fetched, but that's what we had, all right. The villa stood on a small hill that was an extension of Sixteenth Street, even higher-placed than our house, and about a quarter of a mile away. It had been built by the prodigal son of a family who wanted something refined out of crude oil. This son had traveled in Europe, and returned with Old World tastes, which may have become rather scrambled—Italian into French into Franklin—by the time he married and gave birth to the villa. It was of yellow-and-red stone. It had turrets, balconies, buttresses and everything but a drawbridge. The owner and his bride stayed in this thirty-room nest only a short time before they got homesick for the Old World—I can't imagine why. After they had departed for Paris, the villa (and I use the word so loosely it rattles) was empty for several years before the fire. Nobody knows how the fire started, and I myself was too young to remember anything about it.

When we moved up on the Sixteenth Street hill, the flames had long since transformed the place into what we called "the

(Continued on Page 127)

PHOTOGRAPHED IN JOHN-FREDERICS SALON

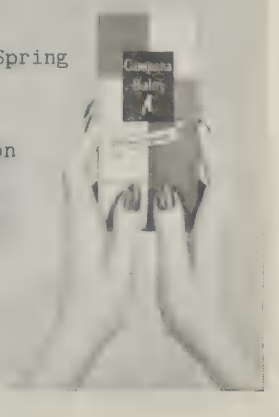



—and for lovely hands

Campana Balm

▪ Incomparables both — a mad but wonderful John-Frederics hat for Spring — the skin softening action of Campana Balm! Famous for generations, Campana Balm is different. Concentrated, rich, full-bodied — not thin, not watery. It provides such sure protection against wind, water, work — such lusciously soft, smooth skin. Why not have the best — Original Campana Balm! Only 10¢ to $1.00.

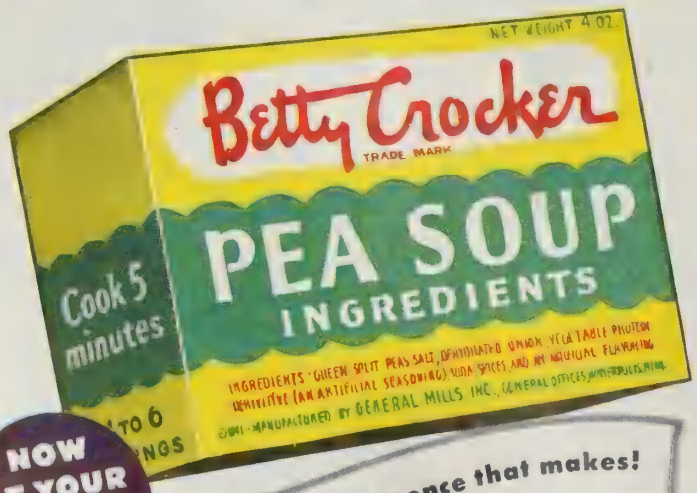
▪ TRY THIS DIFFERENT LOTION
ACTS SO FAST! Overnight you'll feel the difference in your skin.
THRIFTY, TOO! Spreads widely — lasts longer. One drop serves both hands.





# Old Time Split Pea Soup

**IN MINUTES, NOT HOURS!**




NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S

Betty Crocker QUALITY . . . what a difference that makes!

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● *Grandpa Smithers* didn't care if split pea soup *was* a chore to make. By crackity, he'd have it anyway. Big steaming bowlfuls, and often. So Grandma dutifully put split peas to soak the night before. And next day simmered the soup on the stove for many a long hour.

● *Now—in minutes, not hours!* With our latest package soup, Betty Crocker Pea Soup Ingredients, you can make old-time green split pea soup—in minutes, not hours! Just empty the package contents into boiling water. Then cook only five minutes. That's all!

● *Smooth, full-bodied* . . . rich with simmered-in goodness . . . that's the split pea soup you make this quicker way. Our product contains choice green split peas, and seasonings, pre-cooked in pressure cookers. Enough in each package for four to six bowlfuls. Do try this new package soup. It's tested and approved by our General Mills foods staff.

Betty Crocker

**of General Mills, Inc.**

(Continued from Page 124)

old burnt haunted house," the most perfect playground ever devised for green, growing Dolsons. What made it so perfect was that the interior was charred just enough, with unexpected holes in the floors, stairways half burned or blocked by fallen plaster, and yet many of the rooms still recognizable as rooms, some of them barely singed. These charms were so great we never fussed about the ghost, who was supposed to be female and wailing. Besides, it was rumored this lady wailed only at midnight, when the Dolsons were in bed.

When we first discovered this paradise, the year we moved up on the hill, Bobby and I assured mother it was a safe and altogether delightful spot for children. In spite of our descriptions, which made the place sound like the Kiddies' Korner of a Summer Kamp, mother insisted on going up with us to see for herself. On this tour of inspection, Bobby and Tim Ely took her in the side door that presented the best approach, because the holes burned in the floor there were quite a reasonable size. Once inside, Bobby, in a lord-of-the-manor way, led her into the least burned room, to the right of the entrance. We showed her around the rest of the downstairs, and she said, "Just don't go near the bad places in the floor, and always come in pairs, and be sure to bring the dog along." Then the tour of inspection was over.

Mother needn't have instructed us to visit the place only in pairs, because no child in the neighborhood had any desire to explore the burnt house alone. Even though Bobby and I quarreled like fiends at home, and especially at the dinner table, I always wanted him along when I went to the villa. Neither of us wanted Sally, because she was too little to jump over holes in the floor, but there were days when we had to lug her with us.

The downstairs of the burnt house never held our interest for long. It was just empty rooms, but the upstairs and the basement were rife with surprises. The basement was interesting because of the altar room. At least Tim Ely said it was an altar room. It had a small raised platform built under a stained-glass window, and on either side were heavy brown candlesticks almost as tall as Sally. The floor was inches deep in plaster, with hunks of the broken statues of saints lying around. For months we were content just to poke around in this rubble, and I am sorry to admit that it was I who finally got the idea of sacrificing Sally on the altar.

Bobby and Tim were agreeable because they thought it sounded like fun, and Sally was agreeable because she hadn't the foggiest notion what it meant to be sacrificed. She soon found out. The boys got a rope from somewhere, and we trussed Sally up like a fowl. Encouraged by her malleable acceptance of these bonds, we rolled her onto the altar, where she lay placidly, waiting. "Now what do we do?" Bobby asked. The boys looked at me expectantly, and so did Sally. I thought fast, and then said we had to offer food to the gods, along with our sister. For a Presbyterian, I had certainly picked up some rather pagan notions. The only food we had handy was peanut-butter sandwiches mother had fixed so that we might have our lunch in the woods that day. We placed these neatly around Sally, and added apples and cookies. It was quite an artistic effect: Sally in a little ruffled pinafore, hemmed in by rope and free lunch. The gods would have loved it.

HOWEVER, our labors had given us quite an appetite, and the more we looked at the peanut-butter sandwiches, the sweeter they seemed. When Bobby said he was hungry, and reached for a sandwich, there were no protesting voices. Let the gods rustle their own grub. We all reached, except Sally, whose arms were trussed to her sides.

When she complained about this, Tim said, "You're being sacrificed, so you aren't supposed to eat now." Sally immediately got red in the face, and Bobby remarked, "She's getting ready to scream."

I have already mentioned our red-haired sister's lung power as a baby, and the passing years had, if anything, trebled it. Just as she opened her mouth to let out a lulu, Bobby stuffed part of his sandwich into her mouth. After that, every time her face got threateningly red, we fed her another bite.

When the last cookie had been eaten, and Sally lay glutted and peaceful, like a fatted calf, the boys looked at me again. My knowledge of pagan rites was exhausted, but Tim suggested we ought to have a drop of blood on the altar. "I don't think we'd better prick Sally," Bobby said thoughtfully. By that time our sister was quietly napping; she has always had a talent for dropping off to sleep under circumstances that might bother some people. Tim agreed that rather than arouse our sacrificial victim by pricking her finger, Bobby might stick him, Tim, with a pin. It turned out that we had no pin, and by now we decided to let Sally finish her nap, and come back for her later.

The two boys and I wandered through the basement to the wine cellar. Here again, we Dolsons hadn't known it was a wine cellar till Tim explained that the odd wooden racks placed against the stone walls had originally held bottles. He said he'd seen a wine cellar in a movie once. On this day, we were just starting our usual game of climbing up the racks when the screams started.

"Sally must have waked up," Tim said.

This proved to be true. My sister had not only waked up, but had awakened to find herself lying trussed on an altar, for reasons that escaped her at the moment. By the time we got her untied, her blood pressure must have been 300 in the shade. It took a lot of fast talking to convince her that she shouldn't tell mother, and that the whole affair was a jolly secret to be shared by just the four of us.

As a final bribe, Bobby told Sally we'd take her up to the biggest balcony that jutted from one of the bedrooms. The rest of us had gone out there often, but we'd kept our little sister away, because the holes in the floor of that room were an ideal size for her to fall through. Now, while the boys jumped eagerly ahead of us, to get to the balcony and throw stones down, I inched across the bedroom, avoiding the charred gaps in the floor boards, and holding Sally by the hand. Just before Bobby and Tim reached the French doors opening onto the balcony, there was a crash that startled me so much I almost shoved Sally through a hole in the floor. In fact, I gripped her by the hair just in time.

"The balcony fell down," Bobby said. He and Tim peered over the edge with that bright, pleased interest they always showed for snakes and other acts of God. The balcony lay on the ground twenty feet below—a heap of jagged stone. Sally thought we'd done it to spite her, and was quite cross.

When we got home, her account of My Day, to mother, was simple but graphic. As a result, we weren't allowed to go near the place again, and within a year the villa had been torn down and carted away for junk—turrets, bathtubs, wine cellars and all.

Meanwhile, at home, we'd acquired a wine cellar of our own without knowing it. My father, who took only an occasional drink, had been charmed by Cousin Arthur's Prohibition recipe for homemade elderberry wine, and had decided to mix up a batch for himself. Mother said he could do it in the cellar, provided he didn't let the children know about it, because she didn't want us getting ideas into our heads. (I am piecing this part of the story together from things told me years later.) It's true that we children picked all the berries, but since we were laboring under the theory that they were for elderberry jelly, this couldn't have contaminated us much. Father was so shush-shush about the home brew that even Bobby and I had no notion anything was going on.

After the wine had been brewed, bottled and allowed to stand for a suitable interim, father invited Cousin Arthur to come down to the cellar and look at the furnace. Whispering together happily, the two men went to the far corner of the cellar, where father started to uncork a bottle of his brew. It must have been very buoyant stuff, because it immediately exploded all over my father's best gray suit. When he came to the living room he was a study in fuchsia tones, and very uncommunicative on his way upstairs. Both Bobby and I wanted to know what he'd spilled on his suit.

"Ink," father said. "I fell in it."

It didn't occur to me to wonder what father would be doing with a large open tub of pinkish-purple ink, accessible for falling into, but Bobby looked puzzled. "I never saw ink that ——" he began.

Mother said ominously, "It's ink, Bobby, and your father ought to be ashamed of himself." When we protested that it really wasn't father's fault if he'd fallen into the ink, mother said, "He should have looked where he was going." She sounded awfully mad.

Cousin Arthur thought up a brand-new place the piano hadn't been before, and by the time father had changed to another suit, mother was cheerful again.

"Cliff," she said, "Arthur suggested we move the piano to the center of the room and put a sofa against the back."

My father, for once, was downright enthusiastic about the idea. He and Cousin Art moved so much furniture that evening they must have been stiff for days afterward. Mother believed in striking while the ink was still wet.

Perhaps the surest way to tell when a female goes over the boundary from childhood into meaningful adolescence is to watch how long it takes her to get to bed at night. My own crossover, which could be summed up in our family as, "What on earth is Hildegarde *doing* in the bathroom?", must have occurred when I was a freshman in high school. Until then, I fell into bed dog-tired each night, after the briefest possible bout with toothbrush and washcloth. But once I'd become aware of the Body Beautiful, as portrayed in advertisements in women's magazines, my absorption was complete and my attitude highly optimistic. I, too, would be beautiful. I would also be flower-fresh, fastidious and dainty—a triple-threat virtue which was obviously prized above pearls by the entire male sex.

SOMEHOW, out of my dollar-a-week allowance, I managed to buy deodorants and mouth wash, and something called Nipso, guaranteed to remove excess hair from arms and legs, and make a man think "Oo-oo, what a flawless surface." It's true that I had no men, nor was I a particularly hairy child, having only a light yellow down on my angular appendages. Nevertheless, I applied the Nipso painstakingly in the bathroom one night, with Sally as my interested audience. I had noticed the stuff had a rather overpowering, sickish-sweet scent, but this was a minor drawback, considering the goal I had in mind. After Sally had been watching me for a few minutes, she began holding her nose. Finally she asked me to unlock the door and let her out.

"Don't you want to see me wash it off?" I asked, rather hurt.

"No," Sally said. "It smells funny."

In the next hour, as my father, mother and brothers followed their noses to the upstairs hall, there were far more detailed descriptions of just how Nipso affected the olfactory senses. Jimmy, being a simple child, merely said "Pugh" and went away. My father thought it was most like the odor of rotten eggs, but Bobby said no, it was more like a mouse that's been dead quite a while. Mother was more tactful, only remarking that Nipso obviously wasn't meant to be applied in a house people lived in. Since it certainly wasn't meant to be applied in a wooded dell, either, I was prevailed upon to throw the rest of the tube away.

I didn't mind too much, because I already had my eye on something that sounded far more fascinating. This was a miraculous substance called Beauty Clay, and every time I read about it in a magazine advertisement, the words enveloped me in rapture. I could well understand why a jar of the imported Beauty Clay cost $4.98. In fact, it was dirt cheap at the price, and my only problem was how to lay my hands on $4.98. Certainly I had no intention of enlisting financial support from my parents. For one thing, it was too much money; and for another thing, parents ask too many questions.

Due to the fact that I had such important things as Beauty Clay on my mind, it was understandable that my monthly marks in algebra should cause even more distress than usual in the bosom of my family. Each month the high-school honor roll, consisting of the names of the ten highest students in each class, was published in the Franklin News-Herald. And each month my name was prominently absent. Finally my father said that if I got on the honor roll he'd give me five dollars. Wobbly as I was in mathematics, it took me only a flash to realize this sum was approximately equal to $4.98, or the price of the Beauty Clay. From there on in, I was straining every muscle. When I say that I got 89 in algebra and climbed to the bottom rung of the honor roll, I am stating a miracle simply. What is more important, I got the five bucks.

My father said that if I liked, he'd put it in my savings account. Bobby said, with even more enthusiasm, that he knew where I could get a bargain in a secondhand pistol. I declined both offers, marveling at the things men could think of to do with money, and made my way, on foot, to Riesenman's drugstore.

When Mr. Riesenman said he had no Beauty Clay, I was grieved. When he said he'd never even heard of the stuff, I was appalled. It took three trips to convince him that he must order it immediately, money on the line.

Then I went home and waited. Finally came the wonderful afternoon when Mr.




*"Now that you've heard some of my experiences, Miss Smith, let me hear some of yours."*




Riesenman said, "Here you are, Hildegarde." His jovial air may have been due to the fact that he was rid of me at last.

It took a week more before I could achieve the needed privacy for my quick-change act. Mother was taking Jimmy and Sally downtown to get new shoes, Bobby was going skiing, and my father, as usual, would be at the office. I got home to the empty house at twenty minutes of four, and made a beeline for the Beauty Clay. According to the directions, I then washed off all make-up, which in my own case was a faint dash of rice powder on my nose, and wrapped myself in a sheet "to protect that pretty frock"—or more accurately, my blue serge middy blouse. Then I took a small wooden spatula the manufacturer had thoughtfully provided, and dug into the jar.

The Beauty Clay was a rather peculiar shade of grayish green, and I spread this all over my face and neck—"even to the hairline where telltale wrinkles hide." The directions also urged me not to talk or smile during the twenty minutes it would take the clay to dry. The last thing in the world I wanted to do was talk or smile. That could come later. For now, a reverent silence would suffice. In fact, as the thick green clay dried firmly in place, it had to suffice. Even though my face and neck felt as if they'd been cast in cement, the very sensation reassured me. Obviously, something was happening. I sat bolt upright in a chair and let it happen.

After fifteen minutes of this, the doorbell rang. I decided to ignore it. The doorbell rang again and again, jangling at my conscience. Nobody at our house ever ignored doorbells, and I was relieved when it stopped. In my eagerness to see who had been calling on us, I ran to my window, opened it and leaned out. The departing guest was only the man who brought us country butter each week, I was glad to note. Hearing the sound of the window opening above him, he looked up. When he saw me leaning out, his mouth dropped open and he let out a hoarse, awful sound. Then he turned and ran down the steep hill at incredible speed. I couldn't imagine what had struck him, to act so foolish. It wasn't until I'd remembered the clay and went to look in a mirror that I understood. Swathed in a sheet, and with every visible millimeter of skin a sickly gray-green, I scared even myself.

According to the clock, the Beauty Clay had been on the required twenty minutes, and was now ready to be washed off. It occurred to me that if twenty minutes was enough to make me beautiful, thirty minutes or even forty minutes would make me twice as beautiful.

By the time my face was so rigid that even my eyeballs felt yanked from their sockets, I knew I must be done, on both sides. As I started back to the bathroom, I heard Bobby's voice downstairs yelling "Mom!" With the haste born of horror I ran back and just managed to bolt myself inside the bathroom as Bobby leaped up the stairs and came down the hall toward his room. Then I turned on the faucet and set to work. The directions had particularly warned, "Use only gentle splashes to remove the mask—no rubbing or washcloth." It took several minutes of gentle splashing to make me realize this was getting me nowhere fast. Indeed, it was like splashing playfully at the Rock of Gibraltar. I decided that maybe it wouldn't hurt if I rubbed the beauty mask just a little with a nailbrush. This hurt only the nailbrush. I myself remained embedded in Beauty Clay.

By this time I was getting worried. Mother would be home very soon and I needed a face—even my old face. Suddenly it occurred to me that a silver knife would be a big help, although I wasn't sure just how. When I heard Bobby moving around in his room, I yelled at him to bring me a knife from the dining-room sideboard. Rather, that's what I intended to yell, but my facial muscles were still cast in stone, and the most I could do was grunt. In desperation, I ran down to the sideboard, tripping over my sheet as I went, and got the knife. Unfortunately, just as I was coming back through the dusky upstairs hall, Bobby walked out of his room and met me face to face.

The mental impact, on Bobby, was terrific. I had often imagined how my family would look at me after the Beauty Clay had taken effect. Now it had taken effect—or even permanent possession of me—and Bobby was certainly reacting, but not quite as I'd pictured it.

"Wh-what?" he finally managed to croak, pointing at my face.

His concern was so obvious and even comforting that I tried to explain what had happened. The sounds that came out alarmed him even more.

Not having the time or the necessary freedom of speech to explain any further, I dashed into the bathroom and began hitting the handle of the knife against my rocky visage. To my heavenly relief, it started to crack. After repeated blows, which made me a little groggy, the stuff had broken up enough to allow me to wriggle my jaw. Meanwhile, Bobby stood at the door watching, completely bemused.

Taking advantage of the cracks in my surface, I dug the blade of the knife in, and by scraping, gouging, digging and praying, I got part of my face clear.

As soon as I could talk, I turned on Bobby. "If you tell anybody about this, I'll kill you," I said fiercely.

Whether it was the intensity of my threat or a latent chivalry aroused by seeing a lady tortured before his very eyes, I still don't know, but Bobby said, "Cross my heart and hope to die." He then pointed out that spots of the gray-green stuff were still very much with me. As I grabbed up the nailbrush again, to tackle these remnants, he asked in a hushed voice, "But what *is* it?"

"Beauty Clay," I said. "I sent away for it."

Bobby looked as though he couldn't understand why anyone would deliberately send away for such punishment, when there was already enough trouble in the world. However, for the first time in a long, hideous half hour, I remembered why I'd gone through this ordeal, and I now looked into the mirror expecting to see results that would wipe out all memory of suffering. The reflection that met my eye was certainly changed all right, varying as it did between an angry scarlet where the skin had been rubbed off, and the greenish splotches still clinging.

*Maybe if I got it all off*, I thought. When it was all off, except those portions wedded to my hair, I gazed at myself wearily, all hope abandoned. My face was my own, but raw. Instead of the Body Beautiful I looked like the Body Boiled.

"You look awfully red," Bobby said.

I did indeed. To add to my troubles, we could now hear the family assembling downstairs, and mother's voice came up: "Hildegarde, will you come set the table right away, dear?"

I moved numbly.

"You'd better take off the sheet," Bobby said.

I took off the sheet.

Just as I reached the stairs, he whispered, "Why don't you say you were frostbitten and rubbed yourself with snow?"

I looked at him with limp gratitude.

When mother saw my scarlet, splotched face, she exclaimed, "Why, Hildegarde, are you feverish?" She made a move as if to feel my forehead, but I backed away. I was burning up, but not with fever.

"I'm all right," I said, applying myself to setting the table. With my face half in the china cupboard, I mumbled that I'd been frostbitten and had rubbed myself with snow.

"Oh, Cliff," mother called. "Little Hildegarde was frostbitten."

My father immediately came out to the kitchen. "How could she be frostbitten?" he asked reasonably. "It's thirty-four above zero."

"But her ears still look white," mother said.

They probably did, too, compared with the rest of my face. By some oversight, I



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had neglected to put Beauty Clay on my ears. "I'm all right," I insisted again. "I rubbed hard to get the circulation going."

This at least was true. Anyone could tell at a glance that my circulation was going full blast, from the neck up.

Bobby had followed me out to the kitchen to see how the frostbite story went over. As mother kept exclaiming over my condition, he now said stanchly, "Sure, she's all right. Let her alone."

My father and mother both stared at him, in this new role of Big Brother Galahad. In fact, my father reacted rather cynically. "Bobby, did you and your friends knock Hildegarde down and rub her face with snow?" he asked.

"Me?" Bobby squeaked. He gave me a dirty look, as if to say, "You'd better talk fast."

I denied hotly that Bobby had done any such thing. In fact, I proceeded to build him up as my sole rescuer, a great big St. Bernard of a brother who had come bounding through the snowdrifts to bring me life and hope. Bobby looked so gratified at what he'd been through in my story that I knew my secret was safe.

And in a way I *had* been frostbitten, to the quick. Lying in bed that night, still smarting, I tried to think up ways to get even. It wasn't clear to me exactly whom or what I had to get even with. All I knew was that I was sore and unbeautiful, and mulcted of five dollars. With the hot-and-cold fury of a woman stung, I suddenly conceived my plan for revenge. It was so simple and logical and yet brilliant that my mind relaxed at last. Someday I, too, would write advertisements.

When mother and Aunt Laura decided to take their children—four Fahrs and four Dolsons—to Chautauqua for part of a summer, they had rosy notions about the culture we'd inhale through our pores. Mother had often told us about her own summers at Chautauqua as a young girl, when her days were filled with art lessons, lectures and concerts, and the nights were filled with more lectures and concerts. According to her account, it sounded as though everybody at Chautauqua were bitten by culture, and there was no antitoxin. Furthermore, I was given to understand that since I was the oldest of the eight children, the brunt of the cultural advantages would fall on me. "Now that you're old enough to appreciate it, Hildegarde."

**Too much bursts the bag. Between saying and doing, many a pair of shoes is worn out.**

The four Fahrs lived in Meadville and were near our own ages. Next to me came Gretchen, who was fifteen, with Dutch bangs and a wholesome affinity for athletics, then Mary, around Bobby's age, a pretty child with the only real curls in our family connection. Charles was a bit older than Sally, and Johnny, the youngest Fahr, had been born a year before Jimmy. Everybody agreed that Jimmy and Johnny were too young for culture, but that left more for the rest of us. I was sixteen that summer, and the last thing I wanted was culture, unless it came clad in knickers, with a record of Melancholy Baby under one arm.

As everyone knows, Chautauqua Lake is very long, with Jamestown at one end, Mayville, haven for eloping couples, at the other, and many summer settlements along both sides. But when people speak of going to Chautauqua for the summer, they mean the assembly grounds, which is the hotbed of culture, with more lecturers per square inch than Coney Island has barkers. The idea was that we should have a house on the grounds, practically under the eaves of the auditorium. I forget now what went wrong with these plans, but the ten of us ended up in a cottage directly across the lake, at a place called Maple Springs. Mother and Aunt Laura spoke glibly of how we'd row over to


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**VEAL PAPRIKA**

2 lbs. beef or veal
½ cup Mazola
4 cups sliced white onions
1 clove garlic
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
3 tbsp. paprika
½ green pepper, sliced
2 tbsp. salt
2 cups water
3 tbsp. corn starch
2 tbsp. water

Cut meat into 2-inch cubes. Heat Mazola in heavy kettle which has been well rubbed with cut garlic clove. Add the onions, cook slowly until slightly tender but not brown. Add seasonings, water and meat. Cover; simmer gently 2 hours. Add corn starch blended with 3 tablespoons water. Then cook ten minutes until thickened. Garnish with pepper rings. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



**FRENCH DRESSING**

1⅓ cups Mazola
6 tbsp. vinegar
6 tbsp. lemon juice
1 clove garlic
½ tsp. dry mustard
Few grains Cayenne
½ tsp. sugar
1½ tsp. salt
2 tsp. paprika

Measure all ingredients into bottle or jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill several hours, then remove garlic. Shake thoroughly before serving. Makes 2 cups.




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the grounds every afternoon for lectures and concerts, but after we'd been in Maple Springs a few days, during which it rained like fury, they mentioned it less frequently. When you have eight children, ranging in age from five to sixteen, shut up in one tissue-weight cottage, it's sometimes hard to keep your thoughts on culture.

After the rain let up, our mothers sent us out to seek our simple pleasures, but even this was hardly conducive to the life contemplative for parents. The first day of our release, Bobby and Charles rigged up a sail for the rowboat: the lid of a cardboard dress box hoisted on a stick. They took Sally and Johnny out riding in this kiddies' makeshift for a sailboat, and were blown down the lake at such incredible speed, in a sudden storm, that the rest of us spent a harrowing afternoon thinking the Dolsons and Fahrs had lost two children apiece to a watery grave. At one point, I remember praying desperately, "Oh, God, if you'll send them back undrowned, I'll start going to church every Sunday." God fulfilled His part of this impromptu bargain, but my conscience still nudges me occasionally, when I think how I've let Him down.

The day after this dress-box-lid sailing episode, Sally, in bare feet, stepped on a rusty tin can and had to be rushed to a doctor, while Jimmy and Johnny ate most of an uncooked apple pie and vomited uproariously.

I myself got a sunburn to end all sunburns and, to sharpen the climax, choked on a glass of milk over a late supper, whereupon Bobby, thinking to be helpful, pounded me violently on my freshly burned back. This resulted in a pitched battle between my brother and myself, after I'd recovered my wind enough to yell at him. Everybody took sides vocally, and mother shouted above the din, "Laura, I'm glad we could arrange a quiet, cultural summer."

The beach at Maple Springs was pleasant enough for swimming, but it lacked the glamour of Midway, an amusement park ten minutes away from our cottage. Midway had a combination roller-skating rink and dance pavilion down near the water, with rows of soft-drink stands, and souvenir shops displaying paperweights, orange-handled whips and some of the most uninhibited sofa pillows it has ever been my fortune to admire. The purple satin with "Miss me, sweetheart?" embroidered in cerise was especially exotic.

The two largest buildings at Midway had a tightrope suspended from one roof to the other, and every day at two o'clock an intensely blond girl performer rode a bicycle across this high, swaying rope while her muscular partner stood below, in white satin trunks, playing I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now on an accordion.

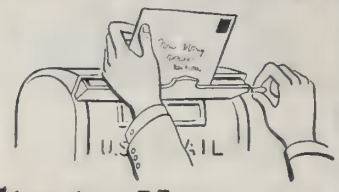
The attraction at Midway that, for Gretchen and me, really outdid the bicycle act was the handsome tanned lifeguard. From the first moment we saw him, the sands at Midway seemed incomparably whiter than the beach at Maple Springs. We complained that the pebbles on the Maple Springs beach suddenly hurt our feet, and that the water was too muddy. Not that it wasn't good enough for our younger brothers and sisters, we added hurriedly. It ended up that Gretchen and I were allowed to swim at Midway, provided we paid the fifty-cents-a-week locker fee out of our own allowances. In return for this cash outlay, the lifeguard actually said "Hello" to us almost every day, and once he complimented Gretchen on her crawl stroke. I myself was the type of swimmer who moves like a confused poodle, but I promptly tried to learn the crawl so that I, too, might garner a compliment.

Except for the lifeguard, the male population of Chautauqua Lake, or at least that portion Gretchen and I had access to, seemed strictly short-pants. To atone for this lack of romance, I spent happy ink-stained hours carrying on a correspondence with anything masculine who would squander a two-cent stamp on me. Of the men I was writing to that summer, by far the most colorful replies came from a Southern boy I'd met the year

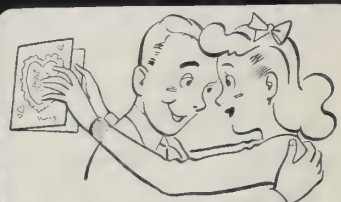
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fore in Meadville. I called him Laurie, not cause it was his name, but because I was ll under the influence of Little Women. I'd rely had time to accept his Eagle Scout pin d call him Laurie before he'd gone back to orida, but we'd been tenderly intimate in tters. It was my first experience with the uthern brand of honey; under the spell of s letters, my female ego was expanding like ast dough in a warm oven. When he wrote Your eyes are like a sapphire lake at dusk," though, actually, my eyes were more like old Albino that had been left out in the n too long, I naturally lapped it up.

One day Bobby and Charles brought in the ail and handed me two letters from Laurie. Say, Hildegarde," Bobby said, "what does at guy find to write about so often? Does tell you about his scouting activities?" Bobby had been very much impressed with e Eagle Scout pin.)

I looked up from a page of Laurie's letter led with fascinating descriptions of my air, and fibbed blandly. "Yes, he tells me out scouting, and about hunting and fishg in Florida."

"Gee," my brother said. "I'll bet he shoots ligators down there. Can I read some of his tters?"

I told him he most certainly couldn't, and ent on reading.

"But I know more about hunting and fishg than you do," Bobby said.

I told him not to bother me, which was a ad mistake. I was insulting him in front of harles, who was his admiring shadow that mmer.

Bobby stomped off the porch saying, "You ouldn't even know a twenty-two from a rty-five. I'll bet you don't understand hat he's writing about alf the time."

When I came back from lidway later that day, nother said I'd hurt obby's feelings, because wouldn't let him read aurie's letters about hooting alligators. I ulped, and stared at her ith rising horror, as she ent on to say it would be ice if I just read Bobby a w paragraphs. "Only the parts he'd be nterested in," she said. "I'm sure all the hildren would be quite thrilled to hear hem." I tried to protest, but mother was rm. "Why don't you pick out a couple of tters and read them aloud after dinner? t will give Bobby and the others so much leasure."

As I went upstairs, I reflected that the leasure Bobby and the other children would lerive from hearing Laurie's letters was a ather different type of enjoyment than nother had in mind. I sat down on the bed nd tried to think of what I knew about algators. The one fact I was sure of was that lligators had jaws. It hardly seemed nough. I gritted my own jaw and set to vork, drawing on my Rover Boys backround, a Pearl White serial I'd seen once vhich contained a whole den of alligators, nd my own diseased imagination. Eventully I produced an opening sentence: "One oggy morning we poled our bark down the luggish river lined on both sides by snapping jawed, scaly beasts." This pleased me o much I continued for several hundred words, in the same restrained style. When I inished, I copied it in pencil very lightly between the lines of a six-page letter from Laurie. By that time my only regret was hat I couldn't have a by-line.

That evening, after dinner, my brothers, sister and cousins sat on the floor around my chair, with their fiendishly intelligent little faces upturned, ready to listen. I read very fast, on the theory that the faster I went, the ess time Bobby would have to digest any flaws. For extra measure, I'd thrown in a dramatic episode of Laurie struggling in quicksand, while the alligators closed in. At hat point Bobby interrupted to say, "Gosh, I didn't realize alligators lived in quicksand." He didn't say it critically, just thoughtfully, but it gave me quite a turn.

When I'd killed off a ten-foot scaly beast and slung it over Laurie's back for the triumphant trek homeward, I stopped reading. My younger listeners seemed well satisfied, but Bobby asked, "Didn't Laurie tell how to tan the alligator hide?"

I sat up late that night writing a frantic letter to my Southern beau, requesting that he send me full descriptions of hunting alligators and any other material suitable for reading aloud in family groups. "Also how to tan hides," I added in a P. S. He came through handsomely by return mail, and even offered to send Bobby a small live alligator. I rejected this offer in a hurry, without consulting my brother.

As a pleasant diversion from scaly beasts, our Cousin Priscilla Gill came from Meadville to visit us for two weeks. A cot was set up in Gretchen's and my room, and our nightly talks acquired a more worldly slant. Priscilla, who was seventeen, had brought along a book that belonged to her older sister, called Reflections of a Bachelor Girl, and she read Gretchen and me titbits from it nightly. There were profound hints on how to hold or recapture a husband, which is, of course, a thing a Wise Bachelor Girl writes best about. We discussed this gravely for several nights, and it's hard for me to say now at just what point Priscilla and I arrived at the curious conclusion that Aunt Laura must do something if she wanted to hold Uncle Carl. I should explain right now that my aunt was, and is, an extremely handsome woman. In addition, she had a sassy wit, an enchanting laugh, and there was about as much danger of her losing her man as there is of my being mistaken for Miss Atlantic City. Just the same, Priscilla and I were terribly concerned.

**To my mind, the best and most faultless character is his who is as ready to pardon the rest of mankind, as though he daily transgressed himself; and at the same time as cautious to avoid a fault as if he never forgave one.**

—PLINY THE YOUNGER.

At first Gretchen insisted earnestly that her father really loved her mother, even if they argued sometimes. "They both *like* to argue," she said.

Priscilla and I refused to be lulled by this. "Think back, Gretchen," our older cousin said. "Does he phone her as often as he used to?" (The Wise Bachelor Girl thought this was highly significant.)

Gretchen immediately pointed out that there was no phone in the cottage, and Priscilla was stumped for a minute. "He comes up every week end and he writes mother in between," Gretchen added.

"But do they act as if they were on their second honeymoon?" I persisted. "Do they hold hands?"

Gretchen began to look worried.

"Does he notice her clothes?" Priscilla continued. "Does he call her darling?"

From that point on, Gretchen listened submissively while we mapped out a campaign to recapture Uncle Carl.

The next day was Saturday, and Uncle Carl and my father were due early in the afternoon. Obviously, we had to work fast, but the delicate part was to acquaint Aunt Laura with our plans. It took us almost all that Saturday morning to get her alone.

"Aunt Laura," Priscilla began bravely, "as long as Uncle Carl is coming this afternoon, I thought maybe you'd like to borrow my mascara. You have such lovely eyes that you ought to—er—we thought ——"

"Why, thank you, dear," Aunt Laura said. "But I'd probably stick the brush in my eyes and get pinkeye or something."

"*Please*, mother," Gretchen said, with the intensity of a child who is staging a last-ditch fight to keep her home together. "Priscilla could put it on for you."

Aunt Laura looked at Gretchen thoughtfully. Then she turned to Priscilla. "Had you thought of anything else besides the mascara?"

It was so easy we could hardly believe it. Priscilla and I took turns outlining a few other trifles we had in mind for our aunt, including curls around her face (Priscilla had a curling iron), perfume (I had a small bottle), and sheer stockings (courtesy of my mother). When we went up to my aunt's room, she


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not only agreed to all our ideas, but even added a few of her own. "I could wear my flowered chiffon," she said.

Since I had overheard her telling mother that the flowered chiffon was her mistake of the year, and made her feel like a marriageable oldest daughter at the vicar's garden party, I was a little puzzled by this suggestion. However, when our aunt explained, "It's so much more feminine, with the curls," we all agreed. Even when we burned her ear with a hot curling iron, Aunt Laura was very gay, and said a woman must put up with a few inconveniences, to be alluring. She was an ideal patient.

By the time we'd finished with her, she was a bundle of femininity, from the curls to the high-heeled pumps. Looking at her, I had an uneasy feeling that she didn't look like our aunt any more, but the book had said "Be a different woman to your husband," and she was different, all right.

She pirouetted before the mirror, and asked us to send Kitty up to her when we went downstairs. "So I can explain to her about borrowing her stockings," she said. Mother and Aunt Laura stayed upstairs quite a while, and when they came down to lunch together they were suitably solemn.

Usually they went down together to the dock, when it was time for the launch bringing their husbands, but Priscilla took Aunt Laura aside and suggested tactfully that it would be more effective if she were just sitting on the porch, waiting, when Uncle Carl arrived. Our aunt agreed to this at once.

Mother went off with the six other children, but Priscilla, Gretchen and I stayed to watch the initial impact on Uncle Carl. We were in the living room, where we could peek out and hear nicely, without being in the way of a second honeymoon.

When our uncle came up the walk, ahead of the others, he looked hot and cross. "Where on earth were you?" he asked my aunt, bending to kiss her. Then he straightened up, staring. "What have you done to your hair?"

Aunt Laura was not only a new woman, but she had a new voice, purringly sweet. "Do you like it?" she said, rolling her eyes and smoothing the flowered chiffon.

"No," my uncle said. "It looks like a hula dancer's."

Priscilla, Gretchen and I stirred uneasily. All was not going according to plan.

"I did it all for my big handsome husband," our New Woman cooed.

"I'm in no mood for sarcasm," Uncle Carl told her.

"But, darling, I only wanted to please you"—said with even more of a coo.

At that, Uncle Carl let out an angry roar. "Laura, if you don't stop simpering like an imbecile —— What's got into you?"

"Now, dear," our aunt said. "Let's take a nice long walk, just the two of us."

My uncle roared even louder. "It's not enough that I should spend five hours on trains and boats and God knows what else, getting here. Now I should go for a ten-mile hike. Are you crazy?"

We couldn't stand any more. Grabbing Gretchen between us, we rushed her out the back door and hauled her off to Midway, before she had a chance to weep on her father's shoulder. I wanted to go down to the dock to see my own father, but under the circumstances, it seemed only tactful to wait. "I guess it's already too late for a second honeymoon," Gretchen said sadly. Priscilla tried to console her by saying it often took several weeks for this recapturing process, but all of us felt worried.

The first break in our triangular gloom came when we returned an hour later and learned that Aunt Laura and Uncle Carl had gone walking. "You *see*," Priscilla said.

When they came back, they walked into the cottage holding hands, and both of them were so gay that even Gretchen was reassured. All through dinner, Uncle Carl kept calling Aunt Laura "darling."

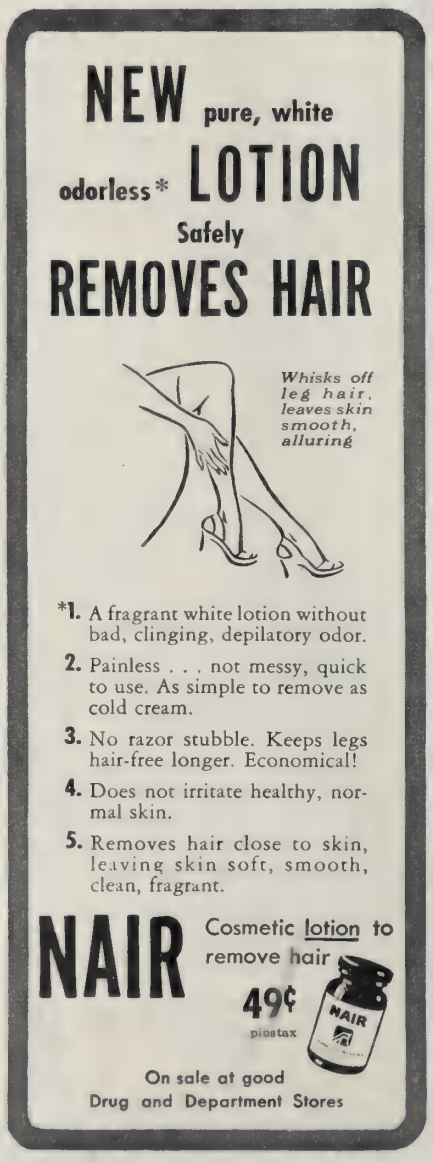
"Don't you think so, darling?" he'd ask.

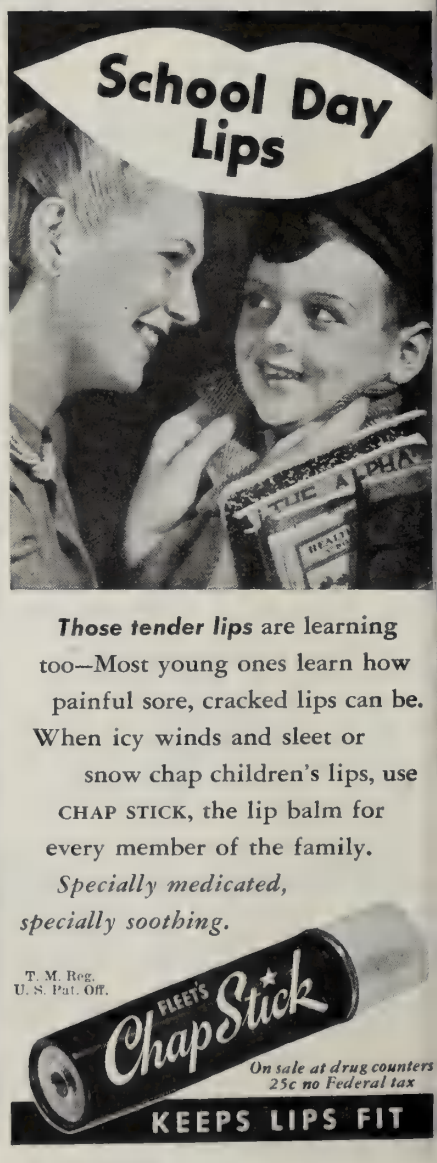
"Yes I do, darling," she'd say.

It was awfully romantic.







Even the next day, when Aunt Laura appeared with no curls, no mascara and no flowered chiffon, Uncle Carl went on being loverlike. Priscilla, Gretchen and I nearly burst with pride in our handiwork. All in all, we got very little culture that summer, but at least we recaptured Uncle Carl.

Probably the only man I have ever left an indelible impression on is my high-school physics teacher, who went through tortures trying to reduce Newton's laws of gravity to something I could grasp, if only in both fists.

"Now look, Miss Dolson," he would say, breathing rather hard. "Here we have a jar half full of water, and I will now drop in a stone. What happens?"

As far as I could see, nothing happened, but I knew this couldn't be the right answer. I had learned to my sorrow that according to the laws of physics something always happens.

**God promises a safe landing, but not a calm passage.**

"But if the stone weighs one pound and the water rises in the receptacle ——" Here Mr. Lowrie's voice would break, and he'd look at me pleadingly.

It grieved me to see him suffer so, but there was nothing I could do about it, unless Clark Frame, the brightest student in our physics class, managed to slip me the written answer. To me, a stone in water was a stone in water, and hardly worth all this to-do. However, toward the end of the second term, I learned to say glibly "A body displaces its own weight in water." Flushed with this success, Mr. Lowrie was once so carried away that he asked, "And what is the principle behind that, Miss Dolson?" When I looked surprised, he said hurriedly, "Very good. You may sit down now. Er—Mr. Frame—did I see your hand?"

In addition to The Body That Displaced Its Own Weight, there was one other law which Mr. Lowrie succeeded in engraving upon my mind: "What goes up must come down." The chances are that this is the most valuable piece of knowledge I have ever achieved. At any rate, when I wrote it down on my physics examination paper in a firm, legible hand, Mr. Lowrie immediately decided to pass me. After all, I had been with him nine months, and a man can stand just so much.

Thanks to this, and to the law that what goes in as a freshman must come out in four years, I was being graduated with the class of '26 from the Franklin High School. My grasp on The Deerslayer, Julius Caesar, and the dangling participle being considerably firmer than my grasp of physics, I had even been chosen to deliver a speech at commencement.

The week of graduation was wonderful. My father and mother had given me two elegant new dresses—one for the prom and one for the senior banquet—and my relatives, prodded by engraved announcements, had come through nobly with gifts. Laurie, the alligator-hunting Eagle Scout from Florida, sent me a bedside lamp that burned incense and could smell up a room something lovely.

By graduation time I had pretty well forgotten Laurie, although not to such an extent that I neglected to send him the engraved announcement that brought forth the incense burner. What I was concentrating on now was a Sigma Chi who had gone to Pitt. He was a distinguished older man of twenty-three, and even Sally admitted grudgingly that he was handsome.

On the night I was to make my commencement speech, the Sigma Chi arrived to drive me down to the high school in his jouncy third-hand jalopy. When I stepped into the car, he handed me my present, a silver compact with the Sigma Chi crest. Even if he'd handed me a corncob I'd have found it desirable, feeling as I did about distinguished

(Continued on Page 135)




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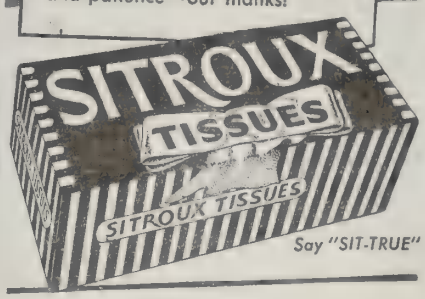
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# HE: Gee, skipper, you sure keep things shining Navy style!

**SHE:** *Aye, aye, sir! It's easy when your cleanser never leaves dirt-catching scratches.*

**HE:** Hey, wait a minute, honey—maybe the Navy *didn't* teach me everything! Dirt-catching *whats?*

**SHE:** *Scratches*, goofy, on my sink and tub! Scratches *hold on* to dirt—they make things dingy and awfully hard to clean.

**HE:** Sounds reasonable. But I thought a cleanser had to be sort of coarse and scratchy to be any good.

**SHE:** No, *sir*, Bon Ami gets grease and dirt off quick as a wink, and it "*hasn't scratched yet!*" It polishes, too—leaves a lovely, satiny surface with no hiding-place for dirt.

**HE:** Well, as long as it leaves those pretty hands of yours so smooth and soft, you stick to it, kitten. *That's* an *order!*

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**THE SPEEDY CLEANSER** *that "hasn't scratched yet!"*




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(Continued from Page 133)

older men. But this—I was too overcome to talk, for at least five seconds.

As I climbed into my commencement robe and adjusted the mortarboard at a skittish angle, I was thinking dreamily that the Sigma Chi was now sitting in the audience, and would wait for me afterward. My entire family and at least ten of my relatives from Meadville were also in the auditorium to hear me deliver my oration.

It was a very warm evening in June, and all of us seniors, sitting in rows on the platform, found our heavy black robes rather excessive, as speaker after speaker droned on about the pitfalls we'd encounter. Finally my name was announced, and I stepped to the center of the stage. I'd rehearsed the speech so often that I wasn't nervous. At least, I didn't think I was nervous.

"Ladies, gentlemen and teachers," I said. "We of the senior class have shared many vicissitudes, and now we are going out into the great world, to stand or fall on our own merits." (This must have been news to all those parents, including my own, who expected to provide food, shelter and clothing for some time to come.) There were two more sentences to my introduction, and after delivering them I drew a deep breath before plunging into the body of my speech. In the next second, I knew with icy shock that I'd plunged into a vacuum. All memory of the speech was gone. With five hundred faces looking up at me in polite expectancy, I shifted my feet and waited.

Suddenly the very last sentence of the speech floated into my head, and I grabbed at it thankfully. "Let us all hitch our wagon to a star," I said ringingly, "and continue ever upward—higher and higher and higher." Then, having consumed approximately fifty-five seconds for my entire oration, I sat down.

The audience, which had come to value brevity almost as much as a good breeze, applauded me roundly. Afterward, all my relatives congratulated me on my nice little speech.

With my diploma in one hand and my Sigma Chi compact in the other, I was now presumably ready for college. Several years before, I had picked the college of my choice—Allegheny, in Meadville, twenty-five miles from home.

In early September of 1926, father piled all my luggage into the car, and we drove to Meadville, where I was deposited in Hulings Hall, the girls' dormitory. Allegheny College is on a hill at one side of the town, with some beautiful old buildings, a small, pretty campus, and five or six men's fraternity houses. As we drove through the campus to Hulings it wasn't the Gothic architecture of the main building I was ogling, but the bricks that hid Delts, Phi Gams, etcetera from view.

IN the dean's office at Hulings, I was told I'd share a room on the fourth floor with a freshman from Erie. Mother came up with me to look over the big, light room and give me her final blessing. It was one of the many times when I've been glad my mother isn't addicted to tears or gush. "Plug in your electric curling iron and fix your hair before dinner, dear," she said stoutly. At that moment I felt as if the curling iron were lodged in my throat, but I swallowed and nodded. For the first time, five hundred students sounded like an awful lot of strangers to cope with.

After mother left I began to unpack, when the door opened and my new roommate walked in. She was a brunette just my height, and so pretty that I felt gripped around the knees by an inferiority complex as I looked her over warily. She said her name was Esther LeJeal and that she didn't care which cot I took. For the next hour, as we filled the bureau drawers and closets, we admired each other's clothes and traded life histories, from first molar to first love. Then Esther confided that she'd been simply depressed in the dean's office when they'd told her the name of her new roommate. "I thought you'd be a fat-faced girl with heavy oxfords and long Dutch braids or something," she said. We both shuddered pleasurably to think what she'd escaped. To add to my gratification, she said that the minute she saw me, she thought I looked exactly like a John Held girl. Even now I am sure she meant it as a compliment, and I certainly took it for one. If she'd said I looked like Clara Bow, I couldn't have been more charmed.

ESTHER seemed to me terribly sophisticated. For one thing, she talked about dashing around in roadsters, and seemed honestly appalled when I said I'd never even ridden in a rumble seat. She promised that the first week end I went home with her to Erie, she'd get me into a rumble. When she mentioned that she was simply dying for a cigarette, and wasn't I *furious* about not being allowed to smoke in Allegheny, I did my best to sound indignant, although so far I had only smoked one cigarette in my life.

That night we met another freshman named Sarah Wakefield whom we liked very much. Esther, Sarah and I were pledged by the same sorority and had the same schedule of classes, so we were together constantly. We had hoped to eat at the same table in the big Hulings Hall dining room, but a frighteningly efficient new dietitian soon spiked that. After lining up all the girls in the dormitory—well over a hundred—she proceeded to pick out twenty whom she divided into two groups and sat at two special feeding tables—one Terribly Overweight and the other Terribly Underweight. To my vast indignation, I was in the latter group. It's true that my figure seemed to consist mostly of collarbones, but this was the first time I had been publicly labeled as a freak, and I resented it fiercely. Privately, each of us at the table thought the other nine belonged there, and this hardly made for friendly banter. The dietitian's idea of fattening us up was to say playfully—as playfully as a warden at Sing Sing—"Now, nobody can leave the table until each glass of chocolate milk is drained to the last drop." Whichever of us stalled along on the chocolate milk or the second helping of raw starch would be glared at nastily by the other nine, who asked only to get away from there as fast as possible.

To add to our sufferings, we had to report for two forced feedings a day—one at four and more goodies at ten P.M. The night we were given leftover creamed spinach soup as our bedtime snack, I sneaked over and poured mine down the sink. Unfortunately, the dietitian saw me do it, and I was forced to lap up another bowl of the boresome stuff. Otherwise, she said, I wouldn't get a two-day leave to go to Erie that week end. With my mind on Esther's promise to get me into a rumble seat, I said it was spinach, but I ate it.

The week end atoned for this magnificently, with a football game, dancing at Steve's Roadhouse, and a view of life from a rumble seat. At first I was embarrassed because I couldn't leap up over the fender with the same gazellelike grace as the Erie girls, nor was this worry assuaged when Esther announced in her bell-like voice, "Imagine! Hildegarde's never been in a rumble before." However, on this and dozens of subsequent week ends spent with the hospitable LeJeals, I came to the reasonable conclusion that Erie was the Promised Land for visiting females. Certainly that lake region produced the best dancers it had ever been my luck to tread upon. Within a few months I had shifted my affections from Sigma Chi to an

## *Gardening Hint*

**By Doris Ione Bryant**

Love's an ingrate!
That I know.
Tend it, slowly
It will grow.

Snap your fingers,
Flout its need,
It will flourish
Like a weed!


It took an ACCIDENT to make me realize...



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Erie lad who not only knew all the latest steps, but *even made steps up himself*. For extra gravy, he read good books, and we discussed literature and the drama whenever the band went out for intermission. It was he who introduced me to Mencken and Nathan (embalmed between book covers), and I became so enamored of Nathan especially that I vowed that when I went to New York "to become a writer," I would sit on the doorstep of Nathan's hotel till I saw him in person. Secretly I already thought of myself as a writer, although why I should use the word "secretly" I don't know, since I proclaimed my calling loudly to all comers.

Esther, Sarah Wakefield and I all took freshman English from a young professor who had recently been an Allegheny student himself, and had just received his Master's at Harvard. He had a silly little mustache and a phony Harvard accent sheathed in carbolic acid. I think now that he was simply scared stiff for his own dignity, and that he used sarcasm as a tommy gun, to keep us from coming too close. We disliked him cordially.

At least once a week, he read five or six poems to us without giving the name or author, and would ask the class to criticize. Being freshmen, we criticized plenty. Sometimes he would accept these comments affably, but every now and then he'd react on all fours, snarling softly, and would pass out bad grades like candy. We couldn't figure it out. Luckily, he became very smitten with Esther, a fact we didn't catch onto until he danced with her at a fraternity party one night and confessed fondly that some of the poetry he'd read us in class was his own. After this valuable tip, which we generously circulated through the entire freshman English class, we learned to watch his face and spot the slightly glassy-eyed look he always assumed before reading his own creations. As soon as he finished and asked for comments, we gave him the works, ranging from "lyrically aware" to "tender" and back again. He must have marveled at our sudden critical appreciation, but it improved our grades. It also improved our professor, who began to act almost human.

Meanwhile, I had taken to writing poems of my own in chemistry class, and my creative efforts were running into trouble. Our professor, a Doctor Lee, was famous for his irascible command: "Every student must watch my nose every minute." Now that I had to watch Doctor Lee's nose, there was no point in my going so far as to listen to him, because I never had the remotest notion what he was talking about anyway. Instead, while the molecules and the formulae flitted over my head, I sat grappling with the muse. Whenever other students jotted something down in their notebooks, I wrote down the lines I'd just finished composing. Then I'd absent-mindedly mutter them over to myself, with my lips moving like a contented half-wit's.

SITTING as I did in the back row of an enormous class, it was several months before Doctor Lee noticed me. But once he did, the effect was explosive. Even in my faraway seat, I seemed to be directly in his line of ire.

"You, young lady," he'd bellow, pointing an outraged arm in my direction. "If you can't stop talking, you can leave the class at once. And the students you were talking to can all leave with you."

The first time this happened, I explained nervously I wasn't talking to anyone.

"Don't tell me that, young lady," he roared. "I can see your lips moving."

I said I was talking to myself.

"And what do you say to yourself in these little chats?" he asked. I told him that I was sort of reciting. At this, he snorted, "Wait and recite when you're called on."

In a class that size, I knew that only students who put up their hands were apt to be called on, and I wasn't so daft as to think of putting up my hand. However, after this first set-to, I tried very hard to keep my mind on molecules and all the *h*'s with those baffling little numbers attached. It was no use. Within a few days I was back at my muttering.

Then Doctor Lee would roar, like a man tried beyond endurance, "You there—you talking to yourself—leave the room."

I forget how many times I trotted out obediently at this command. Doctor Lee often dismissed students from his class, but since he seldom remembered to ask our names, it didn't much matter.

Then came the day when, instead of dismissing me, he said grimly, "Young lady, stand up and read us what you just wrote down in your notebook."

What I had just written was a brand-new poem, and I was wrapped in the eager, tremulous glow of any young writer who longs for an audience. Even so, something told me that Doctor Lee wasn't the right audience.

"Do I have to read it?" I asked modestly.

"You do," he said.

I WAS frightened, but I was also proud. Looking back, I think I must even have been touched in the head, as I cleared my throat and prepared to read the title: My Thoughts on Love After Reading Strange Interlude.

Just as I opened my mouth, Doctor Lee turned to the blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk, as if to write down whatever equations my addled brain had conceived. At the same moment the boy in the seat next to mine yanked frenziedly at my arm and handed me his open notebook, pointing to a line halfway down the page. By the time Doctor Lee turned around, I was staring at my neighbor's neat list of equations.

"Read," my tormentor said.

I read the list, right down to the bottom of the page. When I'd finished and looked at Doctor Lee, he seemed astounded and pleased. "That's very good, young lady," he said. "I may even say that's one hundred per cent perfect."

I gave him a shy thank you and sat down.

From that time on, he never roared at me. Evidently he'd decided that muttering to myself was my own peculiar way of being a careful scholar.

The advanced writing courses at Allegheny were taught by Doctor Swartley, who had the face of a nonconformist cherub. Once I came into his class looking so determinedly tragic that he asked, "What's hit you, Hildegarde?" I opened whatever textbook we were using and pointed dramatically to the chapter headed NEVER WRITE UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY. Even then I sensed a rule like that would knock my literary hopes to a fare-thee-well. Doctor Swartley must have had equal misgivings about my ever having Something to Say, because he immediately told me I could stop reading the textbook. I sold it that night to a freshman, for a dollar, a chiffon handkerchief and a wild feeling of relief.

At the start of my senior year I signed up for a seminar course of Doctor Swartley's that didn't even require a textbook. After existing for two weeks in this ideal state, I came to the sudden and unreasonable conclusion that I must leave school at once. Never before or since have I had such a strong, driving impulse, and for no apparent reason. My tuition was paid well in advance, my Erie beau danced as well as ever, and in my world young ladies didn't become seniors and then say, "Who wants a diploma anyway?" The very idea appalled me, but I knew with a curious grim certainty that I'd come to a dead end in my primrose path, and that there was nowhere to go but out. I didn't know where "out" was, but I had to go there anyway.

When I went home to Franklin and told my parents I was leaving school, they behaved exactly as I must have known they'd behave, with tact and loyalty. I was their oldest child and I was doing something they didn't like or understand, but if it was neces-

*(Continued on Page 138)*

**Taking out without putting in soon comes to the bottom.**

**Ambition is like hunting for fleas.**



**MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU**, *wife of the suave and distinguished screen star and a reigning beauty in her own right.*



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*(Continued from Page 136)*

sary for my peace of mind, then they'd back me up all the way.

"I think you ought to go and live in New York," mother told me, as casually as if we were discussing a family picnic. "You've had enough of small towns for a while."

The next morning I went back to school to talk to the president of the college. I had read one time in an Allegheny catalogue that if a student paid his tuition and board and then became ill and had to leave school, his money would be refunded. I thought this over carefully, as I waited outside the president's office. When I was finally ushered in, I didn't waste time in palaver. I said breathlessly:

"I have to leave school because I'm mentally ill, so may I please have my money back?"

The president backed toward a chair and sat down hard. "Er—uh—what makes you think you're mentally ill?"

Whatever I told him must only have confused him more. He was a brand-new president, and for all he knew his caller was ripe for a strait jacket, but he wanted to make sure.

I can't remember how we finally settled my mental status, but we shook hands cordially, and I left with the happy assurance that my money would be refunded. Two weeks before, it had been my father's money, and now it was mine. I'm not sure just what logic I used to arrive at this alchemy, but I needed cash to go to New York, and that was logic enough.

Fourteen hours after I'd left Franklin, I was standing in the prow of the ferry crossing over from Jersey City, where the train ride had ended, to New York. I stood in the sun staring at the blindingly beautiful sky line, saying under my breath, "Here I am—here I am," as if the skyscrapers had been expecting me for years, and would answer, "At last you've come."

When the ferry landed at Twenty-Third Street and the other passengers rushed past me, I held on to my suitcase and stood there in a happy daze. Mother had told me to take a cab to the McAlpin Hotel, where my cousin, Betty Dunn, would meet me. Betty, who was just eighteen, had come from Meadville to New York to study dancing, and was staying with our Aunt Lou and Uncle George Porter in Brooklyn. Our mothers had arranged that I, too, should stay there, until Aunt Lou found Betty and me a nice room in a Y.W.C.A. or something. The problem now was to get to Betty. Most of the ferry passengers had already disappeared. When I saw a taxi with one man sitting in the back, I rushed over to it. In Franklin there were only three taxis, and the few passengers dismounting from a train always piled in together. In view of that custom, it seemed odd there should be only one man in this cab. I yanked open the door and shoved my suitcase into the back seat.

THE man looked astonished, and the driver said, "Listen, girlie, this is already taken."

"But there's plenty of room," I said, bewildered.

The driver shrugged and turned to look back at his passenger, a middle-aged man wearing a derby and holding a brief case in solid dignity.

"It's—er—it's all right, driver," he said. "If the young lady is going uptown."

"Is the McAlpin uptown?" I asked.

They assured me it was, and we rode off in silence. After several blocks the man asked if this was my first visit to New York. I nodded, hurt that he had guessed. From then on I tried not to stare out the window to gape at the sights, but when we stopped for a red light I forgot and pointed eagerly to a skyscraper in the distance. "Oh, is that the Flatiron?" The man said it was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. Warming to his new job as guide, he pointed out several other spires, and assured me that the rest of New York was much more handsome.

As we drove up before the McAlpin and I dug into my purse, he said, "Oh, no, this ride is on me." A bellhop grabbed my bag, and suddenly I was standing on the sidewalk waving to the man as the cab drove off. *Why, New Yorkers are sweet,* I thought.

Just inside the lobby I saw my Cousin Betty's cute round face. I was impressed by her worldliness in tipping the bellhop, and her casual way of saying, "Let's go across the street to Schrafft's." In Meadville, she had seemed to me simply a kid cousin with exceptionally pretty legs, but now that she had been in New York several months, I looked up to her as a cosmopolitan who had instant access to places like Schrafft's. While we ate a second breakfast, we talked about our plans for living together. Betty said Aunt Lou wanted us to stay in Brooklyn with her for at least two weeks, while she investigated rooms suitable for her nieces.

"BUT don't we want to live on Broadway?" I asked. I had heard it was important to have a good address for job hunting, and I had long ago decided that in New York all the important people must live on Broadway.

Betty seemed charmed with the idea. She explained that her ballet and tap schools and her vocal teacher were all located in the Fifties, and it would be a great convenience to live on Broadway, near them.

"Let's go out right now and find our room," I said. Betty started to say, "But Aunt Lou——" and then she mentioned thoughtfully that we might at least buy a paper and look at Rooms for Rent. Both of us kept up the deception that this would save Aunt Lou a terrific lot of trouble. "We'll surprise her," I said.

**If I am walking with two men, each of them will serve as my teacher. I will pick out the good points of one and imitate them, and the bad points of another and correct them in myself.**

—CONFUCIUS: Wisdom of the Chinese, edited by Brian Brown. (Coward-McCann, Inc.)

A half hour later we were entering a dingy brick building at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street. It had been our first choice in Rooms for Rent, listed tersely as "Clean double room, $12 week, ring Littles' bell."

We rode up to the fourth floor in a tiny elevator that heaved and wheezed from old age. A dark-haired woman in a red-and-white house dress who said she was Mrs. Little showed us the room. It contained a double bed, a bureau, a brown plush upholstered chair, two cane-bottomed chairs, an upright piano and a washstand. While Betty exclaimed over the piano, I ran to the window, opened it and leaned out. Below was the roaring traffic tide of Broadway; across the street and level with our window was a huge electric sign for automobiles. Hanging out by my heels, I could even see the Paramount Building and the clock. Betty came and leaned beside me, and we beamed first on Broadway and then on each other. We had found our nest.

After we'd paid the first week's rent and Mrs. Little had shown us where the community bathroom was, a mere few hundred yards' trek down a narrow dark hall, we alternately hung out the window and unpacked my suitcase.

Then we took the subway for Brooklyn, to surprise my aunt and uncle with news of our find.

They were surprised all right. Aunt Lou kept saying weakly, "But it must be an office building." When Uncle George came home, he said, "On *Broadway!* Are you girls out of your minds?" Fortunately for us, he was enough concerned with that day's crash in the stock market, which we now heard about for the first time, to register only occasional shock.

At dinner I happened to mention something about "the man who took me to the McAlpin."

"She means the cab driver," Betty said hurriedly.

*(Continued on Page 140)*

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*(Continued from Page 138)*

I said I did not mean the cab driver, I meant the nice man who paid my fare.

Once more Uncle George's face took on a purplish tinge. "You mean you let a strange man lure you into a cab?"

"But I asked him to," I said.

Aunt Lou murmured, "Oh, dear. Oh, dear."

Uncle George dropped the carving knife and roared, "You what?"

"But he had the whole back seat to himself," I said. "So I just got in."

"I suppose you never heard of girls disappearing into white slavery," my uncle said ominously. Dinner was suspended while he gave me an impromptu lecture on the dangers awaiting girls who took up with strange men.

"But he was old," I said. "He was at least forty."

Once again my uncle dropped the carving knife. "Oh, Lord," he muttered, more in supplication than irreverence.

Aunt Lou said she was sure that now Hildegarde understood New York wasn't like Franklin she'd be very careful. Nevertheless, when we were ready to leave that night, it was Aunt Lou who said maybe our uncle should escort us home and look over our new living quarters. Betty and I looked at each other and then both protested ringingly that Uncle George was tired, and mustn't take that long trip. Finally he agreed to let us go off alone, after we'd assured Aunt Lou that Mrs. Little lived in the rooms next to ours. "Like a motherly chaperon," I said. I was learning rather fast.

By night, our new home seemed even more dazzling. The huge sign blinked on and off, casting its brilliance into our room, so that even as we lay in bed, we were as radiantly lit as if we'd set up a cot at Times Square. Eventually we went to sleep, with the screeching honks of Broadway for background lullabies.

For the first few days it seemed incredible to me that people on Broadway walked by putting one foot in front of the other, like ordinary mortals. Perhaps I'd expected them to propel themselves forward by skipping steps, or even to jump over one another in a gay, endless game of leapfrog. Whenever Betty took me over to Fifth or Park avenue, I'd favor these streets with a few polite comments and then hurry back to my richly tawdry love, my Broadway.

So far, the reverberations from Wall Street hadn't reached our Broadway nest, and the New York I'd seen, including the BMT subway, two Schrafft's and three theaters, seemed booming. For years I'd played a game of "If I were going to New York what shows would I see?" Now I could practically reach out my window and touch the theater marquees. At first, in my young snobbishness, I wondered if it was really proper to buy dollar seats and sit up in the top-row balcony. But my hunger to see every Grade A, B and even Z play won out, and except when solvent beaus paid for seats, Betty and I saw the stage from a vast distance, with our eyes and ears sharpened by affection, like a lover's sixth sense.

Another of my favorite pastimes was accompanying Betty to her dancing classes, especially the Jack Donahue-Johnny Boyle tap school on Fifty-fourth Street. Day after day I sat on a small bench in the tap studio watching the ten or twelve dancers facing me, Betty among them. The pounding of their cleats on the hardwood floor may have been deafening, but I never knew it. I was proud of the fact that Betty was one of the best dancers in her class.

Betty took singing lessons from a Mrs. Bellamann, whose studio was at the corner of Fifty-seventh and Seventh Avenue, a big beautiful duplex in the same building Dreiser lived in. Every time I walked into the elevator there with Betty, I'd think, *Maybe I'll see him today*. Once Betty pointed to a morose-looking wolfhound the elevator boy had on a leash, and said that was Dreiser's dog. I stared at it reverently.

"Dreiser's dog," I echoed with awe. "Maybe it sat in the same room while he was writing An American Tragedy."

Betty seemed unmoved by this thought. "The dog is really much better-looking than Dreiser," she said dispassionately.

Quite apart from the Dreiser aura, Mrs. Bellamann's studio seemed to me teeming with glamour. She herself was a handsome gay woman with the honey-tongued charm of a Southern belle, plus the stamina of a workhorse. While she and Betty were busy at the piano with a singing lesson, I was free to roam around the studio looking at autographed photographs.

Betty had told me Mrs. Bellamann's husband was "sort of a writer," and that he worked in their apartment across the hall from the studio. I knew Mr. Bellamann only

*(Continued on Page 142)*



*"What you need are some outside interests."*

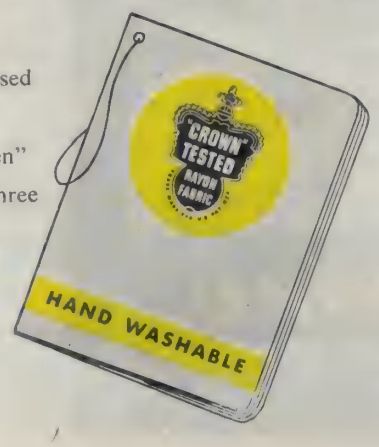


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(Continued from Page 140)

as a thin, professorlike face with tortoiseshell glasses, a face that poked into the studio occasionally and withdrew in alarm when it saw us there.

When Mrs. Bellamann suggested generously that as a young writer I must meet her Henry and show him some of my work, I came to the studio with one of the stories I'd written for Doctor Swartley at school, one in which the Devil and God discussed a frigid wife and a purehearted mistress. After Mr. Bellamann had read it, I was invited across the hall to hear his comment. Now I saw the professorish face on a thin, tall figure, topped by gray-black hair.

"This story shows a very sophisticated viewpoint," he said. "Er—uh—it's difficult to understand how you've learned so much about life."

Flattered, I tried to arrange my foolish-virgin features into the face of a woman who has drunk to the dregs. When he said I should try the story on Cosmopolitan Magazine, immediately I composed in my mind the wire I would send my family, telling them that this, my first piece to be sent to a magazine, had sold. I went off feeling very benign toward the mild, thin man in the tortoiseshell spectacles, whom fame had passed by. Years later, when I read a powerful new novel, a best seller called Kings Row, by an author named Henry Bellamann, you could have knocked me over with a typewriter.

The rejection from Cosmopolitan was the first in a long, distinguished line of these formula slips saying The Editors Regret. For the first few months, I pinned each one up on the wall, until Betty said she thought it was a morbid idea. "They depress even me," she said plaintively.

My conception of my talents was undergoing quite a mauling. Through the graces of Uncle George, I had had an interview with the head of an advertising agency just after arriving in New York, and I came away feeling like Alice cringing under a toadstool. The man had made it very clear that the worst crime a beginner can perpetrate against big business is to have no experience and no shorthand or typing.

Several blocks down on Broadway, I had seen a second-story poster saying, "Want to be a typist? Learn in four weeks. Very low rates."

"I think it would be useful for a writer to know how to type with more than one finger," Betty said.

For the next month I spent my mornings at the school, at a total cost which barely dented my capital. Our instructor said we were on our honor not to look at the typewriter keys. My own honor was full of loopholes; when I wanted to hit a numeral or apostrophe, I looked for it. As a result, my typing even now is not so much touch system as finder's keepers.

At the end of four weeks, several of us were called into the office of the head of the school, a small bald man who said smilingly that he had recommended us for clerical jobs, and we were to go to such-and-such an address. Rather dazed, I went out with the four other girls, all of us holding slips of paper with the name Remington Rand and the address in downtown New York. An hour later we were hired, at eighteen dollars a week. I still hadn't the foggiest notion what the job entailed, but having come along for the ride, and having filled out an application with the other girls, I was hired before I knew what hit me.

The next morning I was given half a desk in a room with at least fifty other girls. The girl whose desk I shared showed me how to check figures on piles of reports.

"But what are we doing it for?" I asked.

She looked at me as if this were an obscene question. "This is the Complaint Department," she said finally. "We have to check the reports." I wanted to know where the reports came from and where they went next, but my co-worker considered this none of our business. "I've been here three years." she said stiffly, "and all you have to do is check the reports they give you."

For three days I sat there checking the figures, and boredom seeped out of me in languid trickles. On the afternoon of the third day, a revolutionary thought hit me: I could resign.

"Where do you go to resign?" I asked my desk mate.

Undoubtedly she considered this another of my fatuous rhetorical questions, but she pointed to a door. "There." I went.

I had planned simply to say "I resign," and then go away, but it wasn't that easy. Now it was Remington Rand's turn to ask questions. The man in the private office insisted nicely that I sit down and talk things over. While I sat there mute, he kept asking solicitously if somebody had been mean to me. I denied this, and tried to think up a good excuse. It seemed rude to tell the nice man that I wanted to leave because I was bored. Finally, I muttered I'd just discovered I was going blind. His horrified, sympathetic reaction was more than I'd bargained for. I got out of there fast, but not too fast to collect my three days' pay.

That night as Betty and I lay basking in the radiance of the automobile sign, we had a long talk on happiness. "People should never have to work just because they need money," I said. For perhaps the first time in my life, I was weighted with the bitter thought that other human beings might be spending six days a week on jobs they disliked as deeply as I'd disliked my stint in Complaints. The idea frightened me.

When I tried to explain this to Betty, she said comfortingly, "But it can never happen to us, because we know what we want to do. That's why we're so lucky."

Stoutly we reiterated our belief in each other's talents. After we'd gone through this heartening ritual, I felt fine again, and hungry. Betty found two apples she'd cached in her bureau drawer, and when she got back into bed she brought along a magazine opened to a piece by Robert Benchley, so that we might take turns reading aloud. Both of us regarded Mr. Benchley the way savages regard a witch doctor—with simple faith, as a cure-all. Within five minutes we were laughing so noisily that a tenant in the next room pounded on the wall. Even that pleased us, and we used the heels of our mules to pound back. Once more our egos perched over Broadway ready to soar, and never doubting we could fly like birds, instead of falling on our foolish heads.

A few days later I was working on a story when Betty came in and said that Arthur, the pianist who played for classes at the tap school, had been going over some new tunes at rest period that day. "They're his own tunes," she said. "And he needs somebody to do the lyrics. So I told him you could write them. You could, couldn't you?"

"Oh, sure," I said. When you're twenty-one, and you've never written a song lyric, and your morning mail consits solely of "The Editors Regret," it's a simple matter to say, "Oh, sure."

Neither of us guessed then that Arthur was to lead us up some lush blind alleys.

Arthur was a restless little man, almost bald at twenty-six, who worked a full day at the tap school, sold silverware "only to friends" on the side, and wrote a weekly column for his home-town paper in Germany, from which he'd emigrated as a young boy. When he said he knew song publishers and band leaders well, and that we'd quickly clean up a fortune, I believed him. It has always been irresistibly easy for me to believe such statements. Unfortunately, it developed that Arthur was always too busy. "I

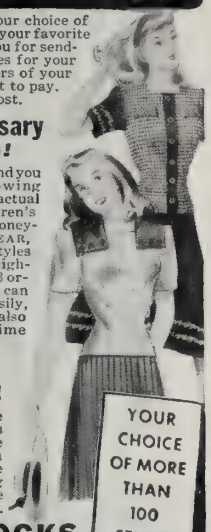
**All history is only one long story to this effect: men have struggled for power over their fellow men in order that they might win the joys of earth at the expense of others and might shift the burdens of life from their own shoulders upon those of others.**

—W. G. SUMNER: Column Review.

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meant to see Rudy Vallee about our songs today," he would say, "but something came up." Something always came up. The odd thing was that whenever Arthur wrote a new tune, he could hardly wait to have me finish the lyrics for it. His bustling eagerness always made me feel we were right on the verge of something big.

Meanwhile, he had added still another venture to his multiple activities. He had decided to leave the Donahue tap school to open one of his own, and Betty agreed to come to him for private lessons. Arthur's new studio, with a cot in one corner where he slept, was in a tough section of the upper West Side. Due to the fact that he was busy selling silverware and other trifles in the daytime, he often gave lessons only in the evenings. "Don't ever walk through these streets alone at night," he told Betty. "Always get Hildegarde to chaperon you." Since I weighed ninety-five pounds, and had never mastered the principles of jiujitsu, I'm still not sure just how much protection I was.

Several weeks after he opened the school, he asked Betty how she'd like to work in a chorus line-up for one week, for thirty dollars. "And Hildegarde can write the lyrics for the chorus' opening song," he said. "I'll pay five dollars for them." Both Betty and I were beaming. For once Arthur sounded business-like. He said a friend of his ran a theater on Forty-second Street, and was allowing him to supply the chorus from among his tap pupils, in shifts. "It's a burlesque house," Arthur added casually.

To Betty and me, coming as we did from a line of Presbyterians, "burlesque" was simply an interesting new word. On our way home from Arthur's that night, Betty said she thought burlesque was a kind of vaudeville.

"Won't our families be pleased?" I said happily. Then, remembering with a pang that Arthur's fine plans didn't always materialize, I said maybe we'd better wait and write our parents after the opening night.

Betty agreed. "We don't want to raise their hopes for nothing," she said.

Everything proceeded smoothly. Betty rehearsed the routines all that next week in Arthur's studio, while I worked at home polishing up the lyrics. Arthur looked at one set and said, "Make 'em zippier." I obligingly turned out a new set which seemed to me very zippy indeed, something about "Let's kick up the welcome mat and have a lot of fun."

THE new girls were to enter the show on a Monday night, and that noon they rehearsed for the first time at the theater. "Did you see the rest of the cast?" I asked, when Betty came home.

She said the only principals at rehearsal were two men comedians and a minstrel singer. "They're pretty dumb. The comedians have the dullest jokes I've ever heard." She said several people had mentioned a girl named Peggy, who was evidently the star. "She'll be there tonight, of course," Betty said. "She must sing and dance."

Arthur had given me two tickets for the first performance, and I had invited an ex-Allegheny beau to accompany me. "It's something Betty is dancing in," I told him mysteriously. "And I wrote the lyrics." He seemed properly impressed.

At eight-fifteen that night we were entering a theater on West Forty-second Street, just off Broadway.

"Are you sure this is it?" my escort asked, in a rather strangled voice.

"It's the right name," I said. "The Gaiety."

When he still showed a curious reluctance to move, I impatiently took his arm and dragged him inside. As we were ushered to our seats, sixth row center, I was surprised to see a raised runway extending from the stage right down the whole length of the middle aisle, like a narrow bridge. The sight of it made my escort even more uneasy.

"Hildegarde," he said, with considerable agitation, "this can't be the right place. This is a burlesque house."

"Oh, then that's all right. Arthur said it was burlesque."




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My friend's voice became hoarser. "You mean you knew all the time?"

"Why, of course, silly." I found it gratifying that he should be so overcome at the heights Betty and I had achieved. "It's sort of like vaudeville."

Suddenly the curtain rose and the chorus danced on stage, wearing short, ruffled blue gingham dresses. Betty was in the front row. "Oh, doesn't she look darling?" I cooed. Three seconds later the girls were singing my lyrics, the sweetest noise that ever smote my ears.

Responding to a gay nudge and my loudly whispered "I wrote the words," my companion muttered, "Oh, good, good." Even in my happy absorption, it struck me he was behaving very strangely.

After the chorus came the minstrel singer with several whiny songs, then the comedians Betty had mentioned. Their jokes seemed to be concerned exclusively with a dog's fondness for trees. Burlesque was awfully dull, I thought, not nearly so lively as the acts at the Palace. I hoped the star named Peggy would be better.

When the comedians disappeared, a new set of girls, plumply encased in spangled tights, pranced on stage and then down the runway, nodding and waving to the audience. So that's what it was for, I thought. This seemed to be a very friendly sort of place, with all the gay waving between customers and performers.

After the girls had retired into the wings there was a roll of drums, and a blinding spotlight center stage. Into the spotlight came one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen, very blond, very young, dressed in a long-sleeved sequined dinner dress and a feathered cap.

"That must be Peggy," I whispered proudly. At last things were looking up.

INSTEAD of launching into a song, as I'd expected, the girl began an odd, weaving motion with her hips, while the audience cheered. Suddenly, still weaving, she reached to the side of her dress, yanked at something, and the dress slid to the floor, revealing Peggy in a black satin slip, plus the feathered cap.

"Mercy!" I whispered. "What on earth is she doing?"

"She's taking off her clothes," my escort muttered.

It seemed an awfully odd thing to do.

As Peggy removed even more garments, and wriggled even more frenziedly, I sat round-eyed with astonishment. I wasn't shocked, just surprised. As Peggy came down to a fig leaf, I decided it might be better to omit a few details in writing to my parents about our Broadway debut. As Betty said later that night, "You and I know the whole thing is perfectly respectable, but it might sound a little peculiar in a letter."

Thanks to our whitewashed accounts to our parents, they somehow conceived the idea we'd landed in a neighborhood group putting on amateur theatricals. "It sounds very informal and friendly, dear," mother wrote back.

It was all of that.

I'm not sure whether it was Arthur, heaven or our own impenetrable naïveté that guided us through the week of burlesque with very much the same effect as a schoolgirls' conducted tour of Radio City. Unlike the three bronze monkeys who perpetually grab their eyes, ears and mouths in an ostentatious attempt to shut out evil, we saw, heard and smelled the whole backstage life of burlesque and took in only what we understood, which was practically nothing.

Betty and the other members of Arthur's chorus had three tiny dressing rooms, four girls to a room, up several flights of iron stairs, as steep and breakneck as a ship's ladder. Sometimes I stood in the wings watching the girls run down the three flights in a quick, sure dash, with their tap shoes making a dandy din against the iron treads. If one of the comedians came down and said to me, "How are you today, dear?" I felt instinctively shy, but would murmur, "Very well, thank you." In the dressing room with

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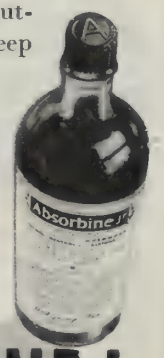
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Betty, I felt no such shyness. While the girls put on their stage make-up or sat around between numbers, we talked about clothes and our families, and tried on one another's hats.

But it was the dressing room of Peggy, the strip-tease queen, that attracted me most. Peggy was seventeen, and had started in the chorus a year before. Now she'd been the star for three months, with the star's dressing room all to herself, and I think she was lonely. She often called the chorus girls into her dressing room, usually on the pretext that she wanted them to see a new costume.

It was my good luck that Peggy particularly liked Betty, and where Betty went, I tagged along. Peggy's dressing room was always neat as a common pin, with her glittering costumes hung on a rack in one corner and three long-legged boudoir dolls propped in the exact center of three chairs. When we visited Peggy, we each carefully took up a doll, sat down on its chair, and held the doll in our laps while we talked. Our hostess had the same open-and-shut, incredibly blue eyes, and pale gold hair silkier than any doll's wig.

My strongest remembrance of Peggy is seeing her sit before her dressing-table mirror heating a stick of stage mascara over a blue gas flame and then beading her eyelashes with exquisite care, one by one, while she prattled on about her "folks." She told us her mother made all her costumes. "See, they gotta have very special fasteners so I can get out of them easy on stage." Betty and I agreed that her mother sewed beautifully, and it struck neither of us as odd that motherly fingers should sew in place the fasteners that aided strip-tease.

Peggy lived with her parents in Flushing, and told us she had already made the down payment on a new house and a five-passenger sedan. "Papa drives in every night to take me home," she said. "He chaperoons me all the time."

**Aren't people funny? If you tell a man that there are 270,678,934,341 stars in the universe, he'll believe you—but if a sign says FRESH PAINT, that same man has to make personal investigation.**

—H. V. Prochnow: The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest (Harper).

"Gosh," Betty said sympathetically. "Our parents aren't nearly that strict. Hildegarde and I can do anything we want to."

The strip-tease queen looked at us two Presbyterians enviously. "It must be swell not to be chaperooned," she said.

We were impressed to learn that Peggy was making a hundred dollars a week.

"It's respectable, steady work, not like night clubs," she explained. "In night clubs you hafta mix, and take a drink almost every night."

Seen in this light, Peggy's choice of burlesque as a career seemed to us the height of conservatism. At the moment, she was standing before us in a G-string, spreading a thick white liquid powder over every inch of her shapely anatomy.

"The chorus girls only have to put it on their legs," she complained. "But us strippers have to wear it all over us."

Once when she called us into her dressing room, she held out a box of candy.

"Look," she said excitedly. "Five pounds of assorted chocolates." She showed us the card that had come with them. It said, "You're beautiful," and was signed simply, "A college boy." Peggy kept turning the card around fondly. "I wish he'd have come backstage," she said. "I never been out with a college boy." She asked me if I had ever dated one, and my affirmative answer seemed to raise my stock tremendously. "Gee," she said. "Gee, if I was allowed out like you kids."

Once again Betty and I agreed that it was a shame for Peggy's parents to be so strict.

I have never seen Peggy since our one enchanted week, but I have often wondered





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*which* SAFELY

**STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
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Do you say, "I do my own dishes—and my hands *can't* stay soft and smooth"? Or is it your job that keeps you from having lovely hands?

Don't give up! Change to Luxor Hand Cream and expect to see a *real difference* in your hands.

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives *real help* to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide—(an ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks you can't even see with the naked eye—relieves those cracks that make skin *look* red, *feel* rough! That's why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands—no matter what you do! Ask your druggist for Luxor Hand Cream today.




Luxor
hand cream
not sticky—not greasy

how she made out, and if her papa ever let her go out with a college boy. I think it was her respectable influence that has always made Betty and me resent the slurs cast on burlesque by a doughty New York mayor or police commissioner.

*After all*, we think to ourselves indignantly, *don't those men realize that burlesque is good, steady work, not like night clubs where girls hafta mix?*

The brief taste of dancing behind footlights had whetted Betty's longing for a job, and she began making the rounds of theatrical agents.

My own career was at a standstill, or rapidly moving backward. I was now writing a weekly column on New York for the Franklin News-Herald, but the rewards were purely spiritual, and no money changed hands. Far from resenting this, I still feel affectionate gratitude toward my home-town paper, especially when I consider the dubious entertainment worth of the columns I turned in, on such red-hot news items as The Flower Show in Grand Central Palace.

Two weeks before Christmas I met a girl I'd known in Allegheny, Dorothy Ferrer, on Fifth Avenue. She said she'd been offered a selling job at McCreery's, but that since accepting it that morning she'd found a better job in another store.

"Why don't you go to McCreery's and tell the Personnel woman you'll take my place?" I objected on the grounds that I'd never sold anything, but Dorothy said, "Don't be silly. There's nothing to it."

The next day I was hired as a temporary Christmas helper to sell in McCreery's art section. "Art" turned out to be grass sewing baskets, embroidered pillows, fancy wastebaskets, crocheted mats and a few hundred other items of equal allure. I spent the first day attending classes in "How to Make Out a Sales-Slip. . . . How to Arrange for a Charge. . . . What to Do About C. O. D." The two latter methods sounded so involved that I decided there was only one feasible course: if a customer should say "Charge" or "C.O.D." to me, I'd abandon her in midstream.

## *Enough of Vows*

**By Marjorie Lederer**

Enough of vows heavy with promise,
  Aeon-gray;
Eternity is better glimpsed
  In one bright day.

Enough of songs laden with
    measures
  Ten times heard;
Love was never meant for more
  Than one short word.

I have seen June glutted with roses
  Stampede the spring:
More than once has muchness killed
  A fragile thing.

When I say there may have been worse saleswomen than I somewhere in greater New York, I am indulging in pretty conceits. For one thing, I promptly developed a passion for the customers who said they were "just looking, thanks." I stuck to them happily and we all looked—at everything in the department. The longer they looked, the less apt they were to complicate my life by buying something and having me make out a sales slip. If a woman insisted on seeing a specific item, and the item happened to cost more than ninety-eight cents, I felt the most tremulous anxiety for her budget. "You don't want to spend five dollars for that wastebasket," I'd tell her. "We have lots of cheaper ones."

Our section manager learned to dread the sight of me. Almost hourly he had to rescue one of my sales checks from the wrong carrying tube, or void another sales slip I'd messed up beyond redemption. If a customer of mine waited a half hour for change, and it failed to materialize from the tube, the manager would say, "Now think, Miss Dolson. Where do you suppose you sent the money? Surely you wouldn't have marked a cash sale for the charge office." But he knew I would, and I knew it too.

After three days of this, Personnel sent for me and told me my services were no longer required. Perhaps never before or since has a McCreery Personnel woman been so warmly thanked by the employee she had just fired.

My next collision with the business world occurred when I became a cashier and assistant hostess in the men's Allerton House, dinners only. One of Mrs. Bellamann's vocal students had the job and wanted to go away for a few weeks, so I was called in to pinch-hit. The chief hostess in the dining room, Mrs. Brown, a handsome woman of perhaps forty-five, explained to me that the duties were very simple: just making change and gay conversation as the men went into and out of the dining room. "They live here, you know," she said, "and so they're not at all like strangers." With a significant look, she mentioned that another girl who once held this same job had married one of the customers, a very wealthy man. As she enlarged on this romance, I felt rather uneasy. When Mrs. Bellamann had described the job to me, she hadn't mentioned anything about marrying anybody.

As the men came into the dining room the first night, Mrs. Brown stood at my cashier's desk just inside the door and introduced each newcomer. My gay conversation was limited to a brief "How do you do?"

After the men had gone on to their tables, Mrs. Brown would murmur to me occasionally, "That man in the corner is motioning. Perhaps you'd better go see what he wants."

"Where?" I'd ask, peering..

I'm as nearsighted as a hoot owl, and although, smothering my vanity, I had told Mrs. Brown I'd be glad to put on my glasses, she had said, "Oh, no, dear, I hardly think ——" From then on, I felt pleasantly absolved of all worry about my shortcomings as an assistant hostess. Whenever Mrs. Brown said, "Oh, So-and-so is waving at you," or "Do smile back at that man," I would shake my head blankly. Three feet was my range. Let them come close if they wanted to be coy. Besides, it kept me busy counting on my fingers under the desk to make change, so why should I waste time waving toward a blur in the far corner?

One night the hostess brought up a youngish man and said he worked in a publishing house.

"Mrs. Brown tells me you want to be a writer," he said. He also asked me if I'd go dancing with him that Saturday night. When I hesitated, he added, "I know a lot of people in the publishing field and I could be quite a help to you."

This was my first experience with the type of synthetic wolf who attaches that "I can be a great help to your career, little girl" to an invitation. My backbone bristled. "I'm going to be busy," I said. "And I'm busy every night next week."

The man must have told Mrs. Brown, because from that time on she seemed to have given me up for lost. Here was a cashier who couldn't keep accounts, couldn't wave to the customers and didn't even have the decency to marry them. A total loss. It was a fine thing for the Allerton House—and the customers who wanted to be waved to—when the regular girl came back.

My instinct is to dismiss the year that followed by placing a row of asterisks right here. The trouble is that asterisks imply an interesting lapse, during which the heroine's mind went conveniently blank. It's true that my

*(Continued on Page 148)*




*Laden with the "forbidden" fragrance*

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CELANESE* JERSEY
OF SYNTHETIC YARN
FOR MODERN LINGERIE

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(Continued from Page 146)

mind was blank during that period, but only because I had a job so respectably dull that it bored me stiff. When Betty decided to go home to Pennsylvania for the summer, I was still so little conscious of apple sellers and unemployment that I tossed over my weekly pay check and went along. The depression had reached out its octopus arms even to Franklin, but my parents welcomed me as warmly as if I'd come to lift the mortgage.

By late summer I was terribly homesick for New York. My parents were understandably dubious about my chances of getting a job there, but I insisted it would be a cinch. Hadn't I found jobs before? Finally I was allowed to embark with Betty, on a low-rate excursion ticket, with the understanding that if I didn't get a job in two weeks (when the ticket expired) I would use the return half to go home. To buoy my hopes, I had a new Empress Eugénie hat that cost $2.98 and hurtled down one side of my head as if I were riding to hounds. My other prize was a pair of lounging pajamas mother had made for me out of an old black velvet evening dress. Each leg was several feet wide, and magnificently floppy.

Betty and I had written Mrs. Little to reserve our old room, and when we arrived there I removed the Empress Eugénie hat, put on my lounging pajamas and leaned blissfully out the window, a cosmopolitan returned to her Broadway habitat in fitting raiment. I had also written a beau that I'd be back in town that day, and when the community phone rang, far down the corridor, I leaped up to answer it. In my haste, I somehow became so tangled up in my floppy pajama pants that I tripped and was thrown against the door head-first, with an awful thud. Even if a woman is mortally stricken, she'll manage to get to her feet to answer a ringing phone. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a feminine voice at the other end of the wire, asking for a Mr. Atkins. I had never seen Mr. Atkins, who was presumbably one of Mrs. Little's tenants, but at that moment I loathed him. "He's not here," I said meanly, and hung up.

By the time my own call came, an hour later, the results of my fall were rather apparent. My forehead was swelled out like a goose egg and below it was a black eye of amazing scope and hue. Betty and I worked on the eye with hot and cold washrags, with the blade of a knife held tenderly against the bruises, and finally with raw beef and butter. I still have no idea what the butter was for.

The next morning Betty insisted the eye looked much better, but even with a heavy overlay of powder, it was unmistakably a beaut of a black eye. My forehead was so swollen I couldn't bear to have the Empress Eugénie model tilted down pressing on it, so I wore the hat pushed up and on the back of my head, like a Broadway bookie's derby. The whole effect was incredibly raffish. As I started out on the round of employment agencies, Betty said, "Now remember, it isn't looks they care about. It's brains." If such brains as I possess had been visible to prospective employers, they wouldn't have been nearly so noticeable as the black eye.

In the next two weeks, I must have tramped over almost every block in New York. The depression was on full blast, there were a thousand applicants for every job, and of those thousands I was perhaps the only one with a brand-new shiner. When the harassed interviewers in employment agencies stared at my eye and said, "How on earth did you get it?" I always answered with simple truth, "I bumped into a door." I explained this dozens of times in that job-hunting period, and I was always baffled by the shrugs and smirks it occasioned. "You'd think they didn't believe me," I said to Betty indignantly.

As my black eye faded, so did my hopes. I rushed to every address given me by an agency, or discovered in the fast-shrinking Help Wanted columns, and came home each night with no job. On the fourteenth day, when my train was to leave that evening, I knew by five o'clock there was no reprieve. Betty and I went down the corridor to knock


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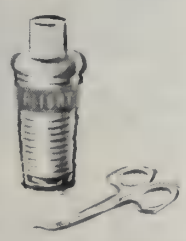
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It's time for

flight

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on Mrs. Little's door, so that I might say good-by to her.

Mrs. Little seemed genuinely sorry to have our twosome broken up. "You certainly picked a terrible time to look for a job," she told me. "And then getting that black eye."

I gulped and nodded. Her pink-cheeked, pleasant husband came in from work while we sat there, and he, too, was sympathetic.

Mrs. Little was saying something about a man who lived in one of her rooms and worked in a place that seemed to be booming. "I could ask him, but I don't think he'll be back here before you leave," she said. In my misery, I hardly heard her. I was trying not to disgrace myself by bawling.

A friend was coming to take us to dinner, and he and Betty would ride with me to the ferry. While I packed, Betty sat on the bed and tried to reassure me. "You'll come back in a month or so," she kept saying, in a would-be cheerful voice. Both of us knew there wasn't a chance.

I leaned out the window for one more look at Broadway. I was saying good-by to the automobile sign when a loud knock came at our door. Betty opened it and started to say "Hello, Henry," but stopped in surprise. Mrs. Little stood there beaming, beside a small, dirty-faced man in khaki overalls.

"This is Dave," Mrs. Little said. "He lives here and works in a picture-frame factory." She pointed to me. "This is the girl." The man in overalls looked at me silently. "Why don't you tell her?" Mrs. Little poked him gaily with her elbow. "Tell her you've got a job for her." She turned to me.

**It is easier to visit friends than to live with them.**

**Travel may translate money into mind, but happy is he who has his own teacup to return to.**

"It's only fifteen dollars a week. As a typist, in the factory. Would you take it?"

"Yes," I said. My knees shook so hard I had to sit down.

Dave, warmed by my wild gratitude, finally opened his mouth to give me the address of the Royal Frame Factory, the name of the manager, and told me to report at eight-thirty the next morning. When he and Mrs. Little left, my fond farewells echoed after them down the dark hallway.

Betty and I began to pull clothes out of my suitcase. "I'd better tear up my return ticket right now," I said. "Before that man changes his mind." I tore it into bits and we made a ceremony of throwing the pieces out the window, to fall like confetti on Broadway.

That first day of my new job still comes back in nightmares, to startle me out of smug sleep.

I had a clear, movie-tinged notion of what a factory would look like: a huge, functional building with floor after floor of gleaming machines, and outside the manager's private office my own mahogany secretarial desk. I had stayed up late laundering white collars and cuffs for my best black dress, so I'd look the part of a well-groomed typist.

Following Dave's instructions, I took the BMT subway downtown to Canal Street, then went on foot looking for 40 Broome. On a dirty, dark side street piled with boxes all along the sidewalk, I looked up at a number on a rickety wooden building and decided I'd taken down the wrong address. This was Broome Street, and this was No. 40, but obviously it couldn't be the factory. Puzzled, and hoping to get directions as to where in the neighborhood I might find the edifice I was looking for, I went inside the building and up a flight of creaky old stairs. At the top, I found myself in a narrow loft about the size of an ordinary living room, crammed with men in overalls, working at machines. The smell of banana oil was so heavy I held my nose with my white-gloved fingers.

I went over to the nearest man, tapped him politely on the arm, and said, "Please,



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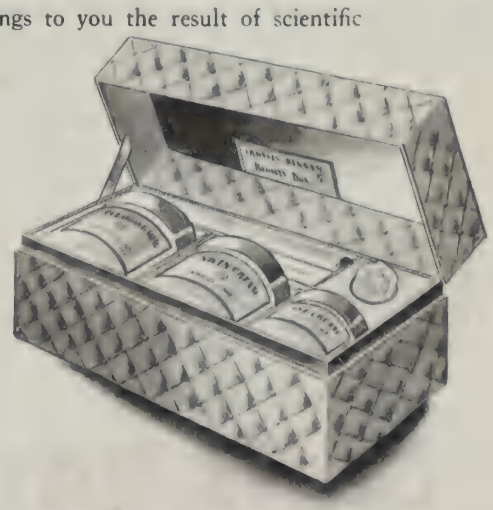
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*"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"*

SO DELICIOUS, SO PURE, SO REFRESHING . . . ENJOYED THE WORLD OVER!

do you know where I might find the Royal Frame Factory?"

"What?" he yelled.

This time I shouted my request.

He stared at me. "This is it."

I rocked on my feet. Weakly I leaned against something for support, and it swayed behind me. I staggered and turned to see that what I had leaned against was a high stack of picture frames. Two workers had grabbed them just in time to save them from toppling over. But nobody saved the things that were toppling in my head. I was suffering from the shock of reality.

Somebody shouted in my ear, "Oh, hello, so you found it all right." It was Dave, smiling all over his round, dirt-streaked face. "I'll show you your desk," he yelled. "The boss will be back in an hour."

The desk was jammed into a corner beside one of the screeching machines. It was covered with grimy papers, two unwashed milk bottles and gritty dust that kept whizzing from the planing machine beside it.

"Take off your hat and make yourself at home," Dave said.

I took off my hat, but I didn't know how to make myself at home. Home was never like this. While I sat there miserably, with the screeching machines tearing at my eardrums, another man in overalls, small, dark-skinned and with thick white hair, came over to my desk and smiled at me gently. He pushed the papers and milk bottles to one side, then pulled up the top of the desk and a typewriter came into view. "You want this, yes?" he asked.

Two minutes before I had been thinking, for the first and only time in my life, that it would be simple to jump out a window and kill myself. I wouldn't have done it, of course. It was a twenty-two-year-old's first violent, bewildered reaction to a new kind of world. Now I had a typewriter, a good, sane, solid typewriter to hold on to. After thanking the white-haired man, I found a blank, rather grimy piece of paper and began to type furiously. I must have typed the alphabet a thousand times before Dave came back with a tall, thin-faced man in a rather bright blue business suit and ordinary felt hat.

"Meet the boss," Dave said. "Mr. Harding."

THE man shook hands with me, then took off his hat and suit coat, tossed them on a pile of lumber, pulled a packing box up beside the desk, and sat down. His clipped way of talking was as economical as his motions. He showed me how to type a bill of lading for picture frames to be shipped out. It seemed simple enough. After a few minutes he said, "Call me if you want to ask questions," and walked away.

Now that I had something to do, the sickish smell of banana oil didn't bother me so much, but the noise was still awful. Every time the phone on the desk rang, I would clench the receiver to my ear, put a finger in the other ear and try desperately to hear through the din. Then I'd run for Mr. Harding. He always came promptly to answer the phone his new office girl couldn't cope with. "I can't hear a word," I would scream.

At noon there was suddenly a deafening quietness. Every machine had been turned off; the workers got out parcels of food wrapped in brown paper and started to eat. Three girls whom I now saw for the first time came out from behind a pile of corrugated-paper boxes and sat down with the men. They looked Spanish or Italian. The prettiest one had a rose in her hair, and they all wore cotton house dresses. I was enormously relieved to see some women, because it meant there must be a ladies' room. I sat there trying to get up enough courage to go over and ask them about it.

Just then Harding came to get his hat and coat, and told me to take an hour for lunch. He started out, then came back to the desk. "Like to have lunch with me at a good spaghetti place?" he asked. He was so business-like about it that I said yes without a second's hesitation. Besides, I love spaghetti.

"If you want to wash your hands, it's the door at the head of the stairs," Harding said.

IT was a cubicle containing a commode and a grimy washstand, but it seemed wonderful. After the morning I'd put in, I was humbly grateful for such refinements of life as a ladies' room.

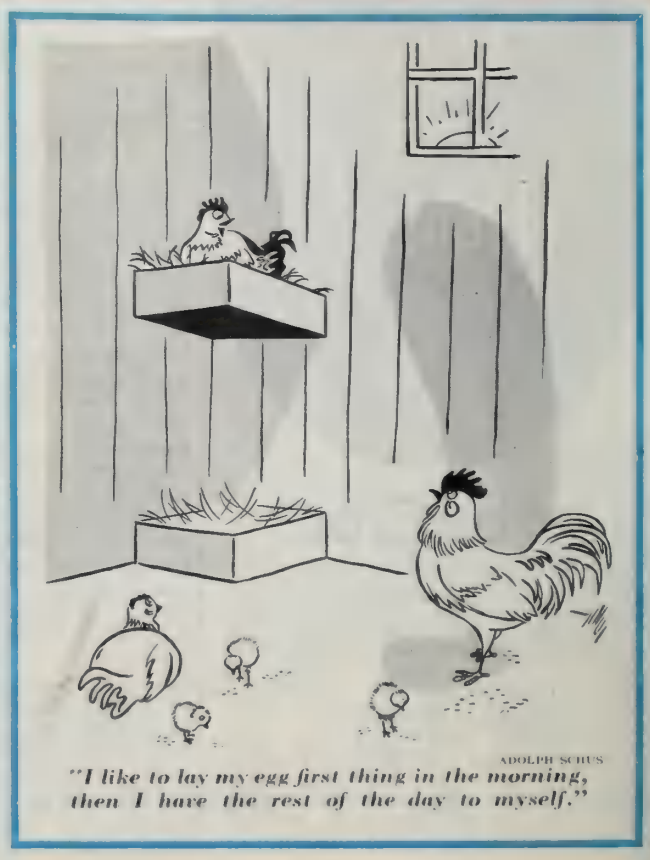
We ate in a small Italian restaurant near the lower East Side. The spaghetti drove the banana-oil vapors out of my head, and Harding was easy to talk to. All I had to do was listen, and ask a few questions.

He was the kind of man who is passionately in love with a business. To him, the dirty little loft filled with machines and stacks of frames was a business, and I think it was essential to his vanity that even the new office girl should view the Royal Frame Factory with respect.

Perhaps he'd sensed my feelings, because he said, "This is only the beginning, this hole we're in now. We're moving to a bigger place next week." Harding told me that a big corporation owned the factory, a corporation which also owned the inexpensive-photograph studios in department stores all over the country. "See, they'll sell these dollar or two-dollar frames to the people who get their pictures taken for a dollar," he said. "It's a perfect setup, the kind that will beat the depression." Suddenly he said, "You've hardly touched your wine. It's good Italian wine. What's the matter with it?"

I hated to confess I wasn't used to drinking anything except milk, so I said hastily, "Oh, it's good," and took a large gulp. By the end of lunch, and a few more gulps of wine, I'd worked up enough courage to tell my boss he'd have to answer his own telephone. It seemed to amuse him.

"So you can't stand a little noise," he said, grinning. "I'll bet you got a college sheep-



ADOLPH SCHUS

*"I like to lay my egg first thing in the morning, then I have the rest of the day to myself."*

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skin, and you can't even answer the phone. "Why doesn't a girl like you run home to mamma?" he asked. "Wouldn't your folks like you to be home?"

I said yes, they would, but I wanted to stay in New York to learn to be a writer.

He nodded. "O.K., kid. At least you're stubborn. I thought at first you were a stuck-up college snip."

When he learned I'd left school before being graduated, it seemed to please him even more.

Walking back to the factory, he said, "I haven't time for the office work any more. You can keep the books and ——"

"Keep the books!" I repeated blankly. "You mean bookkeeping? But I don't know how."

"You'll learn," he said easily. "Nothing to it. I'll teach you some afternoon after we move to the new place."

Even with the wine floating fuzzily in my head, I felt a sudden, sharp sympathy for poor Mr. Harding, who thought he could teach me bookkeeping in one day. He sounded the way my physics teacher had before I broke his spirit.

That first afternoon, some belated instinct from my Dutch ancestors came to the front and made me "redd up" that four square feet of the factory which I occupied. Perhaps it was simply an instinct of self-preservation, to make myself a tidy little island in the midst of the noise and dirt.

Humming to myself like a prim little housewife, and rather loopy on a half glass of wine, I bustled about setting my island in order. I threw away the dirty milk bottles, piled up the sooty papers into neat stacks, and flicked my handkerchief over the desk top. It must have been the wine that encouraged me to dump everything out of the desk drawers and salvage only those items which looked to me businesslike, such as carbon paper and erasers.

Harding came along just in time to rescue what I thought were silly old scraps of wood from the wastebasket. "These are my only samples of frame moldings." he said.

I said I didn't want all that junk in my desk, and that I needed space to put away the bills of lading. "I want them to be clean," I insisted.

Harding looked rather dazed, but he got a box and told me to put all the things I didn't want into it. "I guess we'd better get you a secondhand filing cabinet," he said, "if you want to be so neat."

By the end of the third day I could hear enough to answer the telephone. Compared with that problem, the rest of the work seemed simple. Whenever I wasn't busy, I roamed around watching the men make frames—sawing, planing, hammering, shellacking or mottling. In this last process, they sprayed the frame with gilt or silver paint, and then dabbed at the wet frame with a rag, to achieve a spotty effect of light and dark. Privately, I thought the frames would have looked nicer plain, but I liked to watch the men mottle, with fast, sure dabs, hardly looking at the frame until they held it up finished. Their overalls were splattered with exotic dabs of gold or silver, and above them were the white, smiling teeth in dark-skinned faces. I discovered that my white-haired friend of the first day, whom everybody called Little Joe, was the foreman. Most of the workers' names were long and fancy in the pay-roll book, but they used only first names in talking to one another.

On my fourth day, Maria, the prettiest of the three Spanish girls, came to my desk to make a phone call while Harding was at lunch. When she'd finished, she smiled brilliantly, said, "*Gracias*, 'Ildegarde," and ran away fast. After that everybody called me Hildegarde. In spite of my debut in the frothy white cuffs, they had forgiven me my sheltered past.

I think it was a form of initiation when, as I went out to lunch one noon that first week, one of the Spanish boys held out a half loaf of bread cut into two pieces like a sandwich, with something between as a filler. "Very good," he said. "Like to taste?" He was polite but insistent.

I took one small bite and thought my whole mouth was on fire. Whatever was in that sandwich was the hottest, strongest stuff that has ever scorched my palate. "It's g-g-g-ood," I gasped. My eyes were bulging and my tongue hung out like a dog's. Maria ran to get me water, and everybody laughed heartily as I alternately swallowed and panted. My hazing was complete.

At the end of two weeks, we moved to the new factory. It was another loft, but about six times as big as the old one, and in a less rickety building. To my newly adjusted eyes, it looked fine. My desk was moved over on a Saturday morning, and since I had Saturday afternoons off, I went to meet Betty, leaving Harding and the workers setting up the machines and work tables. They promised to put my desk near a window. When I came back on Monday morning, I stepped off the freight elevator which went up to our new fourth-floor loft, and blinked in amazement. I was standing in an honest-to-goodness office. The men had marked off a good-sized corner of the loft and built plasterboard walls, with a door leading into the factory. There was my desk with a rose sitting in a paper cup (I recognized Maria's feminine touch) and beside the desk a tall, battered green filing cabinet. It was all so wonderful I just stood there gaping.

Harding walked in and grinned. "The boys fixed it up Sunday. They wanted to surprise you."

At least ten of the twenty workers followed Harding into the office to see how I'd taken the surprise. A few of them spoke almost no English, but that day we all understood one another beautifully. Like *amo, amas, amat*, happiness needs no interpreter.

In letters to my parents, the factory acquired a size and gloss that partly reassured them. Harding had raised my salary to sixteen dollars at the end of the second week, and this made a fine, prosperous piece of news to send home. Allowing six dollars a week for rent, and eight dollars for breakfasts, lunches, dinners, subway fare and even more important essentials such as silk stockings and lipstick, I still had two dollars a week for riotous living, or having a wisdom tooth pulled.

I was living alone now. A few weeks after I'd gone to the factory, Betty's mother, one of the most charming women I've ever known, became very ill, and Betty left New York to spend six months in Meadville. When she returned, she immediately took a job with a vaudeville unit, to go on the road. While she sampled one-night stands in Punxsutawney and points west, I was wedged like a folding ironing board into the smallest quarters at Mrs. Little's, with no view of Broadway—or, indeed, of anything. Instead of a window, there was a small ventilating shaft that opened onto a pitch-black courtyard. Lying in bed, I could reach out and touch everything in the room.

When my mother came to New York for a visit the next year, and I proudly showed her my room, she murmured, "Oh, darling!" Then she hurried out to the hallway, ostensibly to make a telephone call, and came back red-eyed but cheerful. Both she and my father would have liked to have me at home, but they never denied me the right to choose. It must be awfully tough for parents not to run interference when their children, grown up, are learning once more to walk by themselves.

That second month of the new job I was also learning bookkeeping. Orders for frames were coming into the factory so fast that Harding now had forty workers to supervise, and he spent all his time with them. Little by little I was learning to handle all the office work: making out freight records, writing letters, filing, and so on. When Harding said it was high time I learned to keep the books, I knew we were both in for a bad period.

Since he was too busy ever to go out to lunch, and always had a Swiss-cheese sandwich brought in around two o'clock, my first lessons took place while he ate his cheese-on-rye in the office. Between bites, he'd point to an open ledger and say, "Now look,




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you draw a thousand dollars out of the bank, so that's a debit." This logic mystified me utterly. To me, a thousand dollars drawn out of a bank was a credit any girl might well be proud of.

In a way, my incredible dumbness rather gratified Harding, because it confirmed his scornful belief that colleges never taught anything worth knowing. In judging all students by me, he was certainly doing colleges an awful injustice. The day he told me he'd ordered an adding machine, and I asked hopefully if he couldn't get one that subtracted instead, his opinion of higher learning hit a sodden new low.

I still remember with awe that I made the Royal Frame Company's monthly accounts balance, although to this day I can't tell the difference between a debit and a credit. Any woman, when faced by the bared teeth of necessity, invents fearful and wonderful systems for achieving her goal. As I worked on the ledgers, my own thinking process was part woman, part monkey. *Let's see,* I'd say to myself. *If Harding subtracted this thing from that thing last month, I guess I may as well subtract too. And if Depreciation of Machinery is added in the credit column, then maybe the thing on the next page is a debit.* The first time the two sets of figures came out even, I stared unbelievingly, as if I'd just brought off the miracle of the twentieth century.

Waving the ledger, I rushed through the office door into the factory yelling, "Harding! Look!"

My boss came on the run. "Fire?" he panted. "Where?" In a place filled with inflammable paints and flimsy wood frames, that was a constant worry.

The news that I'd struck a trial balance came as rather an anticlimax.

Every Tuesday morning I went to the big executive offices uptown to collect the check for our pay roll. Then I'd come back to the bank on Canal Street and get it cashed into the proper amounts of bills and silver, usually over a thousand dollars. The teller at the bank would cram all this into my purse, and I'd start for the side streets that led to the factory. This last stage of the journey made me a little nervous. In the months since I'd come to work, there had been five holdups in that same neighborhood, where the narrow, dark streets, the sidewalks piled high with boxes, and the empty warehouses made ideal hiding places for thugs. When the girl who worked in the building next door was hit over the head with a blackjack, while carrying a pay roll, I complained mildly to Harding that I ought to have an escort. He said he couldn't spare one of the boys, and that I was perfectly safe. However, he agreed magnanimously that if any gunman held me up I didn't have to argue with him. "Just drop the money and run," he said.

Any lurking holdup men who saw me trotting up the street at eleven-thirty every Tuesday morning must have said to themselves comfortably, "Now there's one moron nobody in his right mind would choose to carry a pay roll." If they noticed my bulging purse, they must have thought it full of cookies.

It was just after my twenty-third birthday that I decided to write a piece for The New Yorker magazine. As a connoisseur of rejection slips, I thought it was high time to add one of theirs to my collection. After writing the story, I stuck it untitled into an envelope and took it to a post box. Feeling vaguely that some kind of ceremony was necessary, I kissed the thing for luck. Afterward I swaggered home thinking, *You've just sent a piece to the magazine Robert Benchley writes for.*

Four weeks later I decided the manuscript had been lost. At the end of six weeks, I'd forgotten it completely. On a Saturday morning (yes, dear, grandma remembers as if it were yesterday) I picked up some mail as I wended my sleepy way out to the subway. *Why, The New Yorker used one of its own envelopes to send the piece back in,* I said to myself. *Aren't they nice?* As every young writer knows, it gets awfully boring always to receive envelopes back in your own handwriting.

I must have sat in the subway at least five minutes before it occurred to me that the unopened letter felt awfully thin. *What had become of my manuscript?*

Five seconds later I was holding a slip of blue paper at which I stared stupidly. "Payable to —— Fifty dollars ——"

The world blurred before my eyes, and I groped for the note that came with this blue mirage. " —— which we've titled Bus Journey . . . and we hope you'll send us lots more. Sincerely, K. S. WHITE."

My first impulse was to leap off the subway, rush back to my room and put every manuscript I owned into envelopes, to send this divine being called K. S. White. After this feverish flush had subsided, I looked around the subway car at all the faces. I had to tell somebody the news, but even in my delirium I was too shy to open a conversation with a stranger. If only one of them would ask me a leading question. I held the check almost under the nose of the woman sitting next to me, hoping she'd say "Excuse me, but is that really a check from The New Yorker magazine?" That was all I needed—just one opening question—but the woman only looked out the window.

At Canal Street, I ran all the way from the subway to the nearest Western Union office, where I wired the family my news. When I got to the factory, each of the forty workers took turns handling and admiring my check, although I was a little nonplused that none of them had ever heard of The New Yorker. Maria said, "But maybe someday you sell story to True Confessions, yes?" She was eager to have me get into the big time.

Whenever a salesman came into the office that morning, Harding had me get out the check and display it. Even the expressman was treated to a peek. For the first and only time, my boss viewed me as he would a new frame—a credit to the factory that had raised me. I had sold a bunch of useless words at a net profit of fifty dollars, and no visible depreciation of machinery.

(THE END)

## SECRETARY TO MR. BLUEBEARD

*(Continued from Page 27)*

Julie stared at him. For one insane moment she wondered why one cup wasn't enough—he had only one head, so far as she could see. Did the man actually think she would calmly bring a cup for herself and propose to sit down in his private office to drink tea with him? But that was exactly what he meant.

"Can't you find a cup for yourself?" he demanded hospitably. Julie had reached the door when he called after her, "By the way, Miss Danton, the *U* stands for Underhill."

"What?" she gasped, whirling around.

"The *U* stands for Underhill," he repeated with a distinct twinkle. "After all, nothing should be hidden from a man's secretary."

The atmosphere in the office was different after that. Not that Mr. Ferrier was exactly chummy, but Julie felt that some sort of barrier had fallen. She had a sense that not only did she herself feel a sort of partner to her boss, but actually that he also felt her more of a partner than a secretary. She came to the astounding conclusion that Mr. Ferrier was even a bit shy. It took him a very long time before he began tentatively to call her Julie.

"And why shouldn't he?" she replied firmly to the tittering secretaries who had overheard him. "He's not so very much older than I am, you know, and I've been with him for a year. Lots of men call their secretaries by their first names. I even know secretaries who call their boss by his first name—when they're alone together," she added hastily.

*(Continued on Page 154)*

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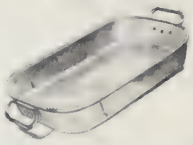
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(Continued from Page 152)

"Oh, you'd never dare call him Thomas!" the girls shrieked.

"Well, no," Julie admitted. "I think 'Tuffy' suits him better, anyway."

Definitely at the end of her first year with Mr. Ferrier, Julie drew a deep breath and decided she was entitled to a little egotism. Here she had licked the head of the department into a working partnership; she had found herself a nice little apartment in Alexandria—a marvel in itself; Washington might be full of entirely too many girls, but there was no man shortage so far as Julie was concerned. She allowed herself the luxury of feeling superior.

Then, suddenly, it was spring again, and here was Julie prancing into her office in the full glory of a new spring suit, to find Mr. Ferrier actually standing looking out his window and doing nothing at all. Amazingly, he didn't look like Tuffy, but just a terribly, terribly tired young man gazing wistfully out at a spring day.

Julie suddenly realized that Mr. Ferrier hadn't had a vacation in at least two and a half years that she could account for, and heaven knows how long before that. She thought of all the Sundays and holidays and nights he had worked and the terrific job of organization he had accomplished. His home, she knew, was in Texas, but even on his business trips he had never had time to see his parents. It struck her forcibly that even soldiers get furloughs in which to go out and raise a little Cain, but Mr. Ferrier hadn't had a minute even to go to a movie.

"Hello, Julie," he said as she came in with the mail. "Did you ever go to the Smithsonian Institution?"

"Why, no," she replied, staring at him in astonishment.

"I just thought perhaps you had been," he said humbly. "That's where they have the Spirit of St. Louis, you know."

"No. I haven't had any time for sightseeing. I did rather want to get to the National Gallery sometime, but I can't quite make it at lunch hour."

"A great mistake," he told her firmly. "Here you are, in the capital of your country, surrounded by galleries and museums full of the essence of America. You should take every advantage of your opportunity to absorb the culture and history of your native land."

"WHAT opportunity?" she demanded with some acidity. "I have one free day a week—Sunday. And on Sunday I clean house and wash clothes and mend stockings and write letters. I also try to get a little rest. As far as culture and history are concerned, I might as well be back in Hollyville."

"Hollyville?" he repeated. "What's that?"

"My home in Vermont, where I existed before I came to this seat of intellectual enlightenment," she replied snappishly.

Tuffy looked at her five feet of blond belligerence and, surprisingly, grinned impishly at her. "Don't be bitter, Julie," he advised. "It doesn't become you. Since you feel the lack of cultural development so keenly, would you care to join me in playing hooky today and exhibit that beautiful new suit to the National Gallery?"

Julie stared at him, open-mouthed, and gurgled slightly.

"Close your mouth," he requested politely. "It's much prettier that way. What is the matter with you?" he added with faint irritation. "It's certainly perfectly proper for a man to go sight-seeing with his secretary once in a year."

Julie closed her mouth with a slight snap. "It certainly is," she agreed sweetly. "I can think of nothing more blameless than an afternoon at the Smithsonian or trudging through the Library of Congress."

"Then would you like to powder your nose and telephone your duenna while I get my hat?" he inquired with a twinkle.

"Would you be insulted if I said I didn't think it necessary to inform my duenna?" she asked thoughtfully.

He stared at her for a minute and then shouted with laughter. "*Touché*," he said approvingly. "In that case, what are we waiting for?"

"What, indeed?" she murmured dazedly.

With one long arm Mr. Ferrier scooped up his hat and crammed it on his head; with the other he grabbed her elbow and pushed her out of the office.

Once downstairs and sharing a taxi with a sailor and a harassed civilian, Julie was overcome by a spasm of disbelief.

*Lawkamussy me*, she thought. *Can this be I? Riding in a taxi with Tuffy on pleasure bent? Impossible! What about that pile of mail? What about the appointments for today?*

SHE cast a glance at her boss, who was apparently a prey to no doubts whatever. He sat uncomfortably on one of the small seats and sniffed the fresh air out of the taxi window like nothing so much as a big Airedale enjoying his first motor trip of the season. Julie made a sudden decision that the office could go hang. Mr. Ferrier hadn't had a day off in ages, and if he wanted to run away to do a little sight-seeing, Julie was the girl to take his mind off things.

She later came to the conclusion that if anyone's mind was taken off things, it was hers. Tuffy needed no particular help in arranging a day to suit himself. He fed her a delicious second breakfast, whizzed her over to the Smithsonian and back to the Mayflower for lunch. Later he led her through the National Gallery, and just as she thought neither her feet nor her nerves would stand much more, she found herself relaxing over tea. She wiggled her toes comfortably and smiled at Tuffy.

"How do you feel?" he asked companionably.

"Like the Gilbert and Sullivan character who went to bed each night with the gratifying feeling that his duty was well done," she replied. "At last I can write to my family and assure them that life in the big city is broadening."

"You don't talk like a Vermonter," he observed.

"I'm not really. Originally I came from New York, but after I finished college my brother and sister got married and then dad retired. He and mother wanted to live in the country, and we had a farm in Vermont where we used to spend our summers, so they just moved up there permanently."

"Where did you go to college?"

"Vassar," she replied.

"Really? I had a cousin who went to Vassar. Perhaps you knew her—Joan Clarke?"

"Is your cousin Joan Clarke?" she gasped. "I should say I did know her." Julie dimpled all over. "She and I got into more trouble," she reminisced happily.

"She's married, you know. Her husband's in the Army and she and her son are home in Dallas."

"Has she a son?" Julie shrieked. "What's his name? When did it happen? Tell me all about her." Gone was any vestige of awe of Mr. Ferrier. To Julie he was simply Joan's cousin, Tuffy.

Afterward she dated the change in her life from that moment. There is quite a difference between a nice girl who happens to be your secretary and a nice girl who is your secretary and also an old friend of your favorite cousin. Although Tuffy continued to live up to his name during office hours, there was a definite and increasing spirit of camaraderie between him and Julie. For some time they had shared lunches and dinners when the press of work kept them overtime, but now Tuffy fell into the habit of asking Julie casually to have dinner or go to a concert at odd moments quite unconnected with business.

The outstanding proof of Tuffy's appreciation of Julie was his informing her that he had to attend a most important conference in New York and had decided to take her with him. "You're the only person I can

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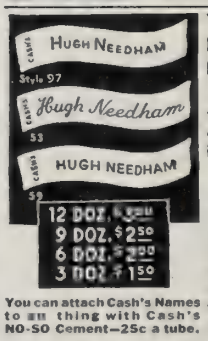
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ıst to get everything down straight," he d her. "These secretaries they have for nferences don't know beans from buttons, d I've got to have a really accurate ınscript. Sorry it has to be such short tice, Julie, but if you could manage to ıg some things into a suitcase and meet me the train in an hour?"

Get out to Alexandria and pack and re-rn in an hour? It couldn't be done, but lie did it somehow. All the way to New ork they worked: letters, reports, mem-anda—everything was down in Julie's little otebooks.

"Where do you want me to transcribe all is?" she asked feebly.

"We'll go over to Colter's office and bor-w a typewriter for you from one of his sec-taries," he told her. "Take a letter to the ındhill people, please."

New York was a confused impression of fices, strange desks and people for the next o days. Julie worked like a Trojan and as rewarded the second day by the gift of e evening to herself. Mr. Ferrier was go-g to a dinner party the Colters', he in-rmed her. She might well take a night f and go to a movie.

"Get a good night's eep, more likely," ıe retorted.

The third morning ıe was ensconced in olter's office, finish-ıg up the notes left om the day before. Ir. Ferrier did not ppear. Julie cleared p her desk, sharp-ıed her pencils and ung around aim-essly, wondering here he was and hat he expected her o do next. Lunch-me arrived with no ord from him, so ulie put on her hat nd decided to get an arly lunch in order o be ready for the robable afternoon onference.

In the elevator she ncountered Mr. Col-er. He looked at her lankly and said, 'Er—good morning, Miss—er ——"

"Good morning, Mr. Colter," she re-lied. "Can you tell ne what time Mr. Ferrier will want me or the conference?"

"Mr. Ferrier?" he said in astonishment. 'But my dear young lady, the conferences re over. Mr. Ferrier took the midnight rain back to Washington last night."

"Last night?" she repeated incredulously.

"Did he expect you to finish something p here today?" Mr. Colter inquired po-itely.

"I haven't the faintest idea," she replied wearily. "I think he just forgot me."

Mr. Colter looked at her sharply. "Come back to my office," he suggested, "and we'll telephone him."

When the call had gone through, Julie said "Hello, Mr. Ferrier," and got no further.

Tuffy's irate voice barked at her savagely, "Julie, what's the matter with you? If you were going to stay away from the office today, you might have called a little earlier. Where are you?"

Julie's temper got the better of her. "I am in New York," she informed him with icicles in her voice, "where you left me. In Mr. Colter's office, to be precise, and telephoning at his expense. In my purse at this moment I have ten dollars and twenty-three cents. My hotel bill, which you also conveniently forgot, amounts to something over thirty dollars, and if you want a secretary, you'd better come up and bail me out. I'll keep in touch with Mr. Colter until I hear from you," and she hung up.

Mr. Colter surveyed her irate figure with amusement. "You have courage, Miss —er— Julie," he remarked gently. "I know of only one other woman who had the nerve to talk back to one of the Ferrier men. Incidentally, she became Tom's mother."

The telephone rang. "Yes," said Mr. Colter, "she's here. . . . For you," he said, handing the instrument to Julie.

"Yes?" she snapped.

"Julie," said Tuffy's pleading voice, "don't desert me. I swear I'm sorry. I called the office last night and something had come up about the Lewisburg contract, so I thought it would save time to come down last night. I never thought about you. Have you really got only ten dollars and twenty-three cents?"

"That's all," she replied coldly.

He groaned. "Ask Colter to lend you some. No, I'll speak to him when we finish. And please come back as soon as you can. Take a plane if you can get one. I can't find a thing without you. I'm losing my mind, I think. These blankety-blank phones have been sounding off like fire alarms all morning. I can't hear myself think. Say you'll forgive me?"

"Oh, I suppose so," she commented. "At least it shows you've led a clean life if you're so unused to women you can leave them around casually at hotels. Do you want to talk to Mr. Colter?"

Julie was so glad to see her own desk the following morning that she nearly wept. She was busily sorting mail when the door opened to admit a strange brunette. Julie's quick eye appraised the newcomer as two inches taller, ten pounds heavier and quite a bit younger than herself. A soft cloud of dark brown hair framed the heart-shaped face almost devoid of make-up. *Pretty child,* Julie thought, smiling.

"Yes?" she said aloud. "Can I help you?"

"Oh," said the girl in a soft little voice, "are you Miss Danton?"

"Yes." Julie looked inquiry.

"I'm Betsy Lewis. Stenographic sent me down yesterday afternoon to handle the phones."

"How did things go?" Julie asked.

"Everything was all right. Mr. Ferrier was out almost all afternoon. He gave me a memorandum before he left, but there wasn't anything to do but answer the phones."

"That's good. Thanks for taking over for me," Julie said in dismissal. To her surprise, Betsy settled herself quietly in a chair. "You needn't wait," Julie told her. "I'll be here for the rest of the day."

"I think I'd better," Betsy replied with gentle obstinacy. "Mr. Ferrier said he wanted to see me this morning."

She was still sitting quietly in a corner when Mr. Ferrier came whirling into the office.

"Hello, Julie," he said with a sheepish grin. "How was the trip down?"

"I survived," she told him dryly, following him into his office with the mail. "You owe Mr. Colter seventy-five dollars."

"I swear I don't know how I came to do such a thing," he said apologetically. "Forgive me, Julie?"

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

## *Bride's House*

**By Kathleen Sutton**

**Now in my hand I hold the shining key**
**That will unlock the freshly painted door.**
**Yet hesitant, with strange humility**
**I pause upon the new-laid walk before**
**Gay shingled roof and casement windows bright**
**With welcome—thinking how untried and young**
**We are, this house and I, and on how slight**
**A thread life's greatest happiness is hung.**

**We are unseasoned yet in any weather,**
**Though few escape storm's bitter reckoning;**
**O little house, let us be strong together,**
**Withstanding winter, certain of the spring,**
**Sheltering love so wisely and so well:**
**Both heart and home are where he most would dwell.**

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥




**RECIPE**

Cut **Mor** into 8 slices. Melt ½ tbsp. fat, add **Mor** and brown on both sides.

Meanwhile, prepare pancake batter from your favorite recipe. Add 1 cup fresh blueberries (or freshly thawed frozen berries) and bake on griddle.*

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**RECIPE**

1 can **Mor**
¼ cup fat
¼ cup minced onion
¼ cup diced red pepper
¼ cup diced green pepper
**8 Clear Brook Eggs**
salt and pepper

Dice the Mor and brown lightly in the fat, adding the onion and peppers the last few minutes. Add slightly beaten Clear Brook Eggs and cook over moderate heat until lower portion is set and slightly browned. Turn and continue cooking until lower portion is again set. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve hot between slices of buttered bread. Serves 8.

*Heartily yours*

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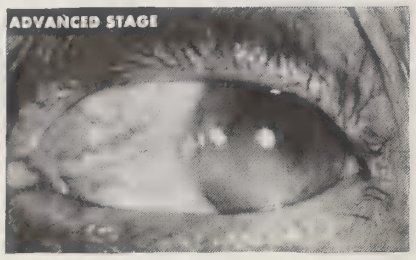

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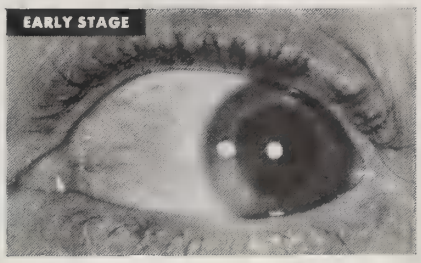
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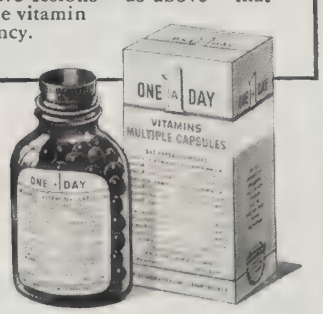
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"Yes, of course," she replied, "although I shall never trust you again. Thank heaven you didn't take me to California. . . . There's a Miss Lewis waiting to see you," she told him.

"Miss Lewis?" he repeated, wrinkling his forehead. "Oh, *Betsy* Lewis," he remembered with a grin. "Yes. I've decided you ought to have an assistant, Julie. She seems quite intelligent. Put through the papers for her transfer." He beamed at her proudly.

Julie was completely taken aback. "But I don't need an assistant," she argued.

"Yes, you do," he replied firmly. "You're working entirely too hard. The office has expanded enormously and I don't want you to break down from overwork."

"But what will I do with her?" she protested.

"She can do the filing and help with the phones and—and run errands," he said vaguely. "Take a lot of petty routine off your shoulders. She might even help with the typing and shorthand. You fix it up with Stenographic and bring the papers to me for signature."

"Yes, Mr. Ferrier," she murmured, retreating to the outer office. "It seems Mr. Ferrier thinks you would make a suitable assistant to me," she told the girl. "You must have done very well indeed yesterday. He isn't an easy person to please."

Betsy's face lighted up with pleasure. "Shall I start right away?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, I suppose so," Julie said, nonplused. "You can get the papers for your transfer made out first," she planned, "and then I'll show you how to do the filing and where to find things."

At the end of the day she had to admit Betsy seemed intelligent and very willing, although teaching her what to do was far more tiresome than doing it herself. Julie did not like to repress the girl, but it was terribly distracting to have another person in her small office. By the time another desk and chair had been squeezed in there wasn't room enough to swing a cat endways, and while Betsy was not exactly a chatterer, she was inclined to sociability. She had a pleasant, light, rather vapid little voice, and her occasional friendly remarks were more than a little nerve-racking.

*But I can't expect her to sit in solemn silence for eight hours every day*, thought Julie when a naïve little observation had caused her to lose her count in a long list of figures she was totaling. *Oh, dear, I wonder if I could tactfully get rid of her.*

But when she brought the mail in for signature in the afternoon, Mr. Ferrier asked with some eagerness how Betsy was making out. Julie was conscious of a slight jolt at his use of the girl's first name. *It took him months to get around to calling me Julie*, she thought as she told him Betsy seemed very willing.

"Good!" he said with great satisfaction. "As soon as you get her trained to the routine, let's try her on some of the correspondence. She didn't seem to have any difficulty with the memo she took yesterday."

So Julie added a training course for Betsy to her other duties. Gradually she got used to the girl's presence, and as Betsy relieved her of more and more detail, Julie began to be quite fond of her. It was almost impossible not to be fond of her, in fact. Her artless little confidences, her naïve expressions of admiration for Julie and her extravagant attachment for Tuffy were all irresistible. Her parents lived in Pennsylvania, it developed. She was twenty-three and an only child, and she had come to Washington to stay with an aunt. She was fond of dancing, the movies and Frank Sinatra. Practically all the boys she knew were away in the Army or Navy; but, she informed a startled Julie, they seemed like such *infants*, such mere *babies*, when one compared them to a *man* like Mr. Ferrier.

"When I *think*," she said impressively, fixing Julie with her wide dark eyes, "that I was *good enough* for *Mr. Ferrier* to actually




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for me to be in his office—well, I can't you how *proud* I am!"

for did she confine her feelings to Julie's alone: with the utter unself-consciousness kitten, she informed Tuffy with a word e and a phrase there of the great privilege ad bestowed on her. Under this flatter- appreciation Tuffy beamed and unfolded a sunflower in a Kansas field. He was sh with his praise of Betsy's efforts and k her to lunch casually on several occa- s when Julie was engaged. "It isn't good you to eat alone, Betsy. Come along and buy you a chicken sandwich." When she he to the office one day dressed for a cial dinner engagement in a charming le velvet dress, he stood in the middle of office and made Betsy stand up and turn und so he could appre- e the full effect.

Very nice," he nodded. think I'll tie a big red in bow around your k, Betsy, and enter in the cat show. You'd ely take a prize for best gora kitten."

"Oh, Mr. Ferrier!" she protested with a giggle; and when he had gone into his ce, saying he would order five yards of satin ribbon immediately, she turned to ie with eyes like stars. "Oh," she athed, "isn't he sweet? I'll just love this ss forever!"

*Hero worship*, thought Julie worriedly as made appropriate rejoinders.

Altogether Betsy seemed to be exactly at the office had been needing for a long ile. Willing and conscientious, she was haps not very quick; but with Julie carry- the complicated reports and conference tes, she was a great assistance. Definitely spirit of peace and harmony prevailed. en Tuffy bade fair to lose his nickname, he was as meek as a lamb for a whole nth. Julie was able to give a satisfactory ort to Anne McConnell when she lunched th the personnel manager.

Anne cleared her throat nervously and looked down at her plate. "Is there any truth in this story that Mr. Ferrier insisted on having her in his office?" she inquired tentatively.

"Well, I wouldn't say he *insisted*," Julie replied. "Apparently she filled in very satisfactorily the day I was out and he thought she'd be a good assistant for me. I don't think anyone else wanted her, did they?"

"Oh, no," Anne said quickly, "but you know how gossip starts, and she's really very pretty."

"Gossip?" Julie stared. "What gossip?"

"The grapevine says he's interested in more than business," Anne confessed uncomfortably. "They based it on his putting her into the office so suddenly, I believe, and they've been seen lunching together."

"How absurd!" Julie exclaimed. "She's just a baby; and besides, he's been seen lunching with me, if it comes to that."

"Well, obviously it's just a story," Anne replied with relief. "I'll just spread it about that there's not a word of truth in it."

Julie was very thoughtful over this conversation. A number of things occurred to her which seemed ominous on closer inspection. Tuffy's use of Betsy's first name the day Julie had come back from New York; his constant praise and encouragement; his joke about entering Betsy in the cat show. The lunches were easily explained, but Julie remembered an evening when they had worked late and all three had dined together. She had left them after dinner, and the next day Betsy had informed her with glee that Mr. Ferrier hadn't taken her home right away. Instead he'd asked her if she'd like to go to a movie and had taken her to see Frank Sinatra. At the time Julie had thought, *Poor Tuffy! He must have hated it.* Now she was not so sure. If he had not wanted to be alone with Betsy, he would

**When you have a fight with your conscience and get licked, you win.**

—Nuggets: Quoted in Magazine Digest.


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½ c. Durkee's Margarine · 1 whole egg, 2 egg yolks · ½ tsp. lemon extract · 2 tsp. baking powder
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Cream together Durkee's Margarine and corn syrup. Beat eggs and add in four portions, stir well after each addition. Add lemon rind and extract. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; add alternately with milk, beat after each addition. Place in two greased 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.), 30 minutes. Cool in pans 10 minutes, before removing to racks. Use your favorite frosting.

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have suggested the movie while they were all together at the dinner table. The most ominous thought of all was his continued sweet temper. Julie could not recall a real rage since Betsy's arrival.

On the other side of the ledger was Betsy's professed admiration, esteem and love for Mr. Ferrier. Julie had put it down to the ordinary circumstance of a young girl's attachment to her boss, and Tuffy was undeniably handsome in a beetling sort of way. Other thoughts came to mind at this point, however: Betsy's repeated expectation of marriage; her preference for a husband older than herself. ("Someone who can teach me things. Boys are fun to dance with, but I want to marry a man who's settled down. I don't want my babies to have a jitterbug for a father.") Originally Julie had thought Betsy showed she had a head on her shoulders in wanting someone substantial to balance her own featherweight, but perhaps it was not simply any older man Betsy wanted, but Tuffy.

*Well, she can't have him,* said Julie decisively as she concluded her reflections—and caught herself up short. After all, why not? *Because it's unsuitable,* Julie told herself speciously. *She's only twenty-three and he's at least thirty-five.*

Honesty forced her to admit that twelve years was not too grave a difference. A girl like Betsy was bound to marry someone much older than herself, and to become a perfect, petted, adoring wife. Julie's heart sank to the bottom of her shoes. There could be only one reason why she should be so shocked and unhappy at the thought of Tuffy marrying Betsy. Solemnly she faced the fact that she was in love with him herself.

*Now what?* she thought dismally. *Do I stand by and watch it happen? Do I resign or ask for a transfer? Do I try to get rid of her?*

She thought about the situation for several days, keeping a close eye on both Betsy and Tuffy. Finally she concluded that he might very well be on the way to falling in love with Betsy. Obviously he had been quickly attracted to the girl, and equally obviously that attraction had continued and deepened into a sort of protective camaraderie on his part. Julie thought that if he had fallen in love he had perhaps not realized it yet. As for Betsy, Julie felt quite sure that she was the sort of girl who would fall deeply in love with any man who met her requirements. For her, Tuffy was no more to be preferred than any other man who could give her a home, love and babies. Julie did not think Betsy was actually dreaming of Tuffy when she talked of her future marriage, but if Tuffy should ask her to marry him, she would instantly center those dreams in him.

So far as Julie was concerned, in these few days she had admitted to herself that no man other than Tuffy would meet her requirements. The warm, deep voice; the long fingers curling about his pen; the sudden boyish grin and equally sudden rages—all were familiar and dear to her. Betsy could just wait for the next man to come along, Julie decided. She was not going to surrender Tuffy without a struggle. There was always the possibility that Tuffy knew quite well that he was in love with Betsy, and in that event Julie's interference would infuriate him, but that was a risk which must be faced. There was also the possibility that even if he did not love Betsy, he might equally not love Julie. She felt like Jane Bingley: that if she could have seen half as much affection for herself as he had show Betsy, she might have ordered her weddi gown.

In the end there remained two altern tives. Either she could get Tuffy to transf Betsy or she could get Betsy to ask for t transfer. Either seemed hopeless. She tri suggesting to Tuffy that Betsy was really line for a full secretaryship and it seemed pity to hold her down as an assistant.

Tuffy merely said, "Give her a raise. W can't lose her. She's worth her weight gold."

So it boiled down to getting Betsy to as for the transfer. Julie tentatively held o the bait of a full secretaryship to Bets mentioned pay increase and private offic but Betsy only widened her eyes.

"Oh, no," she protested in her soft litt kitten voice. "Really, I'd rather stay her Julie. I just love working for Mr. Ferrier.

"I JUST thought you might like more re sponsibility and someone easier to work for, said Julie helplessly. "Mr. Ferrier is prett difficult at times."

"He's always *sweet* to me," Betsy replie literally. "I know everyone calls him Tuffy but I don't see why. He's just as nice as ca be. I don't *have* to be transferred to anothe man, do I?"

"No, of course not," Julie said. "I jus thought you should know you were in line

And that was that. Tuffy went on beam ing and making litt jokes and practicall chucking Betsy unde the chin, and Bets went on saying "Oh Mr. Ferrier" an adoring him with he eyes, while Julie fel she could not stan it. How she longe for one of the gooc old Tuffy rages whic might make Bets reconsider her opin ion of his sweetness and light, but he was obstinately even-tempered, and beyond an occasional fit of impatience nothing marred the sweet serenity of the third floor of Temporary Building X.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Heritage*

**By Jehanne de Mare**

I have no legacy to leave
To make my name a shining thing—
Only my body that has been
A halting legend of the spring.

I have no faith to bear my soul
On burning wings before some god—
Only my tears that fell and fed
The rich and unremembering sod.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Isn't he ever going to fly off the handle again?* Julie wondered hopelessly. *He can't keep this up. Just one good juicy furor—please, Tuffy!*

Out of this prayer was born her stratagem. If Tuffy would not rampage unassisted, she would assist him. She selected the day of an important conference and telephoned Tuffy in the morning to say she had a splitting headache, feared she was catching cold and would Betsy carry on?

"You can't be sick," he protested aggrievedly when she had finally made him understand she would not be at the office that day. "What about the conference? What about Tilson's trip to Canada? What about the reports?"

"I can't help it," she replied firmly. "I wouldn't be any use if I came down. My head aches so badly I can't concentrate on anything. You'll have to make out with Betsy."

"She's never done conference work," he objected in annoyance. "Can't you take some aspirin and get well in time for the conference?"

For a moment Julie was so exasperated by his attitude that she very nearly abandoned the whole scheme. "I'd much rather you wouldn't count on it," she told him sweetly. "Betsy can take care of it, I'm sure."

There was a moment of silence. "Are you really sick, Julie?" he inquired in an altered tone. "Have you called a doctor? I think I'd better come out and see how you are."

"Oh, no," she cried hastily. "I'm not ill except for this headache. I'll take some aspirin and lie down. Betsy can handle

*(Continued on Page 160)*

# "My daughter and I... both of us raised on Clapp's!"



**"25 years ago,** when I was a baby," says Mrs. William Hesketh, of Rochester, N. Y., "my parents were neighbors of the Harold H. Clapps.

"So when Mr. Clapp started making the first baby foods, I was one of the first to eat them. And my family tells me I did wonderfully well on them, too!

"Now I have a daughter of my own . . .



**"My daughter,** Ann, is almost three years old. She was fed Clapp's from her first mouthful of solid food. And even though she weighed only 5 lbs. 1 oz. when she was born, she couldn't have turned out to be a healthier, sturdier baby!



**"When she was** 2 months old the doctor put her on Clapp's. And by the time she was 3 months she weighed 11 pounds 8 ounces! So even though I'd always heard how good Clapp's foods were, I couldn't help being thrilled at what they did for Ann!



**"Now she's quite** a grown-up little girl. She weighs almost 35 pounds. And lively? Why, she's got so much energy that half the time I just can't keep up with her!



**"She's never been** a 'fussy-eater.' All along, she's loved her Clapp's foods—and spinach is one of her favorites. We spent last summer in Florida, to be near her father's Army Post. And even when the thermometer was way over 100°, Ann never lost her appetite!



**"Of course,** I've always heard lots about Clapp's from *my* mother. And when I look at Ann, it's awfully easy to see why doctors recommend these baby foods so enthusiastically! It seems as if a baby just can't *help* but thrive on Clapp's!"

## Why your baby will thrive on Clapp's!

- Ever since Clapp's *originated* baby foods 25 years ago, we've made all our foods to fill doctors' requirements.



- We've constantly improved our formulas, added new foods, according to doctors' suggestions. Now we offer *"the world's largest baby menu."*
- We make every test we can, because we *want* to.
- We discard many fruits and vegetables that would be perfectly acceptable for adults, but not, in our judgment, for Clapp-fed babies.



- All our foods are *pressure-cooked*—to help retain vitamins and minerals, fresh color and flavor.
- We have seen two generations of babies raised on Clapp's. Our business, we believe, is the most important business in the world. It is our *sole* business, not a sideline.



- Perhaps this is why so many doctors prescribe Clapp's regularly.

CLAPP'S
25th Anniversary

PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.




# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

*25 YEARS OF THRIVING BABIES!*

Read How Quaker Oats is

Favored by Nature

To Help Keep Up Strength When Growth is Rapid!

Are your youngsters "growing inches overnight"? Remember this:

*Nature favored Quaker Oats in important growth and strength-maintaining elements!*

Boys and girls love the toasty, whole-grain flavor. And Quaker Oats gives them whole-grain oatmeal's *known leadership over all natural cereals* in the vital stamina element Protein. In Vitamin $B_1$. In Food-Energy. Ounce for ounce, *oatmeal provides more food-iron than even raisins or spinach!*

Such true oatmeal was named first cereal—in the recent voting of 2500 food experts! Give the whole family the breakfast so *favored by nature*—delicious, whole-grain Quaker Oats!




Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats Are the Same



*(Continued from Page 158)*

everything, I'm sure, and if I feel better I'll come down later."

"Well," he said anxiously, "take care of yourself. Don't worry about us. We'll be all right."

The day was endless. Julie could not concentrate on her book, and after dropping three stitches in her knitting she gave it up and wandered aimlessly about the apartment. Thinking of the important conference, she restrained herself by main force from rushing straight down to Temporary Building X. The peremptory summons she had half hoped for did not come.

By afternoon she faced the fact that her plan had misfired. Obviously Betsy was more capable of soothing Tuffy's savage breast than she had supposed. With a sick misery inside her she dressed and went down to the office, where she went to Anne McConnell and asked for a transfer. The personnel manager was a little difficult to convince.

"You're not serious?" she wailed. "Oh, Julie, whatever has he *done* to you? I thought you really had him under control. It's been *two years*. Oh, dear! Where will I ever get *anyone* to stand him?"

"I'm perfectly serious," Julie assured her. "I'd like to be transferred immediately—today, if possible."

"Well, give me half an hour," Anne sighed. "I think I can work it out and I'll let you know before closing."

With considerable trepidation Julie left the personnel office and turned toward the third floor.

Sounds of upheaval greeted her as she came down the hall. With mixed emotions she opened the door to Mr. Ferrier's room. Within was pandemonium. An office boy was gathering up mail while a frightened page girl was sobbing under the impact of Tuffy's voice raised in anathema. Betsy was frantically rustling through papers at one side of his desk and both phones were ringing.

"Answer those blank phones," Tuffy was yelling hoarsely. "Close that blank door. Will you stop messing about my desk. You"—stabbing a finger at the snivelin page girl—"shake that sheep dog's hair-d out of your eyes and go find that visitor. You *must* remember where you put him."

Julie walked forward automatically an picked up the phones.

"Mr. Ferrier's office," she murmured rapidly. "He's engaged at the moment. I'l call you when he's free."

Tuffy stared at her open-mouthed. "Julie," he said brokenly. "Thank heaven you're here. Get rid of these morons. Do something. I'm going mad."

Swiftly she dispatched the mail boy and the page girl. "What is going on?" she asked curiously.

He looked at her helplessly. "They've mislaid Mr. Prather," he said bitterly. "That fool girl thinks she remembers admitting him to the building, but she can't remember what she did with him. He never reached the conference. We waited nearly an hour."

Betsy knocked a pile of papers off the desk with a soft thud. He jumped as if he had been shot and glared at her. "I can't find that report from the Bureau of Mines," she quavered.

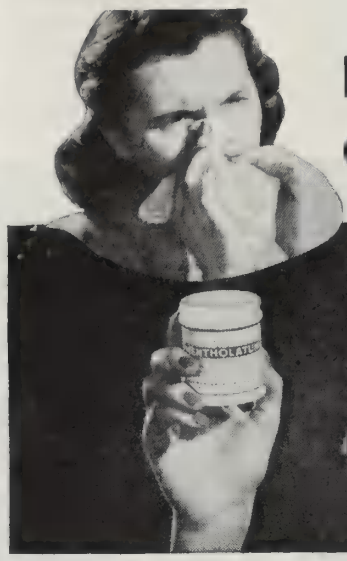
"Never mind," he said icily. "The conference was finished an hour ago."

Her lips quivered as she stooped and retrieved the papers. Gathering them into an untidy heap in her arms, she dropped the mass on his desk, knocking over the ash tray in her haste.

"Julie," he said violently, "get that incompetent child out of here. She was intended to run errands for you, not to do your work."

Betsy stared at him with hurt eyes. Her breath caught on a sob and she whirled and ran out of the room. Julie went after her. Betsy was crying quietly at her desk.

"Oh, Julie," she gulped, "it was terrible! Everything I did was wrong. I couldn't find



Better than a dozen hankies...

to open STUFFY NOSTRILS

• You can blow and blow but those nostrils are just as clogged as if you had corks in them! Hard blowing only makes your nose more sore and tender.

That's the time you most appreciate cooling, soothing Mentholatum. Spread it inside each nostril and snuff well back. What a relief . . . soon you can B-R-E-A-T-H-E again!

Mentholatum gets to work at once with 4 important actions, right where your nasal discomforts are concentrated.

**(1) Helps thin out thick, clogging mucus—your nose starts to clear. (2) Soothes irritated membranes—nose soreness eases up. (3) Helps reduce swelling, congestion—breathing through the nose becomes easier. (4) Helps nature heal by increasing circulation in "sick" area.**

Don't try to blow your cold misery away. Don't suffer stuffy congestion without any relief. Use Mentholatum at once to open stopped-up nostrils, cut down on head-cold discomfort.

Get MENTHOLATUM!

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL SIZE

The Mentholatum Co.
Dept. L-8, Wilmington 99, Del.

At no expense to me, please send a free sample, so I can prove what comfort Mentholatum can bring.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

thing and he was in such a hurry, he ldn't give me time to look."

There, there," Julie soothed her with a ing heart. "Get that incompetent *child* of here," he had said. Sweet innocent e Betsy was just a charming child to fy. In a flash Julie knew that all the ndliness and familiarity were due to his iking of Betsy as a youngster. Had he sidered her a woman, he would never e treated her so easily. Correspondingly ner heart lifted, her sense of contrition w. She comforted and consoled Betsy as t she could. "He's y impatient," she l her assistant. on't feel badly, dear. 'remuch more than errand girl, you ow."

I wasn't any more than an errand ," Betsy sobbed. h, Julie, I'm so tired. w I know why you him Tuffy. He was rude to me and I got ussed that I couldn't n answer the phones perly. I would have led you to ask where e Haley contract s, but he wouldn't let me for fear you ght be sleeping."

'Never mind, Betsy," Julie said. "He'll sorry tomorrow. He always is. Suppose u go home now and get a good night's ep."

When Betsy had gone, she started clearing the office. As she moved about, sorting d straightening, Tuffy watched her through e door of his office.

Peace descended upon him. Now everying was all right—Julie was back. He andoned himself to the welcome silence, s eyes unconsciously approving the lithe ovements of her slim body. He closed s eyes and relaxed in his chair.

What on earth would he ever do without Julie? he thought affectionately. Never was there anyone who fitted him so well. Her sense of humor, her quiet efficiency, her quick-witted handling of the thousand annoying details that came to harass his days—every man he knew envied him Julie. *And pretty, too,* he reflected, seeing in his mind's eye the soft blond hair and deep hazel eyes, the graceful neck and arms. Leaning back in his chair and thinking of Julie, an idea entered his mind and revolved slowly in delicate arabesques. An incredible idea, incredibly perfect. With a spring, he arose and went to the door.

"Julie," he said with an insinuating grin.

"Yes, Mr. Ferrier?" she answered.

"Do you really call me 'Tuffy'?" he inquired.

She closed a file drawer and blushed faintly, looking up at him. "Yes," she admitted valiantly.

"Am I really that bad?" he asked sadly.

"The term is not strong enough," she observed blandly. "You're rude and impatient and violent and you scare little girls into hysterics."

"But you still love me a little?" he insisted pathetically.

Something in his eyes made Julie retreat a step—to find herself blocked by two long arms.

"I suppose so," she said feebly. "The way a mother loves a problem child."

With Tuffy's lips on hers, Julie heard the familiar tap-tap of Anne McConnell's footsteps in the corridor.

*The transfer,* she thought with a chuckle. *You're too late, Sister Anne. I took care of it myself.*

**O. O. McIntyre once asked in his column who could tell, without looking it up, the present tense of the verb of which "wrought" is the past participle. At first I thought it so easy that I passed it by, but somewhere in the back of my head a mischievous little voice said: "All right—what is it?" From that day on I have been muttering to myself. I'll be darned if I'll look it up, and it looks now as if I'll be incarcerated before I get it.**

—ROBERT BENCHLEY: After 1903—What? (Harper).




*"It's the only way I can get him to drink his milk!"*

# Pardon us, Mrs. Higginbottom . . . there *is* another way!

Little boys like Herbert Higginbottom III, who have to be coaxed, bullied or tricked into *drinking* milk, go for rennet-custards with shrieks of glee, because rennet-custards are dee-licious desserts!

Furthermore, Mrs. H., rennet-custards are all milk! They're chock-full of the proteins, calcium and vitamins little Herbie needs to grow on, because the milk is not cooked. And the rennet enzyme in "Junket" Rennet Powder and Tablets makes these *different* desserts even easier to digest than ordinary milk.

. . . And just watch Herbert II go for rennet-custards when you dress them up with fancy toppings! Try them for supper tonight!

## Make RENNET-CUSTARDS with either:

**"Junket" Rennet Powder**—already sweetened, in six popular flavors: Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Maple. At all grocers.

**"Junket" Rennet Tablets**—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to suit yourself. Economical. At grocers and druggists.







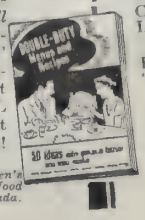
**We've got sugar troubles too...**

That's why we can't make all you want of all our "Junket" Brand Food Products. But sometimes you can find "Junket" Freezing Mix and "Junket" Danish Dessert; and the minute we can get the "makin's," "Junket" Quick Fudge Mix will be back too. So keep on asking for them, won't you?

"JUNKET" BRAND
RENNET POWDER · RENNET TABLETS
FREEZING MIX · DANISH DESSERT
QUICK FUDGE MIX
FOOD PRODUCTS

If it isn't made by "The 'Junket' Folks" It isn't the "Junket" Brand

**FREE!** First aid for nose-wipers, panty-changers, and *all* mothers! New booklet of "Double-Duty Menus and Recipes," full of time-saving ideas for feeding both adults and children. Get your copy and FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of "Junket" Rennet Tablets . . . just send coupon!




*"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the U. S. and Canada.*

**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

"THE 'JUNKET' FOLKS"
Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 22
Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada, Toronto, Ont.)

Please send "Double-Duty Menus and Recipes" and FREE trial package of "Junket" Rennet Tablets to

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....



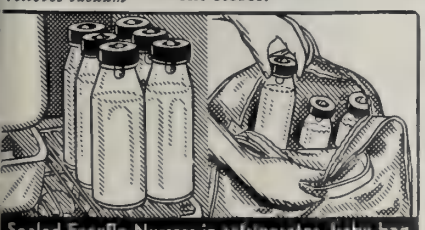
*Nipple, Bottle, Cap All-in-One 25c*

## Evenflo America's Most Popular Nurser

Stores everywhere report that the Evenflo Nursing Unit with its handy nipple, bottle and cap is America's most popular nurser. They say that busy mothers are asking for this modern nurser in quantities faster than they can supply. Two reasons for Evenflo popularity are its handy, self-contained sealing feature and its valve-action nipple that enables babies to finish their bottles better. Complete Evenflo Units are 25c at baby shops, drug and department stores.



*Evenflo valve relieves vacuum*







A comfortable baby is a happy one! Years of experience taught us just how to knit a little shirt for your child's maximum comfort. No twisting, no binding and no buttons to bother you or baby.

Another thing; *weight* as well as age is important in buying infants' wear. Send for our booklet "Don't Let the Scales Scare You" with its helpful weight-size chart.



E-Z Mills, Inc., 57 Worth St., New York 13



"Must I amuse you every second, Mom?"



**BABY**: What's the fuss, Mom? Aren't you happy being *me*—and playing with all my nice toys?

**MOM**: Pet, it would take more than toys to make me enjoy a baby's life! Why didn't you *tell* me how uncomfortable a baby's skin gets, with all this wriggling around?

**BABY**: I tried, Mom. Simply *yowled.* But I guess you realize *now* the kind of attention I was after—Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder for my tender skin!

**MOM**: My, I'm a Backward Mother, lamb. But do you need *both?*

**BABY**: Oh, yes, Mom. That's the secret. After you bathe me, you smooth me all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. Keep the bottle handy at diaper changes—to help guard against what doctor calls "urine irritation" . . .

**MOM**: Oh, I *see!* And *why* the powder?

**BABY**: You know how little chafes and prickles make me whimpery, Mom? Fix *them* with cool, soft sprinkles of nice Johnson's Baby Powder. A-a-a-a-ah!



**MOM**: *Does* sound good, punkin. Roll out the stroller—here we go for Johnson's!




Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson






H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

*Asthma is a handicap no baby should fight alone. Wise mothers must learn how to cope with allergies, administer latest relieving drugs.*

# Asthmatic Invalids are Old-Fashioned

**BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN**

*President, Chicago Board of Health*

A CHILD'S choking, panicky efforts to exhale air during an attack of asthma always wring a mother's heart. And yet, if she has watched asthma develop untreated, as many do, in the hope that the child may outgrow it; if she has failed to find out how the acute seizures may be relieved; or if she has not helped the doctor search relentlessly for the cause—the child's suffering, in large part, may be her own fault. For the most severely afflicted child can be greatly improved by modern methods, and many can be completely restored to health. All can be spared the failures and humiliations which mar the life of the youngster with unrelieved asthma—the old-fashioned asthmatic invalid.

Asthma is characterized by recurring attacks of painfully labored breathing, with wheezing, coughing, excessive mucus and a feeling of constriction or tightness in the chest. These symptoms are caused by repeated spasms contracting the bronchial tubes—air passages in the lungs. Chiefly, breathing difficulty comes when the sufferer is exhaling; he can get air in, but then the passages tighten or close and he can't get rid of it, except at the expense of gasping effort. An attack of asthma may last only a few minutes, or it may drag on for several days, unless specific measures are taken to relieve it.

In general, there are three main causes of asthma. It may come on as a result of infection in the tonsils, teeth or elsewhere in the body; in this case the original infection must be found and treated to relieve the bronchial inflammation. Sometimes asthma occurs as a nervous manifestation, with asthmatic seizures closely following emotional upset or nervous stimulation. Finally, it may be a reaction of the body's tissues to some substance, such as a plant pollen or animal emanation, which is inhaled in the air or otherwise encountered in the environment. This last type, allergic asthma, is by far the most frequent. Often the true source is a combination of allergy and nervous or emotional upset, and both causes must be sought out and dealt with in successful treatment.

Doctors today are agreed that allergie are not inherited, but that the tendency to b allergic is inherited. Thus, when mother ha migraine and father is a hay-fever sufferer for example, the child is almost certain t have some kind of allergic reaction. In earl infancy, this is most likely to be eczema, bu as the child grows older the chances are tha hay fever and, later, asthma will develop unless steps are taken to prevent it. Unfor tunately, far from outgrowing allergies children usually suffer symptoms that be come progressively more severe. (In a com paratively few cases of boys whose asthma i

*(Continued on Page 164)*

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.




There is always one leader –
*by which others are judged*

# Her father's a Doctor—



**Barbara Lee D.*** is the daughter of a doctor. So she's getting a really *model* upbringing. Her picture shows what a bright-eyed, healthy little girl she is.

**Barbara Lee D. at 22 months**

Weighs 25 lbs. 4 oz. Is 32 inches tall. *(At birth she weighed 7 lbs. 15 oz., was 21 inches tall.)*

# Her cereal is CLAPP'S!

**Why so many doctors feed their babies Clapp's Baby Cereals**

—because in addition to fine whole grains, these special cereals provide extra food elements such as dry skim milk, wheat germ, and brewers' yeast.

—because every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives a baby—



**3 times as much iron** as unfortified home-cooked cereals.



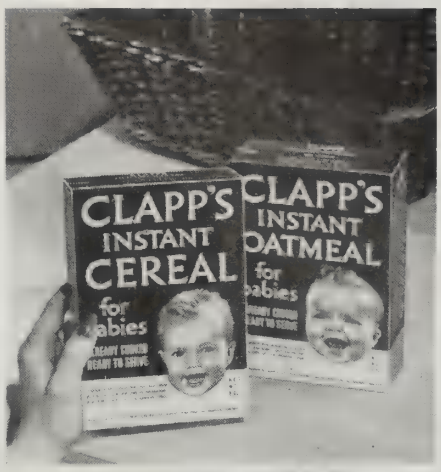
**2½ times as much vitamin $B_1$** as unfortified home-cooked cereals.

—because every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal provides:

*Vitamin $B_1$*—0.3 mg.
*Vitamin G*—0.1 mg.
*Iron*—6 mg.
*Calcium*—96 mg.

—because the texture of Clapp's Baby Cereals is fine but definite.

—and because preparation is so simple.




PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

No cooking needed. You just add milk or formula right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Name on file at CLAPP'S BABY FOOD DIVISION, American Home Foods, Inc.

# Ask your Doctor!


*(Continued from Page 162)*

associated with glandular development, the disease tends to disappear at puberty. Sometimes asthma comes on quickly, but in most cases it is preceded by other allergic reactions and thus can be prevented from developing.

The child whose asthmatic attacks follow exposure to a dust or pollen that is inhaled or a food that is eaten is lucky. By careful detective work, mother and doctor can find the offending substance, and in most cases it can be largely removed from the environment. When this is done, improvement is often sudden and dramatic. Children who have suffered for years, or whose growth has been retarded by the failure to breathe properly, may quickly develop into normal, healthy, active youngsters. Progress in school and better social adjustment often come with miraculous speed.

Not so fortunate are the children who are allergic to so many things that it is impossible to free them completely, and those whose reaction develops as a result of sensitivity to such unavoidable conditions as heat or cold, and effort or exercise. These are the children on whom the disease is hardest. They cannot swim or play ball or run. Heat and cold are constant hazards. In many of these children, the reaction is aggravated by nervousness or emotional upset. Crying, especially, is likely to clog the air passages and set off an attack. Consequently, mother must make a constant effort to keep the child's life calm and harmonious. Other interests must be substituted for the forbidden activities, so that the child's social and emotional development will be as nearly as possible like that of his classmates. Especially during an attack, mother must use every device to divert the child's attention. Often, when a seizure is imminent, mother may succeed in getting the child to concentrate on a book or toy or game. Then the tense, hard muscles controlling the bronchial tubes will relax, and the spasm will pass quickly or fail to develop.

**To understand that the sky is everywhere blue, we need not go round the world.**

—GOETHE.

But when, in spite of every effort to remove the cause, asthmatic attacks continue to occur, mother must be prepared to relieve them. Whenever possible, the doctor should be called, as his measures will bring relief most promptly. However, in the life of every child who suffers from persistent, severe asthma, there are many occasions when it is impossible for the doctor to come quickly enough. Mother must be ready for these crises. She must know what drugs are needed and how to administer them to relax the bronchial passages so normal breathing will replace the child's terrified gasps for air.

Some doctors still prefer the use of inhalants—steams or vapors that the child can breathe in to clear the passages of mucus and relax the squeezed airways. For comparatively mild attacks, barbiturate drugs, taken by mouth, often bring sufficient relief; these are sedatives which relax the whole body. During severe seizures, however, it is sometimes necessary to give drugs with a more potent relaxing action. Epinephrine and ephedrine are the ones most commonly used, and these may be best when injected with a hypodermic needle—a procedure which mothers of children with intractable asthma may learn under the doctor's careful instructions and use only as he directs. Many children also get "desensitization" treatments to diminish the number and severity of their attacks, so that eventually drugs are no longer needed for relief.

Recently, doctors have experimented successfully with drugs which can be introduced into the rectum, and with an inhalant whose principal ingredient is the new drug, penicillin. Until these are developed further, however, mothers must depend on measures already available to liberate the child from the invalidism that has been the needless burden of so many asthmatics.





"I WEAR THE PANTS—AND THEY'D BETTER BE ARCHER!"

"Give me Archer Waterproof Baby Pants—or else! They keep my creepers dry—they're comfy-soft after many washings—they fit snugly without binding! I pity the poor babies without them. Get wise, chums—wear Archer!"

*In Clear Plastic (or Opaque), or Nainsook, at Chain and Department Stores, or your favorite Mail Order House. Look for Archer Waterproof Crib Sheets, too!*

ARCHER RUBBER COMPANY
ROYAL ARCHER
BABY PANTS
A PRODUCT OF
ARCHER RUBBER COMPANY
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QUALITY RUBBERIZED GOODS SINCE 1907



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ALL THRU THE YEARS
DIONNE 'QUINTS'
rely on this great rub for
CHEST COLDS
To Relieve Coughs—Aching Muscles

A wise mother will certainly buy Musterole for *her* child. It's always rubbed on the Quintuplets' chests, throats and backs whenever they catch cold!

Musterole *instantly* begins to relieve coughing and aching muscles. It actually helps break up painful local congestion. Makes breathing easier. Wonderful for grown-ups, too! In 3 strengths!

MUSTEROLE

WOOLFOAM
Perfect Wool Wash
Leaves sweaters, blankets, woolens soft, fluffy—really clean.
Made by a wool firm. 25¢. Also Economy Size 50¢. At Drug, Grocery and Dept. Stores.
WOOLFOAM CORP.
New York 11, N. Y.



MONEY $ MONEY $ MONEY
CASH FOR YOUR SPARE TIME
It's easy to make $$$ calling on friends with Everyday Greeting Cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, "Get Well," etc. 15 stunning folders sell for $1. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED to make YEAR 'ROUND EXTRA INCOME. Start earning at once. Send 50c for SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER worth $1.00 or write for details NOW!
ARTISTIC CARD COMPANY
306 WAY STREET, ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Cleans! Disinfects! Refreshes!



EVEN cleaning out the garbage pail is *easier* with Sergeant's Disinfectant! This modern household cleaner gets right down and helps clean away a cause of odors . . . leaves a fresh, sweet pine scent.

Thorough, fast, yet it won't irritate your hands, Sergeant's Disinfectant cuts dirt and grime, disinfects, deodorizes, and kills many germs. And its pine-freshness makes it pleasant to use.

Use a little in warm water for sparkling kitchens and bathrooms, for gleaming floors and woodwork. Use full strength in toilets and sink drains.

Get it at drug or department stores.




Sergeant's DISINFECTANT

It's fragrant of PINE





"Treat Me Right When I Arrive!"

Nurse me if you can, of course. But if I am a bottle-baby, please give me the advantages of Davol "Anti-Colic" brand "Sani-Tab" nipples that simulate most benefits of breast-feeding. The design, action and timing of these nipples provides the exercise necessary to develop mouth, jaw, nose and dental arches. Our free booklet tells the story!

"Anti-Colic" DAVOL BRAND NIPPLES



FREE BOOKLET—*Baby Feeding Made Easy.* Write to Department L-2, Davol Rubber Company, Providence 2, Rhode Island.



The smartest looking youngsters wear

DE LIS *fashions!*

Outfit your Infants and Children the DE LIS way by Mail . . . It's as convenient and simple as sitting in an arm-chair!

Our brand new Spring and Summer catalog is out . . . with a gay, charming selection of modestly priced clothes for the crib-crowd to the roller-skating gang . . . and so beautifully illustrated that you and the young fry will read it like a book!

For your free copy, write to: DE LIS FASHIONS, 218 Chartres, New Orleans 16, Louisiana. Dept. F86



MATERNITY DRESSES! Write for Catalog

Spring Styles

Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street, or Afternoon. Also Maternity Corsets & Lingerie.

CRAWFORD'S · *Dept. A* · 1233 Balt. Ave., Kansas City, Mo.


## LOVE IS THAT WAY

*(Continued from Page 23)*

remembered her day, and the final moment on her knees before the oven, changing the spoon bread to a higher rack, when she had looked up to see the baby perched on the railing of her pen like a tightrope walker, teetering. Katie had reached her in time, with no harm to either baby or bread, but with a pain slashing across her back and a deep burn on her wrist.

She said, her voice muffled beneath her curved arm, "It seemed my part was over when I had put the dinner on the table. It always is, these nights." The tears came then, in a rush, as she remembered all the evenings he had bent, preoccupied and silent, over his desk, not welcoming interruptions. Oh, it would take all he could say, all he could do, to atone for this final unfairness—all the strength of his arms, the deep notes of his voice, his kisses on her tears, his remorseful, passionate words to stir the tide of feeling in her and wash away the hurt.

He said, "Katie, what's got into you? You surely know I didn't mean any conceivable rebuff. You know you'd hush me at such a time and never dream I'd take offense."

Her mind said, *He's right. It's true.* But still she did not speak.

He went on quickly, "And it's got to be that way between us, don't you see?" His voice was harsh with urgency. "We can't be having to watch each other for storm signals all the time. Life's too short; there's too much else to do. We've got to be able to count on one person to understand we're never hostile, whatever we may say or do. Otherwise things will be just too—hard."

The words and the tone scared her suddenly. She remembered what he had been through while he was away. She knew what he was going through now, trying to get the Courier back on its feet after nearly two years of suspended publication, since the week the baby was born and she had given up trying to get it out alone. In two years the Monmouth people had learned to take the city daily, and it was hard to shake them loose from habits. It was hard and slow, getting them back, and harder and slower to get the advertising when the circulation was down. For six months he had struggled, inching back, operating at a deficit that was taking the last few hundred of their savings. These were his crucial weeks, the time he needed all the help a good marriage could give a man.

AND theirs was a good marriage; they had proved that in the two years before he went away. Starting with little more than the ideals they had brought from college, they had bought and built up the paper, meeting impossible obstacles and conquering every one by the magic effectiveness of two minds and bodies functioning as one.

And now he was warning her that she was making it hard for him.

She said in a small, stifled voice, "You're right. Of course. I don't know what got into me."

He patted her hand briefly. "I'll tell them you had a headache, shall I?"

"My goodness, not that one." She tried to laugh. "Tell them I have to get the baby's bed ready." Of course the baby's bed was ready. Katie spent her day doing everything, absolutely everything, exactly right. And doing it over, and over, and over.

But he was saying, "Good. I'll bring Beth up if she's sleepy." And that was all.

He was going downstairs; she heard the three voices murmuring and rumbling pleasantly below, with Beth's chortle high above them. The danger was over; they had not quarreled. She saw things clear and straight: wives did their jobs and did not act like babies crying for attention. What if Madame Curie had started to cut up like this in the last stretches of an experiment?

*Rise,* Katie told herself firmly. *Go down there and shine.*

For a moment, even then, she could not move. Her body was heavy with a tight,


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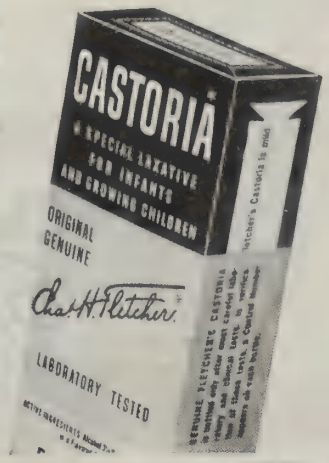
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There are no harsh drugs in Fletcher's Castoria. It will not cause griping or discomfort.

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***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug-store today. Look for the green band and laboratory control number on the package.*

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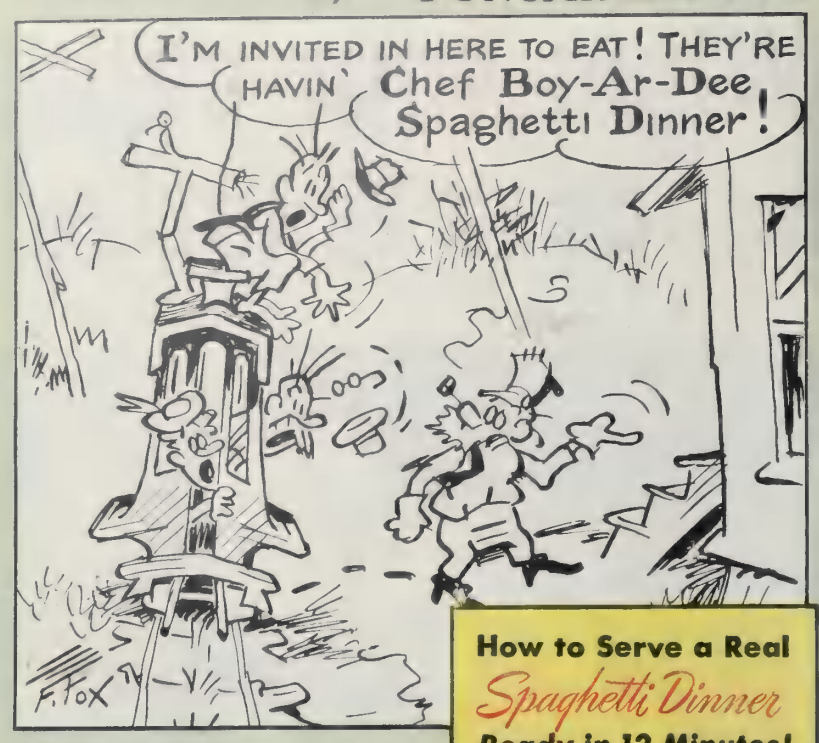



Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

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TOONERVILLE FOLKS
by FONTAINE FOX




**A world-famous chef** created this taste-tempting, nourishing "Meal of the Week"—a hearty, authentic spaghetti dinner ready in 12 minutes! It's *Chef Boy-Ar-Dee* Spaghetti Dinner.

**One compact carton** provides the Chef's own exclusive golden spaghetti . . . a savory sauce full of ripe garden goodness . . . and a very special blend of Parmesan style cheese.

**Easy to prepare**—and so thrifty, too. Costs only a few pennies a portion.

***Children adore it!***

**How to Serve a Real *Spaghetti Dinner***
***Ready in 12 Minutes!***

Open a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner carton. It contains all the makings. Here's what you do:

**1**—Cook the durum wheat spaghetti in salted boiling water for 12 minutes.

**2**—Open the large jar of spaghetti sauce—created by Chef Hector Boiardi* himself. Let sauce heat while you drain spaghetti. (This spaghetti, high in gluten content and without excess starch, needs no rinsing.)

**3**—Combine sauce and spaghetti on platter—then top with the cheese, ready-grated in its own canister. Serves three or more hearty eaters. Enjoy it today.

**Pronounced* BOY-AR-DEE





miserable, unsatisfied ache. But that was just tiredness. She was always tired from noon on, these days.

She pushed herself up at last and went to her dressing table. She brushed her light hair into a soft, smooth fall about her shoulders, cooled her hot face with witch hazel, painted deeper crimson over her childlike curving lips. No one would dream she had been crying; she looked fresher, younger than ever, her cheeks glowing with color and her blue eyes liquid-bright like Beth's. With her two fingers she poked the corners of her lips up into a silly, rueful little smile. Then she stood up, fluffed out her pinafore and started down the stairs.

Ben's mother and father stayed late, in their leisurely social fashion. Only a few hours afterward the sound of screaming began to beat at Katie's consciousness, through layers of blanket into which she burrowed, through the rebellion of her whole being. It was intolerable to be torn from sleep. But the shrieking went on, appallingly shrill, insistent, ripping through her warm drowsiness like pain. She lifted her head and forced open her smarting eyes; the clock said ten to six.

She stood up, her body heavy and aching, shivering in the gray chill, groping for her robe, feeling blindly for her slippers. She heard Ben stir, heard his luxurious sigh, and saw him spread his arms and legs in voluptuous comfort over the space that she had occupied a moment before. She drew a deep, resentful breath and turned away.

As her feet shuffled down the hall, the crying ceased. The baby was ready for her with a smile of lavish generosity, allowing her the privilege of serving her. And so it was a privilege, Katie thought with a rush of love, gathering her up. Her weight sent a stab of pain through Katie's back as she carried her to the bathroom. Sitting down on the stool, Katie stripped off the wet clothes, tossed them into the white enamel bucket. It sent out a sanitary smell. There would be a big wash today, but it would never dry. The windows were gray with fog.

Downstairs, her back still pained as she stood stirring hot milk into the baby's cereal. Beth began again to yell in fury that anyone should deliberately display food before her when she was starving. Katie set the porringer on the high-chair tray and placed the stubby spoon in the clutching pink fist. Then she watched, fascinated, as the baby swiftly and silently put where it would do the most good a mixture which to any normal palate tasted like sawdust.

THE time of waiting in the gray chill crept by. This proved to be one of Beth's days to revolt against imprisonment. If Katie but carried her toward her pen she clamped her strong little legs around Katie's waist and tangled her fingers tight in Katie's hair, screaming. Katie sat down with her on the sofa and tried to read a novel she had started one night a week before. Beth seized the pages in ruthless moist fingers. Katie picked up a magazine and showed Beth the pictures. Beth was interested, but only while Katie kept her mind strictly on her commentary. Should Katie's eyes stray for an instant to the fiction alongside, Beth expressed outrage at the lapse. Social life she regarded as her right, for which she would fight with voice, tooth and fist. Much as Katie loved her she felt unequal to the demand for companionship before breakfast. It required undue effort to explain why the ladies in the ads grinned so widely or looked so disconsolate. She watched the grandfather clock's indefatigable pendulum and yawned, rubbing her swollen eyes. Her head ached heavily. At last she heard Ben move upstairs. She dropped the baby abruptly in the pen, turned on heat beneath the percolator, got out eggs and thrust two slices of bread in the toaster ready to turn on. She was squeezing oranges when Beth's yells reached their crescendo.

"What you been doing, beating your child?" Ben asked above her ear.

She jumped, surrounded by the baby's and the motor's noise, almost faint with startled shock. She looked up into his grinning face, fresh-shaved and rested. She felt her own cheeks heat with anger.

"I'm trying to get your breakfast," she said stiffly.

"But is it good to let her stand and scream?" he asked. "Won't it make her hate her pen just that much worse?"

"No doubt," Katie said and turned the motor up to higher speed. Her hand, pressing the orange violently against the reamer, slipped off the wet slick skin against the swiftly whirling ridges. She cried out, cradling her fiercely paining right hand in her left, tears of hurt and anger burning her eyes. The baby screamed louder than ever.

Ben shut off the motor and looked at her uneasily.

"I DIDN'T want you to have to wait for your juice. And I didn't want it to l-lose its v-vitamins." Her upper lip humiliated her by stiffening, quivering uncontrollably.

He picked up the baby and the noise stopped. Into the sudden silence he said pleasantly, "A Children's Bureau release came in the other day. It said they've found out orange juice can stand indefinitely without losing vitamin C."

She looked up at him there before her, his hair dark and crisp and coppery against the baby's red-gold silky curls. His gray eyes were clear, and his thin, bold-featured face wore a look of intellectual interest as he gave her this information. A flood of angry heat washed over her shoulders; her chest ached with tension that was tightening unbearably. She almost hated him.

He set the baby beside him on the bench of the breakfast nook. Katie glanced over sharply, her lips forming cautionary words, but the baby cuddled back comfortably into the corner, chewing on a crust of bread that Ben had given her. Katie felt vaguely snubbed, as if Beth had allied herself with Ben against her.

Ben went to the living room for the paper and Katie leaped to stand guard by the baby. But Beth kept on chewing her crust, unmoving, almost smug in her new virtue, openly repudiating Katie's vigilance. Ben came back and sat down to sip his orange juice, studying the paper. Katie put the eggs on and started the toast and poured the coffee.

"Did you see anything in here that would make a good editorial?" Ben asked.

She smelled the toast and made a dive to turn it before she answered. The toaster was within an inch of Ben's elbow. She said coldly, "I didn't have a chance to read the paper." Actually she had not unfolded it. She almost never did more than glance at the headlines these days.

She sat down opposite Ben. He was pushing aside the silver bowl of cosmos to make room for his paper which he propped up in its special rack at his right. Then he started eating his cereal cheerfully, glancing up between spoonfuls at the paper. Behind it the baby was very quiet, letting him read in comfort, not even snatching away the paper, though it screened her from the room. Again Katie felt absurdly that the baby was unfair to her.

She stirred the sugar into her coffee, clicking her spoon against the cup. "I've waited two hours for this moment," she said.

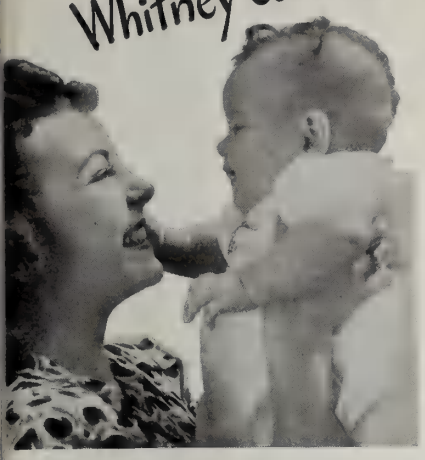
He looked up in surprise. "Didn't you have any coffee?"

She shook her head. She had asked sympathy of him and received criticism. But it was reasonable. Why hadn't she had coffee? She didn't quite know. It would have saved her two hours of headache. And yet she had stubbornly, miserably waited. Why? Was it because breakfast with him had been her loveliest daydream when he was gone? To give up and make her coffee in loneliness would be somehow admitting that the dream

**A man is as young as he feels and a woman is as young as her imagination keeps her.**

—GRANT OVERTON: Cargoes for Crusoes (D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc.)

# Why Mummy and I chose a Whitney carriage



"We talked about baby carriages.
Just the two of us. Mummy wanted one
that would be easy to handle.
I wanted comfort. So-o-o, we compromised.
At least we both got what we wanted
and in *one* carriage. And it's good-
looking, too! Of course, it is a
Whitney. Whitney's Steer-O-Matic
Wheels* turn corners automatically.
No tilting, no shoving for Mummy.
No jouncing up, then down, for me.
The Steer-O-Matic Wheels glide around
corners with just finger-tip guidance.
And me? Well, I think the extra spring
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Springs* is pretty wonderful.
This extra length absorbs vibration
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Concealed Folding Gear**. My Whitney
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was gone, that nothing could ever be again the way it was before he went away. In the silence of the kitchen her thoughts went back with nostalgic longing to those leisurely, loving breakfasts of other days.

Gradually, against her will, she felt the tug of mother instinct, warning her that the silence behind the paper held an insidious quality. Only slowly her ears became alert to hear a sound so slight as to be almost inaudible—a faint, delicate, rhythmic tap upon the floor.

She came fully alive to the present and jumped up. She pushed the paper rudely aside from before Ben's absorbed gaze and saw the baby sipping with relish from the bowl of cosmos. She drank from one scallop of the fluted rim, and from two others poured little streams of murky water upon her person. From her neck down she was thoroughly drenched, surplus water dripped steadily from her garments to the floor.

Katie jerked the bowl from Beth's hands, but the baby herself she could not reach. "Will you please pick her up for me?" she asked in a furiously formal tone that checked his smile.

"It's not poison, I guess," he said inadequately, giving the baby to Katie's outthrust arms.

Katie took Beth in silence. He had not even apologized. The baby had been right beside him all the time, where he had placed her, in his plain view, but hidden from Katie by his paper. And he had been ready to enjoy it as a joke and turn the consequences over to her.

Trying to keep from contact with the baby's dripping clothes, Katie marched with Beth to the bathroom. There was quite a business there, removing of overalls and sweater and undershirt and pants and shoes and socks. The water in the vase had been none too fresh, Katie realized with distaste. She would have to add all these clothes to the laundry. And today nothing would dry.

In the midst of it all she heard Ben's voice. "Katie?" It was his helpless, absent-minded tone that always irritated her even before she learned what he wanted. She did not answer. "Where's the cream?"

Her teeth came together. Where *would* the cream be? Wiping the baby's skin with decisive dabs that brought squeals, she shook her hair back, calling, "In the refrigerator, of course, if it's not on the table."

After a moment he called, "I can't seem to find it." His voice had the tentative, dependent quality it took on at such times. Not only did he fail to take care of the baby, but he expected her to take care of him too.

"You'll just have to wait, then," she told him with a certain satisfaction.

Five minutes later she brought the baby back clean and sweet and solid in her fresh clothes, put her in the high chair and turned to the refrigerator. But the cream was not there. Katie pushed the crowded food around and still she did not find it. Mystified, she took out a milk bottle, set it on the counter and reached to the shelf for the pitcher. As she snatched it down, cream splashed over her wrist. She stood still, remembering. She had been filling the pitcher when she stopped to rescue the toast.

She set the pitcher on the table and bent to wipe her splashed shoe. Ben poured in his cream, drank his coffee and stood up. He had waited too long to have his second cup. And because he did not look cross about it she felt obscurely angry. That made no sense at all, and she knew it. She followed him to the door, suddenly dreading the emptiness his going would leave behind, needing desperately to draw him back across the barrier between their two worlds.

She said, "Look." The mountains were wreathed in soft white veils of fog. "I don't know what Beth will do for clothes if this weather keeps up."

He had turned to look, too, at the blue mountains. After a moment he quoted softly, "'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness ——'"

She could not speak. His words were a masculine outrage. She wondered wildly if Keats had wandered off to write his Ode to





Only with GLASS! You can SEE the size, mixture, and color; how much syrup, how many servings.

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You can see exactly what you're getting when you buy your favorite brand of fruits, vegetables, in glass. Glass shows you the exact size, style, color; how much liquid, how many servings in a jar. So you shop quickly, thriftily.

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There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides the same ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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THIS MOTHER-TO-BE



WANTS TO KNOW...

**Are Chix soft?**

Yes, unbelievably soft! CHIX Down-Weve Gauze diapers are made of surgical-type gauze, woven in a special bird's-eye weave. This makes a diaper that is the softest thing next to baby's own skin!

**Are Chix safe?**

Indeed they are! They have wide approval of leading doctors and nurses. The extra-absorbent features of the weave slow down the spread of moisture. CHIX mean a more comfortable baby—fully protected, day and night.

**Are Chix easy?**

They certainly are. Laundry is speedy—they wash, rinse and dry quick as a flash. CHIX are super-diapers in every way. Economical, too, because one size folds to fit the growing baby.

Send for Free "Common Sense" Booklets on Dressing and Training Baby.



**Chix**

*DOWN-WEVE GAUZE*

**DIAPERS**

CHICOPEE PRODUCTS

Chicopee Sales Corporation
47 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

**OTHER CHICOPEE PRODUCTS**

**DISPOSIES**—Throw-away inserts of patented cotton Masslinn and cellulose, used with waterproof holder.

**CHUX**—Complete diaper, completely disposable. Excellent for travel, busy times, vacations, emergencies.


Autumn leaving a wife to try to dry her washing in the fog. She held her mouth closed firmly to keep back the words. He looked down at her. His lips and hands moved slightly, very slightly, and then he turned away. He said good-by over his shoulder while he walked swiftly to the garage.

She knew why he had not kissed her. That was easy. She was anything but kissable, standing there glowering with all her unsaid thoughts. That was the worst thing a man could do to a woman: force her to be unalluring, and then be unallured.

She walked back into the empty, dark living room, her body tense with a deep unsatisfied ache. Something physical was winding up, tightening, tightening inside her, an awful need for an explosion, violent, to give release.

Her mind knew better than to think that quarrels cleared the air; she knew they only hurt relationships between grown-up, sensitive people like Ben, hurt them irrevocably. The words that crowded in her for utterance would do real damage to Ben when he had taken all the damage he could stand.

But the other part of her, the deeper part, did not listen, paid no attention to argument. It wanted a quarrel, it demanded it, and it would have it in the end. This unbearable tightening, tightening tension inside her had to have relief.

The phone rang and she ran to it in fright, partly from habit built up when Ben was forever in danger, partly from superstitious dread of some disaster her thoughts had brought upon him.

"I'm in a jam down here," Ben said, speaking hastily against the clatter of the linotype machine. "Elsa's sick, left me high and dry with only half the personals I need. Think you could get down here and help me in about ten minutes?"

"But the baby ——"

"Mother'll take her. I phoned. We can drop her off there on our way down."

"But your mother can't do the washing."

"You said it wouldn't dry anyway." His voice was impatient. "And I reckon mother can find something to put on her if she runs out of gear."

His tone tossed away all her important concerns as nothing. She gave in with reluctance. "Well ——"

She was nervous as they drove away from his mother's, worrying about the baby and about the job ahead. She had not given a thought to the practical details of running the paper for nearly two years.

THE phone was ringing when they went in. Artie, the linotyper, was nowhere to be seen. Ben answered and beckoned to her. "Stop-press news from Round Pond," he told her.

Dazedly, her mind still half on the baby, thinking she must call soon and find out how she was faring, Katie started taking down Miss Ellie's items. Hieroglyphs of shorthand appeared as if by magic on the paper beneath her hand. Her old habits were coming back to her.

As Miss Ellie started to hang up, Katie said, "Wait. Let me read that last one back: 'Mrs. Vernon Rodemayer has just returned from visiting in Van Vliet with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Skudlark. She was brought home in an ambulance Tuesday to her farm on Round Pond Road and will be in bed from six to eight weeks, according to her physician, Dr. Justus K. O'Brien, depending on how fast she recuperates.'" She glanced over to see if Ben had heard. He was behind the linotype, gasping with exertion.

"My gracious!" Miss Ellie squealed. "I clean forgot to say she broke her hip."

"What was that date?" Katie asked, taking data and marveling at her efficiency after these long months. As she put down the phone, it rang again. She picked it up, stirred by a sense of lively contact with the goings on of the world.

Mrs. Laidlaw gave her an easy item for the women's page about the Parent-Teachers' meeting. Katie's self-consciousness was gone now as she checked the spelling of the out-of-town speaker's name and asked sociably:

"Well, was it a good turnout?"

"A good turnout! Katie, listen. If you had heard the way Mr. Hodges got us adjourned when someone started to ask about the new first-grade teacher. You know she's Councilman Farrell's niece ——"

Katie listened and interposed questions. When she hung up she turned to meet Ben's quizzical face. "This is no women's-page story. I guarantee to cause a large circulation of this week's paper if you don't mind making a ripple in county politics."

He grinned. "I've got a column aching for it on the front page. Only be careful."

"I'll get Bessie Carmichael to bring over the secretarial report so we can play it safe." She picked up the phone, scribbling out a headline, "Three per cent Attendance at Parent-Teachers' Meeting," and a subhead, "Superintendent Hodges states teacher qualifications no concern of parents."

When she had Bessie's promise she went over to the linotype where Ben still struggled. She touched the keys, wondering at the warmth the fantastic old relic could still stir in her. Like a Rube Goldberg contraption, a conglomeration of gadgets projecting in all directions, emitting clacks and groans and sputterings of lead when persuaded to operate, the machine was as incredible to her now as on the ecstatic day they had acquired it, and roused in her the same deep devotion. The prospect of composing her story on it gave her a thrill she had forgotten.

"Imagine thinking straight into lead type for posterity," she said now, as she had said that first day.

"I never knew thoughts could have so many typographical errors," Ben had answered that other time, grinning. But no subscriber had minded the mistakes, except once when she referred to Mrs. Jacqueline Hartfelt's son as her sin.

This time, though, Ben did not smile. He was working with a monkey wrench, breathing hard. "Better get on with your leg work," he grunted.

She turned away abruptly to her desk, picked up her notebook and marched out. If he thought she was only a bumbling homebody substituting for a professional, she would show him. She would bring back enough personals to make him wish Elsa Nicholson might become a chronic invalid.

Her first stop was the Blue and White Market, to ask Mr. Marvell about his new grandson. The baby had been born at Grimley Hospital, an ideal circumstance, because each trip of relative or friend from Monmouth to Grimley was good for an item. And every name mentioned in the paper, Ben figured, was worth on the average five dollars in yearly income.

When she had Mr. Marvell warmed by her interest in his family, she told him of a recipe for a one-dish meal. "Your customers would love you for it," she added softly. "It would make a marvelous ad."

His shrewd old eyes twinkled. "Mind you get it into four dollars' worth of space."

Her voice sang as she told him good-by. Four dollars wasn't much, but four dollars here and four dollars there added up.

The drugstore gave her a still better haul of personals, and a bigger ad. Her feet were light on the sidewalk as she went on, visiting each store and office on the main street. The windows showed her figure trim as ever in the suit she had bought long before the baby came. She felt suddenly very unlike a housewife. She was a person out in the world doing a job with notable success.

HER failure came suddenly, without warning. The theater manager, new since her time, gave her a queer malevolent look with his surly refusal of an ad.

"Then we'll publish the time schedule of your films for free," she told him with a gay smile that always brought her one in return.

It didn't, this time. Incomprehensibly, he would not tell her the time the pictures went on. She walked away from him startled and confused. Some fishy business lay behind this, she knew. It was important to find out what it was, for people wanted just such information as the movie schedule in their paper. Perhaps the city paper was keeping its Monmouth circulation this way, by paying for the premiums, the sets of dishes and the bingo prizes offered by the Bijou instead of decent films. She made a note to suggest Ben run a campaign for better motion pictures.

She had kept Miss Lottie Phippen, the dressmaker, for the last. She was a gold mine, though her items required sharp censorship. Miss Lottie greeted her warmly. "It's been a month of Sundays, honey, since I've seen you." She swept a tangle of cut goods and paper patterns from the bed which occupied most of the tiny room above the hardware store. "I've been hoping you'd be by today, ever since this morning when Elsa stopped in to get the yardage for Corinne's wedding dress."

"Elsa!" Katie sank to the bed, staring at Miss Lottie. "Do you mean Elsa Nicholson?"

"Certainly, Elsa Nicholson." Miss Lottie bit off a thread. "Know any other Elsa

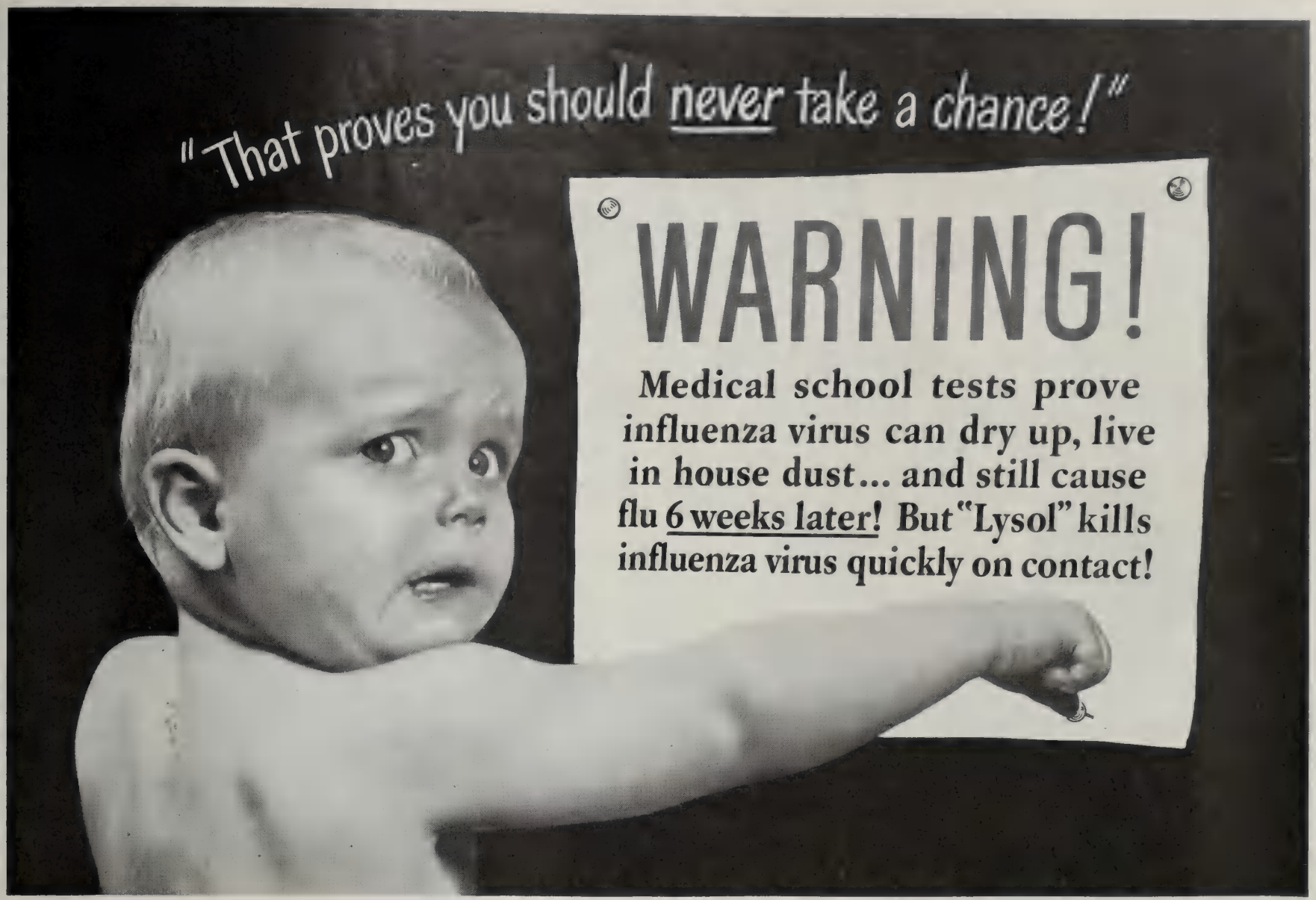
*(Continued on Page 170)*

**LITTLE GUY**




Linda Walter

*"I lost the list, so I just asked myself what it is my mother really needs."*




**YOU:** Gracious! Does that mean that 6 weeks after we've had a sneezing caller one of us could come down with flu?

**BABY:** Yes, lady. Follows from proven scientific facts!

**YOU:** Just from one sneeze?

**BABY:** Anywhere an infected person sneezes, the flu virus can be scattered as far away as 12 feet and continue to live in dust on the floor, woodwork and furniture!

**YOU:** And 6 weeks later if a child stirs up that same flu bug in house dust, it's still potent enough to infect him with flu? How awful!

**BABY:** Oh, but tests also prove that "Lysol" kills the flu bug . . . so you can help reduce the risk of flu from infected dust *every time you clean!*

**YOU:** How?

**BABY:** Just add "Lysol" to the water whenever you clean floors, shelves, or other places where dust collects.

**YOU:** Don't worry! I'll make it a *flu season rule* for kitchen, bathroom, nursery and floors all over my house!

**BABY:** My Mummie does, too!

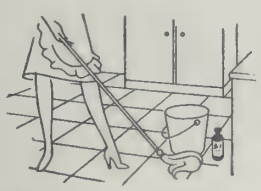
The "bug" which causes flu is a virus (an organism much smaller even than a germ), visible only under the new electronic microscope.

## MORAL: Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

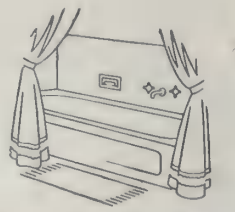
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.




Copr., 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



**"Lysol" the floors:** Quick and easy. Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm paint, varnish or linoleum.

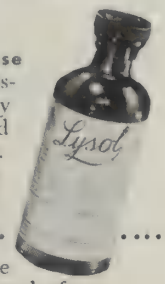


**"Lysol" the bathroom:** Powerful germ-killer . . . you need up to 6 times less than of bleach disinfectants.



**"Lysol" the nursery:** "Lysol" actually helps remove stubborn stains because it's "soapy." Nice clean odor, too!

**More women use "Lysol"** brand disinfectant than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!




"LYSOL" is the registered trade-mark of Lehn & Fink Products Corporation and any use thereof in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.

*For* **FREE** *booklet on family health protection, send postcard or letter to Dept. C-45, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.*

He'll land in snow
Up to his chin...
But Ralston protects him
From within



Be winter-wise! Let hot Ralston, 2½ times richer than whole wheat in wheat germ, the golden heart-of-wheat, help guard your family with vitamin B1 (thiamine), nature's first-aid to appetite, energy, nerves, growth. Golden-brown, and delicious! Try extra-quick Instant Ralston.

The Wheat Germ
in Hot Ralston
Protects from Inside

HOT RALSTON IS NATURAL WHOLE WHEAT
MADE 2½ TIMES RICHER IN WHEAT GERM.




Tune In:
Tom Mix, 5:45 Every Week Day
Opry House Matinee, Saturday
Mutual Network


(Continued from Page 168)

around here with a sister Corinne? Though why she lets the little snip drape herself in ivory brocade at four-ninety-five a yard for a scamp——"

"Elsa," Katie asked faintly. "Elsa—isn't ill?"

"Ill?" Miss Lottie was taking pins from a pattern and putting them in her mouth. "She was walking mighty spry for any ailment I ever heard tell of. Had to run, too, very likely, to catch the eight-forty to Grimley."

"To Grimley?"

"Sure, your own husband sent her, didn't he?" Miss Lottie took off her pince-nez, leaving red marks in the bridge of her nose. "Look here, now. Don't tell me that Elsa was playing possum——"

"Oh, no!" Katie opened her notebook, talking fast. "I remember, it was ink for some posters we're doing in the job-printing department." Before Miss Lottie could ask what the posters were for, she went on rapidly, "What was the date, now, of Corinne's wedding?" Miss Lottie must not start wondering, for she never wondered silently. "You say she's wearing white chiffon?"

"Ivory brocade," Miss Lottie corrected her kindly. "I guess you're a little rusty in your reporting, aren't you, honey? I don't wonder, it's been a coon's age since you did any."

But it would be longer, Katie thought, before she did any more. Ben had tricked her. He had not needed her at all. In his omnipotent wisdom he had decided that she needed a day at the office as therapy to cure her temper tantrums. It was the most humiliating insult he could have figured out.

She stepped into the office, hot and breathless, her brain seething with neat, searing phrases to accompany her departure. She flung her notebook on the desk, jerked open the drawer and seized her purse. Ben was operating the linotype, his face bent oblivious over his copy. The phone rang.

She stood with her hand in the drawer grasping her purse. The phone rang again. Habit was too strong. She could not resist the sound. A phone call might mean anything from quintuplets to murder. She answered.

"You let me speak to your boss!" a furious voice shouted in her ear.

"Why, Colonel Willett!" She put delight into her voice. He had been a challenge to her charm ever since the days when she had climbed to his knees, ignoring the menace of his beetling white brows. "Have you got some good news for us, colonel?"

The clacking of the linotype had stopped.

"Good news!" the colonel's voice rasped. Then in grudging deference to amenities he asked testily, "Why aren't you minding your young one where you belong?"

"Beth's with her granny, colonel," Katie told him sweetly. "My husband claimed he needed me today." She hoped Ben noticed the wording.

But the colonel was shouting, "He'll need more than your help if he goes on the way he's going." There was genuine fury in his voice. "Trying to stir up strife in his own community——"

"Colonel, that's the last thing I'd expect of my husband," Katie told him.

"I'd have said the same a week ago," he growled. "I read that story when it came out and I thought it was mighty fine. Said so, in fact, and told the cashier he could go ahead and sign up for a quarter page of bank advertising every week. And I never heard till today the truth about that so-called hero. Of all the deceitful, underhanded——"

She had reached for last week's paper as she listened, flipped to the third page where Ben published each week the history of a local boy in the war. Reading the headline, "Mess Boy on the Carrier Rapidan," she realized that she had hardly glanced at the Courier lately. She skimmed through the account of the mess attendant who had left his bombed-out galley to take the place of a dead pharmacist's mate and save the lives of twenty men before he gave his own.

"But it's true," she told Colonel Willett. "Ben told me about it when he came home."

"I don't care how true it is!" the colonel's voice crackled against her ear. "That isn't the point. The point is that your husband was trying to make fools out of his readers. And if he thinks the respectable merchants of this community will support a paper with an editor who deliberately tries to put over propaganda by deceit, telling a story like this with a straight face, calling that Larkin boy's folks 'Mr. and Mrs.'——"

She understood then. When he paused, she said softly, "Colonel Willett, do you know what I think? I think Ben didn't even think about it. In the war, knowing these boys and what they did, he got so it just didn't seem very important to him what color they were. You see, colonel, one of the lives that Granville Larkin saved was Ben's."

There was a thick silence for a second. Then she heard the colonel's voice, smothered-sounding. "You sure he wasn't trying to make a fool out of—anyone?"

"Yes, I am," she told him. "And now he's home, doesn't he deserve a chance to forget what he's been through? Don't we owe him every break while he gets his breath and settles down?"

"Well——"

Before he could get back his angry eloquence, Katie asked, "Aunt Beulah's arthritis is better this year, isn't it? I saw some wonderful chrysanthemums in your garden yesterday——"

Ben was stage-whispering from the linotype. "Cut the old buzzard off."

Didn't Ben realize what she had done? She did not cut the colonel off until she had his promise that she could come around and get the first quarter page of his series.

"I know you invited me down for my health," she would say when she came back with the ad. "But while I was here I thought I'd stay long enough to get you out of the red." That would be a valedictory snapper. But first she must get the contract in black and white.

**Tact is the ability to give a person a shot in the arm without letting him feel the needle.** —LADY LESTER KEFFER.

She had it when she came back. But Bessie Carmichael was there, waiting with her notes of the Parent-Teachers' meeting. Katie left the contract on the desk and took Bessie to the typewriter. Ben came to the desk while she was typing. He whistled. Over Bessie Carmichael's head he made the V sign to her, his gray eyes shining. She smiled back, before she thought, feeling the old thrill of a job well done together. Then she remembered the scene in Miss Lottie's room. But she would not spoil this moment for Ben. His face was quite pale with relief. He must have been sickeningly worried, she realized suddenly, during those long nights he had bent over his desk at home.

She wrote the Parent-Teachers' story, and when it was finished Ben had gone to the station for a batch of paper that had just come in. Artie had taken a few too many drinks while waiting for the linotype to be repaired, and now he lay asleep on the print-shop floor. She would have to see Ben through the day.

"Six hundred!" she shouted exultantly when she had finished the personals. "Six hundred names!"

"Great." Ben looked up from the composing stone. "But look, I've got a hole in the Family Life Department."

She came to stand beside him. "I could plagiarize an article from one of those Children's Bureau releases."

He handed her one. She looked at it, her lips tightening, and walked silently to her typewriter. She wrote the headline, "Orange Juice Holds Vitamins Indefinitely," and the subhead, "New discovery lets harried housewives squeeze juice ahead." Then she looked up. Ben was watching her in concern. A smudge of printer's ink extended one quirked eyebrow into a comic extreme of alarm. In spite of herself, her lips quivered,

(Continued on Page 172)



# How they've grown!

THOSE WORDS are music in Mother's ears! For what wish is nearer her heart than that her little ones may grow sturdily?

No wonder mothers for years have blessed Nucoa! Nucoa is made to give children—at low cost—the food energy, satisfying "taste good" luxury, and protective Vitamin A which make a spread for bread important in their diet.

### *Nucoa's standard set for children*

A spread good enough for children . . . nutritionally approved for children . . . is good enough for anybody! That is why Nucoa is made under supervision of one of the best food laboratories in the world, with a consulting group of eminent nutritionists.



That is why Nucoa's chief ingredients (pure vegetable oils churned with fresh pasteurized skim milk) are American farm products . . . why Nucoa was the first margarine fortified with Vitamin A . . . why it is the first margarine with the *high* fortification of *15,000 U.S.P. units of Vitamin A per pound.*

Test Nucoa's flavor on hot breads, baked potato, corn on the cob. Ummm, sweet and fresh—so good "it melts in your mouth!" You can count on this, pound after delicious pound, for Nucoa is freshly made the year round, on order only. And you can count on Nucoa's *uniform* food value. "Winter Nucoa" is as rich as "summer Nucoa" in Vitamin A—15,000 U.S.P. units *guaranteed*, every pound!

### *Appetizing Tricks with Nucoa*



***Practical frosting:*** Cream together ½ cup softened Nucoa, 1 egg yolk, 1 cup confectioners' sugar. Nucoa gives luxury flavor—without luxury cost!

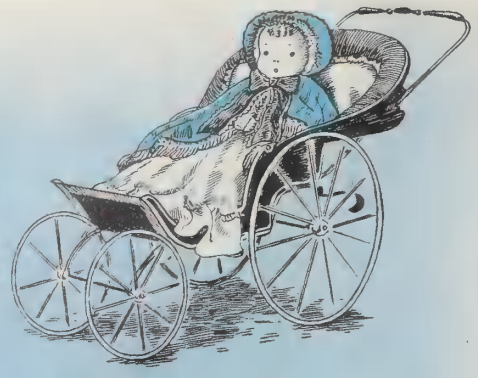


***Nice—and easy:*** In frostings (as above) and other cooking, use Nucoa as it comes—pure white. Tint it for table service, using the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package. Refrigerate right in the mixing bowl; cut out individual servings with vegetable ball cutter.




# *Nutritious* NUCOA

PRIM AND PROPER



RARIN' TO GO!



Clothes make a baby? Well, they certainly make a difference! Poor little 1860 baby was all dressed up—pretty, too—but too dressed up to stretch, even. Happy Vanta baby is pretty—picture-book-pretty—*but* dressed for action . . . and rarin' to go!

Vanta Baby Garments are different because they are designed *for* babies. Designed *by* experts to give baby birthday-suit freedom of action . . . with just the right amount of protection.

And mothers find that Vanta Garments 'can take it'—that *one* Vanta outfit serves *several* babies in turn. Look for the salesgirl who wears the Mothercraft Emblem— —she is a Vanta-trained baby expert. And see for yourself the adVANTAges that make the *Vanta baby the best dressed baby in history!*



Vanta
GARMENTS
FOR INFANTS & CHILDREN



Valuable Book. "Baby's Outfit," 80 pages covers 55 subjects of vital interest to expectant mothers. 500 name suggestions. Send 10 cents to The Vanta Company, Dept. J-2, Newton 58, Massachusetts. (In Canada, J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, are Licensees.)


(Continued from Page 170)

and she laughed. He grinned and went back to the linotype.

At ten that night they were still working. At twelve her whole body was one fierce ache of weariness. But the press was rolling, and she was stacking up papers. They would be ready when the boys came with their wagons early in the morning. Strangely, by one o'clock she did not feel tired any more. And there was something very wonderful about the last moment, just as it used to be, when Ben was locking up.

They went out to the car and she waited while he put the top down. It was a clear night; she had never seen so many stars. She could almost see each one in the Milky Way. She laid her head back on the seat and looked up at them as Ben drove through the dark deserted streets of the little town.

"Ben."

He looked at her, and even in the dim light she could see one eyebrow cocked up in wariness as he waited. He had guessed that she knew—it was hard to keep a secret in a town this size—and he was worried.

She said, "You learned a lot of different things in the service, didn't you?"

His voice was cautious. "Well?"

She went on, "Remember when you were training down in Florida? You wrote me once about what you were doing that day at the field. About how the men were busy securing loose gear, putting planes in hangars, tying everything down, making everything fast, because a hurricane was coming."

He nodded, not speaking, and the car slowed a little.

"But if it came too near, remember, if it looked as if it would be too bad, you said it didn't do any good to batten things down. You said when you were sure, you all just hopped into your planes and flew them off to Little Rock, Arkansas. Remember?"

**If you have a poor memory you can cure yourself by lending small sums to your friends.**

—COL. W. C. HUNTER: Brass Tacks (Copyright, 1938, Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago).

"I remember," he said, the car going very slow.

"What did you call that field in Arkansas where you flew your planes to? Out of the storm?" she asked in a curious little voice. "That was what I wanted to remember."

"We called it our flyaway base."

"I see." She nodded. "That's it." He didn't speak, and after a moment she said, "Ben, it's all right. It's over now. The storm, I mean. The glass is up again, the air is clear. It's safe, now, to go home."

For a few seconds he did not answer. Then he said, "There's something I must tell you first, Katie."

"What?" she whispered, sitting very still, suddenly afraid. "What, Ben?"

He said, looking straight ahead, "The washing dried."

"Ben!" She did not know which was coming first, her laughter or her crying.

"Mother got Minnie to wash. The baby slept at her nap, woke up cheerful, ate a good supper and is sleeping now," he finished in a rush, still staring ahead.

"Ben!" She was laughing now, and crying too. "How do you know all that?" She looked at him in wonderful, unbelieving excitement.

"It's my business to know," he told her gruffly. "It's my baby, too, isn't it, that wears all those things? It's my job, isn't it, to keep track of what goes on in our own home?"

She looked at him a moment, before her arms went up to pull his face against hers before they kissed, tasting each other's tears salty on their lips, their faces wet and warm together. "Let's fly home now," she told him. "Honey, let's fly."

He started the car up then, and it came as near to flying as any little car of its age ever did, on those narrow winding hills, under the starlight, to their home.


I just love my Rand GUARANTEED BABY PANTS
They Last Longer




A pleasure to wear! Rand Baby Pants, of Randfilm, the miracle plastic, always stay petal soft and flexible, are designed for a better, roomy fit and ventilated for cool comfort. Ask for them at your baby goods and drug counters.

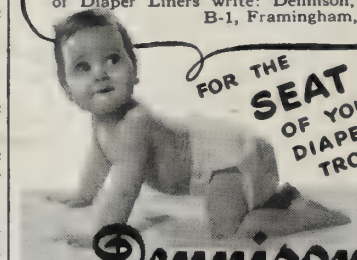
WATERPROOF • WASHABLE

Rand Rubber Co. "*SINCE 1880*" Brooklyn, N. Y.

GRAND AS Rand DRESS SHIELDS"

**HEY, MOM!** Don't be a Diaper Drudge! Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasantness in changing and washing my diapers. Just fold a Liner inside diaper. When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing. Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. Babypads 200 for $1. Downeesoft: 200 for 69¢.

**FREE** . . . To get one full day's supply of Diaper Liners write: Dennison, Dept. B-1, Framingham, Mass.



FOR THE SEAT OF YOUR DIAPER TROUBLES

Dennison
DIAPER LINERS
Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS



CORNS
6 Waterproof Pads . . . 4 medicated discs . . . for quick, safe removal of corns.



CALLOUSES
Callous Pads, waterproof, remove pressure; 3 large medicated discs remove core.



BUNIONS
Bunion Pads...Waterproof . . . medicated . . . *Relieve Pressure.*

AT ALL 10¢ STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. CLEVELAND 13, OHIO



FRUIT TREES

SEEDS • BERRY PLANTS
ORNAMENTALS
FREE Catalog
Lowest Prices Possible. Highest Grade Stock. Guaranteed to satisfy. Farm, Flower and Garden Seed. We have 500,000 Fruit Trees, Evergreens, Shade Trees, etc. In fact, our 1946 Catalog has everything for Garden, Farm and Lawn.
ALLEN'S NURSERY & SEED HOUSE
Box B, • Geneva, Ohio

# Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES CHARLEY HORSE

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, *bronchial irritation* and simple sore throat.

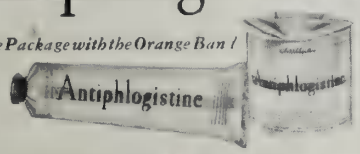
Apply that ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

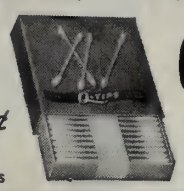
*The White Package with the Orange Ban!*







Q-Tips—double-tipped—help you cleanse baby's nose, ears, eyes faster and easier . . . and with complete safety—for Q-Tips are STERILIZED!



DOUBLE-TIPPED
Q-TIPS
Sterilized SWABS
Physician's instructions in every package
25¢ All Stores

DON'T GAUZE SAY—
GAUZTEX
SENSATIONAL NEW BANDAGE




It's here—the bandage that sticks to itself—needs no adhesive tape. GAUZTEX . . . won't stick to hair or skin—*only* to itself! Made of specially *processed gauze*. Keeps dirt out, lets healing air IN. Won't come off in oil, gasoline, naphtha or water. Various widths, lengths—ALSO individual BAND-ME-QUICK finger sizes. At any drug counter—10c up. Get GAUZTEX *today!* General Bandages, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

GAUZTEX Sticks to Itself . . NEVER TO YOU

PEACH APPLE TREES LOW AS 20¢
Pears, plums, cherries, nuts, berries, etc. Grapes Ivy. Evergreens, shrubs, shade trees low as 25c. Catalog Free.
TENN. NURSERY CO., Box 16 CLEVELAND, TENN.


## A MAN TELLS US WHAT WE MUST DO

*(Continued from Page 25)*

than the large. Their nerves are nearer the surface and, in youth at least, they are likely to suffer from a physical inferiority complex. Caesar was a small man. So was Napoleon. So were Mussolini and Hitler. Billy the Kid was slightly formed; his hands and wrists were so flexible that he could slip them out of almost any handcuffs made.

Perhaps the best answer to the whole question is contained in Theodore Roosevelt's autobiography. That extremely courageous and outspoken man, who in his twenties, and with a Harvard accent, pushed his way into several gun-toting communities, gave as his recipe for a long life the following: Minding your own business. Soft answers. Avoidance as much as possible of centers of disturbance, such as gambling hells, and so on, and a reluctance to give offense; the last also meaning a desire to understand the other fellow's point of view, however insane it may seem in the beginning. Theodore Roosevelt lived to become President of the United States. Many of the most successful sheriffs of the Old West, including a famous one in Nevada who was a cripple and weighed only a hundred pounds, never carried a gun. They thought carrying one was dangerous and provocative. Instead, they "talked people out of it." Cold nerve, plus a soothing voice, has an uncanny effect upon even the most ferocious of animals, and so, of course, upon man, the most ferocious of all. There is not the slightest doubt that all through the ages—however rough—tolerance, reason, honesty, vision and good humor have been the best of life insurances. Intelligent idealism has always been a synonym for practical success.

One hundred and ten years after Mr. Colt's twenty-first birthday the world was equalized again, and in the same dramatic, lethal, final and uncomfortable fashion, but on a much larger scale. By the atomic bomb all nations, big or small, have been cut down to about the same size, and death once more has shown its complete impartiality. It is quite possible to imagine an enraged Switzerland destroying the rest of mankind. There's no argument. It's here. And so there's not a bit of sense in planning for the future until the future of this latest result of man's restless inventiveness has been discovered. We have at long last eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and we'll take the consequences, whether we like them or not.

There's no use running a business, there's no use operating a farm, there's no use writing a book, there's no use editing a paper, there's no use even in getting married and having children, until, first and foremost, we, and the rest of mankind, come together in good faith to present a common front against universal and adventitious death. Over and above all else you do, that is the thought you should wake up to, go to sleep with and carry with you all day. Moreover, time passes.

Christian, Mohammedan, Jew, Negro or white, Russian or Frenchman, American or Englishman, Arab and South Sea Islander, Protestant and Catholic, Democrat and Republican, forget, each man and woman of you, every lie and prejudice, or even just complaint, you have heard or harbored. The slate is wiped clean until the paramount matter is settled. Naked and defenseless man stands beneath the instant menace of the skies, his one defense his will and his courage, his one hope the brotherhood of man. Make no excuse, anyone, that he is busy or unimportant. Or remote. Or that one of many millions, he exercises little power or control. That's not the way a democracy is run. The opinions of individuals make the opinions of communities. The opinions of the communities make the opinions of the counties. The opinions of the counties make the opinions of the states. The opinions of the states make the opinion of the Federal Government. And man can change his world, almost overnight. It's been done repeatedly. Christ changed it;

*(Continued on Page 175)*



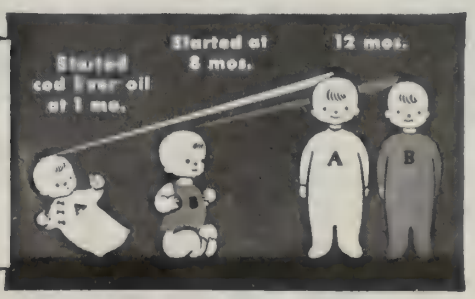

*I see him as a man, alert and sure . . .*

quick to know opportunity, swift in decision,
with body as agile and developed as his mind.
To that end, I am helping him build . . .

**a well-shaped head ★ a fine, full chest**
**a strong back ★ sound teeth ★ straight legs**

KEY TO A FINE PHYSIQUE—Every baby regularly needs structural Vitamin D which helps transform the minerals of his food into a soundly built framework. Babies develop beautifully on Squibb Cod Liver Oil, a Vitamin D source mothers *know* to be reliable. Be sure to give your baby Squibb's every day!

Of two groups of babies studied from 1 month to 1 year old, those who started out on cod liver oil were almost an inch taller at the end of a year than babies who did not get cod liver oil until they were 8 months old. Start your baby on Squibb's soon after birth!




SQUIBB *cod liver oil*
*a name you can trust*



# *As she romps in the land of dreams...*

## *This Modern Way Relieves Miseries of Her Cold!*



Today, relieving miseries of children's colds is not the problem it used to be. You don't have to take needless chances with untried remedies or nasty, often upsetting doses. The modern way to relief most young mothers now rely on is pleasant-to-use, home-proved Vicks VapoRub.

When you rub warming VapoRub on the throat, chest and back at bedtime, it starts right to work in the cold-congested upper bronchial tubes and on the skin — and keeps on working for hours as the child sleeps — to bring such comforting relief . . . Often by morning most misery of the cold is gone!

**88 out of every 100 young mothers in Rochester—** As revealed in an independent survey these young mothers turn to VapoRub when their children catch colds. When you discover for yourself the effectiveness of this modern way to relief, you'll know the reason for this overwhelming preference. Be sure you get the one and only, home-tested Vicks VapoRub.




**94 53 26 17**

**NOW OVER MILLION VICKS PACKAGES USED YEARLY**

**LET THE EXPERIENCE OF MILLIONS BE YOUR GUIDE**

Increasing millions of people have learned to trust "Vicks," accept it as the unquestioned guide to home remedies they can put faith in. **VICKS VAPORUB . . .**

**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL . . .** A few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time.






**VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS . . .** Medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub to give you quick relief from coughs, throat irritations due to colds.

**VICKS INHALER. . .** Handy, easy way to make cold-stuffed nose feel clearer anytime, anywhere. Carry one with you in pocket or purse.



(Continued from Page 173)

Buddha changed it; even Washington and Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin.

Man can do just about what his courage and his vision dictate.

And with that we can get back to Mr. Colt. It was Mr. Colt who put final authority to the statement "the bigger you are, the harder you fall."

We are now the greatest and most powerful nation in existence. Even Russia is by no means so powerful yet or so great. But at the very moment we reached the apex of our power, it was snatched away from us by our own inventiveness, as has been shown. The responsibility and influence, however, remain. Furthermore, we've done something else to put us thoroughly on the spot. One hundred and seventy years ago we took an oath and put it down on paper. We made a promise and signed a contract; with ourselves, with the entire world. We said we believed in freedom, equality and justice. What are we going to do about that? A man who breaks his word is a liar. And liars are not popular. We should not have made a promise unless we meant to keep it.

But we did mean to keep it—most of us.

## A SCIENTIST TELLS US WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

(Continued from Page 25)

Never mind the military man who talks as if this were merely a more powerful hand grenade, or the advertisements of costume jewelry made of the pretty glass stuff left behind in the desert after the experimental bomb was exploded. Instead here is a summary of the situation by Dr. A. H. Compton, former chairman of the Department of Physics of the University of Chicago, now Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, a sanguine realist most intimately concerned with developing the bomb. Much of what he says has been said fragmentarily elsewhere; some startling aspects are left out; but few have drawn the basic picture more clearly. The result explains why a scientist friend of mine said that, for the first time, it was scientists, not the public, who were sounding sensational about a new scientific development. Came the revolution, with no advance publicity, when they tried out that bomb at Alamogordo.

From here on, quotes mean Doctor Compton talking. He starts on an apparently reassuring note:

"World government," he says, "is now inevitable." On closer inspection, though admittedly essential, "world government" proves to be not necessarily comforting. There is the awkward question "whether this government will be one agreed on by the peoples of this world, or whether the great nations will elect to fight a third war that will settle who is master. In world unity by agreement lies greater life. In the unity forced by another war"—meaning a world conquered by some opportunistic atom-armed power, hoping thenceforth to stay on top of the heap by monopolizing atom bombs—"lies death to millions and disaster to all mankind."

Sloppy professional word slingers have worn all the sharp corners off words like "millions" and "disaster." They mean this:

Suppose two major powers, ourselves being one, use the next ten to twenty-five years to develop war use of the atom bomb. One power decides it is time to let fly. Because of the enormous advantage of surprise, Pearl Harbor tactics will be employed. "Jet-propelled planes or rockets with atomic war heads will be sent without warning at each of several hundred of the enemy's major production centers." That is, New York, Los Angeles, Detroit, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, each with its name instantaneously changed to Hiroshima. If your town has over 100,000 people, it is probably on lists already being prepared by foresighted military men. Bombs will be far more powerful than those used on Japan, which utilized only a thousandth part of the energy theoretically available in the charge. Other experts, taking into careful account what kind of terrain it lies on, what it is built of, and so forth, will have lovingly engineered them and their method of delivery to annihilate your town and its people most effectively.

"At least ten per cent of the attacked nation's population will be wiped out in the initial blow." If the attacked nation's launching sites have been properly hidden and dispersed, its experts can immediately start giving the attacker a dose of his own cataclysmic medicine. He will retaliate with a second carefully prepared attack. Within a few hours or days "we should expect about one out of every four of us to be killed. If our nation should eventually win, what would we have gained? Perhaps the control of the world. But of what value would this be with our civilization gone?"

Thus would appear the war-born kind of world government—an atom-bolstered imperium over a world consisting, as Bertrand Russell recently wrote, of "septic rubble."

Now and again somebody gets into the papers with an airy statement about how new weapons always produce new defenses, and the same ingenuity that made atom bombs will make effective countermeasures. You do not hear such talk from the scientists whose cleverness is thus blithely relied on.

"Those concerned with the development of the atomic bomb"—meaning most of the more brilliant physicists of the English-speaking world—"have not seen any feasible means of preventing the bombs from striking their targets. . . . It would be a mistake to suppose that it is the atomic bomb alone which has revolutionized warfare. For the first time in history it became impossible during this war to protect one's home by holding the enemy beyond a wall or a fighting line. This change was brought about by armadas of airplanes guided by radar, jet-propelled planes traveling at the speed of sound, and long-range rocket bombs. What the atom bomb added was merely a more efficient means of destroying a target. One plane could now do the work that had required a thousand."

Some few of a flock of such planes or rockets will necessarily get through any defense. If they are used on any considerable scale, one out of ten would be far too many. A possibility that Doctor Compton omits, but which many experts consider dismally real, is that of smuggling atom bombs into a potential enemy's key cities during peacetime to be set off at a prearranged signal, Trojan-horse style. If a hundred such are discovered beforehand, and only one slips by ——

"Only two countermeasures have been so far proposed. The first is to disperse our cities, preferably into hilly regions, so that more bombs will be required to destroy them. The second is to place all military installations and essential industries underground, and provide emergency underground shelters for the whole population. . . . We cannot expect them actually to be put into effect until a real threat of war is felt. Then it may be too late." Recent unofficial estimates show that such a program would cost round $250,000,000,000—125 times what it cost to develop the atom bomb.

Doctor Compton is quite as crisp as any other authority about the dead horse issue of the "secret" of the bomb:

"We have secrets, yes. Plenty of them. It has cost us great effort and expense to learn them. I see no reason for giving the secrets away without something of corresponding value in return. But it would be a tragic error to suppose that, by keeping this 'know-how' to ourselves, we can appreciably delay the progress of a determined rival in producing atomic bombs. . . . Making allowance for normal delays to make tests and improvements as the work progresses, we may consider perhaps 1955 as the date from which, if no agreements to the contrary are previously reached, we will be living in a world armed with atomic weapons. . . . All





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reason is against letting such a race get started. When all are armed, no superiority of one nation will make it free from great damage by the other. One man may own a .22 target pistol and another a high-power hunting rifle, but neither is insurance against murder by the other. The insurance is to take away both guns, or the fear of punishment by the police, or, most surely of all, the development of a social conscience for which murder becomes unthinkable."

Only ten years in which so thoroughly to re-educate mankind's emotions that war "becomes unthinkable."

Doctor Compton conservatively neglects the possibility, which nevertheless exists theoretically, that intensive use of atom bombs in a future war might set off "chain reactions" so vigorous that the whole surface of the earth would be destroyed, like an orange seared in a blowtorch. That, however, is the least of Junior's potential worries. Whether the atom bomb that he encounters produces a self-limiting explosion, covering a mere county or so and killing only half a million people, or goes on inadvertently to annihilate the world, he will never know what hit him anyway. This "chain reaction" possibility is mentioned here only because nothing else makes it so clear that, after dogged search, mankind has finally found the key to ultimate—if insane—destruction.

If, having read this far, you can ever again look at your children with the same untroubled conscience with which you gave them birth, you might as well stop reading and do your best to forget it all as an irresponsible Sunday-supplement nightmare. Some can forget. Your neighbor's pup is equally fortunate in not knowing what will happen to him shortly after the atom rockets take off. Or he may escape altogether, since dogs' lives are short. Human beings, like yourself and Junior, live longer.

A civilization-shattering use of atomic energy in war will be doubly tragic. For thus to employ it to destroy us will rob our children of a civilization, based on atomic energy, far higher and kindlier than any we have yet known. President James Bryant Conant, of Harvard University, a noted scientist whose voice carries weight in such matters, has said that discovering how to tap atomic energy is a technical landmark as important in human history as the discovery of fire. Sober scientists do not make such extreme statements without ample reason. It follows that a future war using atom bombs would be as fantastically criminal as if the discoverer of fire had used it to burn up every living thing, himself included.

Doctor Compton, like his colleagues, can see only a little way into peaceful exploitation of atomic energy, but that little necessarily implies tremendous richness beyond the limit of vision. "Fifty years ago it was obvious that X rays were useful for 'seeing' through objects opaque to ordinary light, such as the human body. It could not be predicted that X rays would become a powerful weapon in the fight against cancer or that researches made possible by X rays would reveal the electron and with it give us the radio and a host of electronic devices. Such unforeseen developments are the result of every great discovery of science."

One obvious and hugely important possibility for atomic energy is already evident in the fact that "the fission energy available from a pound of uranium is equivalent to over a thousand tons of coal"—that is, 2,000,000 pounds. Modern man uses coal primarily as a source of heat to be transferred into power. Already "controlled atomic power in the form of heat is in continuous production in large quantities at several plants, especially those at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and at Hanford, Washington." So far it is only a by-product, carried away uselessly by air or water. "We have not yet built an atomic power plant that is generating electric power. If there were sufficient reason for a demonstration, a reasonably efficient plant using superheated steam could be put into operation within a year."

Thus applied, atom power can help solve a problem that has troubled engineers for years—how to avoid wastefully burning up dwindling supplies of coal and oil for power when both are far more useful as sources of raw chemicals. "The introduction of such a new source of power is clear gain. If it will lessen the cost of heat and power in our cities, it will be a stimulus to every industry. If it reduces the pall of winter smoke, it will be a boon to us all. If it gives cheap power where industry and agriculture need it but cannot now get it, it will extend our economic frontiers."

Atom-powered cars or planes are not likely. To shield human beings from the destructive rays given off when atomic energy is released requires metal shields so thick that the lightest imaginable atomic-energy unit will probably have to weigh over fifty tons, twenty times the weight of the average car. But such power supplied by large units to turn the wheels of industries and railroads is very near indeed, feasible, Doctor Compton thinks, within ten years of development along lines already clear.

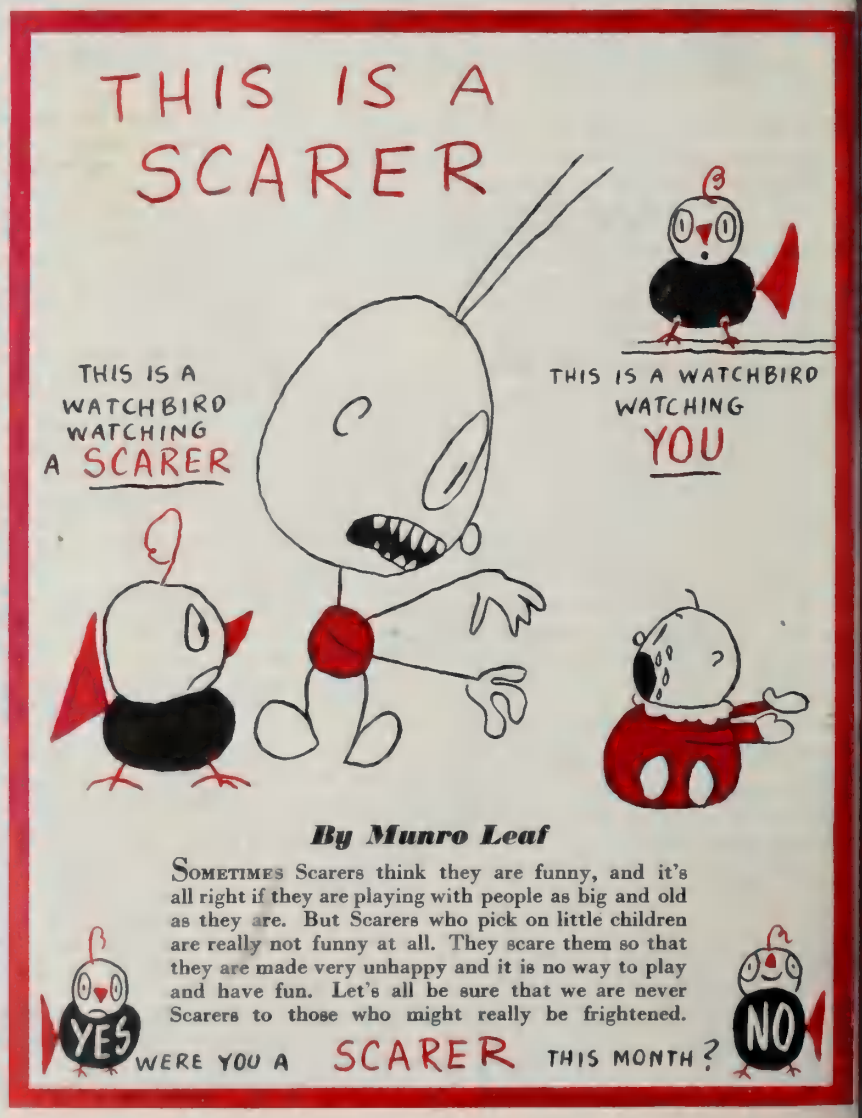
That is only the most obvious way in which, if given the chance, atom power can lighten and enrich man's life. "We also see important though limited medical and industrial applications of radioactive materials artificially produced by atomic chain reactions. Perhaps more significant . . . are the new vistas that will be opened up by scientific experiments that make use of the by-products of atomic fission. . . . It is noteworthy, however, that along with other technical advances, the effect of atomic power is to force human society into new patterns." Doctor Compton mentions that it implies widespread integration and co-operation of great areas and great numbers of people; educating skills and leadership into more people; and far higher standards of the individual's relation to the common good. He is not just rolling big words over on an unctuous tongue—those social facts follow as self-evident from constructive use of atomic energy. "If we will let ourselves grow as thus indicated, the civilization of the atomic age promises to be the richest that history ha known, not only with regard to materia bounty, but also in its cultivation and appre ciation of the truest human values."

For practical safety, Doctor Compton ha two suggestions:

"If we are wise, we shall take immediat steps to form this world government by in ternational agreement instead of waitin for a third world war of unparalleled de structiveness to determine the ruler of th world. Until this world government is estab lished, the United States should limit its de fense preparations to ability to reply to an attack that may be made against us wit such strength as to devastate our enemy's im portant surface installations. This is a defens objective which we can achieve without seri ously straining our national resources."

That is courageous talk, highly creditabl to Doctor Compton as both citizen an scientist. Nevertheless, arriving at a worl government strong and responsible enoug to be trusted with the atom bomb implies "new pattern" with a royal vengeance—diametric shift of the emotional habits c leaders and average individuals away fror violence and suspicion toward internationa good faith. The man who says that, thoug this shift might be accomplished in a thou sand years, it is flatly impossible within th ten years available, is not just a spiteful pes simist—that is what common sense tells hir against his desires. Yet, to keep civilizatio from being either erased or brutalized to a eternity, the miracle must be pulled off.

Such a task does not allow of either "secre minded" senators or human ostriches amor their constituents. Your sense of emergenc must immediately turn so acute that a pre ponderant number of men and women ar spurred into making a personal habit of th impossible. There is no precedent for such mass revulsion from usual ways of feeling But neither are there precedents for atomi energy or the emergency it has produced The unblinking fact is that here is the de cisive test whether human beings really ar capable of civilization.



# MEET ANDREW BREIDENBACH

★ *With Mom and Pop, he fights at home to win against* **TB**

MUNKACSI

***Nine-year-old Andrew has celebrated two Christmases, one birthday in bed. Friends send steady stream of toys, games, money gifts, get-well greetings all year round.***

## BY J. C. FURNAS

"PLEASE Use Side Entrance" is the sign tacked firmly on the front door of the ground-floor apartment in the high-built two-family house at 189-33 43rd Road, Queens. The sign has been there eleven months. Nobody knows how much longer it must stay.

Any visitor permitted to enter at the side door and wind his way through the apartment to Andrew Breidenbach's cheerful, sunny room, round which the household affectionately centers, would know right away that the little boy is not just in bed with a cold. His handsome, triangular little face is pale with the paleness of the long-term shut-in, and the room—once the family living room—has an unmistakable quality of permanent adaptation to a sick youngster's needs. Everything is within tactful, easy reach—the sturdy, adjustable bedside table, the special board for the P-40 model plane he is working on, the big radio, the tank of goldfish who are solemnly introduced as Sharkey, Felix, Cleo, the Deacon and Salty.

For its own inscrutable reasons fate has singled out the Andrew W. Breidenbachs for the dramatic revolution of family life that comes with

**16.3% of American families have incomes of from $2500 to $3500 a year.**

*Life with Andrew at a kitchen entrance is until dinner is served the Brailsford household.*



*"How's Andrew? When's he coming out?" Former playmates flock around the house, are not allowed in. Audree keeps brother posted on neighborhood news.*



*"Betcha it's right." Andrew boyishly challenges Cousin Fredrich on point of toy warfare. Favorite checker opponent is bachelor Uncle Richard, who puts up stiff fight. Visitors are still few, must keep watchful eye on clock. The little fellow's by himself a great deal; works on model airplanes, puts stamp and rock collections in order, rereads Donald Duck and Moby Dick.*



*Visiting teacher transforms familiar surroundings into schoolroom. On teacherless mornings mother supervises study hour.*



*Pop's the barber, and haircutting is monthly must. Andrew says it's fun getting slicked up, but he balks at "too much hair combing."*

total illness. Nine-year-old Andrew, with his huge brown eyes, quaint grin and a personality full of eagerness and ginger in spite of everything, is the crux of that revolution. Sometimes his mother thinks back musingly to the way Andrew, Jr., missed his luck when he was born with a caul so close-fitting over his tiny head that the doctor had to destroy it to save his life—a preserved caul is good luck, but what about one thrown away? Anyway, at eighteen months the new baby had a terrible case of whooping cough, followed by a heavy pneumonia that may well actually have been a preliminary bout with his current illness. Then came chronic ear inflammations and a tough tonsillectomy; then scarlet fever at five, and a broken arm at six. Any childhood disease brought home by sister Audree, three years older than Andrew, struck him harder, and frequently with complications. The climax came in April two years ago, when, after a series of mysteriously tough colds, the family doctor tried the patch test for tuberculosis as an off-chance precaution—and it came up positive. Immediate X rays showed a lung cavity as big as a golf ball.

Tuberculosis, as all experts on the disease point out, is "a way of life." When the case is cared for at home, the way of life includes the whole family. And even then, as the same experts would tell you, home care is not ideal. In theory—and in practice, with proper facilities—a good sanatorium best supplies the complete bed rest, smooth and reassuring routine and upbuilding diet that usually contribute the most to the rescue of victims of tuberculosis. But in small Andrew's case such facilities were lacking. His folks tried their best to find them, putting him in a large and well-known tuberculosis sanatorium close enough to home to make frequent trips possible. But the more they saw of the place, the more worried they became. Only two nurses to twenty kids—help so short that the older youngsters, Andrew included, had to help the younger ones take showers and to assist in serving meals—and too many other details failing to jibe with the information the Breidenbachs had as to what such patients needed. Several attempts to carry out the recommended "pneumothorax" treatment—collapsing the ailing lung for rest by internal pressure—failed because Andrew's chest wall was not adapted to it.

Within two months Pauline Breidenbach's mind was grimly made up. She took her boy out of the place, over the protests of sanatorium doctors. At the time she was extremely disturbed, but by now she has calmed down to where she can say well, maybe it was partly war shortage of help that made things that way. Through her husband's connections with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, for whom he has worked ten years as collector-salesman, the family got the name of a crack New York woman doctor specializing in children—she approved their decision when she heard the story—and determined, with her as supervisor, to set up their own sanatorium for "the little fellow." That is the way the Breidenbachs usually refer to young Andrew, with an indescribable softening of the voice. When TB moved in on him, he was just moving from the cowboy-and-Jap-fighting stage into the begin-to-toss-a-football-around stage.

This is the point where the lightning really struck. The Breidenbachs had previously been a hard-working, church-going, sociable family, as normal as the advertising calendar on their kitchen wall. Now, except for the hard work, everything has changed. Pauline had to call every relative and friend and say "Don't come round until further notice"; they were all very nice about it, but it was hard to do. They shifted the little fellow's bed from the room he had shared with his parents to the living room, which became a private hospital room, chosen because it has the most light and, once the front door is barred, the greatest seclusion of any of the apartment's five rooms. In parallel, all family routine was shuffled to center round the patient's needs for rest, quiet, emotional peace as far as possible, and nourishing food;

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



***Mother and father spend evenings in the bedroom; living room—lightest, sunniest spot in the apartment—was converted into home sanatorium. Pauline knits mittens, darns, listens to radio love stories until husband returns from round of business calls at nine-thirty. Andrew Sr. usually has half-hour of homework before he can relax, listen to news summary.***

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## How the Breidenbachs Spend Their Money

| | |
|---|---|
| Food (including milk and butter, $225) | $1275 |
| Clothing (practically no buying for parents) | 125 |
| Rent | 600 |
| Gas | 36 |
| Electricity | 75 |
| Laundry (part done at home) | 60 |
| Insurance (Hospitalization-and-sickness, $36; life, $240) | 276 |
| Contributions (most to church) | 125 |
| Newspapers and magazines | 35 |
| Medical and dental (1944 expense) | 550 |
| | *$3157 |

*Car and telephone can be written off as necessary business expense before arriving at Andy's current expectation of round $3000 net income a year. The family's bad spot is very clear, in that the above definite total is slightly over the mark and does not leave any room for either income taxes or small incidentals, let alone savings.



*Understanding pastor gave anxious mother her own key to the church. She drops in often to pray alone.*

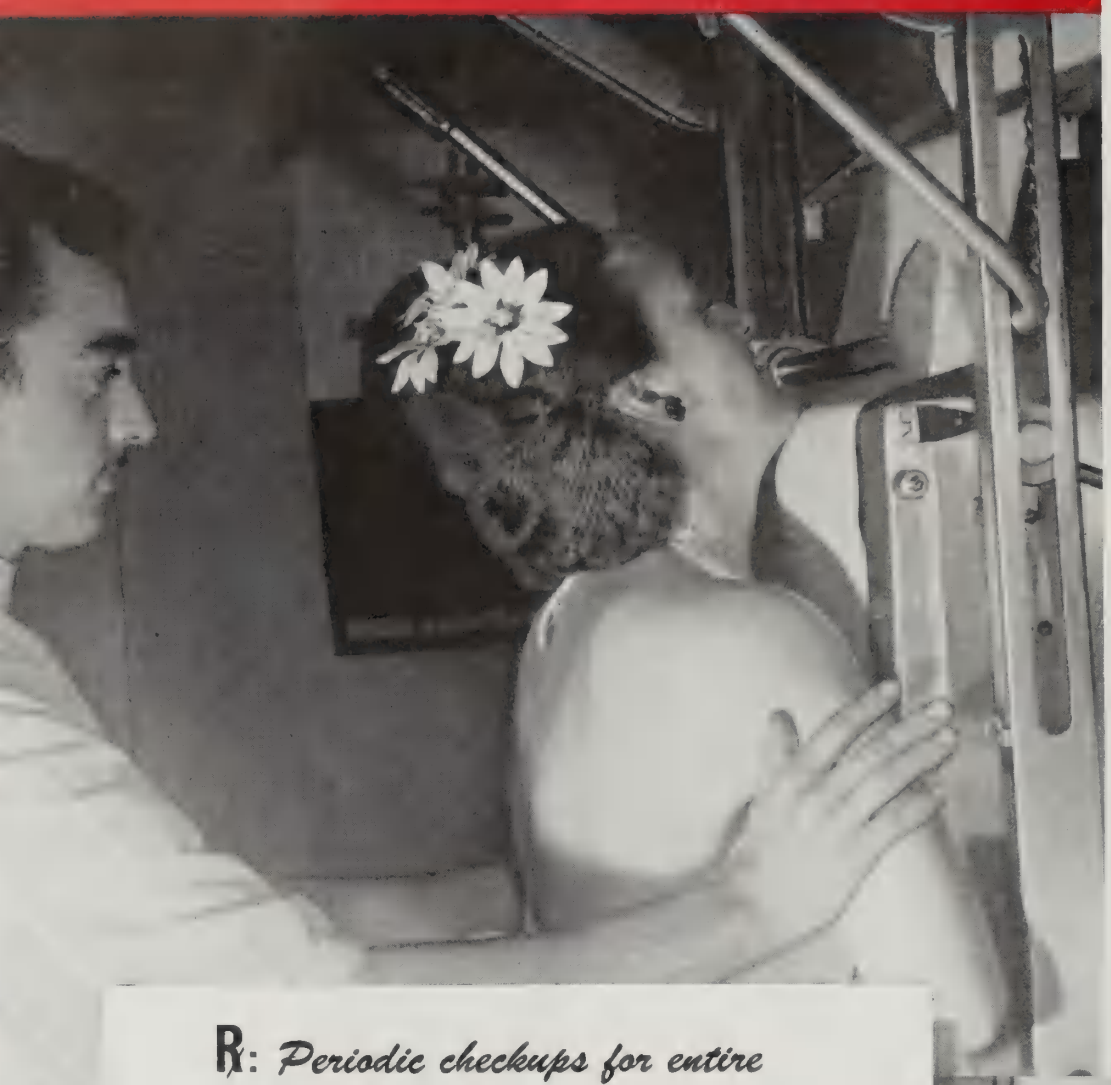
no more occasional movies for Pauline, who used to count on them as relaxation from housekeeping; no more butter at meals when butter was so short, because the little fellow needed all that could be got; no more vacations in the mountains, because the little fellow couldn't be moved and, thanks to expensiveness of illness, money was short anyway. However devoted, many a father and mother would have been incapable of the self-discipline and intelligent rigidity that such a program demands—which is one of the principal reasons why home care for TB is not generally encouraged. But Andy—to distinguish senior from junior—and Pauline are of special stuff, thoroughly up to absolute consistency in the duties that are winning their boy's battle for him. The doctor nods her head in admiration and says all the testimony she needs as to how well they are doing lies in the thundering improvements in young Andrew's X-ray plates.

At first Andrew had to have almost flat-on-the-back bed rest, permitted to prop up on a one-way pillow only for meals and occasional games. No mother needs to be told what psychological difficulties that entails. But Pauline has done well here too. Every minute of his day was planned. Before the rest of the family were stirring, he was bathed and "dressed"—his mother figured that the morale-building effect of changing rumpled pajama tops for a freshly ironed shirt "to give him the feeling he was really getting up and going to bed" was worth much more than the extra effort it cost. Then, when Audree was off on her thirteen-block walk to school, and daddy was off on his rounds in the family '39 Chevvy, mother would appear with Andrew's breakfast and the leisure to chat with him while he ate.

True, dishes were stacked in the sink longer than German-descended Pauline, née Jungbluth, could have contemplated in normal circumstances, but normal these were not, and she kept housework reduced to bare minimum at queer hours in order to leave plenty of time for reading aloud Andrew's favorite sea stories and participating in endless jigsaw puzzles. Indispensable catching up would be done during the little fellow's rest period from one to three, still inviolate, with everybody warned not to ring the doorbell for any reason whatsoever.

Later on, perhaps during Andrew's early supper, Audree would take him in the afternoon paper with the latest comics and retail the latest goings on at school or Girl Scouts. Tall and blond, with the troubling shyness of adolescence beginning, Audree not only looks like her fair-haired mother but seems also to have inherited her gentle tact. It is a pleasure to watch her gossiping, smiling, tinkering along with him at his bedside without the slightest tinge of impatience or do-goodness; yet she is conscious enough of the kind of handling he needs carefully to point out, when discussing the uses of the family's movie projector, that the Mickey Mouse shorts shown on the little fellow's sickroom wall "are every bit as good as what you see at the movie houses."

Andy, being breadwinner, never gets all the time he would like at his son's bedside. To a full day of sales talks and premium collecting, which has made him an expert on the involved geography of all Queensboro, he usually has to add a full evening of the same most nights, catching people who work daytimes or husbands whose wives he has sold on the idea of insurance. Only on week ends can he count on taking a hand in innocent games of family stud poker—carefully kept at an unemotional level, with the little fellow catching on fast—or take his turn at reading aloud and also supply the *(Continued on Page 200)*



## R: *Periodic checkups for entire family.* TB *is contagious!*

Tuberculosis rewrites the lives of *all* the Breidenbachs—as it must when any family chooses for sound, emergency reasons to hospitalize patient at home rather than at sanatorium. Isolation is rigid rule for home care. A room of his own—light, well ventilated, but not kept at Aleutian frigidity—means Andrew has better chance of resting, healing injured lung. According to best current medical knowledge, rest is 80 per cent of TB cure. For mother and father, run down by worry and work, and for adolescent sister—at susceptible age—isolation lessens danger from virulent germs.

Queensboro, like thousands of American communities, is geared to help family put up intelligent fight. Board-of-health visiting nurse suggests ways and means of making isolation more effective, stresses need for separate dishes for youngster—usually distinctive color or design—makes certain each member of family goes for checkup at *regular* intervals. Queensboro TB Association provides X rays at $1, teaches public that every good health measure is anti-TB measure.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI





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1

## CRISCO CHERRY TOP SPICE CAKE

*Now—Better Cakes on Every Count! For lightness—richness—moistness—texture, the new Crisco Success cakes top the cakes you used to make.*

Measure into mixing bowl:

**2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)**
**1 cup sugar • ½ cup Crisco**
**1 tsp. salt • 1 tsp. cinnamon**
**½ tsp. cloves • ¼ tsp. nutmeg**
**¼ tsp. allspice • ¼ tsp. soda**
**½ cup milk • ¼ cup molasses**

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

**2 tsps. baking powder***

Add: **2 eggs (unbeaten) • ⅓ cup milk**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Pour into pan (8" × 12"), rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30–35 minutes. *Crisco has a baking secret. It makes cakes lighter than the most expensive shortening. With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe!* Frost top of cake with fluffy white icing. Decorate with rows of cherries. Use citron or green gum drops for cherry stems. All Measurements Level.

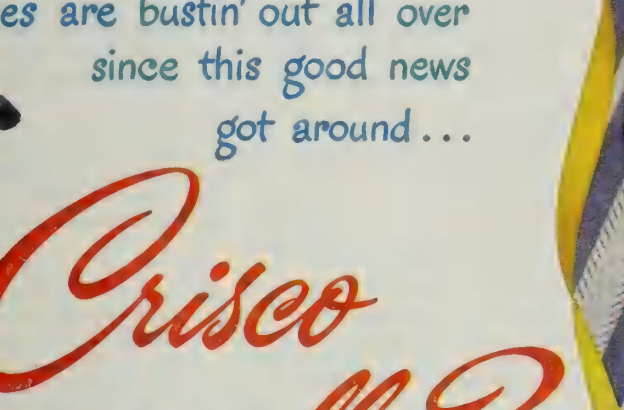
**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 3 tsps.*



Parties are bustin' out all over since this good news got around . . .

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2

## CRISCO CHERRY TARTS

**2 cups pitted sour red cherries**
**½ cup red cherry juice**
**⅓ cup sugar**
**4 tsps. quick-cooking tapioca**
**1 tsp. lemon juice**
**Full recipe Crisco Pastry**

Line 5 or 6 tart shells or muffin pans with Crisco Pastry, rolled thin. (*Now it's a cinch to get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! You just can't miss if you're sure to use Crisco and follow the easy Pastry Method on the Crisco label!*) Combine cherries, cherry juice, sugar and tapioca in saucepan; bring slowly to a boil. Remove from stove. Add lemon juice and let cool. Pour into unbaked shells. Top with pastry strips. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 10 minutes; reduce to moderate (375° F.) and bake from 25 to 30 minutes. All Measurements Level.




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3

## CRISCO HAM 'N' YAM BURGERS

**2 cups mashed sweet potatoes**
**1½ cups ground cooked ham**
**4 tbsps. brown sugar**
**1 tsp. dry mustard**
**3 tbsps. milk**
**1 tsp. salt**
**¼ tsp. pepper**

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into flat, oblong croquettes (makes about 8). Coat with crushed cereal flakes. Slowly pan-fry in hot Crisco till golden brown. (*Scared fried foods will upset the family? Don't worry! Foods fried in pure, all-vegetable Crisco, not only taste better—they're so digestible even children may eat 'em.*) All Measurements Level. Serves 4–6.

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## Meet the Gwolphs of Saturn

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# How to Handle the Bedridden Child

### *By Milton I. Levine, M. D.*

THERE are thousands of boys and girls throughout the world who, like Andrew, cannot run and jump and play. Instead of enjoying the normal activities of a normal childhood, these children must stay at home—many confined to bed. With rest and care, many will someday be able to go out into the world and take their part in everyday life.

The nature of the child's recovery, the manner in which he begins again to participate in his child's world, perhaps the entire course of his adult life, may be deeply affected by the first weeks of his infirmity. The attitude of his parents is of the greatest importance during this period. Under normal conditions it is no easy task to establish a sense of security and self-confidence in a child. Infirmity, chronic illness, physical handicap, whether temporary or permanent, multiply the parents' problems. An intelligent program, an awareness of the importance of emotional security, will go a long way to counteract the misfortune of infirmity.

Robert and Jerry were two boys I knew who came from fairly similar home environments. They were both well-adjusted boys. The misguided handling of Robert resulted in a difficult personality problem. The intelligent handling of Jerry minimized greatly the tendencies toward emotional maladjustment.

Robert's illness and his absence from the normal activities of a nine-year-old boy were of a comparatively short duration, a period of no more than six weeks. Yet in that six weeks the personality of the boy, his attitudes both at home and at school underwent a completely radical change.

Robert was a popular boy at school. He was helpful, inventive, self-reliant. He participated in all the games, excelled in some, and was always ready to lend a helping hand when it was needed. When he developed a cold, he accepted it as any normal child accepts a cold. It was a nuisance, keeping him at home when he preferred to be out playing with the other children, and nothing more. But Robert was an only child and his mother and father were easily alarmed. When his temperature rose, he was put to bed, wisely enough, and the doctor was called. But when Robert's condition was diagnosed as pneumonia, both the mother and the father went to pieces, asking hysterically:

"Is it serious, doctor?" . . . "Will we have to send him to the hospital?" . . . "Shall we call in a lung specialist?"

Such immediate reaction to the initial shock of serious illness is understandable. Robert contracted his pneumonia before the discovery of sulpha drugs, and the alarm of the parents was not unusual. It is quite the normal thing to ask your child's physician whether the child's condition is serious and needs more consideration than you are giving it. What *is* wrong, and utterly inexcusable, is the putting of such alarmist questions to the doctor in the presence of the child. And this is what occurred in Robert's home.

You can well imagine that the boy was extremely upset by the obvious agitation of his parents. His mother kept taking his temperature on the hour, and visibly indicated her anxieties as the fever began to climb. Both mother and father, and even grandma, hovered constantly over his bed. They constantly asked him how he felt, how was his throat and was he warm enough. Robert was undergoing a treatment that would undermine the confidence of a person considerably older and more mature.

And then, a week later, the pneumonia was complicated by empyema—a collection of pus in the chest. His parents became completely frantic, moaning and weeping again in front of the child, utterly unaware of the effect on the boy.

Robert spent some three weeks in the hospital where he gradually recovered from his illness. In the meantime his doctor had had a talk with his parents, and as a result there was a noticeable improvement in their attitude. As the boy's condition cleared, there were toys to play with and books to read, and both mother and father honestly attempted an air of optimism and cheerfulness. However, the initial damage to Robert's confidence and security could not be so easily overcome. When Robert got home, whatever doubts had been sown by his parents' earlier anxieties were more deeply rooted by the further well-meaning but ill-advised handling of his convalescence.

Unquestionably Robert needed special care when he got home. He also needed to renew his contact with his social world. Of all this his parents were aware. Again they were well-meaning, but again their overanxiety led to completely incorrect and even harmful procedure. There was a ceremony of taking his temperature three times a day. Medicines became a ritual. There was an alkaline tablet first thing in the morning, to alkalinize his system. A tonic to stimulate his appetite was taken three times a day. There was a teaspoon of iron tonic after each meal and, before bed, a sun-lamp treatment and a tablespoon of cod-liver oil and malt.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that when Robert got back to school, he discovered himself a rather helpless sort of boy, isolated from his classmates by a series of fears and taboos. He arrived at school wrapped up in enough sweaters for half a dozen children; he was not allowed to go outdoors if the weather was the least bit inclement; he was not allowed to play games in which he might become the least bit overheated. And his classmates were all apprised of these special precautions. Robert would have to go a long way to fight out of this insecurity, this lack of confidence which his parents had built.

Robert is not a happy boy. He resents his isolation. He does not like all the special care and attention he gets, but he is afraid to tear himself away from it. He needs it now. It is the only social attention he receives, except when he throws a spitball in class or steals a classmate's pen or pencil. He has become difficult and unmanageable at home. This is the logical behavior to which the well-intentioned but misguided treatment by his parents has led him.

Jerry, our other case history, suffered a much more serious illness. The effects of his illness were more physically damaging. But Jerry was fortunate in that his parents were able immediately to comprehend the situation, overcome quickly the immediate effects of the initial shock, and intelligently meet the unfortunate situation.

Jerry was stricken with infantile paralysis. He was a normal ten-year-old boy, bright, active and popular with all his playmates. Imagine, then, the overwhelming shock which came to his parents when the doctor announced that their boy had contracted poliomyelitis, that he would be bedridden for a matter of months, that he might be permanently crippled. The fright associated with the very name of the disease, the element of the unknown, the possible terrible consequences—distress and anxiety enough to unbalance a family, disrupt a household. Unlike Robert's parents, however, there was no display of disturbing emotion in front of the boy. Jerry was reassured. He would get better. The doctor was taking good care of him. Everything would turn out well.

Alone, his mother and father talked over the situation. They told Jerry's younger brother, Richard, who was eight, that Jerry would get better. They told the grandparents that there was to be no weeping. The life of the child was to go on as completely nor-

mally as possible. There was to be no oversolicitude, nor was there to be any affected cheerfulness. Jerry was to be treated like a boy who was temporarily ill. There was to be no outward sign or manifestation which would in the least attack the boy's understanding of his relationship to his family and friends.

This was a good beginning. It was followed by an equally good, well-thought-out, concrete and constructive program. As soon as Jerry was well enough, there was a teacher who came to visit with him every school day of the week. Jerry was to keep up with his studies. As soon as it was possible, Jerry's friends were asked to visit, and the visits were gay and thoroughly enjoyable, with games and ice cream and cookies for Jerry's friends to remember. There was a letter which came from Jerry's former classmates at the public school, and this was the signal for the beginning of a broad correspondence, aided and abetted by his parents. Children were talked to before they came or wrote, and the generally healthy and optimistic atmosphere maintained and developed.

Dad did not neglect his part in the general program. He brought home new and interesting books, new and exciting games. He did his share of playing with Jerry and saw to it that Jerry won more games than he lost. Hobbies were encouraged. Jerry became an expert stamp collector and president of the boys' stamp club. There was a harmonica his father brought him, and a book of instructions. Jerry, who had always been musical, learned quickly and the house was livelier for the tunes he played and for the drum on which Richard accompanied him.

His brother Richard, of course, was not to be neglected, and his parents were aware of it. Jerry's games were balanced with other kinds of games for Richard, just as the drum came along with the harmonica. The brotherly relationship had to be fostered, harmoniously, and the drum-and-harmonica combination was an excellent and exemplary handling of the situation.

When Jerry's parents were finally informed that their son was never to walk again as other children walk, they both realized that their work with Jerry had only begun. Misfortune, however, did not distort their understanding. They recognized that all they had done for the boy had been good. Jerry would not walk again as they had seen him walk, but his spirit was good. He had lost little contact with his normal social world, and what he had lost had been considerably compensated for by other and intelligent activities. The problem now was to extend their program to meet with the life he was to lead, once he left his bed.

There was the airplane game father had brought, the models he had helped him build. This would now be supplemented with other, more intricate and more advanced studies in airplane construction and design. Jerry would be the airplane expert among his friends, respected and admired for his knowledge. He would be bought a better harmonica, and his parents would encourage him to become expert at it to win the admiration of his friends and to build up his own self-esteem. Here was a life that would not be distorted or crippled by unfortunate physical accident.

JERRY'S parents recognized that it is not enough simply to entertain a chronically ill child; nor is it enough merely to keep him busy and to see to it that he keeps up with his school studies. A real, understanding campaign was planned for the exceedingly necessary fulfillment of the child's emotional needs. His family and friends were brought into the program which might be outlined as follows, a program which may be readily expanded and adapted according to individual needs and situations.

*Cultivate the child's former interests.* Encourage him (and help if necessary) to master something not previously mastered.

*Arouse and stimulate him to new interests.* Work along with him to success. Father can do much to help in this.

*As soon as possible, arrange to have frequent visits from his friends.* Other contacts with friends may be made by means of letters and telephone calls.

*Hobbies should be encouraged.* Parents can help to maintain interest by spending time with the child and discussing the various aspects of the hobby with him, getting books, magazines, pictures. Here again the father can play a large part.

*Plan things that will satisfy the child's ego.* When he plays games see that he wins often enough, and praise him when he exhibits skill and improvement. Help him to become proficient at some skill, particularly one that will be admired by his contemporaries. Suggestions: harmonica, or some other musical instrument; painting, drawing, cartooning; writing poetry, prose; cultivating voice if any singing ability is shown; sewing, embroidering, knitting, crocheting; sculpturing, wood carving. Some things which the child makes can actually be sold.

*Have the child's room cheerful, and give him an active part in helping to decorate it.* He can collect pictures to put up, or make his own; take care of plants and flowers; take care of birds or fish; make things, such as curtains, hanging shelves, clay bowls and figurines.

NATURALLY the child's program and accomplishments are dependent upon his physical limitations. A child who can be up and about has many more activities to choose from than one who has to stay in bed. Some children may not have free use of their hands and arms. Others may have to lie prone. In any case, the parents must use ingenuity and imagination, bearing always in mind the emotional needs of the youngster.

**Don't marry a girl because she looks sensible, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.**
—THE RECORDER.

In the case of the older child, actual prevocational training should be considered. There are numerous commercial fields open to people who are in some way physically handicapped; many occupations, even, which can be pursued at home. Some children may be exceptionally gifted musically or artistically, and if their physical condition permits should receive special training in these fields toward a professional career. Others may want to go into some phase of the industrial arts such as dress designing, textile designing, advertising art, illustrating, jewelry making. For children with a scientific aptitude there are such vocations as bacteriologist, laboratory technician, research worker.

There are many other vocational opportunities for the physically handicapped, but before actual training is begun it must be ascertained whether or not the child is physically capable of following a career in the chosen field.

Once the child is up and around and out among people again, there seems to be an almost universal inclination to overprotect him. Parents should guard especially against this tendency, both in themselves and in others. One such youngster, on returning to school, was found, months afterward, being waited on hand and foot by his classmates, and the solicitude of his companions was preventing him from regaining his self-confidence. Independence and self-sufficiency should be encouraged, not thwarted, when the child resumes normal living.

All mothers and fathers wish their children to be emotionally secure, well-balanced, well-adjusted individuals. In the case of the chronically ill or handicapped child, when the circumstances are particularly difficult, the task of attaining this ideal will of necessity be more trying and complex. But the problems confronting parents in the care of their bedridden child are by no means insurmountable. Proper and sensible handling—with equal attention to the mental, physical and emotional aspects—will lessen the burdens of both parents and child, and go a long way toward insuring for the youngster ■ happy, satisfying, gratifying future.



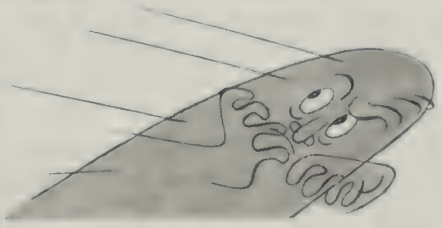


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You won't have to 'do with something else' much longer. You won't have to shut your eyes to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Shirts and sheets and towels will come out of the wash the way they should—dazzling white and sweet.

As so many women have learned during recent war-time years—to keep a house and a family *really* clean, there's nothing like good, mild soap and gentle naptha—
Fels-Naptha Soap!



**Fels-Naptha Soap**

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

# 3 Delicious Juices

# That Wake Up Brand-New Enthusiasm

# For Breakfast!










## What a *Helping Hand* in saving

**time and trouble and cash . . . and in fighting infections, colds, and fatigue . . . with abundant VITAMIN C**

● What marvels they've done down in Florida lately . . . in putting up luscious fruit juices! Just taste the Florida orange juice, the grapefruit juice . . . and the delicious blended juice that combines the sweetness of Florida orange juice with the juice of tree-ripened grapefruit. In handy cans, all ready to serve. All the squeezing and straining has been done for you in Florida. Just open the can and pour.

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***Special! Florida Canned Grapefruit Sections now available. Try them. They're delicious!***



*Canned*

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*Lakeland, Florida*

# Bedside Manners

**DO . . .**

**. . . if you must be nurse and homemaker, too, streamline your housekeeping. Ignore "little things."**

**. . . wangle a private room for your patient. See that he has a convenient bed table, robe and slippers handy. Strip the room of extras.**

**. . . clean the sickroom daily, being quiet as a mouse about it. Dust with a damp cloth.**

**. . . keep soft-voiced, serene, smiling in the sickroom, even if it hurts!**

**DON'T . . .**

**. . . try to go day and night without rest yourself. And don't skip meals.**

**. . . "kill your patient with kindness." Oversolicitude can be so wearing. Give him time to mend uninterrupted.**

**. . . wear a woeful look, or use an "oh dear, dear" voice, just because you enter a sickroom. Don't allow visitors to, either. On the other hand, don't shout with false cheeriness.**



PHOTOS BY STUART

*A fascinating new toy, which plays a tune as he types the notes, entertains both Andy and his mother. They're "best friends," have happy days together.*



*Bed changing: Roll patient to side of bed. From opposite side, roll soiled sheet close to his back. Tuck in new sheet, folding surplus down center. Roll patient to fresh side. Withdraw old sheet, pull clean one into place.*



*A pressure cooker speeds the necessary sterilizing of Andy's china and silver. When the patient's dishes must be segregated, marking undersides with bright nail polish, which survives washing, is a good way to keep track.*

**BY JUDY BARRY**

TO almost every woman, unless she lives alone and likes it, comes sometime the need for pleasant, capable bedside manners. Even if the illness she's called upon to care for is nothing more than a common cold or just weary bones, the kindly art of keeping a sick-in-bed person comfortable, while disrupting the rest of the household as little as possible, is an excellent thing in a woman. When you're ill, you know how wonderful it is to relax and feel that someone is taking over capably.

Chief among Mrs. Breidenbach's many fine qualities as Andy's special nurse, it seems to us, is the fact that she doesn't "poor sick boy" her naturally happy-dispositioned son, or make him feel that his illness worries and wearies her. He's a sensitive child, charmingly well-mannered, so that fretting over him or upsetting the family's routine for him would surely disturb his peace of mind—and that's more necessary to getting well than even good food or good care.

### DOCTOR'S ORDERS

The first rule for a home visited by illness is that one member of the family, and one alone, should be completely in charge of the patient. It will probably be mother or grandmother, but this doesn't mean that she must be in the sickroom every minute, or that teen-age sister shouldn't help. It does mean, however, that she should plan for the patient's care, see the doctor and be responsible for carrying out his orders. Too many people milling about and attempting to help, no matter how kindly their intentions, can be very trying to a person who's tired and sick. Worse, important orders or medicines can be overlooked in the confusion. Whoever is the nurse in charge should give instructions to a helper when she needs assistance or if she must leave the house.

Hand in hand with this rule go common-sense "musts" for the nurse herself: enough sleep, enough fresh air, regular meals so she won't become ill, too, just when she's most needed. So often a misguided sense of devotion to duty causes this to happen. If you're carrying the double burden of nursing and keeping house, you just must be as firm with yourself about rest and regularity of meals as you are with your patient.

### "I WANT TO BE ALONE"

A separate room for a person who's ill is so desirable that it's worth a good deal of rearranging of the house, if that's necessary. Clear the closets and bureau drawers of other people's personal effects, so your patient won't be disturbed by someone's midnight fumbling for pajamas. Try to choose a room near the bathroom.

When a long illness is anticipated, take away unneeded furniture, hangings and doodads. Walls tinted in soft colors, wallpaper of a gentle pattern, are more restful to a sick person's eyes than the gay goings on he might have enjoyed in healthy days.

If the illness is a communicable disease, everything will have to be thoroughly scrubbed after the siege is over, so simple washable curtains and bureau covers, furniture that won't be ruined by cleaning, are best.

The bed should be single, if possible, and flanked by a near-by table so the person who's confined to bed can reach out and easily get at tissues, drinking water, and a small bell or buzzer. If the patient is a child, shelves for toys and books should be within easy reach.

Home beds are so low, as a rule, that it becomes very tiring to bend over constantly when bathing your patient, or making his bed up freshly. Spare yourself backaches by sliding off the casters and placing under each leg a block of wood, big enough to raise the bed to hospital height.

### DRESSING A SICKBED

Keep satin comforters and lacy spreads until all's well again; at this time washable bedclothing is best. Protect the mattress with a washable pad, and if the patient is a child, better add a rubber or waterproof sheet. During this sneezy season, one of the new electric blankets would be a delightfully comfortable covering, for electric blankets adjust themselves to ups and downs in temperature. Since this is the only blanket you need use, your patient won't feel weighted down or smothered, yet he'll be cozy. The new ones are washable too.

### A BATH IN BED

The notion that sick people shouldn't be bathed because of the danger of taking cold is pretty old-fashioned. Of course you must take precautions to keep your patient from becoming chilled, but unless the doctor specifically forbids it, anyone confined to bed should have a complete cleansing bath daily. It not only refreshes and *(Continued on Page 203)*



*Andy shows some pil pointers. A soft one tuc horizontally under k relaxes aching leg musc*



*Lying on one side ca restful if the weak b is supported by a pil tucked firmly lengthw*



*Comforting to we backs, a "V-3" of two lows slanted up in a third horizontally acr*




# "ROYAL DESSERTS TASTE MORE DELICIOUS!"



_say 8 out of every 10

**urvey of 1,526 Royal users reveals ny millions are "Reaching for Royal"**

hey want Royal and the reason is mple. *Royal Desserts taste more de-ious!* Yes, eight out of every ten these women said just that.

Royal Chocolate Pudding made a g hit with the chocolate lovers. "It's ally *special*," they declared. "Seems much more *chocolaty!*" "My family likes it better." "Pleases *everyone!*"

And what melt-in-the-mouth smoothness and creamy texture Royal Chocolate Pudding has! So easy to make, too, and *no sugar needed!* Try it soon. Grand all by itself. Marvelous combined with Royal Vanilla Pudding in the *Valentine Twosome* pictured above. U-m-m-m, u-m-m-m, U-M-M-M! You'll surely say—*Yes, Royal Desserts taste more delicious!*

your grocer's temporarily out of Royal Puddings, ep on asking. It's worth waiting to get Royal.




on't forget tangy Royal Gelatin Desserts—they're *flavor-sealed!*




PHOTO BY STUART

***Lunch for a would-be sailor. Down the hatch with the milk, Andrew.***

BEING sick abed isn't any fun, but there's much you can do to make meals in bed fun to eat, even if the menus be limited to milk toast and chicken broth. Little Andrew Breidenbach must have all his meals in bed these days. When his appetite lags, we suggested that Mrs. Breidenbach play up to his yearning desire to be a sailor someday. She now occasionally serves his meals with nautical touches. A sailor's white hat, fish-shaped casseroles and salt and pepper shakers and the nautical place mat help create the illusion. He's delighted with this make-believe and rewards her by eating everything to the last bite. Ingenuity really pays, and if "I'm not hungry" rings in your ears, here are some ways to combat tray-meal boredom.

***Your role.*** If you are worried or harried, try not to let it show when you bring in the tray at mealtime.

Children are little copycats, and when you can spare the time—perhaps at lunch—have your own meal at the bedside. How he eats depends on how he feels. Try to make him feel happy in spite of being ill.

### ★ Little Things That Count

Your best china and glass are none too good for the sickroom trays. Have you taken inventory lately of what you have on hand in the way of gadgets to make meals for one more interesting?

***How about individual wooden salad bowls?*** They make salads more appealing and take up less room on the tray than salad plates.

***A small teapot*** that can be used for hot chocolate or milk is good tray timber—prevents spilling in transit from kitchen to bedroom. Children particularly like to pour their own.

***A small cream pitcher and sugar bowl and individual salt and pepper shakers,*** the last in as many gay forms as you can collect, help to make tray service more attractive.

***Colored paper place mats and paper napkins*** are inexpensive props—save laundry and make it possible to change the color scheme of the tray setup oftener.

***A glass bell*** to put over the hot food to keep it warm, ***individual casseroles*** and ***shirred-egg dishes*** are all good props for tray meals.

***Solitaires.*** One-of-a-kind setups in inexpensive but gay china and glass make it possible to change the color scheme of the tray now and then.

***Toaster on location.*** Bring in the toaster too. The smell of toast being made will perk up the appetite.

***A matter of choice.*** Instead of serving one apple, one pear or whatever the fruit may be for the tray meal, bring in an attractively arranged bowl of fruit. Choosing your own has much more appeal.

### ★ Make it Easy to Eat

For instance, bread and butter can be made into little sandwiches. Roll them up sometimes and tuck a spray of cress in each end.

Mix toasted croutons with the soft-cooked eggs. Tastes better. The toast soaks up liquid egg—no drip!

I vote for straws—for eggnogs, fruit juices, and so on.

Put cut fruit on toothpicks. Stick into an orange or apple for a pincushion. No fork or spoon needed.

Don't serve too much—better to have smaller meals more often. Sometimes it may seem more propitious to have an auxiliary tray for the dessert—let it be a surprise.

# Tray Tempters

## ND APPETITE TEASERS

*By Louella G. Shouer*

**ariety Show**

Even though you may have to llow a definite diet list, the more riety you can contrive with the lowed foods, the more successful ou will be in having the food eaten. Out-of-season treats are well orth their cost. The first straw-erries, the first asparagus mean uch.

***oup makes a frequent appear-nce.*** Vary its appearance as much s possible. Try serving chopped arsley, chopped chives or grated aw carrot as a garnish—a different arnish each time you serve it. Buy n assortment of crackers so a little ariety can be achieved in this anner. Now and then fix a bowl f croutons that can be dished into he soup from the tray.

***Fruit is a staple in get-well-uick menus.*** Float slices of fruit n the fruit juice; serve good, well-lavored fruit compotes instead of plain unimaginative prunes. Fresh ineapple is coming to market; it as a cooling, fresh taste when spiked with mint. Serve fruit sher-et in orange cups. Bake bananas and serve in a shell with a glisteny crown of fresh strawberries. Lemon ce, made easily in refrigerator and spread over cooked fruits, can be re-firmed or chilled in freezing tray. A baked Alaska doesn't always involve ice cream and cake—a baked apple (remove the skin) "Alaskas" beauti-fully and tastes good too. Meringue shells are light, crisp fairy food and wouldn't be amiss in any convales-cent diet. Fill them with fresh or cooked fruits. Would inspire anyone, sick or well.

On the same tack: an honest-to-goodness peach Melba would make a de luxe treat when you're tempted to inspire your bed guest—peach half, ice cream and raspberry sauce, simple but simply delicious. Mold rice sometimes in individual ring molds and serve stewed fruit in the center—or creamed chicken if that's on your list.

**In the Mood for Fun**

There comes a time when your tray meals can be more normal meals. The danger's past, but several days more in bed are still "doctor's orders." That's the time to outdo yourself. Children, particularly, are the hardest to keep amused at this stage. They feel well enough to be up, but mother says no. Capitalize on the season. Now in February you have three holidays to exploit—Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday and Valentine's Day. Little favors or party gadgets add fun to an occasional tray.

Even in the winter children love the idea of a picnic. Bring in the food in a picnic basket. Let the child unwrap the food and do his own investigating.

**GET-WELL MENUS**

Fresh Mushroom Soup—Crackers

Shirred Egg With Cream and Croutons

Broiled Tomato Half With Crisp Bacon

Lettuce Roll in Pepper Ring

Orange Sections With Custard Sauce

Beverage

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Tomato Juice

Mashed Potato Nest With Creamed Chicken

Spinach Purée in Orange Cups

Melba Toast

Raw Celery (if allowed)

Rhubarb Gelatin with 2 or 3 whole strawberries

Beverage

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Beef Broth With Shredded Carrot

Scalloped Tomatoes in Small Casserole

Baked Stuffed Potato With Dropped Eggs

Lemon Ice Cream on Pineapple Slice

* * * * * * * * * * * *

**★ Traytime Wiles**

A new book brought in with the milk toast can't be managed every day, but some little something as a surprise now and then works wonders if your "patient" is difficult to interest in eating.

Mail on the breakfast tray, for instance, costs only a postage stamp, and it's a sure-fire cheer-up. Pass the word along to friends, or write a few amusing notes or rhymes yourself, if you have the time.

And here's a point: After a long tiresome day in bed, there's nothing that does quite so much to create an appetite for the dinner tray—even if it's to be just chicken broth—as "dressing" for dinner. If it's a "she," keep her prettiest robe or bed jacket for this once-a-day dress-up. A ribbon for her hair sets a woman up, too—whether she's four or forty.


# B in B *Broiled in Butter* MUSHROOMS

**Yes, B IN B MUSHROOMS are Broiled in Creamery Butter Before They're Packed for Your Table!**





Delicious for luncheon, Sunday-evening meals, party treats! Tender B in B Mushrooms heated in their own rich mushroom liquid, and poured over toast.



Glorify spaghetti with B in B Mushrooms! Enjoy the delicate flavor B in B Mushrooms impart to even the simplest dish. Add mushroom liquid to the sauce.

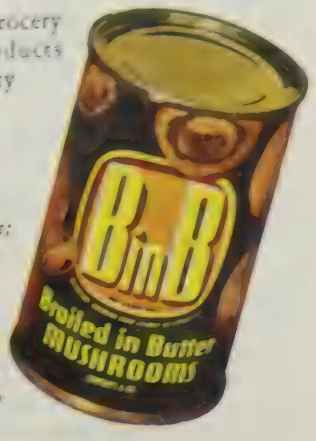
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## THE EDUCATION OF EUGENE MILEY

*(Continued from Page 52)*

mental state. Listlessly he picked up a catalogue announcing correspondence courses offered by the United States Armed Forces Institute, a G. I. education unit. His eye ran up and down the catalogue, and suddenly it caught a word that rang a bell in his mind. Accounting!

Miley sat up in bed. He called for the education officer, a capable young ex-teacher named Captain Kirk. Kirk looked in the catalogue, at the place where Miley's finger was pointing. The officer shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Gene," he explained quietly. "You have to have a high-school education to study accounting."

"Then *give* me some high-school education," said Miley.

"Gladly," said Kirk, laughing and slapping Miley on the back.

By the time Miley left the hospital two months later, he had completed three bookkeeping courses and an algebra course; he had passed an Army examination which gave him credit for his first year in high school; and he had become fast friends with Captain Kirk, who devoted a few minutes of each day trying to talk the veteran into continuing his education.

But as his discharge time drew near, Miley developed grave doubts.

"You owe it to yourself and to the country," said Kirk. "A man with your native intelligence is doing a lot of people a great injustice by not getting an education and going into a profession."

"I'm too old to start studying," said Miley.

"You owe it to your children—when you have them," Kirk said.

"If I don't get back soon, Mr. Yeager will be givin' my bricklayin' job to someone else," said Miley.

"But the Government supports you when you go to school," said Kirk.

Miley shook his head with Pennsylvania Dutch stubbornness. "Bricklayin' pays good money," he said.

But then Miley met Frances Baker.

Immediately he became conscious of the fact that she was a college graduate. He listened to her talk, and for the first time in his life he was awed and afraid. He was ashamed to admit that he hadn't even completed the eighth grade in school. He spent hours toiling over a dictionary and a grammar book every time he sat down to write a half-page letter to her. He lived in dread of making spelling and grammatical errors. He spoke of the possibility of going to school, but he always made it sound as if it were college he was talking about.

Quietly Frances worked on him. Soon Miley was saying to himself, "A feller in my condition gets to feel like a freak, unless he's got something that makes him feel he's going to amount to something after all." He realized that he needed both the education and Frances for this psychological uplift, and that the education was doubly important because he was afraid that without it he couldn't hold Frances.

One day he said to her, "I'm goin' to school." He grew red. "It's only high school."

"I know," she said, smiling. "You can get through the accelerated course very quickly. And we can see each other week ends."

The week after he was discharged from the Army, Miley received a letter from the Veterans Administration informing him that he was entitled to rehabilitation education under Public Law 16. He filled out the application blank and mailed it back. The Veterans Administration people gave him tests and sent him to Philadelphia. That's how he ended up in Mr. Brunton's office at the Board of Public Education that rainy morning.

The Philadelphia high-school program for veterans is a huge, sprawling affair, and if Miley had wished he could have gone to t ultramodern Bok and Dobbins vocatior high schools to learn a semiskilled tra quickly, or a near-professional trade, li television engineering or air conditioning, a year or so.

In Bok and Dobbins there are forty-thr different vocational subjects for veterar ranging from tailoring to commercial art. T Philadelphia school system got a head sta in this respect, because during the w Brunton ran one of the country's bigge war-production-training centers in these sar classrooms, turning out some 225,000 train adult war-worker specialists, nearly one six the population of the city. On August 2 1943, Brunton got the first rehabilitatio training contract issued by the Veterans A ministration in this war. He also inherited great deal of air-conditioning, television, r dar and refrigeration equipment. Immec ately he began converting the war-trainii facilities into his veterans' vocational pr gram, retaining the best instructors he h been able to snare from local industry. Wh this was set, he instituted his accelerat academic-high-school program—the cour in which Miley was enrolled.

At first there was just a trickle of veterai attracted to the Philadelphia veterans' ser ice. Some classes consisted of one vet and o teacher. But it didn't take long for th Philadelphia Story to spread, and soon mo than 2000 ex-G. I.'s will be enrolled. App cations are pouring in from Europe, the P cific and from veterans living all over t country at the rate thirty-five a day. The m get free tuition, free boo and subsistence, und Public Law 16, or the G. Bill of Rights. The scho system collects from th Veterans Administratic the cost of teachers' sa aries and of books, suppli and equipment which b come the property of th veteran, the sum charge making it possible to supply the veteran wit education without financial profit to th school district.

Miley was enrolled in the historic o Benjamin Franklin High School, which ha dles all veterans in the high-school-diplom course. He started out with two Englis courses, biology, current history, geometr commercial law. He had five classes a day, fi days a week. Since thirty hours of classwor in a course constitute a half year's cred in the veterans' accelerated program, th meant that he was proceeding at the rate one full year's high-school credit every twel weeks. In the beginning, Miley's aptitude were much the same as they had been i grammar school. He was excellent in math matics, pretty close to poor in everythin else. He had forgotten what little spelling h knew, and his speech and writing were fille with farm colloquialisms like "Baked pota toes are my favor*yte*"; "The enemy snuck u to within hand-grenade range during th night"; and "When I got hit, I didn't fe nothing until I got to the hos-pittle." He sai "Youse," and "Where's he at?" In a test t determine his knowledge of sentence struc ture, he got only twelve sentences correct ou of twenty.

In his one math course—geometry—he fe completely at ease. But here he ran into different type of problem. There were few ve erans in the accelerated-high-school cours then, and it was necessary to assign Miley t one class with ordinary high-school sopho mores. This one class turned out to be geom etry. It was a tough experience. Mile worked alone, way out ahead of the class. H more or less set his own pace, with M Nassau, the instructor, tutoring him. Th fourteen-year-old kids turned and grimace at the serious, hard-working Miley as if h were indeed a freak. Also, they annoyed hir

*(Continued on Page 193)*

**Somehow, when we see a woman who has been married and divorced a number of times, we are reminded of the man who was always failing in business.**

—E. W. HOWE: Quoted in Post Biographies of Famous Journalists: Drewry (Univ. of Ga. Press).



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(Continued from Page 190)

with a great deal of adolescent chirping and name-calling behind the back of Mr. Nassau, who is hard of hearing.

But then one day Miley came to class on crutches, with his right pants leg neatly tucked up. The stump had become infected and he couldn't wear the artificial leg. The kids took one look at Miley that day, and then they couldn't look any more. There weren't many grimaces or noises in the class after that.

From the very beginning, Miley set a Spartan schedule for himself. He attended classes from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon. He studied at home from seven P.M. until midnight, or later. He spent his afternoons shopping for food and cleaning his furnished room, which he had found by answering an ad in one of the newspapers. The room was a cluttered little cubicle in a slum tenement. It was furnished with a bed, a stove, an icebox and a sink. He shared a bath in the hall. The floor of the room was covered with rotting linoleum, and Miley spent a good deal of time trying to scrub away the black spots which appeared on it every day. He dried his wash on a line strung across the room and studied at a table littered with papers, textbooks and other sundry literature. He always kept a pair of crutches near the bed, in case anything happened to his artificial leg.

Miley hardly ever left this room except to shop or to go to classes. He got up at 8:15 A.M., ate some dry cereal, boiled up some coffee, and rushed down to catch a streetcar to the school. In the evening he cooked himself a supper of canned vegetables, baked potatoes and eggs. Occasionally, the neighborhood butcher would let him buy a little meat. He scarcely ever went to a movie or a baseball game, and he found time to get home to see his mother only one week end a month. He simply didn't have enough money. While he was in school the Government gave him $92 a month for subsistence, in lieu of his pension. Of this, he paid $26 a month for his room, and food cost him approximately $48 a month. He hoarded his remaining few dollars for his precious week-end visits with Frances.

"I never was one for splurgin'," he says, "but I sure did have trouble makin' ends meet."

During those first few weeks, Frances had a difficult time with Miley. He was morose and unsure of himself. Frances was a yeoman second class, holding down a pretty important job in the Bureau of Personnel, and often she had to work on Saturdays. Then, Miley would come to Washington, lugging his books, and study in his hotel room all day Saturday, waiting for her. Other week ends she went up to Philadelphia.

Once, when they were walking down Market Street in Philadelphia, he turned to her with pain in his face, and said, "Why do people stare at me?"

"Don't be so conceited," she shot back. "You're no different from anyone else, and no one knows about your leg. If it's those Wacs you're talking about, it was your platinum-blond hair they were looking at—not your leg."

Another time, Miley sat around brooding. "I'm so worried about geometry," he said.

"Why?" Frances asked.

"Oh, I have to ask the teacher to explain things in class, and I'm embarrassed about asking questions because of my age."

"You go right up there and ask him," Frances had to say. "That's exactly what the teacher's there for."

This uncertainty about himself kept up until one week end a month or so after he started classes. He was visiting in Washington then. That week, Frances had been assigned the chore of teaching mathematics to a group of Bureau of Personnel sailors studying for higher ratings. It was a long time since she even had looked at a math book.

She said to Miley, "Darling, what's the formula for finding the hypotenuse of a triangle?"

Miley looked at her, stunned. For a moment he couldn't speak. Then he said incredulously, "*You* want *me* to show *you* something educated?"

"Of course," she said. "You know more about math than I do."

For the first time since he resumed his education, Miley felt a happy, surging feeling of progress about himself. He tore into the mathematical formulas, nearly overwhelming her with everything he knew. Almost miraculously, from that point on, the doubts and uncertainties were gone. Miley finished the first twelve-week period with B's in every subject.

In his second twelve-week period (corresponding to the third year in high school), Miley took American history, Spanish, trigonometry, algebra, office practice and English. He continued his proved excellence in mathematics, and did surprisingly well in history and Spanish. In English there was definite improvement. He didn't have to work at it quite so hard. He took the sentence-structure test again. He got eighteen correct out of twenty.

By this time, the winter of 1945, so many veterans had come to the school that now Miley was in classes made up exclusively of ex-G. I.'s. The veterans' classes were handled by specially picked teachers—the best in the entire school system—men like Dr. Iradel Aucott in English, Samuel Lepow in biology and Rayton Kleppinger in mathematics. All these teachers are selected by the principal, Charles Williams, himself rated one of the finest educators in the East. Williams received carte blanche from Dr. Alexander Stoddard, Philadelphia's internationally known superintendent of schools, to request anyone he wished. And capable, sincere Williams, who honestly thinks teaching veterans is the Olympus of education, went out and rounded up the cream.

These veterans' classes are a strange, exhilarating experience. You look around at the mature men and you feel as if you are in some university graduate college. Then they begin reciting, and you are jarred back to the realization that this *is* a secondary school. In their discussions, there is a curious mixture of maturity and mental adolescence, worldliness and naïveté.

Miley's English class with Doctor Aucott is a good example. The class was held in an old-fashioned schoolroom lined with dusty cabinets containing specimens of anthracite coal and jars filled with labeled preserved insects and chemicals. On the wall there was a poster of the Statue of Liberty with the legend underneath, "*Pour des jours meilleurs,* U. S. War Bonds." The men sprawled around in their shirt sleeves and smoked. One man wore an Army officer's pink pants and a sun-tan shirt. There were two Negro veterans, a man with a handsome German military wrist watch, another with plastic-surgery bandages on the left side of his face, and a veteran in G. I. pants with tattooed arms and no right ear. They were shooting questions at Aucott about points of grammar they didn't understand. Aucott, a little, gray-haired man with glasses, stood at the blackboard with his sleeves rolled up.

Miley said, "I have trouble figuring out the difference between the conjunctions 'since,' 'because' and 'as.'"

"Gene, it's just a tossup," Aucott shot back. "You use the one you like best in this case."

A short, dark boy raised his hand stiffly. "You say, 'He made a beautiful forward pass,'" he said. "Do you say, 'He made a pass beautiful'?"

"I don't see how you can make a pass beautiful," said Aucott. "Once it's started, it's one thing or the other. But you can throw a pass beautifully."

A good-looking man in his early thirties raised his hand.

"Question, Bob?" said Aucott.

"Yes," said Bob. "I can't figure out this dangling-participle business. I need some work in that."

Aucott started to write a sentence on the blackboard.

Miley jumped up. "It's just the same as a lot of bad minstrel jokes we used to hear in USO shows in Italy. Like, 'For sale, a piano, by an old lady with mahogany legs.'"

Nobody laughed. They all gravely noted down the example. This continued until the bell rang. And then they were reluctant to stop work. Miley and the others kept asking questions while the high-school kids milled about wildly in the hall. When the veterans finally did straggle out to go to their next class, Aucott was limp.

"But," he said, "this is pure education, the kind of eagerly accepted teaching, without discipline or trimmings, that every teacher dreams about. I guess," he said, dreaming, "I'd rather teach these guys than be president of the University of Pennsylvania."

Samuel Lepow had an equally lively time in one of Miley's biology classes. Sitting around in a circle with a small group, and smoking his pipe, the brilliant, balding teacher was discussing the acceptance of scientific facts. "No one," he said, by way of illustration, "has ever seen an electric current."

Miley raised his hand. "They told us in a radar lecture once," he said, "that someone at Columbia University *did* take X-ray defraction photographs—I think that's what they called it—of an electron."

Lepow had to backtrack.

A moment later the teacher ran into trouble again. "People get virus diseases," he said, "and yet we can't see a virus." This time an ex-Medical Corps man protested that viruses *had* been seen by means of a new electron microscope. Miley concurred. He had learned that in the hospital.

But then Lepow, working with professional ease, turned the men's military knowledge to their own advantage in learning other things. "In protoplasm," he said, "there is a tremendous surface for chemical reactions, the same as with activated carbon in a gas mask."

"Carbon?" asked Miley, perplexed. Then he answered himself. "Oh, yes," he said. "Like the arcs in an ack-ack searchlight."

On the whole, the veterans get along beautifully with the teachers in this new Philadelphia plan. The classes really are like bull sessions, and by a special arrangement the veterans eat lunch in the faculty lunchroom with the teachers, instead of in the crowded school cafeteria with the kids. It is a student-tutor rather than a pupil-teacher relationship. This is because each veteran starts classes immediately after his discharge. He doesn't have to wait for the next term to begin. Thus, in a class of twelve men, you might have twelve men each at different stages of the course. The teacher, accordingly, must function as a private tutor to each veteran.

(Continued on Page 195)

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## *Whom the Gods Love*

**By Joseph Auslander**

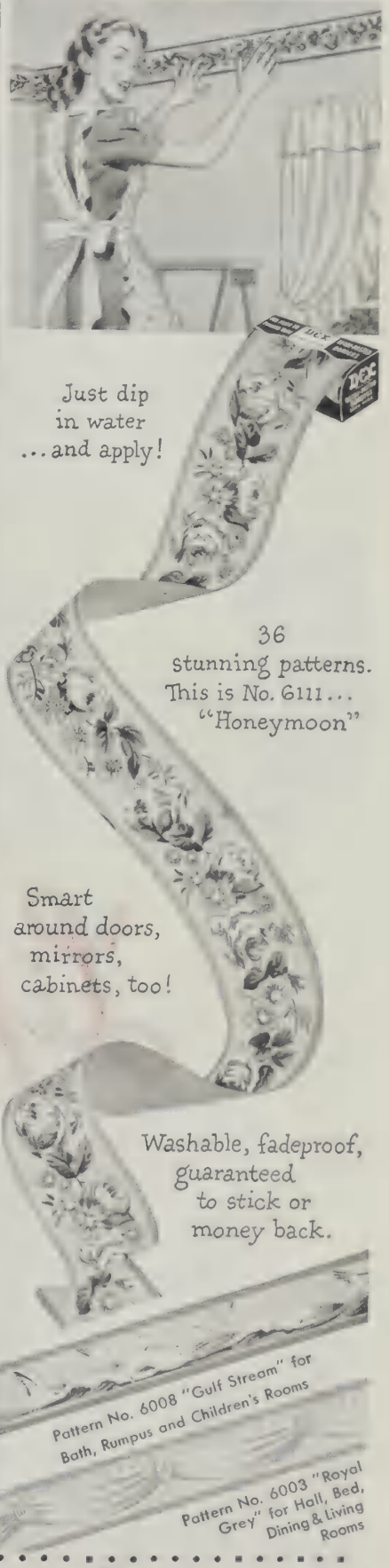
**Weep not, weep not for him who from afar**
**Beheld familiar landmarks, fields and foam,**
**And brought his stout heart like a shooting star**
**In blinding glory home.**

**Weep rather for the hostages to life**
**Who keep their eyes and feet upon the ground,**
**In whose bleak souls monotony's slow knife**
**Turns round and round and round.**

**No need is here for pity or for tears:**
**Still on his forehead youth's immortal grace**
**Shines like the morning; and the frantic years**
**Cannot defile his face.**

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* U. S. Pat. No. 2162584

*(Continued from Page 193)*

Miley did well under this system. He finished the second twelve-week period, again with B's in every subject. He wrote to Frances, "I think I know now how the guys in Italy must have felt when they crossed over that last mountain. From now on it should be downhill."

But Miley was a trifle overoptimistic. In his third and final twelve-week period, he took physics, advanced geometry, advanced algebra, Spanish and English. He became a bit too cocky in physics, which he considered just another math course, and he nearly took a header. In English, he had trouble again. He began the semester in a blaze of glory, scoring twenty out of twenty in the sentence-structure test. But then shrewd Doctor Aucott began to give the class compositions to write. Miley's compositions were elementary literary efforts like, The Furniture vs. the Dog Home. He listened open-mouthed, however, to the mature work of some of his fellow veterans.

A Negro ex-Army captain named Kenneth Price wrote a piece that was a social document in the rough. It was called My Introduction to Jim Crow. It was the story of his first trip to the South—to attend officer-candidate school. Mr. Berger, another of the extremely capable teachers, read a piece by an Air Corps veteran entitled Philadelphia's Third-rate Airport. For political and economic reasoning, this high-school composition was as good as any editorial on the subject in the Philadelphia newspapers.

Miley listened to these, and then went home and tried desperately to duplicate them. He wrote theme after theme in an attempt to master the language. He began to think social and economic thoughts that would have been completely foreign to him a few months before. He devoured the editorial pages of the newspapers. He bought high-brow magazines and struggled through them. One afternoon he spent three hours eagerly trying to converse in Spanish with some six-year-old Puerto Rican children in the neighborhood. Even the literature in his room reflected the metamorphosis Eugene Miley had undergone. Scattered among the litter of papers on his table were Tolstoy's War and Peace, Emily Hahn's China to Me, Somerset Maugham's The Razor's Edge and a copy of the Saturday Review of Literature.

Frances, more than anyone else, noticed the change in Miley. When he first had come to see her in Washington, he was shy and close-mouthed among her Wave friends. He scarcely ever said a word when a discussion got under way. Now she couldn't shut him up. He chattered incessantly about the war and strategy and reconversion and politics and religion.

But the most permanent record of Miley's development was in his letters to Frances. His first letter to her was dated October 20, 1944, a short time after they first met on the bus. He wrote then:

*Dear Francis:* It has been two week since I last saw you. Are you still going to school? I want to but I got to wait till I hear from Veterans Administration. I am going to be in Washington in a few week. I got to go to see my former captain about some papers. If you have any free time when I get there how about seeing a show with me.

So long and good luck,
GENE.

This letter was written in a painful childish script and every word obviously had been checked in the dictionary before he wrote it. Nine words were erased and corrected.

On October 12, 1945, a little less than a year later, Frances received this letter:

*To my Angel:* I was in a bookstore this afternoon and saw a set of Shakespeare's plays. They are put up in two volumes. I know I said one time that I didn't think Shakespeare was so hot, but I changed my mind. Do you think I was foolish to buy them?

I'm sorry to hear that your mother's sister isn't any better. Is it the one I met? I hope your aunt soon gets well. I can't imagine either your mother or your aunt being sick. They seemed so jolly and full of life that evening we were together. Here's hoping the next letter I get will say she's well or at least greatly improved.

Well, Honey, one more week of high school! I'm not worried about any kind of studying I do from now on because I just can't fail with you backing me up. All my love,
GENE.

This letter was neatly typewritten. He had dashed it off between his physics and English classes at school.

One day last October, Miley climbed onto a streetcar and rode over to the University of Pennsylvania on the other side of town. He had only a few more hours of work to do then in order to qualify for a full-credit high-school diploma. He had completed three years of high school in exactly nine months.

At the University, he walked into a room filled with veterans and sat down. An instructor walked in and passed out papers. Ex-bricklayer's apprentice Eugene Miley was taking college-entrance examinations. When he finished, he was sure he had failed. The other veterans were nearly all former officers, or boys just recently out of high school. Miley, at twenty-eight, was easily the oldest man in the room.

Miley was so nervous and upset about the results that a week or so later Charlie Williams, the principal, phoned Dr. Sherman Oberly, dean of admissions at the University.

"Miley?" said Oberly. "Let's see. Verbal examination—the upper twenty per cent of the class; mathematics—the upper fifteen per cent; the social sciences—the upper ten per cent. An unusually high score, Mr. Williams. Miley can start classes, under the G. I. Bill of Rights, with the new freshman class on November first. That man should make a brilliant accountant someday."

When Miley heard this, he trembled all over and shook Charlie Williams' hand for nearly five minutes. Then he went home and sat for a long time among the welter of books and papers and cereals and crutches, staring silently off into space. Then he went downstairs and put through a long-distance phone call to Frances in Washington. He told Frances what had happened, and she began to cry with joy. She couldn't stop crying all night.




*"Can you direct me to the missing persons bureau?"*


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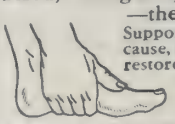
*Destroys all body odors*

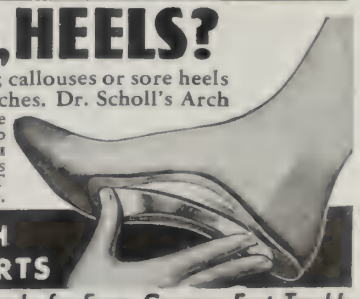
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*All-purpose* DEODORANT

Use this positive deodorant powder on sanitary napkins

PAIN IN FEET, LEGS, HEELS?

Tired, aching feet; rheumatic-like foot and leg pains; callouses or sore heels —these are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise give relief by removing the cause, muscular and ligamentous strain, and help restore your arches to normal. Expertly fitted in Shoe, Surgical Supply and Dept. Stores everywhere. FREE booklet on FOOT CARE, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago.





Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

*There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble*

Burpee's *Fancy Leaf* CALADIUM



Strikingly veined and variegated, in gorgeous reds, greens and whites. No two alike. Unique as house plants; effective in garden shade. Start early. Order NOW. 3 Bulbs 25c; 15 for $1, postpaid. *Burpee's Seed and Bulb Catalog Free.*

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W. Atlee Burpee Co.
471 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia 32, Pa. OR 471 Burpee Bldg., Clinton, Iowa

SELL FAMOUS SUNSHINE "EVERYDAY" CARDS

Take orders galore from friends, neighbors, relatives for entirely new creation "SUNSHINE NOTES." 21 FRENCH FOLDERS with tricky, appealing, beautifully colored designs for $1. Costs you as low as 50c per box. No greeting inside. Used for all occasions. No waste. Also complete line of New BEADED EVERYDAY BOXES, BIRTHDAYS, CONVALESCENT, EVERYDAY GIFT WRAPS. Be the first in your community to show this fast-selling new box. Send for complete catalog and sample on approval now.

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The color of a cloud blushing from the first pink kiss of dawn—you under Textron's newest "Shower." Of misty-light Vinylite* in delicate Translucent Rose. Waterproof . . . crease-resistant, mildew-resistant—tailored with the same precision-skill Textron* used in turning out parachutes for war. In Rose, Peach, Orchid, Yellow and Blue—all translucent. Also in Apple Green, Vivid Red, Royal Blue, Turquoise and Clear. $3.95 . . . at leading stores throughout the country. TEXTRON INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Listen to Helen Hayes in your favorite plays on Textron Theatre every Saturday p. m. on your local Columbia Broadcasting Station.

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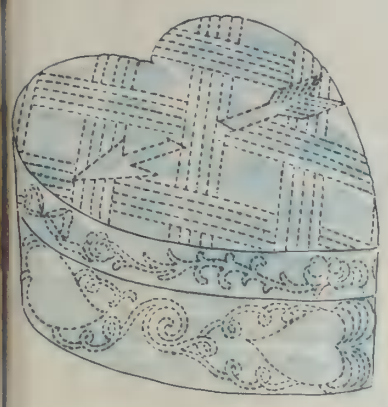
FABRICS • MENSWEAR • LINGERIE • HOSTESS COATS • HOME FASHION

# LOVELY TO LOOK AT...

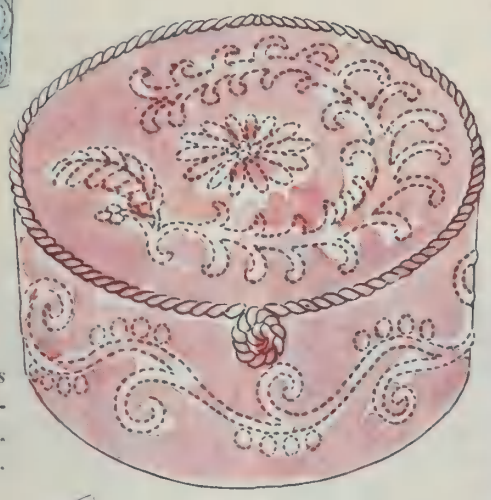
**Easy to make. A heart-shaped trinket box covered in taffeta or chintz; a lingerie case in turquoise satin. Trapunto quilting requires simplest stitches, is made easy with transfer patterns. Beginners can start with fabric remnants and make personal gifts which have a special newness and charm. Order patterns by number, 15c each transfer, from JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pa.**



*Flower-and-leaf design for a roll container for linens. Quilted fabric goes over a stiff mailing tube. 2231.*



*Heart-shaped slip cover over buckram foundation. Quilt and sew together. Pattern for trinket box included. 2232.*



*Ready-made cardboard hatboxes come in 12, 13, 14 inch sizes. Upholstery cording trims rim of box, which is covered in fabric. 2233.*

TRAPUNTO DESIGNS
BY KAY HARDY



*Lingerie, glove and handkerchief cases. Simplest stitches; easy for beginners. Lingerie folder. 2234; handkerchief, or glove envelope, 2235; lingerie case, 2236.*







## Things to think about
# BEFORE YOU BUY A NEW MATTRESS

**1. If you need a new mattress** (and if any kind will do) chances are you can go out and buy one *now*. BUT . . . if you want to enjoy the *glorious ease* . . . the *wonderful luxury* of the world's *most comfortable mattress*—it's wiser, *much wiser*, to wait *until Beautyrest is here!* The facts below will tell you why.




**2. Secret of Beautyrest's "Luxury Comfort"!** When you buy a new mattress, you *can't see* what's inside—yet it's important to *know*. In ordinary inner-spring mattresses, coil springs *are joined together*, go down *together*—forming uncomfortable hollows.

But Beautyrest's 837 coil springs are *independent*, yield *separately* to your hips, shoulders, legs. That's the secret of Beautyrest's buoyant, gloriously cushioned comfort! *Worth waiting for, isn't it?*



**3. Almost takes care of itself!** Yes, your wonderful new "luxury comfort" Beautyrest will practically take care of itself! Its patented "sag-proof" border will remain *firm, neat, resilient.*

The ingeniously ventilated sides will keep it *fresh* and *sanitary*. And its famous independent coil-spring construction will not sag or get lumpy. That's why you'll need turn your Beautyrest *no more than 4 or 5 times a year! Worth waiting for, isn't it?*



**4. 1¢ a night—a real bargain!** Yes, that's about all it will cost to enjoy Beautyrest's "luxury comfort"—for your Beautyrest will be guaranteed for a full 10 years. *(With proper care it can last even longer.)* Now, where in the world can you find a *better bargain* . . . a more reliable guarantee . . . or a *more comfortable mattress?*

Your new Beautyrest is certainly worth waiting for a *little longer*, isn't it?

Wait for **BEAUTYREST**—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

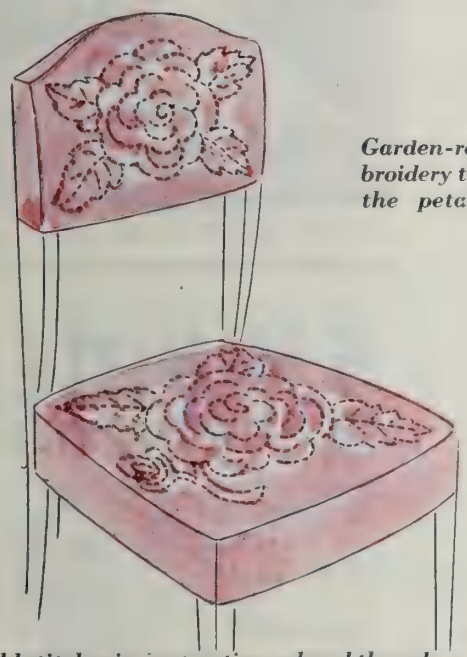
Made by **SIMMONS COMPANY**

# HANDMADE AND DECORATIVE



*Interlaced lattice pattern for pillow. Thick layer cotton wadding between pillow top and lining fabric. 2227.*

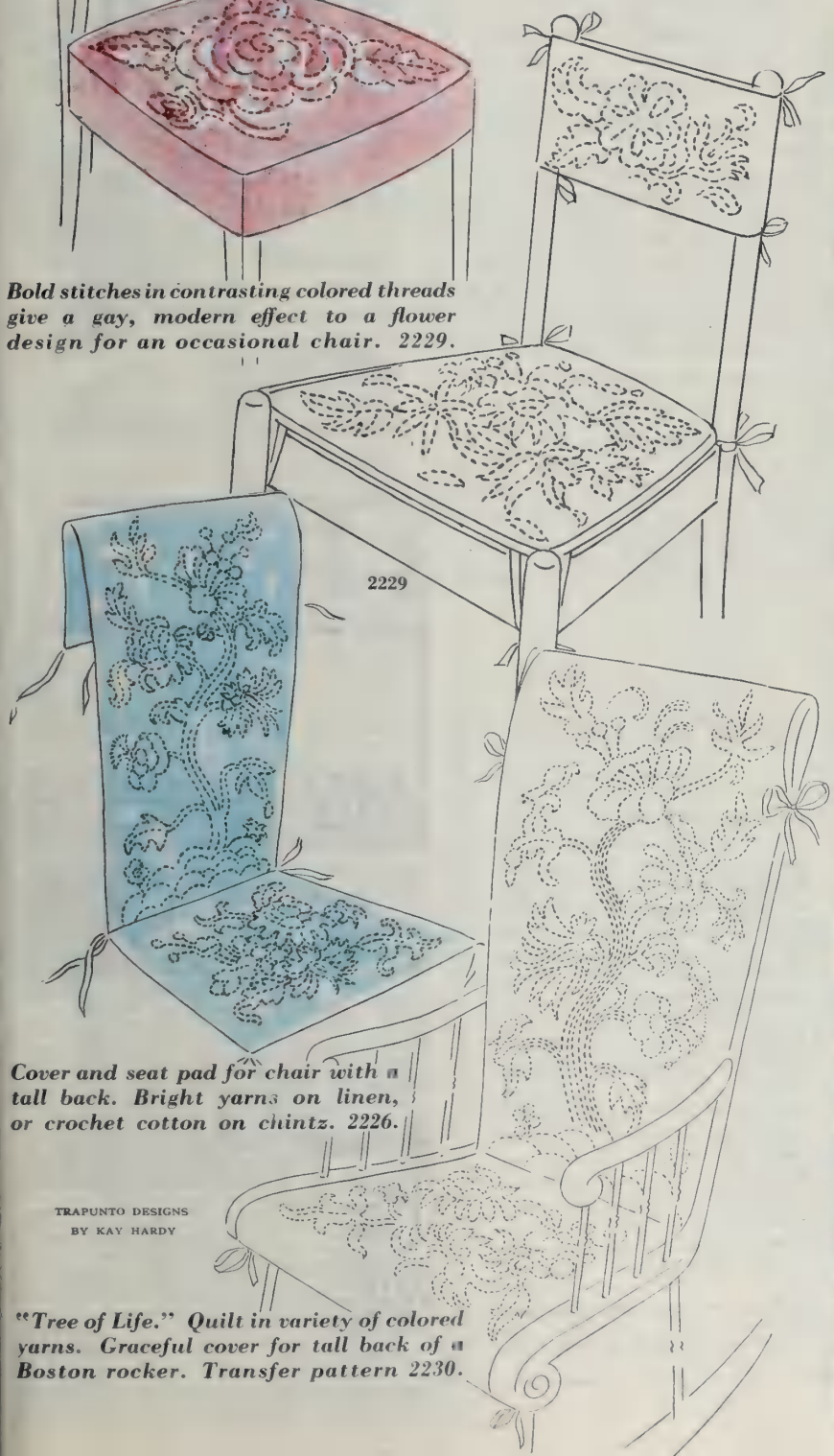
**Trapunto quilting—an old fashion with great charm—becomes modern, easy-to-do, quilting frame optional. Use extra padding, a bold up-and-down stitch for a cover in upholstery chintz or taffeta. It gives a new look to an old chair and has a fashion and elegance which will add grace to your rooms. Order patterns by number, sending 15 cents coins or stamps for each transfer, to JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Penna.**



*Garden-rose design. Quilt with heavy embroidery thread in contrasting colors. Stuff the petals with extra padding. 2228.*



*Bold stitches in contrasting colored threads give a gay, modern effect to a flower design for an occasional chair. 2229.*




*Cover and seat pad for chair with a tall back. Bright yarns on linen, or crochet cotton on chintz. 2226.*

TRAPUNTO DESIGNS
BY KAY HARDY

*"Tree of Life." Quilt in variety of colored yarns. Graceful cover for tall back of a Boston rocker. Transfer pattern 2230.*



© Corn Products Sales Co.

*A lesson in luxury . . .*

It's easy to enjoy the sheer, caressing luxury of pure linen sheets . . . merely launder your cotton sheets with Linit, the superior starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* like linen.

Linit is different . . . the thin, fluid Linit mixture *penetrates* the fabric, makes ironing easier and gives a soft, smooth, dust-resistant finish to all household fabrics.

*Sunny says:* It's so easy to use Linit . . . simple directions on every package . . . for starching all household fabrics, curtains, cotton dresses, children's clothes . . . even daintiest underthings are restored to "newness" by light Linit starching.




. . . adds
*the "finishing touch"*

# Quick APPLE PAN DOWDY



by Betty Crocker

■ **HOT SPICY SYRUP** bubbling around whole baked apples. Flaky crust, that you make just by adding cream to Bisquick (it's a blend of six home-type ingredients). An easy, low-sugar dessert. And delicious, say our General Mills foods staff. Ingredients for your Apple Pan Dowdy:

**6 Apples**
**About ½ cup Sugar**
**1 tsp. Cinnamon**
**Shortcake Dough**
(just cream + Bisquick; see package)

Place peeled, cored apples in shallow 6 x 10 inch baking dish. Sprinkle with one or two tbsp. water, and sugar and cinnamon mixed. Cover with shortcake dough. Prick top with fork. Bake about 45 minutes in moderately hot oven, 400°. Serve warm with cream.

• • •

***JUST ADD LIQUID*** to Bisquick for any biscuit dough. Use cream for richer doughs. Use milk for "plain" doughs (biscuits, meat pie crusts) or dumplings. Shortcut directions on Bisquick package.

**Dinner That's "Different" . . .**

* Individual Meat Loaves
Scalloped Potatoes Baked Squash
Crusty Enriched Rolls
Lettuce Wedges with French Dressing
Apple Pan Dowdy
*(Quick with Bisquick)*
Coffee Milk

* **Individual Meat Loaves:** Bake meat loaf mixture in greased muffin cups. Or shape into little loaves, about 3 inches long, and bake side by side in a greased shallow baking pan.

• • •

***"LIKE MOTHER MADE" ONLY QUICKER!*** There's so much homey goodness to things made with Bisquick. Why? It contains such fine home-type ingredients, so skilfully blended. Actually, Bisquick is calamity-proof. Try it and see! Grand, too, for muffins, waffles, pancakes.

**General Mills, Inc.**

"Bisquick" and "Betty Crocker" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

## MEET ANDREW BREIDENBACH

*(Continued from Page 182)*

surer masculine touch in collaboration on the P-40. During the first and worst months, it was Andy who did most of the food shopping. Pauline left the house only for a rapid trip to the supermarket on Saturday, leaving Andy in charge—she still can't make church with him, preferring to stick with her responsibility as secretary of the Sunday school. Then, the moment she returns, Andy dashes for church to carry out his deacon's function of passing the plate and ushering. Fortunately, Resurrection Lutheran Church—both the Breidenbachs were reared Lutheran—is only two blocks away.

Now that the little fellow makes another step toward recovery every few weeks, things are easier. Gradually he has worked into taking his own baths in the tub, into getting out of bed for an occasional meal, into sitting outside an hour or two in his chair, when weather permits. Latest and most thrilling privilege has been a weekly trip in the car to LaGuardia Airport, where the big transports swoop down and thunder away, trailing glamour for all small boys. It is hard for people who never dealt with TB to realize the emotional impact of these gradual bits of coming alive again, appearing successively as tokens of hard-earned hope and progress.

But the conscientious Breidenbachs stick to restrictions too. Even though infection is no longer a hazard, they keep Andrew's dishes and towels separate as ■ precaution, and any member of the family who gets ■ cold stays in absolute exile in the farthest reaches of the apartment until completely recovered.

Company is now allowed in moderation. Best of all, from the parents' point of view, is the home teacher, sent by the public schools for an hour and a half thrice weekly to get Andrew shifted back into an educational pattern. When he was sent to bed, he was about to be skipped a grade, and his bright, restless little mind badly needs the stimulus of the lessons that he has been so long without. Patience and tact are very necessary, however, to getting ■ sick child back into the study habit. Pauline comes through well again. On the alternate days, when teacher does not come, she "opens school" herself by giving tongue "ting-a-ling" at ten sharp. Toys and storybooks are swept off the gay counterpane, and spellers and readers appear. She keeps him at it only an hour and never scolds if listlessness sets in. Instead,

## Would You Choose A Different Husband

if you could go back and do it all again? "No!" says pretty thirty-three-year-old Kitty Quinn. If she were to go back and make any revisions, she'd start by marrying handsome John Quinn the moment she met him at Miss Kate McCafferty's Dancing Academy—then there would have been three *more* fun-filled years with her extravagantly Irish husband and the nine young Quinns. It's a big job for Kitty. She hangs out eighteen sheets, twenty diapers on washday, packs five lunch boxes on school days, serves eleven suppers every night. John's not-so-big income leaves little room for luxuries, but there's no limit to the laughter and chatter that fill their neat six-room house when eleven Quinns are home in full force. Don't miss this sturdy, good-natured family in

*How America Lives*
IN THE MARCH JOURNAL


Frenchy says:
"HERE'S A TIP... French's Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to health and song for your canary!"
French's Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED

5-MINUTE MOTH-PROTECTION
Spray your woolens now with quick and easy Hex! Scientific tests prove that *moths absolutely will not harm fabrics treated with Hex.* No storing away or wrapping necessary!
A Koppers product.
MY FAVORITE CHAIR RUINED!
HEX PUTS THE HEX ON MOTHS!

WOMEN EARN MONEY EASY WITH GORGEOUS EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS
Earn extra money—easy! Visit friends, neighbors and show them magnificent Assortments Everyday Greeting Cards. Gorgeous 16-Card All Occasion Assortment for only $1.00—big profit for you—includes exquisite Cards for Birthdays, Get-Well, Baby Birth, Friendship, Sympathy, Anniversary. Other fast-selling complete Assortments including Birthday, Get-Well, Humorous, Easter, Sympathy, Gift-Wrapping. All exquisite, new, exclusive designs—glorious colors—thrilling values. Personal Stationery. Make big earnings—full or spare time. Also excellent fund-raising opportunity for organizations.
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Transform bare, drab shelves with beautiful Royledge Shelving. Takes only ■ few minutes . . . lay Royledge on shelves and fold. See gay patterns at 5-and-10's, naborhood, dept. stores.
9 feet — 6¢
Royledge SHELVING



CLEANS WINDOWS WITHOUT WATER
NEW CHEMICAL MITT
Sensational! DRY Window Cleaner! Uses no water, no messy liquids. Chemically Treated. Simply glide over windows; leaves glass sparkling clear. No heating water, no heavy buckets to carry. No rags, powders, sponges, chamois. No mess or muss. No red chapped hands. Dust, dirt, grime, fog disappear like magic. *Wonderful for auto windows, windshields!*
SAMPLES FOR AGENTS Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. SEND NO MONEY—*just your name.* KRISTEE CO., 1352 Bar Street, AKRON, OHIO.

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LINENS, SOX, HOSIERY
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Use the original, genuine hot iron Press-On Fabric Mender, Sox Mender, Hosiery Mender. 10¢ all notion counters. SEND 10¢ FOR MENDING BOOK ■ FREE SAMPLE.
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WE PAY YOU $25
FOR SELLING FIFTY $1 ASSORTMENTS of Birthday, All-Occasion cards. Tremendous demand. Sell for $1.00—your profit 50¢. It costs nothing to try. Write today.
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WRITE FOR SAMPLES

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EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU
SELL GREETING CARDS AND PERSONAL STATIONERY
Take easy orders from friends, neighbors. Sell beautiful $1.00 All Occasion Assortment. Costs you 50¢ up per box. Also Birthday, Baby Congratulation, Gift Wrapping, Humorous, Scripture Text assortments 25¢ up. Up to 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Request $1.00 Everyday assortment on approval and Free Stationery portfolio. Special Offer.
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FREE SAMPLES Name imprinted Stationery



DISCOVERED AT LAST!

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DON'T SCATTER DUST!

DUSORB absorbs dust




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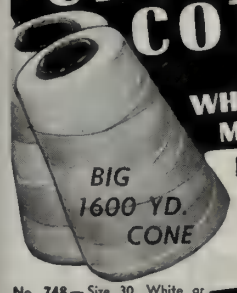
Just saturate any cloth or mop with Dusorb, let dry and dust everything easier and better. Dusorb treated cloth or mop leaves surface immaculate. 50c and $1. At leading department, grocery and hardware stores. If not yet obtainable, order direct.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

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CROCHET COTTON

SIZE 30 WHITE OR ECRU MERCERIZED




NOW . . . crochet all the lovely things you want!

No. 748—Size 30, White or Ecru Crochet Cotton . . . just what you've been looking for! This firmly twisted, fine quality, mercerized cotton, wound on a convenient cone is ideal for crocheting all the things you've wanted — tablecloths, scarfs, chair sets, doilies, edgings, etc. Order one or more of this big 1600 yd. cone of fine crochet cotton, only $1.00 postpaid. 100% satisfaction or your money back. No C.O.D.'s under $2.00, please. Order by number, and give color.

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1600 YD. CONE
IDEAL FOR TABLECLOTHS SCARFS, DOILIES CHAIR SETS EDGINGS

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MINOR REPAIRS made easy for WOMEN



Burnt Pot Handles...

Scrape away burnt part. Fill in with PLASTIC WOOD. Mold to original shape. Dries and hardens quickly.

Tube or Can




NO MUSS—NO FUSS
PLASTIC WOOD
A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

Real-A-Peel



New Household Knife of Many Uses
PARES•CORES•GRATES

Only 15¢ at Leading Stores Everywhere

Prepare fruits and vegetables with patented Real-A-Peel . . . quick, easy! Handy scoop makes fast work of pitting, hulling, de-eyeing. Sturdy one piece all metal; won't come apart.

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THE TARRSON CO., Chicago 11, Ill.


she says with just enough burlesque of severity, "Now, Andrew, I'm going to have to send a note home to your mother. Think of the example you're setting the other children!" Which Andrew, who has a sense of humor as sharp as it is unmistakable, loves.

In the early days Pauline kept a reserve supply of dime-store toys and comic books to be drawn on when the first symptom of fretfulness appeared. It worked like a charm on this sweet-natured youngster, who often urges his mother to "go out to the movies with daddy. I'll be O.K., mom—go on, I don't need you at all."

There was worry about oversensitive nerves for a while. To cut down the wear and tear of Christmas, they divided up festivities, with Andrew getting his presents Christmas Eve and the rest of the family holding off till next day. But even so, when Andrew saw the little tree on the dining table with the bright packages spread underneath, all for him, he burst into uncontrollable tears. Now, with schoolwork and excursions, things are much better and he can more easily follow the lady doctor's comradely exhortation to "let your mother do the worrying—your job is to get well."

The called-for diet, including much choice red meat as well as supplementary tomato and orange juice, would have been a serious wartime problem if the local ration board had not readily supplied the extra points that the doctor requested, and if the Breidenbachs' butcher had not been a fine guy about putting special somethings aside for the sick boy, never mind what the other customers got.

All such special measures are expensive, of course, but Andy is long used to taking it on the financial chin. In the past two years the medical load on income has been all the heavier for Audree's tooth straightening, which always costs like smoke. Any ideas Andy had of putting away a nest egg against the youngsters' college have gone glimmering. Still, his shoulders are broad and his industry bottomless. This apparently Irish but actually strictly German-descended good citizen early learned hard work and thrifty habits.

If they ever get out from under their present difficulties, maybe the talent for thrift can reassert itself. Right now the major problem is finding new corners to cut. Andy hasn't had a new suit in two years or an overcoat in six, though his business calls for neat dressing. Pauline's clothes budget is a wry family joke: "I don't go anywhere, so what do I need of clothes?" a point made wistfully but with perfect honesty. Andy lugs the heavy washing personally to the laundry plant—they have no washing machine—to save 15 per cent, and Pauline rips Andrew's worn sheets down the middle and rehems them—if they get too bad, they are cut up for pillow slips. But things are already changing a little. She actually saw a movie the other night and enjoyed it. Not that it would matter to her if she never stepped outside the house again, provided her shockheaded, brisk-chirping boy was all right.

The Breidenbachs are making a brilliant success out of second best. First best would have been ample sanatorium room—Andrew had to wait months before he could even get into the one they tried—in a setup especially aimed at children, whose needs in pulmonary TB are by no means identical with those of adolescents or adults. Society did not do right by this family in their time of need.

But they are not bitter at all. The little fellow is coming along—the doctors say so, the X rays say so, Pauline's heart says so. Now, when he is tucked away, sleeping his healing sleep, and she sits by the radio knitting a pair of mittens for Audree and waiting for Andy to come home, she can recall without wanting to cry young Andrew's inevitable answer when somebody asks what he wants to be:

"I want to be in the Coast Guard. The Navy's O.K., but it won't have much to do when I'm grown up because there won't be any wars."


FOR KITCHEN EFFICIENCY
Cook, Serve, Store and See with McKEE

that Trout

will look (and cook) doubly grand on a McKee Glasbake Fish Platter

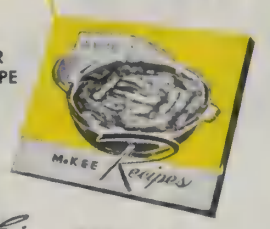


done to a King's taste and a Queen's pleasure




this beautiful and practical fish platter is another of the outstanding products by the makers of the most complete line of glass cooking ware in the world.

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A few McKee glass cooking utensils



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McKEE GLASBAKE OVEN WARE Reg. U.S.A.

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QUALITY GLASSWARE SINCE 1853

## Your longing....

You want a modern "workshop"... where everything's arranged for an easy flow of work. No dingy corners. No dust-catching cracks. Everything light ... airy ... beautiful and practical!



## Our layout....



Here you are! Another "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"* designed by the Gas industry. Not just a roomful of streamlined units ... but everything carefully thought out to cut down on waste motion, fatigue. (Note the pleasant laundry or utility room right off the kitchen...no more "blue Mondays")! Best of all there'll even be a new kind of freedom from unwanted cooking odors, heat and dirt.

# A kitchen that takes the "irk" out of work

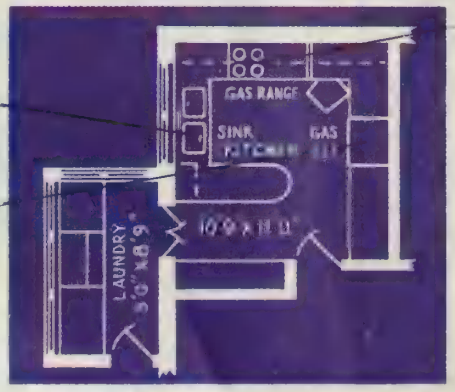


KITCHEN-LAUNDRY COMBINATION...ANOTHER "NEW FREEDOM GAS KITCHEN" DESIGN

It's a charming yet efficient dual work-center. And—like every other "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"—it's designed around 3 essentials:

**BETTER-THAN-EVER-AUTOMATIC WATER HEATING!** No use planning for one of the new automatic dishwashers or washing machines—unless you have the abundant supply of hot water that a new Gas water-heater gives you ... reliably, economically.

**FOOD STORAGE—PLUS!** A wonderfully silent Gas refrigerator so *spacious* it saves hours of marketing time. Stores more frozen foods ... keeps *all* foods fresh longer!




**A RANGE THAT'S TOPS IN COOKING PERFECTION!** What's the use of a beautiful kitchen without an "A No. 1" Gas range ... with automatic *clock controls*, a smokeless broiler and "speed demon" top-burners! Start building your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" around one of these ultra-modern Gas ranges—*today*. And look for this CP seal!

CP TRADE MARK · A.G.A.C.M.

GAS

THE WONDER FLAME THAT COOLS AS WELL AS HEAT

*Copyright 1946, American Gas Association

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATIO

## BEDSIDE MANNERS

(Continued from Page 187)

elieves the fatigue and boredom of lying in ed, but a bath does so much toward making ıe sick person feel more like his usual well-roomed self.

Before you begin, have the room com-ortably warm, all windows closed, all drafts ıut out. Gather everything you'll need—a asin of warm water, a pitcher of hot for re-lls, soap, washcloths, towels—in a conven-nt place. Protect the bed table, if you use , with paper towels or a bath mat. Check our supplies carefully—when your patient's l soapy and dewy is no time to discover ıat the towels are still in the linen closet. f course, wash your own hands first and re-ıove all jewelry.

It's a good idea to keep a soft, old blanket ıst for baths, to wrap your patient in after moving all bedclothing. An extra shower ırtain covered with a Turkish towel would e good for protecting the mattress. If you ıove the bathee to the side of the bed, close you, you will find that your job will be ıuch easier.

The trick is to do a small portion com-letely, while keeping the rest of the body hich isn't being washed covered cozily. on't ever let the washcloth become drippy!

Face first, then one m—washed, rinsed, ried and tucked back nder the enveloping lanket before there's ıy chance for goose esh! Then the other m, then the chest, nd so on down to ıe last toe.

A dash of rubbing cohol or a favorite ghtly scented co-gne, then a dusting bath powder, make pleasant finish for ıe back or wherever ere's any pressure. ut in this cold eather, don't forget warm the alcohol st. B-r-r-r—what a illy shock that can e!

Soap-and-water ampoos really ouldn't be at-mpted by anyone ut a graduate nurse. est for an amateur keep her patient's air looking attractive by brushing and rub-ng it with towels, using a prepared dry ampoo or a bit of hair tonic on absorbent tton.

### ISINFECTING LINENS ND UTENSILS

Bed linens, towels and pajamas can be aced at once to soak in a large receptacle lled with cold water, to which a little wash-g soda has been added. When it's conven-nt during the day, boil them in the same ater. Afterward they can go safely into the gular laundry.

Washbasins and bedpans should be scalded ch day, and when the illness is all over, oiled for fifteen minutes.

### UIET, PLEASE

Small repeated noises—a curtain flapping, clock ticking, high heels tapping on a bare oor, newspapers rustling stealthily—can ritate a sick person to distraction, much ıore than one big crash of a tray!

A drinking tumbler placed upside down ver the clock or watch, which you really eed to have in a sickroom, will muffle its cking. A towel folded over both doorknobs ill prevent the door from being jarringly ammed.

### WENTY-FOUR-HOUR DUTY

You'll probably find it best to get up at ast a half hour earlier than usual so you can give your patient breakfast before the rest of the family appears.

Write the doctor's orders, with the proper time for giving each treatment or medicine indicated, on a chart and fit your housework into the chinks around those. An alarm clock or timing clock will be a big help to summon you out of the kitchen or wherever you're working, when it's time for another dose of medicine.

Mrs. Breidenbach often combines her housework with keeping Andrew company. For example, she always irons in the dining room, from which his friendly many-windowed room, formerly the living room, opens. For the whole afternoon they talk and sing together, with "Beep," the canary, whistling an accompaniment, while shirts and sheets are smoothed beneath her flying iron.

After breakfast, a person who's ill usually likes to rest and perhaps read a bit, before being made ready for the day. This is your chance to take care of menu planning, ordering, straightening up of living rooms, or any pressing household duty.

Then do your patient's room and give him his bath, change the bed and settle him with books or toys, if amusements are permitted. If he's well enough to enjoy a radio, be sure it's placed where he can reach the controls and tune in favorite programs.

Your patient should have lunch, too, before the rest of the family. Afterward, while he's napping, try to fit in a few minutes' rest for yourself.

You'll find that a bed patient is likely to be a bit fretful and weary in the late afternoon. That's when a soothing alcohol rub (if prescribed by the doctor), a refreshing face wash and brush up, straightening his room and plumping up pillows, will do much to make him feel happier.

After supper, "unwinding" toward sleeptime is essential to your patient's welfare. If he's allowed to have visitors, try to screen out the well-meaning but misguided ones who are mournful or noisily jovial.

Before lights out, another freshening up, back rub, perhaps a hot-water bottle at the feet or a cup of warmed milk may help him relax. Then—absolute quiet.

### NURSE'S AIDES

If the doctor says "plenty of fruit juices," be sure they're fresh and chilled. A generous vacuum bottle on the bedside table allows the patient who is able to help himself.

Remember to pour medicine from a bottle with the label side *up*. That way, sticky trickles won't obliterate instructions.

If your patient, too, is a little boy, perhaps you'll like Mrs. Breidenbach's idea of having Andrew wear shirts in bed during the day. She feels that not only is it good psychologically, but that he feels fresher when he changes into pajamas at night.

A number of good, simply covered pillows, little ones and big ones, will be invaluable in keeping your patient comfortable. Use them for all they're worth.

### TO YOUR HEALTH!

Much as we like to write of things that will be helpful to you, we sincerely hope this is one batch of information you'll have little use for! At least not for more than a day or two, nursing the mildest kind of sniffle.

## *The Transient Child*

**By Bernice Bunn Christman**

**Beneath the pink all little daughters wear**
**She would have moved, mist-soft, slipping our hands;**
**Her thoughts, stirring their strange uncatchable strands,**
**Put drifts of edge-and-tremble at her hair.**
**And when we sat, her face against my breast,**
**I knew her transcience; she was still a part**
**Of the moon and leaves that stirred the window space,**
**Covering her with half-remembered lace.**


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***BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO SKINS!***

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THE VISKING CORPORATION, 6733 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

*P. S. Write today for free* SKINLESS *recipe booklet.*

## WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT

*(Continued from Page 47)*

Worcestershire sauce. Add 1 tablespoon of grated onion. So far so good. And now to go farther. Flatten out the raw chicken breasts firmly. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper.

Spread a generous amount of the liver mixture on each chicken breast, keeping it well in toward the center. Lay a sliver of butter or margarine, about the size of a nickel, and a leg bone on each breast. Roll the chicken up around the leg bones; be careful to keep the pâté from oozing out. Oozing is like driving in the center of the road. Soon there's nothing left. Secure in several places with toothpicks. Chill the rolled breasts and then roll in fine cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs again (just the old croquette stuff), being sure that every spot is covered with egg and crumbs.

Fry in deep fat about five minutes. Keep heat fairly low, about 350° F., after first quick browning, so chicken will be sure to be cooked and browned. Take out the toothpicks. (Save for kindling.) Fry just before serving, so that, when the chicken is cut into, the center will be very soft and juicy.

Serve with a good cream sauce. Or you might try a musical note here. A valentine sauce called:

### SAUCE FIGARO

To 1 pint of rich cream sauce add ¼ to ⅓ cup of canned tomato sauce or Italian tomato paste. Season with salt and pepper and Worcestershire sauce—but go easy on the last named.

***Would you have thought it?*** When you see a nice, large, not too rocky avocado in the greengrocer's window, do you instinctively think of salad and shrimp? Put it from you and take home the avocado to another destiny. It will repay you as a nickel in the street found at the full of the moon. Of course you know what that brings you. But that isn't the way I discovered a magical use for avocados, and one worthy of this occasion and many others.

### AVOCADO FRITTERS

Peel a large avocado and cut it in rings. Have ready the juice of 1 lemon to which you have added ½ teaspoon of chili powder and 2 tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce or any other highly seasoned sauce. Lay the avocado rings in this mixture for ten or fifteen minutes. Remove and season very well with salt and pepper. Dip in crumbs, then in beaten egg and then in crumbs again, and fry in deep hot fat at 375° F., just long enough to brown. They cook as quick as you can say "knife"—or almost. Drain on paper towels. You can fry these fritters first and keep them hot. They act better in the warming oven than the chicken breasts. But hot they ought to be.

Now arrange your platter with a bed of perfectly boiled rice, the chicken breasts and the avocado fritters on slices of sautéed pineapple. You'll find a harmony of flavors here like the strings of a symphony.

### ASPARAGUS WITH LEMON BUTTER

Well, it will probably have to be canned or frozen, and very good too. That is, unless you come across the first shoots crowding up as you shovel out the clothesline. It's likely to be frozen then, all right. Cook the asparagus. Drain it well. Melt ¼ cup of butter or margarine. Add 2 tablespoons of lemon juice and 1 teaspoon or so of grated peel. Heat and beat to a singing froth, and there you are. Don't forget what you made it for. It's to be poured over the asparagus. Don't forget now.

Now to plan your valentine salad. There are thousands of them—and here is one I know you'll like.




**Even the Youngest Cook** in the family knows how easy it is to turn out tempting muffins with Duff's Hot Muffin Mix. A bowl, a spoon, a cup of water and Duff's are all you need. And you can count on perfect results every time!

*Tasty Tea-Time Muffins*

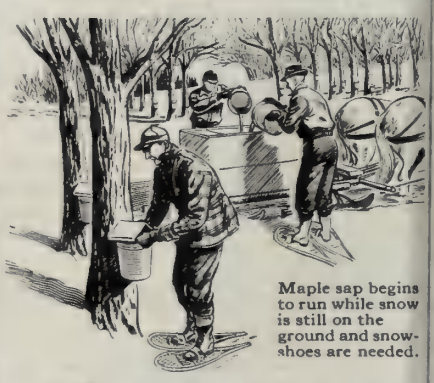
Add ½ to 1 cup of shredded coconut, chopped dates, or chocolate bits to batter before baking

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping




with Duff's **ADD WATER** —that's all!

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**Vermont Maid Syrup**

### ENDIVE SALAD FRANÇAISE

**A simple endive salad dressed with a good French dressing as a base is just the ticket, as the boys are wont to put it. Add some chopped cress and chopped anchovies to the dressing. Some of those rolled anchovies, looking like little toy sea urchins taking an afternoon nap, are used as a garnish.**

***A sentimental cake.*** The old moss roses that grew in grandmother's garden and are valiantly trying to survive in mine have always appeared in every valentine I ever got. And roses are a part of love, aren't they? Surely if there is a valentine cake, it should be this one.

### MOSS-ROSE CAKE

Any delicate white cake is all right if it *is* all right, for this. Put the layers together with an almond-cream filling.

### ALMOND-CREAM FILLING

**Take ¼ cup of flour and mix with ¾ cup of sugar and a little salt. Beat 2 eggs well, add 2 cups of scalded cream. Beat this slowly into the dry ingredients. Cook in a saucepan over low heat until thick. Beat very smooth with a wire whisk or egg beater. Cool and flavor with ½ teaspoon of vanilla and ½ teaspoon of almond flavoring. Put the three layers of cooled white cake together with the almond-cream filling. Frost the cake with a 3-egg-white boiled icing, or seven-minute icing. And who doesn't know what that is? Now here is where the moss comes in! Sprinkle the top and sides thickly with chopped unsalted pistachio nuts. (It takes about ½ pound of nuts, but it's a valentine, remember.) Make your rosebuds with a butter icing made with confectioner's sugar put through a pastry tube.**

To go with the cake are valentines you can eat. The pink deliciousness of them will soon be only another memory. Maybe you'll want to cherish and treasure it. But one thing is sure—you can't keep ice cream indefinitely. So forget the bureau drawer and the old memento trunk up in the attic. And enjoy your valentines while ye may.

### CHERRY-ICE-CREAM VALENTINES

**Drain 1 can of pitted red sour cherries thoroughly. Soften an envelope of unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup of cold water. Cook 1 cup of cherry juice and 1 cup of sugar to a thick sirup. Pour in a fine stream on 4 egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry, beating constantly. Dissolve the softened gelatin over hot water and fold into the egg-white mixture. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken. Then fold in 2 cups of heavy cream, beaten stiff, and 2 teaspoons of lemon juice. Now add the cherry pulp, which has been put through a food chopper or puréed through a strainer and drained. Pour into one large or two small freezing trays. Set the refrigerator up to the coldest position. Freeze until firm without stirring. Warm the bottom of the tray a very little by using a cloth wrung out of hot water. Turn the ice cream out on a board. Cut out quickly with a heart-shaped cutter. Return the hearts to the freezing trays. Keep some distance apart. The remainder of the ice cream can be put in a mold or another freezing tray. After about half an hour's rechilling, pipe whipped cream around the edges of the hearts. Refreeze another half hour or so.**

***Who should know better!*** And now let me tell you a secret. When I was seven I had a lover and we were engaged—via the valentine route. But somewhere a hitch occurred. A drawback, let us say. He began to take to Sunday-school picnics and socials a more lissome lass and one whose mother let her hair run wild and who didn't have to wear spectacles. And so I thought, "A fig for all your valentines." I was jilted and knew it. But I bore up. Heartbreak, like eggs Benedict and carrots, was never my dish. I still get valentines. Love comes to me through the U. S. mail. And this little supper I planned as my valentine to you.





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**CREAMY** peanut butter and pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine combine to make this luscious chiffon pie a real "company" dessert. (And Knox, a supplementary protein, adds nutrition to every dish!) Here's the easy recipe.

**ALSO,** here's a grand time-saver salad for everyday meals. Like all treats made with Knox Gelatine and fresh vegetables or fruits, it's brimming with garden-fresh flavor! For more Knox recipes, see address below.

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A·1 SAUCE

For Kitchen Sorcery!

Just add a few drops of A•1 Sauce to such household familiars as *hash, stew, fish, chicken croquettes, baked beans, gravy,* and watch your man start sniffing, the moment he enters the door.

*G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.*

The DASH that makes the DISH



# Curly Hair

# HOMEMADE STYLE

*Thousands of nimble-fingered American women are wearing homemade permanent ringlets this season. Here is how they do it.*

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** Hair and scalp should be healthy before undertaking *any* experimental treatment. Bleached or dyed hair requires special handling. *Always study directions in the package carefully, and follow them exactly.*

WOMEN who hear of the home permanent for the first time immediately ask such questions as, "Is it terribly difficult? Is it good for all hair? Does it cost much? Does it take hours and hours? Could I do it?" We decided to find out the answers for ourselves. On this page are pictures of some of the young women who were members of a group who volunteered to do a home-waving operation, so that we could report it to you.

**Is this wave all right for any kind of hair?** The texture of the hair does not matter, but *be sure hair and scalp are in good health.*

**What length should the hair be for best results?** The most manageable, easy-to-wind length is from three to six inches. Since these curls are made by rolling the hair from the end up toward the scalp, it is obvious that a long strand when wound up becomes too bulky to curl successfully. Although short hair is best, it is possible to give a soft pageboy turn to longish hair.

**How long does it take?** This depends somewhat on your skill as a winder, and on whether you have any assistance. On an average, our volunteers found the job took about six hours, exclusive of drying after final setting.

**Is it too difficult for the average woman to attempt?** *No,* provided you adhere closely to the directions. For your own peace of mind you may want to make a test curl first. If so, you had better do this the day before you are planning the all-over wave. Have hair properly cut in advance, so you won't have to cut off any of your precious curl afterward. Wind smoothly and firmly, but don't stretch the hair. *Follow the directions in your package.*

**How much does it cost?** There are a number of kits on the market, varying in price from less than a dollar to about two dollars. In some sets the solutions are already mixed. In others, water must be added to dry ingredients.

**What does a set include?** All sets contain a wave preparation, a second preparation for neutralizing or setting the hair, and a bunch of curlers. There may also be a supply of small tissue squares to fold over the hair under the curler. This prevents frizzy ends. If no papers are supplied, very good ones can be made by cutting waxed sandwich paper into strips about two by four inches. About fifty curlers are usually supplied. This is enough for an average head, but if hair is heavy, an extra supply may be necessary. One of our ingenious testers made herself extra curlers out of twisted brown paper.





*After shampoo and clear-water rinse, partly dried hair is di-ded. Work from front to back.*



*Inch-square strands are wet with wave solution; wound on curlers. nds are folded in tissue strips.*



*Completely wound in curlers, and dampened with wave solu-on, hair is turbaned for three hours.*



**4** More soaking—*alternating fresh water and neutralizer, with great care. A most important step.*



**5** *At last: rinsed and ready for styling. Yes, those ringlets are permanent; at least for a couple of months!*



**6** Final result: *soft curls, after about six hours' intermittent work.* Good rainy-day homework.

PHOTOS BY STEPHENSON AND STUART

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

# "Away with Fingertip Monotony..."

**Here's the newest strategy of allure!**



## Daytime Drama for the Exciting Titian

Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III always changes her fingertip make-up to fit each occasion. For a suave afternoon costume, she does the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick"—applies Dura-Gloss *Clover* from the *moons over the tips.*



Daytime and Sports Costumes from Mary Lewis. Jewelry from Georg Jensen

## Evening Elegance for the Radiant Blonde

Celia Babcock, of "I Remember Mama," loves this newest fingertip strategy. For evening allure, she uses the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" method—*covers her nails completely* with Dura-Gloss *Fuchsia.*

## Outdoor Strategy for the Striking Brunette

Theo Graham, fashion design student, finds Dura-Gloss makes it easy to change her polish for each costume. Using the Dura-Gloss "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss *Red Pepper* to her fingertips, *leaving moons and tips exposed,* for a crisp, outdoor costume.

## GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!

*So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique*




**1.** Quick Trick

For lasting fingertip allure try this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*two* coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

**2.** Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

*Every fashionable shade of nail polish made is made by Dura-Gloss*

**It's charged with excitement...**

# DURA-GLOSS

**Fingertip Allure**

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Chicago 9 · New York 16 · Newton Falls, Ohio

*Look for this famous emblem—the hall-mark of quality living room furniture*




*A high-style sofa from the PULLMAN Heirloom Group*

# I NEED YOU AGAIN

*(Continued from Page 21)*

After dinner they went in to look at the geraniums. When they returned, the captain was laughing. He slapped his thigh. "Shore, you'll get the hang of it, George. All you got to do is keep believin' them li'l' flowers'll grow, an' they'll grow."

"You see, Cathy," George said. "The captain says they'll be okay."

She didn't say anything. She smiled, and the captain went on to explain how George got the urge to grow things when he saw the African desert and the destroyed lands of Sicily and Southern Italy.

She listened for a time and then excused herself to write letters. She could hear them talking about moving to Texas, the things they would need the first year, the careful business of salt for cattle, branding, feed, fencing. The captain knew some good hands who had once worked the old Empire ranch in Arizona. She wanted to write to her mother, but her mother had a way of reading things into letters, and right now she felt terribly unsure of herself because she felt she ought to believe in him. She tried to think that this was something they talked of, the way grown men played a game of planning hunting and fishing trips that never would come off. Nothing more than that. She would not consider it seriously. George had always lived in the city, his life was here, his business.

That was the annoying thing about the captain. He did not belong to George's real life. He was left over from the Army. Before this, they had always known the same people, but now she no longer knew his friends. And for some reason these new friends seemed nearer to him, the best he had ever known. She had grown tired of hearing their names—Brady, Brisansky, Skeet Millrose, Halstead—how wonderful they all were. Except for the captain, she had known none of them, and they all seemed unreal, even comic, to her. She was glad, of course, that George had done so well. He went through basic training and advanced from a private through OCS to a first lieutenancy. But there her understanding of his time away from her ended, and she wanted to forget about it.

She heard the captain preparing to leave, and she went out and shook hands with him and asked him to come again soon. He looked at her curiously, with neither approval nor dislike. She had never seen such a cool, hard expression, but he smiled and held her hand for a moment.

"Don't worry," he said. "Everything's going to be fine."

"Oh, I'm not worried."

"I mean, you'll like Texas. It's not like this, and I guess it's hard for a woman to move from a city when she's used to it. But it's a fine house."

"Oh," she said. She dropped his hand and looked at George.

GEORGE was smiling. He clapped the captain on his shoulder and said he'd see him at lunch, and the captain said that was fine and nodded to her and went out. She waited for George to say something, but he crossed the room and opened the cigarette box and held it to her. She shook her head. She watched him light his cigarette.

"Well?" he said.

"He's very attractive, isn't he?"

"Oh, sure. I knew you'd like him."

"Was he a good officer?"

"The best. He's a good guy all around. And he knows ranching."

She saw that he was enthusiastic and wanted to talk about it at length, and she was tired. She didn't want to hear it now when she was so tired and confused. She would hold her peace and see what evolved.

"Look, this isn't just an idea, Cathy. I can make a go of it. I wouldn't drag you into anything that would fold over our ears and leave us high and dry. This is a cinch."

"Hugh Campbell thought it was a cinch when he took up fox farming and dragged Madge away from here. Now he can't get back in again. But, darling, I'm tired, and I don't want to talk about it now."

"But I've been trying to talk to you about this for a long time, Cathy. You would never listen. You seemed to think it was a crazy idea I'd soon forget—like trick photography or any of those hobbies I had before the war. It's not. I've been thinking about it since we were in Africa, like the captain said. I have a real need to try this thing."

She could see herself in the mirrored wall. She looked young and innocent with her hair like that. She bent down and turned off the table lamp. "Let's not talk now, darling."

He said something under his breath.

"Please," she said softly, "don't be mean to me. I *want* to believe it will be all right, only—only, maybe I'm afraid. That's it. Darling, I didn't go through all the fighting part. I didn't learn how to be brave and simply go along on enough food and water and sleep. I've got to have other things to keep me together—to make me brave."

He was not listening.

The rest of the week he did not mention the ranch. He was very busy, and twice he called to say he would be out for dinner. On one of these nights she worked late in her own office on a new fabric design.

On Sunday he got up early and went out without saying where he would be. She had breakfast in bed and wrote her mother and talked on the telephone. She felt happy and certain that the worst part of this would be over soon. Everyone said she had a fine marriage, and she knew this was so because everything was measured and defined. They were city people. George had a good business. She had interesting work. They knew charming people. They loved each other. That was partly why the Texas thing frightened her. Everything would change then: her whole life, George's work, her work, their friends; nothing would be measured or defined. George said she sang songs of doubt. Perhaps that was true, but it might also be wise in this case.

That evening George was more quiet than usual, but she said nothing about the ranch. She was carefully turning the pages of a fashion magazine, not reading or truly seeing the pictures, but holding the corners of the page tightly so that the magazine would not slip against her satin house coat. She had a sudden, rising feeling of panic as if a voice said to her, *Cathy, it's over now. Sing your little songs of doubt; it's over between you and George if you continue opposing him either silently or in words.*

"What?" she said.

"I said I'm leaving for Texas Wednesday." He slouched in his big chair. It was one of those times when he had his Army manner, a voice full of certainty, his mouth set, the strange way of looking at her that made her uneasy.

"I see."

HE leaned forward, coming into the mirror's scope. "I want to go, Cathy. I *need* to go. And it's no surprise to you."

"I know," she said. The vision of herself moved, trembled, sank into stillness in the mirror. "Still, I kept hoping you would change your mind."

"No."

"I guess we've talked it out then, haven't we?"

"No. I want you to come, Cathy. There's no reason why we can't be as happy there as we are here. We'll be together. Only it'll be different and new, and I think we can make a go of it, don't you?"

She was thinking of poor Madge Campbell living up there in a trailer in Darien. She couldn't answer him. She did not believe there was a chance for them if they changed the smallest part of their life together.

"You think I can't make a go of it, don't you?"

"George, I didn't say that."

"But you're thinking it."

"I don't know." She looked at him. "George, you're good in your own field. That's something you know very well. Now you've got an idea you want to change everything—just like that. You'll put up the money, and the captain will advise you, be your partner. It isn't as if you knew how good he is in business. You don't know."

"I know him better than I know anyone. Can't you understand that? I believe that anything he'd touch would be all right. No matter what it was."

"I want to think so. I want to believe that this will work out well for you—but I can't believe it."

"I see."

"You've never raised anything. Look at the geraniums. You've never even raised a dog, let alone all that cattle."

"The geraniums'll be fine."

"Oh, George!" She was miserable.

"It's all right, Cathy. If you think this way, there's nothing I can do about it."

He went into his dressing room. She could hear him drag out his suitcase. After a moment, she went in to help him pack. There was nothing else to say. She would wait. When everything fell through, when it was all over, she would be here waiting for him. He had begun to talk of money. He said he had sold the factory and left half the money in the bank in her name. He said she had nothing to worry about.

"It's your money, and you might need it. You should take it, darling."

He shook his head. "I've got enough. Besides, I don't want it to look easy to me. I want to have some worries to work out for myself." He kissed her on the cheek and then on her mouth. "Cathy," he said, "you're a sweet girl, but you sing too many songs of doubt."

Even after he left her, she could not bring herself to say it was true.

On Monday she received a note from him telling her where to reach him. He said he was leaving early Wednesday morning for Chicago. After that, she could reach him through Tim Harlan, their lawyer. She smiled over the air of formality in his note. She thought, *It's as if he doesn't expect to see me again.* Her hand tightened on the note.

"Maybe it's true. Maybe I'll never see him again, and it will be as if he was lost in

*(Continued on Page 210)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Marriage Hour*

**By Catherine Haydon Jacobs**

**This is the hour when, staid and motionless,**
**The future waits before the present; when**
**The eager past in a gay party dress**
**Skips cautiously across the room again.**
**Here is the sound of organ, lute and lyre;**
**The touch of velvet, satin and brocade;**
**And here is blue, and red, and golden fire**
**Glancing upon a fluted colonnade.**

**This is the hour when Time, bereft of scythe,**
**Stands patiently upon a mountain peak,**
**His arms uplifted, tall and strangely lithe,**
**As though the word he were about to speak**
**Would end forever his prophetic part,**
**And Time would be a stranger to the heart.**

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*For Clara Dudley's free booklet "It's Fun to Do Over with Color" write Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, 285 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*







(Continued from Page 208)

the war." She said this aloud, but her words sounded melodramatic and hollow, not worth listening to.

That evening she worked until nine and walked to the apartment. The night was clear and warm. While she was eating at a small French restaurant, she thought of the geraniums. She wondered if he watered them every day and if she ought to feed them some kind of minerals, but then she remembered that they were supposed to grow almost without help, wild and uncultivated. The idea of growing geraniums was strangely touching. She thought she was going to cry there in the restaurant, and she had to pay her check quickly and get out. Once in the street, she began to run toward the apartment.

As soon as she opened the door, she smelled the fruity, dry, faint odor of the geraniums. She went at once to his dressing room. He had set the plants carefully on the outer ledge and left a note to the maid to water them each morning and to bring them inside at the least hint of cold. She opened the window and touched the hard, dark bud that was ready to break open. Now the stalk of the flower had thickened and was already green. She could hardly believe that these were the same slips she had looked at a short time ago.

"Oh," she said. She knelt down and put her arm on the window sill. "Oh—they *did* grow. I was certain they wouldn't, but they grew just the same, almost by themselves, and he knew it—he knew they would grow."

She was crying very hard, quietly but deep inside herself. She had not cried since that day he went overseas. She reached out and brought in the tin tray and the pots and put them on the floor and looked at each flower. They were really not so ugly, but quite wonderful in their own sturdy way. Very soon now the buds would open and they would look like other geraniums. She felt like laughing about it.

She blew her nose hard. He had left them there on purpose, she knew. He believed they would grow, and they had grown. She hadn't believed any of it because she was timid and fearful and unbelieving, and so she had been too much involved in other things to believe the ranch, the adobe house, the thin girl in her wash dress, the captain and the cattle were something that could hold him and turn out right for him. But he had believed it enough to sell the factory and to leave her and everything he had once known so well. She closed her eyes for a moment. She could not bear to open them and see the plants there and the familiar room and then to know he was gone for good.

She knew what she had to do. "Yes," she said aloud. "It's all going to be new to him, and he ought to have something or someone from here."

She washed her face with cold water. Then she dialed the hotel where she knew the captain stayed. He answered the telephone, and when she asked for George his voice was suddenly friendly as if he knew too.

"George," she said, "I thought you'd like to know—the geraniums ——"

"Oh," he said, "you ought to water them once a day, Cathy."

"No—darling, they came out nicely. I mean, today when I came home, they were already buds, so I imagine tomorrow, when the sun comes out, they'll look fine."

"Fine," he said. He waited.

"Oh, George, George—I want to go with you if you want me to go with you."

"But, Cathy, you said—you have your work and then this cattle business is pretty risky, and you know how that country is. There's no one for miles except the captain's wife, and maybe ——"

"Oh, darling—don't talk like that. Why, you can grow anything. I *know* you can do it."

"Don't go anywhere," he said quickly, stammering in his excitement. "Stay right there. I'm coming over on the double. Don't move, Cathy."

She laughed and hung up the receiver and went back to his dressing room. Carefully she picked up the Mexican tin tray with the

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# *Ask Any Woman*

**BY MARCELENE COX**

CHILDREN'S maneuverings and squirmings at the table should be ignored (within reason). The child is not to blame that he isn't being fed on a merry-go-round.

He was a man who always achieved the goal of befogging the issue.

I am thoroughly convinced that hidden somewhere in our house is a monster with an appetite for gobbling up one sock from each pair.

In discipline, erosion is better than explosion.

A man who is henpecked always looks like a small picture hanging where a larger one has hung.

Clothes may make the man, but his backbone grows from boyhood.

*Note to brides:* The man who insists upon kissing his wife when she is taking up the dinner never wants the gesture returned when he is reading the paper.

Child's comment while shopping: "I want the kind of shoes that are good-natured."

Some women work like gophers: you never know where their next upheaval will take place.

A teen-age girl's conversation is as self-winding as a yo-yo.

A boy hurrying after a pretty girl runs true to form.

Heredity is a great thing: in raising Johnny we may at last learn to understand why Great-grandpa Jonathan sailed for America.

The old-fashioned parent always thought in terms of taking something "out" of a child; the modern one in terms of putting something "in"

Today's children can become as frightened about germs, vitamins and traffic as yesterday's children were about the "bad man" in the closet.

Man: a dog's best friend.

Comment from a junior-high-school student: "They must be going together; he's taken her down to Pete's place twice this week."

To have what "other children have" applies to rights and privileges as well as bicycles and allowances.

In raising children it is necessary to know the fundamental rules, after that nothing takes the place of love and inspiration.

The best risk in choosing a marriage partner is to select one who has had a happy childhood.

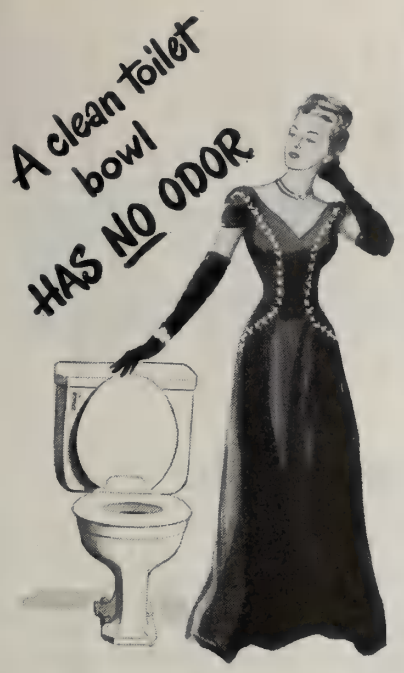
No husband should ever furnish his wife with mother-did-it-this-way blueprints.

Questions about the reproductive system should be answered as naturally as ones about the railroad system.

Mothers who are feeding adolescents can sympathize with the mother robin, who has to supply as many as 165 cutworms in one day and frequently keeps so busy she collapses from exhaustion and hunger.

Bright-colored dishes and foamy suds will generate dishwashing ambition in any child.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★




Persistent stains and invisible film that are sources of toilet bowl odors are quickly removed by Sani-Flush. It disinfects—makes certain your toilet bowl is clean—and so, odorless. Sani-Flush works chemically. You just sprinkle it—and it does the rest the quick, easy, sanitary way. No messy scrubbing.

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five geranium pots and put it out on the ledge, being certain to draw the wire tightly over the tray to hold it steady. The buds had a kind of pale, greenish light in the soft darkness. She half closed the window. Inside, the air was light and sweet-smelling, and she found it pleasant to sit there waiting for him and thinking about Texas and the ranch, wondering what the captain's wife would be like and if there were any mountains near there and if the air smelled like this—of things growing

## THE REVOLT AGAINST PAGANISM

*(Continued from Page 6)*

in our public schools. The solution of that problem, so that our youth shall not grow up calling themselves educated when they are almost totally illiterate concerning man's most creative faiths and philosophies, is going to be a long, hard haul. But, in the meantime, we have a right to insist that if our schools may not teach religion, they may not inculcate irreligion either.

I am a liberal; I am not pleading for sectarianism or conventional orthodoxy, or anything of that sort.

**What I want most of all is that Roman Catholics, Jews and Protestants should prepare together some book or books by means of which the best elements in the spiritual heritage of our race can be presented in our schools, objectively and without offense, as a matter of information.**

Meanwhile, however, I am fed up with a familiar type of course in some of our institutions, where religion may not be taught but where by innuendo and clever sniping irreligion *is* taught. The Jewish prophets, Christ and the creative seers of our spiritual tradition might as well never have existed, while Freud, for example, not simply as a great pioneer in psychiatry but as an atheistic materialist, is presented at length as though he were infallible.

The separation of church and state is a fundamental principle of American democracy, but we are allowing it to mean what the fathers of the republic never dreamed it would mean: that youth, in our public institutions of learning, may be taught the denials of great faiths but not the affirmations of them. Our postwar world cannot be reconstructed on the basis of any negative, futilitarian philosophy. We desperately need great faiths about life, issuing in great ethical standards for life.

**A few years ago one of the most vocal atheists in this country wrote that religion was getting feebler and feebler, and that the feebler it got the better the world became. He has been abundantly answered, I should suppose, not so much by arguments as by appalling facts.**

Nazism did scrap the whole Jewish-Christian faith and ethic—that is the very essence of what it did—and since man is incurably religious it substituted an alternative faith, for which it asked uttermost devotion and by which the best spiritual values of our race were discarded. Moreover, in wide areas of our own personal and social life in this country, those basic ideas about God and man that have given human personality dignity and worth have been commonly crowded out, denied and surrendered. Today this revolt against Christ has brought us face to face with anti-Christ, and to save ourselves and our children we must revolt against *that*.

We face a paganism ascendant, downright anti-Christianity running the world, with no hope for us or our children save in the recovery of spiritual values. In the last analysis this is an individual matter. The emergence in our time of institutions like the Gallup Poll is no accident. We want to know what the people are thinking—not big people, but little people, average people, for in the long run everything depends on *that*. The hope of the world now lies in plain men and women, aroused by mankind's catastrophe, in revolt against paganism.


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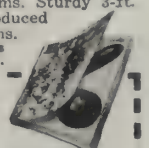
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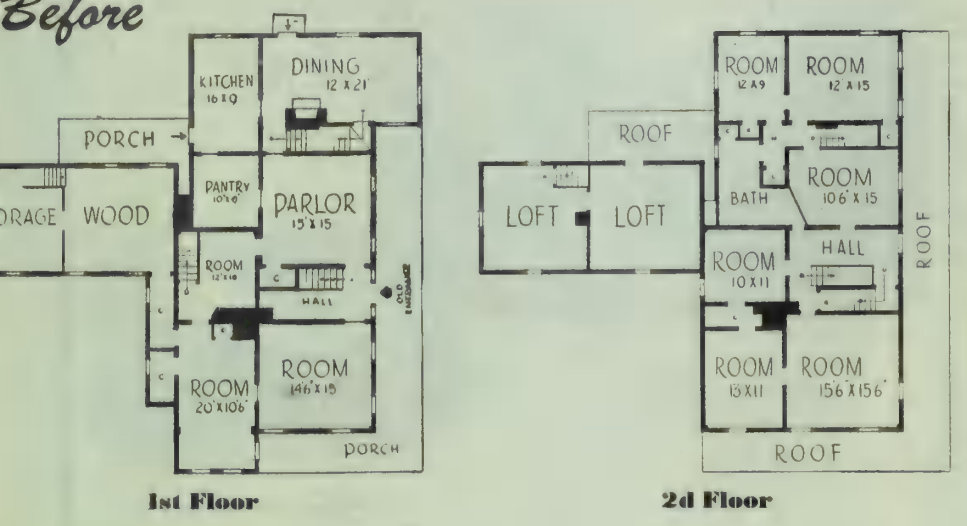
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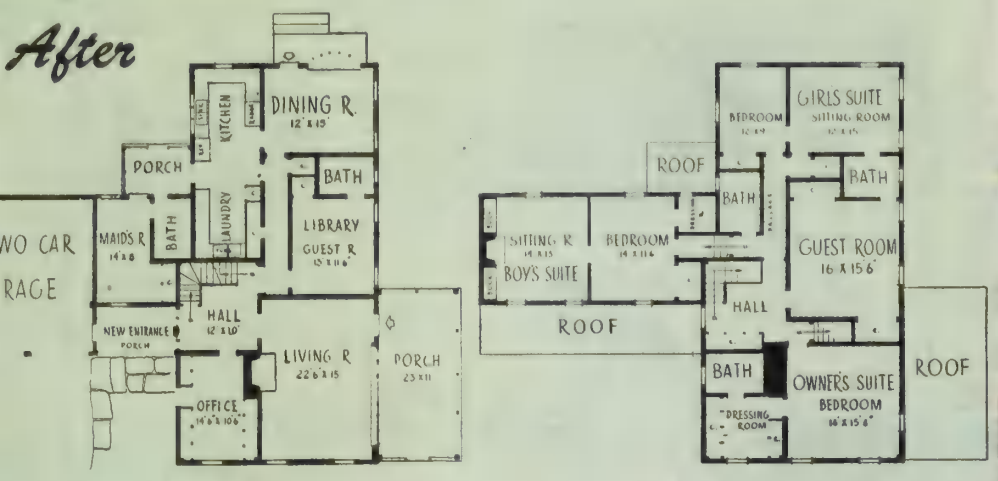
*With signs of charm and style intact, the house needs revamping, repairs, refreshing.*

## Before




**1st Floor** **2d Floor**

## After




**1st Floor** **2d Floor**

REMODELING DESIGN BY ALLEN MC DOWELL; PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN ANDA

# CONVERSION IN CONNECTICUT


**By Richard Pratt**

**Architectural Editor of the Journal**


WITHOUT any enlarging—in fact, with some reduction in size—the livability of this house has been doubled. By closely comparing the before-and-after plans and pictures, you will see, for instance, how a woodshed wing with an empty loft above can become a two-car garage, a downstairs bedroom and bath and son's upstairs apartment. You will see that a small kitchen and a windowless pantry are now a large light kitchen-laundry combination. Too much weakening porch, as is often the case, darkened too many rooms. Removing most of it not only lightened indoors but brightened up the whole outside. Notice how bringing the front door to the new entrance side and changing the stairs have done away with passing through one room to get to another. You will see how it is possible for a big house with only one bathroom to be amply provided on both floors without resorting to miracles.

Like many other old houses that are worth remodeling, the original character of this one was worth preserving. So the outside changes are largely repairs and refinements: new siding, new shingles, new trim and fresh paint. Too much emphasis can be laid and too much money spent on exterior changes that have mainly to do with looks, when the most effective improvements to appearance can be simply cleaning up and reconditioning. The real place for improvement is inside, where you live, remembering that modernizing the floor plan is just as important for your future convenience as the modernizing of the equipment.



*What was the back is now the entrance side, the woodshed now the garage*



# A Flameless, Glowless Heater



## ...like  something out of the Book of Magic!

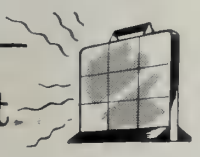
You see no flame—you see no glow—you smell no fumes. By looking at it you can't even tell that it is "on"—

Yet this new *Infralectric* Heater keeps you cosily warm on the frostiest day you ever saw your breath!

And it's a compact, portable heater that you can carry from room to room.

## A  shortcut to warmth!

Conventional heaters first warm the *air* in the room—until the air is brought to a comfortable temperature. But the new *Infralectric* Heater works on a different principle—it warms *objects* in the room by means of invisible rays. When you enter the room the *Infralectric* Heater starts warming *you*—and so penetrating are its warming rays that even cross drafts do not deflect their radiant warmth.

## The safest  heater ever built!

Overturn this heater and it will not burn your rug or floor. It will not scorch paper or fabrics that come in contact with it. Children will not get searing burns if they touch it. It will not ignite inflammable gases or fumes. Wet bodies brushing against it will not receive a shock—the *Infralectric* is one of the safest heaters ever designed. It has been tested by Electrical Testing Laboratories, Inc., of New York—Report No. 314458.

*No heater like*

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The two glass plates of the *Infralectric* have a specially designed toughness—even if hit by metal objects they will not break. Splash them with ice water—no harm. Drop the heater or knock it over—it won't be put out of order for its sturdy body is built to "take it." Built of the finest quality polished aluminum, it is attractively designed to fit into the furnishing scheme of any room.

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*Hildegarde knows her way around a kitchen and considers the latest family recipe from a connoisseur's point of view.*

# Diary of Domesticity

## By Gladys Taber

THE New England countryside is deep in winter. The wind blows wild and dark up the hill and batters the house. The great maples lose any branches that are dying; they crash down in the night and start the cockers barking like mad. Some days the snow drifts over the fence tops, and then the wind comes again and bare ground shows.

Our forefathers were sturdy men and wise to weather; they knew how to build for this winter wind. The house is low toward the north, the roof slants steeply. The barns faced the wind, too, and the cattle came in in the lee of the building.

All down the valley the little white houses are snugged down in February, and many of them have close-packed branches of evergreens banked around the foundation.

I like to go across the road to the neighbor's barn at dusk and stand inside where the cows are being milked. The air is steamy and warm from the heat of the cows, and smells of fresh milk and sweet hay. As George milks, the sound of the milk falling in the clean pails is a pleasant sound. There are always waiting kittens, and the big dog wags his way into the warmth. The kittens get a dish of warm milk and their little tongues lap so delicately as they drink.

The cows stand quietly, turning their heads to look at me with mild surprise. I always wonder what cows think about. They seem content, but perhaps they, too, have yearnings for a life of ranging the woods, free and unmilked and leading their own lives!

One of my favorite legends is the story of Europa and the beautiful milk-white bull, who was Zeus in disguise, who bore the beautiful maiden away over the blue sea. It is a story filled with enchantment, with the singing light of the gold sun, the meadow sprinkled with blue and white flowers, the sea sparkling on a dreamy shore and the young girl with her arms filled with blossoms. No wonder the god loved her. The white bull was suddenly beside her and she probably dropped the flowers, half afraid and half wondering—I'm sure his hoofs and horns were silver—and then she wreathed the horns in garlands of blue and gold and rode away to immortality. The world was innocent and young when the gods came down and dwelt with mortals whenever they were bored with Olympus!

We need to keep the old legends alive in our matter-of-fact world. This month has its own legend, the tale of St. Valentine. I hope we always celebrate Valentine's Day. The making of valentines was a serious business when I was growing up. Gilt and silver paper, red hearts, lacy paper frills, blue ribbons and little doves to paste on the finished product—we loved them all. I usually pasted my doves on upside down, but I thought they were elegant. Does anyone ever forget the excitement of that large valentine signed in masculine scrawl, *GUESS WHO?*

It had its hazards too. There was always a girl who got more valentines than anyone else. And a boy who only got a few funny ones. My mother had them in mind when she arranged for us to have extras. It was possible to increase some girl's quota in a hurry or add a few for the boy.

Later on, when we were older, there was the Valentine's Day when the only boy in the world produced a package from his pocket with a present in it. Really better than Christmas, for everyone exchanged gifts for Christmas, but a real valentine, not just candy—that was something. Oh, enchanted winter moon shining down on two bent heads, on mittened hands! The paper crackled, the ribbon was folded away, and there it was, the little locket set with chips of what might be diamonds, or the silver ring with the matrix stone. Whoever forgets first love and the first real valentine?

We never have time to be bored in the country in February. There are walks to shovel to the barn and chicken house, animals to feed and water, wood to bring in, the car dug out of the last drift of snow, the

*(Continued on Page 216)*






Pert ruffled Craftspun Curtains in *Vinylite* for bathroom or kitchen can be had in all the same stunning patterns and colors as these new Craftspun Shower Curtains. Plain colors—$3.95 **BOUQUET**—$4.95.

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**BOUQUET** pattern, $4.95; white print on either green, blue, crystal, yellow, or peach backgrounds; also rose on crystal.

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SCRANTON *Craftspun Shower Curtains*

ANOTHER FAMOUS SCRANTON CRAFTSPUN PRODUCT



(Continued from Page 214)

water tank balanced. And the water heater for the hens is always going out and being worked over. The eggs have to be gathered practically while they are laid, or they freeze solid as stones.

Melody and Hildegarde love to play hide and seek in the house on a winter afternoon. They skid around on the rugs, fall on each other, dive under the sofa, peer out, chase madly. Esmé and Tigger sometimes join in, on an upper level. Esmé really likes to play with the puppies as long as she is well away before they rush her.

Melody and Hildegarde and Silver have never grown up. Being still the youngest ones, they have stayed puppyish. We are making desultory attempts at training them. At the table they sit in a circle of three fixing their eyes on every mouthful anyone takes. When you give them something, saying firmly "Hup," they hup so hard the floor boards creak. Hildegarde feels if she keeps hupped she will get constant titbits. She is quite right. Being a weak-minded family with regard to our cockers and cats, we have been known to sneak out and eat a slice of cold roast beef behind closed doors rather than face their pleading eyes.

This is a good time of the year for parties. Friendship glows brightly when the fire burns clear and comfortable on the wide hearth.

We decided last week to have a big party and ask twice as many people as the house will hold. After much thought, we planned a come-and-go party, serving a buffet dinner from 5:30 to 8:30.

Jill said, "But they'll all come at once and stay the whole night."

I felt optimistic about the ones with young children to get to bed. "We ought to make it plain it is a special kind of supper," I said. "Why don't we call it a hunt dinner?"

"What are we hunting for?" asked Jill in astonishment.

"Well, we'll just call it open house," I said, giving up my flight of fancy.

"If they all come at once, it will be open house all right," prophesied Jill. "The walls will fall outward."

"And besides," added Bob, "it will probably snow."

There is a hazard about a party in February, but it is well worth facing. If a bad blizzard comes, the poles may go down, or the wires break, and the house be plunged into darkness. Often we have had the chicken roasting, the pie nearly done, the guests plowing to the door, just as the current went off. It is an excellent lesson in the helplessness of too-civilized people. For nothing is deader than a dead electric stove. Meanwhile, the electric stoker on the furnace stops, too, and the water pump sits idly on its belt so there will be no water in half an hour. By now the phone is as useful as an Egyptian mummy and the nervous members of the family begin to wring their hands and say, "The freezer will thaw! All the food will spoil!"

Winter. But we build up the fire in the old faithful range and add great logs to the fireplaces, and light the candles, and carry in water from the unelectric neighbor's spring. Some of our gayest parties have been given at such a time, when the guests help themselves in the glow of the tall ivory candles to the tender sizzling chicken (which did get done on the range) and toast rolls over the open fire. The radio and phonograph being voiceless, the company can sing. And tell favorite stories.

Even a waffle breakfast can be managed. Though I really felt qualms when I was trying to do waffles for a brace of lanky hungry Army lieutenants on the electric waffle iron and the current blanked out. One waffle glued itself to the grids with a death grip and the boys came rolling out with empty plates and expectant smiles.

"Boy, it's nice and peaceful here," they said.

Hastily I carried the remains of the batter to the old faithful wood range and said, "How about pancakes for a change?"

**Picture of comfort!** How can baby help "looking pleasant" in that downy-soft cocoon of a North Star? You see, a baby blanket by North Star turns out to be something pretty special . . . wonderfully fine virgin wools, woven and double napped with the same skill and care lavished on regular sizes. So baby gets an airy-light treasure of a blanket, caressingly warm and petal-soft as only virgin wool can be. Wash? Beautifully. Wear? Years and years. Really, just about the most welcome gift ever . . . for *your* baby . . . *any* baby.

**IRIS** (pictured) is *woven* of fine virgin wools, 42 by 60 inches (that's five feet), in Baby Blue, Baby Pink, White . . . with matching binding on all four sides. Price $9.50.

**NOD** is *knitted* of soft, selected virgin wools. Ends bound in rayon satin ribbon to match Baby Blue or Baby Pink. 42 by 60 inches. Price $6.95.

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BUT... NO Doggie ODOR
on Furniture or Clothing
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- Cleans quickly
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*ON SALE AT YOUR GROCERS*
JUDSON DUNAWAY CORPORATION, Dover, N. H.
[formerly Expello Corporation]

T old soapstone griddle we found in the u when we bought it makes the best pan- in the world. It really holds its own a t the electric waffle iron.

A for the freezer, the housewife's worst nare is one in which the freezer thaws d e is left with tons of meat and fruit d egetables, and nothing to do with But our friend Mr. Warner assures at during the classic '38 blizzard he his food with the freezer off seven When the storm warnings came in, he up to 30° below zero and packed ets and newspapers over it. And no- nobody went down and just peeked, to at was happening.

a come-and-go party, the best food is , sliced thin, and either turkey or roast n, sliced thin. We do the turkey or n the week before reeze it. Freeze the rolls, too, and the Then there are the oles left, and they mple. If you make ones, you may keep g out a fresh hot one, rich with steamy . My favorite is home-baked beans, macaroni dish made with those Italian shaped macaroni, done well, put in the casserole with plenty of mushrooms, r, salt and pepper, frozen or canned -kernel corn, slivers of cheese, a diced pepper. I use top milk for the liquid, nned mushroom soup which has been ly thinned.

is casserole is perfect with any kind of r chicken if you aren't serving them ately.

sea-food casserole is delicious too. rs, shrimp, salmon, tuna laid in a y cream sauce and topped with buttered bs and baked.

leslaw makes a good salad because you nake it early in the day and it keeps . We add diced pineapple to ours and carrots on top. I always put herbs in ressing too.

Spring is on the way! The seed catalogues are a sure sign. We pore over the brilliant flowers that we never can raise in New England, decide on vegetable seeds. Jill's lists are all over the house. "Edible podded, plant twice as many," she writes. "Remember the squash. Same carrots. Need eggplant."

Now, like all passionate gardeners, we have forgotten how hard it is to weed and hoe and weed and hoe and spray. In our minds the garden stretches like a picture in the catalogue and we stand and admire it, leaning idly on a hoe. This year everything will produce like mad, Jill thinks, and without any struggle on our part. We keep reading about gardens that flourish with no plowing and no working, and they sound highly plausible until we wonder what happens to the annual crop of boulders, gravel, bottle tops and old screens our garden produces so thickly.

**When prosperity comes, do not use all of it.** —CHINESE.

This is the time to count over the canned things and the freezer packages, too, and estimate how much the family really needs by way of crops and plan to plant just that much and no more.

The storage bins and the fruit cellar and the shelves should be gone over thoroughly this month while you are in the house on a dark blizzardy day. And if you sort the jars by size and pack them in dozen lots, you will save hours of time during those hot August days when you have too much to do anyway.

When you are really working toward spring, you know how short February is.

The earth begins to dream of spring too. Under the brook ice, the water is flowing. The long shadows on the pasture snow are violet where soon the real first violets will spread their purple. What a wondrous world we have, indeed, with the roll of the seasons, the eternal return of spring and summer.

"Heigh-ho," says Honey, stretching golden paws to the fire, "winter is all very well, as long as spring is on the way."

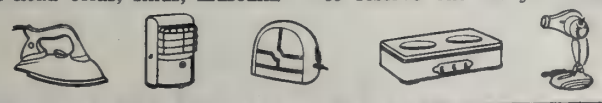




Infra-Red Ray Lamp

HELPS BRING RELIEF FROM SINUS, HEAD AND CHEST COLDS!

Why suffer? Flick the switch and let the short wave infra-red rays of this K-M lamp penetrate deep down—help soothe and relieve painful congestion of chest and head colds, sinus, muscular aches and pains. Insist on K-M—the *only* infra-red lamp with the steel diffusing disk that focuses and concentrates heat. If your dealer can't supply you, ask him to reserve one for you—today!



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Hey! What's the Biggs idea?

IT was just a small idea. A little act of wifely thoughtfulness on the part of Mrs. J. E. Biggs of Oklahoma City.

But it resulted in her making a discovery she'll be thankful for all her life!

It seems that *Mister* Biggs, true to his name, is a plus-six-footer. So Mrs. Biggs had an extra-long mattress made to fit him. And then, of course, she had to buy extra-size sheets to fit the mattress. Well, to quote her letter:

"That's how I discovered beautiful, snowy-white Pequots. There were other sheets aplenty, but I chose Pequots, because they looked so lovely."

Mister Biggs was very pleased, as what six-foot husband wouldn't be. And that made the Missus happy too. But imagine her extra and special delight, she writes:

"...when I discovered how beautifully those Pequot sheets wore! First, for many years on the grown-ups' bed. Then cut down for the children's cribs, still smooth and white and perky."

Only recently, Mrs. Biggs cut the remnants into soft bandages for the family First Aid box. Is it any wonder *the Biggs family is sold on Pequots?*

This is one more "from life" example of why Pequots have so long been *America's favorite sheets.* If your store should be short, a new supply will surely be along soon. *So keep asking for Pequots!*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES so long-wearing

Choice porcelain birds, arranged over mantel by decorator Marian Hall. Native American songbirds are now being made in either porcelain or pottery and in all sizes and qualities—a delightful find for collectors. Even inexpensive ones are attractive.

# COLLECTORS' CHOICE

By Henrietta Murdock

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

China pets are collectors' favorites. The best old ones are Victorian and English, usually Staffordshire or Chelsea. In this grouping are some modern American pottery animals—tomorrow's heirlooms. The best pieces are sharply modeled, well posed and have high glazes.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

Fans were made for a century and a half, the old ones hand-painted and carved by leading artists of the day. You will find them at auctions, in antique and thrift shops. Any pretty fan is worth collecting—all are becoming rare. Porcelain boxes are fairly expensive, delicate, choice.

THESE days you have to collect or be classed as a period piece yourself. Everybody seems to be joyously hunting for china pets or glass hats, mechanical banks, old valentines or sandalwood. The quest is the real fun. Be sure to collect something not too hard to find, but scarce enough to make your collecting an adventure.

Good items are small Victorian glass novelties such as shoes, hats or bottles, old brass bells, hand-decorated fans, carved boxes, porcelain birds, odd pitchers, ship miniatures, figurines, Staffordshire horses or hounds, snuffboxes and wood carving. Additional items worth collecting are cups and saucers, Victorian mother-of-pearl and lacquer, Bristol ware, fine bottles, inlaid boxes, old silver spoons, signets and pewter.

Supercollectors narrow the field by specializing—acquiring only dogs of one variety, birds from a single pottery, milkmaid and shepherd figurines exclusively, old Bohemian red glass, or miniature Chelsea pitchers; in short, they look for specimens of the one kind of article they are accumulating.

Beginners often make the mistake of collecting for varieties only, without regard to the rareness of the specimen, its charm or historical interest. Keeping your collection choice and authentic is part of the fun, and of course the index of its value.

Here are a few tips: If you already own a treasure which you enjoy, make it the basis of your collection and build around it. Not all the best items are old; porcelain birds, for instance, are new and are being superbly modeled and colored.

A choice selection of today's treasures will be priceless in your grandchildren's time. If you get a good book dealing with your particular hobby, you will be able to discuss it more intelligently. Most people love the romance of collecting old things, and it is a pastime you can pursue anyplace you happen to live.



Porcelain figurines were favorite ornaments during the past century. Mostly French or English, subjects are usually romantic; best ones show color and detail. Favorite subjects are lover-and-maid, girl-and-boy pairs, children with pets.



Victorian shoes are fun to collect and should be displayed on shallow shelves. Best ones are porcelain with handmade flowers; glass ones were intended for match and toothpick holders. All countries made miniature shoes, in porcelain, silver, glass, pewter, and even gold with jewels. Collectors look for variety.

These are the "teenies" arranged on a tiny tier table in scale with their size. All small collections displayed in a room should be made to look precious and given importance by being exhibited in a special case or on shallow shelves.



Of all collectors' items, bells come near to being top favorites. Early American bells, Swiss, Chinese or Tibetan, Persian, Egyptian and Javanese all belong in a good collection. Fine tone is as desirable as unique shape. Each individual bell can be identified with the exact spot in the world from which it came.





A Room in Traditional Spirit...

will reflect your good taste when you begin with this handsome bedroom collection. Made from gleaming Honduras mahogany in the Hepplewhite manner. Sleigh bed can be had optionally.

For gracious living, plan your room settings around Drexel masterpieces. There are collections to fit every budget. Each piece is carefully trade marked "by Drexel." Ask for Drexel furniture by name at leading department and home furnishing stores.

★ ★ ★

Write today for booklet showing traditional furniture "by Drexel" in various settings. Send 10c to Dept. D to cover mailing costs.





Drexel FURNITURE COMPANY
DREXEL · NORTH CAROLINA

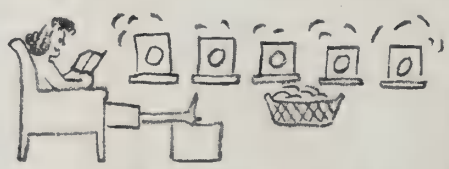
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THE TRADE MARK OF PERFECTION IN FURNITURE

AMERICA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF QUALITY BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE


# REPORT To the Housewife

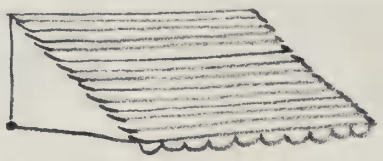
**BY JUDY BARRY**

THE Workshop's ear is pressed close to the ground these days and its nose for news is sniffing busily. There's so much that's noteworthy and newsworthy in the world of worksaving ideas and equipment! Time, to be sure, has not had a chance to mellow many of them, nor custom to bring to light possible quirks in performance. But at any rate things are happening—answers to age-old problems and wishes of homemakers are being worked out. We hasten to pass the cream of what we see and hear along for your consideration.



***Self-Service Community Laundry***

Self-service laundries, where homemakers can do their own clothes with the latest equipment in model surroundings, are now in operation and more are to come. Here's how they work. The housewife drives her car into the parking lot adjacent to the laundry, takes her bundle of clothes in and has it weighed, pays a modest fee which entitles her to the use of as many automatic washing machines as she will need to complete her job at one time. (She has previously made an appointment, so there's no waiting.) Then, having loaded the machine, put in soap which is furnished without charge, and set the machine's dials, she can go into the comfortable lounge to read, knit or chat while the automatic machine carries on with washing, rinsing and damp drying. Water is kept at the proper temperature and rain-water softness by an automatic device. A trained laundry expert supervises all operations and gives advice to neophyte washers. As soon as they are available, automatic driers, as well as electric ironers, will be installed, while future plans call for sun lamps, air conditioning and germicidal lamps!



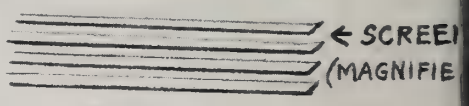
***Easygoing Awnings***

Good looking, good sense, too, are new lightweight awnings of aluminum, from which you ought to expect a lifetime of service. These can be operated from inside the house so easily that the touch of a couple of finger tips does it—they roll up in the manner of old-fashioned rolltop desks. Some sizes are already on the market, *au naturel*, or with a finish of baked enamel in colors to harmonize with your house. Dust and dirt wash off easily with soap and water.



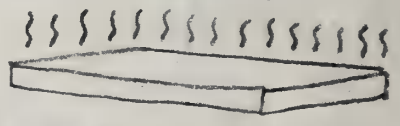
***Showerproof "Chill Chaser" Lamps***

Newest infrared heat-ray lamps are constructed of special ruby-red glass so rugged it can toss off even a shower of ice water without cracking. These radiant heat lamps should be well suited for warming the backs of bath-tub sitters, or for keeping sick people, who must be bathed in bed, comfortable. They're planned, too, for drying small laundered articles or shampooed hair quickly.




***Sunshade Screens***

Another new window development is aluminum screening, which under a magnifying glass looks like an opened Venetian blind. Thus, it lets in light and air, yet helps to exclude direct rays of the sun. Its designers expect that this innovation will keep sunny rooms at least 10 per cent cooler.



***How Did You Sleep Last Night?***

Read this and weep, if you were chilly! Research engineers have developed a new electrically heated mattress which should be a real boon to elderly people—or, for that matter, anyone who "sleeps cold." Placed on top of a regular mattress, this soothing warmer-upper, which has a new type of inner-spring construction, is said to be especially valuable to sufferers from arthritis or nervous disorders. It will use approximately 65 watts of electricity, about the equivalent of an average light bulb.



***Outside-in Storm Windows***

Just appearing in a few stores is a new lightweight aluminum frame, into which winter storm panes or summer screens are slipped in a jiffy, so that seasonal changeovers can be made from inside the house, safely and easily. The upper pane slides down into the lower frame for removal. Panes or screens click into place in the rustproof frame without benefit of screws or hooks. When panes need washing, they're just slipped out of the frame entirely, a job which should take even a bantamweight housewife no more than a few seconds, its makers claim.




***People Who Live in Glass Houses***

They may now throw stones, if they like, for we've seen new and fascinating furniture made entirely of glass which, its designer assures us, won't break or shatter. To prove it, he kicked a smart glass fire screen hard, banged violently on a beautiful all-glass dining table. There are decorative full-length window panels of cloudy sculptured glass, to screen out an unpleasant view, yet allow soft light to enter. There's a little round glass table whose smooth glass top, through which a classic design shows pleasantly, flips over to become an hors-d'oeuvre dish. The glass is sculptured so the design has this functional value. One of the enticing new things is a coffee table whose legs and framework, finished in red lacquer, support a glass "showcase" top to display a collection of miniatures, antique jewelry, coins or decorations. Such personal treasures look as precious as they are, seen through the clear glass, arrayed on the mirror floor of the table top. Most glass furniture seems to be for orchidaceous budgets, but it's lovely!

LOVELY LIVING ROOMS, DINING ROOMS, BEDROOMS




*Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. Area

ve it to Kem-Tone to stay "first in paint" . to keep giving you a bigger bargain beauty for your home! During the war, world's greatest paint laboratories devel- d, as you'd expect, a finer scientific blend pigments, resins and oils, to bring you best Kem-Tone ever! New Kem-Tone hiding power, it's greater du- rability, bring you even more miraculous room beauty!

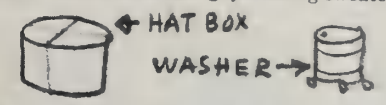
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THERE'S A KEM-TONE DEALER NEAR YOU!



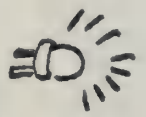
***Feather Fabrics***

From the leftover feathers of erstwhile fryers and broilers, a downy fabric, soft to touch as Angora, is now being made. The feathers are mixed with a "binder" of wool or cotton before being spun into yarn, emerge as a fabric that stays fluffy and won't shrink in laundering. What chickens wouldn't like to be reincarnated as a gay evening sweater?




***Miniature Washing Machines***

Answer to apartment dwellers' prayers are new portable, pint-size but very efficient washing machines. There is one about as wide across as a hatbox, 13 inches—20 inches tall without its wringer. It has a water capacity of 2½ gallons, will wash and rinse 2 pounds of clothing (1 sheet and 1 pillowcase, or 22 diapers) at a time. Another, even smaller, is 9 inches square, 18 inches long, weighs only 15 pounds, could be a useful traveling companion! Both are designed to handle fine lingerie or delicate baby clothes gently—to be used in kitchenettes or baths and stored under a sink or in a closet.



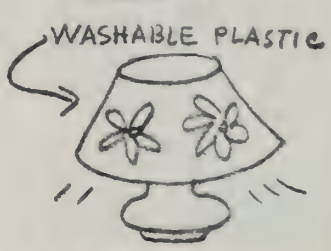
***A Quarter's Worth of Safety***

A new one-watt fluorescent lamp, about the size of a quarter, is expected to prevent many accidents in that most hazardous place, the home. Since this should burn a month for two and a half cents' worth of electricity, it will be possible to keep it lighted all day and night on such trouble spots as the cellar stairs, or all evening in the kitchen to guide midnight icebox raiders, to mark bedposts, angular corners, sudden steps, or serve as a night light in the children's room. Tests have proved that it will burn for a full year, working day and night. The bulbs, giving a soft green or white light, may be screwed directly into an ordinary light socket, or may be equipped with a bi-prong base to plug into a baseboard outlet.



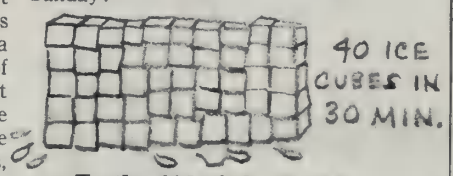
***"Oops, Sorry!"***

Soon, when an embarrassed guest says that, you may really mean the "it doesn't matter a bit"—which you now murmur just to be kindly. That is, if you acquire some of the new stainproof table linens from which, it is promised, a whisk of damp cloth will erase even tomato-juice stains. Treatment with plastic, no more than a whisper's thickness, makes this possible, yet still allows the textured look of the cloth to be unimpaired. It seems that only the experts can tell which side has been treated.




***Pick a Peck o' Plastics***

Charming plasticized lamp shades, made of fragile lace, bright chintz, or even burlap, if you like, are just appearing. Although these are extremely light, they're so strong that no framework is needed, and they're easily cleaned with a damp cloth. . . . New plastic clotheslines are waterproof, rustproof, cleanable with soap and water or cleaning fluids. What's more, they're done in forest-green camouflage so the neighbors won't be likely to notice if you leave them up over Sunday!




***. . . To the Aid of the Party!***

At last, at last, there may be an ice-cube maker, capable of dropping 40 ice cubes into your outstretched glasses in 25 seconds, and refreezing another batch of cubes in 30 minutes! Up to now, alas, we haven't even seen its picture, but we are assured that it's nearly ready for the market.

## FUNNYFACE

*(Continued from Page 45)*

violets. She wore a little fur cap, so tiny that it showed off her hair.

"So sorry I'm late," she cooed. She waved vaguely at the pianist. "Hello, Peter. Let's get going. Have you their music?"

Joan sped to the back of the hall and changed while the dark girl whispered something to the pianist and he broke into a popular tune. Sandra watched the girl for a moment and, before there was even time for her to show what she could do, stopped her with an imperious gesture.

"Thank you; next one, please."

The process was repeated with the auburn beauty. A rising tide of indignation simmered inside Joan. How could this silly blonde judge anyone's work if she were only allowed to sing two bars and not allowed to dance at all. Of course, she oughtn't to care. But she'd like to teach this stuck-up blonde a lesson. And the young man at the piano was a dear. It was a shame that he should be eating out his heart for such a girl. Because no matter how beautiful she was, she was badly mannered.

Joan moved over to the piano. "I'll dance first just to vary the monotony," she whispered. "Aren't you glad I didn't take that bet of yours?"

"We're not through yet."

The young man snapped into the tune. He played exceptionally well and Joan's little flying feet tapped out a fast rhythm. He shifted a little in his chair so that he could watch her. So quick and light she was, her brown curls dancing in sympathy, a smile on her mouth—not the trained smile of the chorus girl, but a smile that came from inside.

Joan could see the blonde watching her intently. She had been going a whole two minutes before the other got up and spoke.

"Won't you be out of breath for singing?"

"Oh." Joan stopped short and grinned in friendly fashion. "I didn't think you'd let me get as far as singing," she said frankly.

There was no answering smile on Sandra's face. "I'd like you to sing now, please."

Joan stepped across to the piano again. "She's crackers," she whispered.

"What about my bet now?"

She propped a tattered bit of music in front of him. "I'll fail on this."

"Take your time."

She wondered that he presumed to keep his employer waiting. "Play a large piece of introduction."

"Right." He glanced at the music and a moment later she was surprised to hear a wealth of variations on the theme, an introduction invented on the spur of the moment, an introduction that gave her ample time to get back her breath and was long enough for the two other young ladies to get themselves indignantly out of the room.

Joan sang, true and clear and sweet, a small voice well trained and unspoiled by

WANT KITCHEN and BATHROOM WALLS THAT WASH?

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any premature efforts. Three minutes later it was all decided.

"That's all right," said Sandra, and she had suddenly become more human. "I expect Mr. Anger told you the terms. We'll be four weeks on tour and we've two days to rehearse your stuff."

"Two days!" It didn't seem long enough.

"Oh, don't worry. You won't have much to do. It's the management's idea that we need a third. It's just window dressing, really."

"But—but where's your partner?"

"Peter—didn't you meet? Peter writes the music, you know. Peter Murray—Joan Hutton. I'm sure we'll all get on beautifully together. Everyone says I'm easy to work with, don't they, Peter darling?"

He looked up at her lazily. "Do they?"

She dropped a kiss on the top of his head. "Of course they do." She swung round for a moment to Joan. "He's an awful tease. Well, I'll change and we'll start work right away."

Joan watched Sandra out of earshot. "How did you know?" she asked the young man.

"I know more than people think," he said, smiling.

Joan looked thoughtfully after the lovely lady. *Oh, I see.* She said it to herself. *Funnyface. No competition. My face is my fortune—only in a rather unusual way.* She threw back her head and laughed a small gurgling sound of pure delight. "I never thought I'd live to get a good job just because I look like a nice hockey-playing schoolgirl."

"You're a dreadful child," he said severely. "You must never again say what you think. Where would we all be if we went round saying what we think?"

"It might be healthy."

He did not pay any attention. "And your face is a very good face. I like it." He tinkled a merry little tune on the piano. "It inspires me. Music for a young lady who isn't yet quite grown up." The little tune had now a tiny lilt of sadness. "That's her first love—her first heartbreak. Can you hear it, Joan?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "Go on."

The music swelled a little and steadied. "That's her last love," he said.

"Couldn't they be the same?" she entreated. "I've always thought that would be the best romance of all—to love once and for all time."

He struck a harsh note across the piano and let his hands fall in his lap. "You learned these notions on the hockey field."

"I wonder how one plays hockey."

"I haven't an idea," said the young man.

THERE was only one eddy of ill-feeling during the two days of rehearsal. And that was when Joan wanted to introduce a little comedy into her only solo verse. "But I could get a laugh—I know I could," she pleaded.

Sandra had looked at her very straight and said with deadly emphasis, "I'm sorry. I cannot allow you to vulgarize the act."

Joan was too surprised to manage a retort.

Whenever she was working in London, Joan lodged with Mrs. Merral, who had known mum and dad and all the tribe of brothers and sisters. Mrs. Merral sat on the bed and darned while Joan packed.

"I always hate to see you go, dearie. Such a kid as you seem and all."

Joan stopped folding her frock and looked gravely across at Mrs. Merral. "I know. But I'm not such a kid inside," she protested. She had felt these past two days queer spiritual shooting pains. "It's the way I look."

"Don't you be in a hurry. One's grown up for a very long time, Joan."

"But I feel different," she insisted. "You see, before, I was always in the chorus, with a lot of others, and no one saw me much, no matter how good or how bad I was. But now—even though I haven't much to do—I have to do it on my own."

Mrs. Merral rolled up the darned pair of stockings and sighed comfortably. "You find a nice young man, Joannie, and then y grow up fast enough." She chuckled. ' you find a husband, Joannie, and then y feel you're a hundred."

All very well, thought Joan, but ' young men"—whatever they were—d care about girls that lacked glamour. might like them all right as sisters, b was a beautiful woman —— Joan stoc long thinking about a beautiful woman Mrs. Merral had to nudge her to get packing finished.

The night they opened, Sandra was ability itself. "You mustn't feel nervo she said in the dressing room they sha "Peter and I will pull you through."

Joan did not, after the first few mome feel particularly nervous. She merely invisible. For it was obvious that no one eyes for any girl except Sandra. Her dan and singing were not outstanding, but t was no denying that she looked bre takingly lovely.

AFTERWARD Sandra crumpled up a l note that had been sent up to their dres room and announced that she had a su date. "An old friend. I do hope Peter — She stopped a moment and then went again. "How do you like Peter?" she asl

Joan suspended operations on her face fore she answered. She thought there m be a catch in the question. "He seems nice," she said cautiously.

"Poor Peter." The golden head w thoughtfully to one side and Sandra sig luxuriously. "So sweet and so clever. crazy about me. He gets so jealous, poor Of course someday we'll settle down, bu must have a little freedom first."

**True love is a discipline in which each divines the secret self of the other and refuses to believe in the mere daily self.** —WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS: (Irish Digest.)

Sandra was dres very quickly. "He w like my going out toni But after all—poor T Griffiths—he's crazy ab me—I've known him years."

When the dresser c back with the cup of that Sandra had orde she found only Joan. "Y have it, dear, you look all done in. Was sticky house?"

Joan roused herself from her reve "No—no. I'm all right. Thanks all same, I'd love the tea."

The dresser looked at her thoughtfu "You know, when you came in your outd things tonight I thought for a moment was one of them child prodigies. Now course I see you're a young lady."

Joan looked at her own reflection, and unsmiling face looked back at her. "Y I'm a young lady," she said thoughtfully

That evening she and Peter supped off and chips and coffee at a snack bar near theater. He put a brave face on his appointment. All he had said when he he that Sandra was gone was, "With some c who's crazy about her?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I told you once before. I know more t people think."

She slipped her arm consolingly inside "Never mind. There are all the tomorrow

He looked down at her with a faint exp sion of surprise. "Come on, funnyface. hungry." He bent a little to catch her exp sion. "Why aren't you smiling?"

"Sorry," she said and grinned as bef

But somehow during the days that lowed she found that it was harder harder to keep smiling. Joan had been w to find fun everywhere and enjoy everyth that life had to offer. But there was so thing wrong with this tour. From a pro sional point of view it was good money, g experience, but from a personal point of v it was good plain hell.

Seven days later, waking up one night her lodgings, Joan faced up to the facts. was like the music that Peter had mad her first heartache, her first love. Only knew that her first love would be her love. And that made it rather frighteni

Peter himself was always very kind friendly, but since Sandra was always

(Continued on Page 225)

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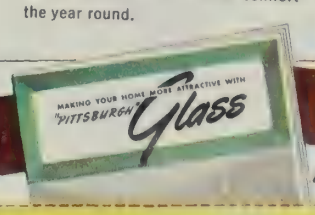
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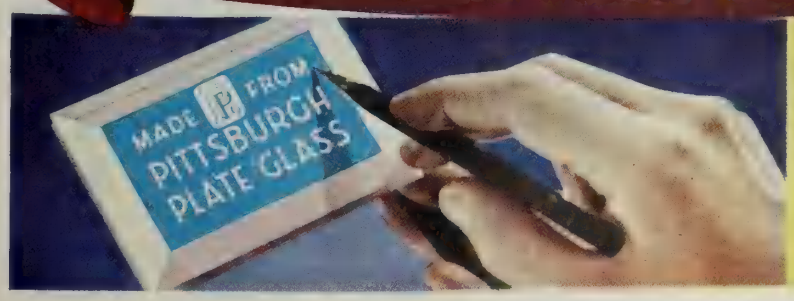


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(Continued from Page 222)

one man or another who was "just about her" he busied himself all day piano. He was writing a revue and he d with enormous patience.

e'll be very famous one day," said a lightly.

nd then you'll get married?"

shouldn't be surprised."

e third week they played one of the le towns. Sandra, after the Monday-ing band call, was for once at a loose nd had asked Peter to come walking e front. But he had refused. He wanted ish some tune that was bothering him, ne sat down at the piano in the empty er, pushed a pile of manuscript music e top, and settled to work.

an lingered, looking curiously at the bent over the keys, at the concentra-on the lean young face. "Why do you so hard, Peter?" she asked.

stopped playing and looked up at her, ng. For a moment his hands lay idle he looked out the distance. "I'll ou, Joan. I don't to spend my life ing in a fourth-act in punk towns our. I want to n, Joan. I want vrite tunes that y butcher's boy whistle. I want music played to audiences. And ething else ——"

Yes?"

e brought his to a level with own and looked her gravely. meday, Joan, I'll t to marry. To-I haven't any-g to offer a girl. I it to be able to my girl all the gs that women —sables and gar-nias and well-ched pearls ——"

he didn't hear the . The vague little e in her heart in-sified. That was w one thought ut a woman like ndra. It didn't tter that he uldn't go walking h her on the front, ce what he was do-was working so at someday she ght have sables d gardenias and ll-matched pearls.

"For my part," said Joan with her old n, her heart gallant and her head high, "I all walk out of church under an arch of ckey sticks. Cheap and appropriate."

He laughed. "Listen, funnyface." He ran s fingers over the keys. "I've written a medy number. Will you try it?"

"Oh, Peter—may I?"

"You have a dream too?"

HE nodded. "I'd like to make people ugh. I think I could." She held the sheet music for a moment against her heart. There's money in that, too, Peter. When u went by in your Bentley I'd splash you ith my Rolls."

"We might have more fun in the same as," he said and struck a chord.

After that they worked every morning on e comedy number, and while they worked verything else was forgotten. These morn-gs were the only consolation in a world rown rather wretched. And there was only ne week more of the tour and then they ould go their separate ways. Joan would be ack in the chorus. All that she would know ould be from a paragraph someday in heatrical paper recording that Sandra Finert ooked very beautiful at her marriage to Peter Murray, the well-known composer. And that the bride went away in a sable coat.

It was during the last week of the tour that they learned that the great Mr. Temperley himself was booking for his A tour and that Mr. Anger had arranged to have an audition on the day they returned to town. He had phoned them the particulars and impressed on them that they must have new material.

Joan heard the news with mixed feelings. Perhaps it was better that she should get back where she belonged. "I—I don't know that I want to go," she said to Peter, in a small despairing voice.

"WHY, Joan, we couldn't do without you. What's the matter? Is it Sandra?"

"Yes," she said, but it wasn't the truth.

He took her hands comfortingly in his own. "You mustn't mind her," he said softly. "I know she's trying at times, but she doesn't mean it—she doesn't think ——"

Of course he would stand up for Sandra. Her wide brown eyes were hurt, her mouth drooped. The feel of his hands on hers was a sweet agony. It was better that she should go away and not see him ever again.

"I don't want to come," she repeated.

"Why, Joan!" He bent and studied her face, and his voice had a sharp note of anxiety. "Joan, dear, don't look like that."

"Like what?"

"As if—as if you'd suddenly grown up."

"Perhaps—I have."

He slipped an arm around her and drew her nearer. "You mustn't, funnyface," he said softly. "Not if you find the world so horrid when you see it with grown-up eyes. Smile for me, Joan."

She did as he told her, a small uncertain smile that widened courageously to a grin. "All right. I'll try."

"That's the stuff. I should think the great Temperley will send us all spinning out on our ears, but it's worth a try. It would mean a lot to us professionally."

The trouble was that to Joan, at least, it would also mean a lot personally. Rather more than she felt she could take.

They started in at once to rehearse. Peter drew out a bunch of songs that had been intended for the revue and they practiced new routines. All went peacefully till it came to the question of Joan's comedy number.

"It's disgusting," said Sandra. "If you put that in you'll kill the act."

Peter uttered a word of protest. "Really, Sandra, it's a very mild little song."

Sandra wouldn't argue. "It doesn't go in."

"But, Sandra, please." This was a matter on which Joan felt keenly. At last to have something real to do, to be able to put over Peter's number, to try if she were right in her belief that she could make people laugh.

"No."

"Don't you see, Sandra, it will make such a good contrast. I'm homely and perhaps funny, and you're beautiful and everything you do is graceful and don't you see ——"

Sandra was not to be caught by such a specious argument. "Nonsense," she said sharply. "It's unsuitable and that's all."

Afterward Joan managed to catch Peter alone for a moment. "I—I—know how you feel about Sandra, but can't ——"

(Continued on Page 227)

## *Reconversion*

**By Dorothy Ashby Pownall**

**Short months ago they cursed the aching cold,**
**The bloody rocks, the shrieking jungle birds.**
**Death crawled with them on murky night patrol**
**And leered through steaming screens of tropic trees.**
**Watch them beneath the silent elms**
**Scuffing the melting snow, their faces grim**
**And eyes too sad for boys in freshman math:**
**They stand with ghosts who bummed their cigarettes—**
**Wisecracking Joes who never will come back.**
**Black doubts surge wildly in their minds;**
**They wonder what the deal was all about.**
**May wise men guide them in the ways of peace,**
**And learning give them faith in God and man.**
**Let them use knowledge as an amulet.**
**Then, as they learn, God help them to forget.**




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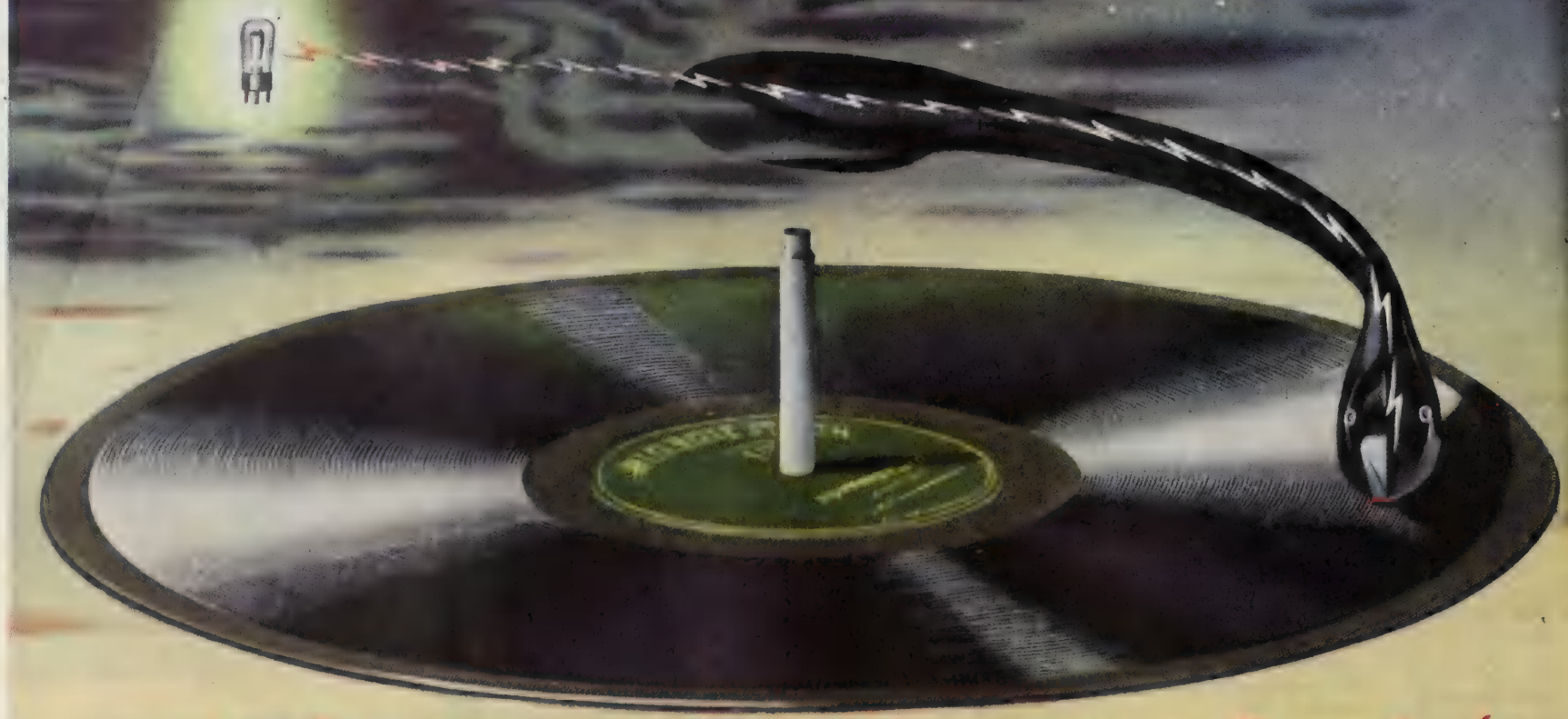
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★ No old-fashioned magnet or crystal. Reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave.

★ NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE! And new long-life "Floating Filament" retracts, so you can *drop* the sturdy Cobra, even *scrape* it across records, nothing's harmed!

**THE SILENT-SPEED RECORD CHANGER:**

★ Smoothly, gently changes records in 3½ seconds.

★ Plays 10 and 12 inch records mixed, automatically!

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30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" AND LEADERSHIP IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVEL

(Continued from Page 225)

He did not let her finish. "Never waste time arguing. You'll do the number. Leave it to me."

Mrs. Merral welcomed Joan back to London with a lot of motherly solicitude. "Did you have a nice time, dearie? You look tired, love. I've got a nice hot supper for you. Tell me all about the tour."

Joan always told Mrs. Merral all about everything, but somehow this time the recital was rather halting and incomplete. Once or twice Mrs. Merral frowned anxiously as if not quite satisfied.

"You're not eating, dearie," she said as Joan's story drew to a faltering close. "You sure you're all right? You're sure nothing happened? That young piano fellow—he didn't get fresh with you or anything? You can tell me, dearie. If he was up to any tricks ——" The sentence was left menacingly unfinished.

Joan propped her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands. "No, he wasn't up to anything. He—he's going to marry Sandra Ainert; she's lovely."

Mrs. Merral sniffed. "Lovely is as lovely does," she said. "And you run off to bed. You're all wore out and you've got to make a big hit tomorrow."

"Oh, me." Joan got up and stood for a moment looking round the familiar overcrowded parlor. "I shall be back in the chorus."

"What's wrong with that?" demanded Mrs. Merral. "You looked a sight bonnier when you were working in the chorus."

"Think I'm showing my age?"

"That's just what I do think," said Mrs. Merral sharply. "And outgrown your strength, I shouldn't wonder. I'll get you some nice cod-liver oil tomorrow."

Joan did not sleep much that night in the familiar little bedroom that so often passed for home. *Outgrown your strength.* That was just about right. She didn't think she could stand another tour with weeks of seeing Peter every day. . . . Not that she was likely to get the offer. . . . How could anyone ever hope to be funny when one felt one was all carved up inside in little pieces? . . . She must go to sleep . . . she'd look a sight . . . she'd forget her routines. . . . *Oh, Peter—Peter. She won't make you happy. I can't bear you to be unhappy, darling.* . . . And then it all grew hazy and she slept.

JOAN came to the audition with the calm of despair. She was going to have her chance to show the great Mr. Temperley that she could be funny, and she felt about as funny as a corpse in the morgue.

The audition was at the Regina Palace, the old-fashioned music hall that the clever Mr. Temperley had revived and turned into a colossal money-maker.

Mr. Anger was there to meet them. "Good luck," he said mechanically. "Oh, by the way, Sandra, if you don't get this I've got a nice revue offer for you. They'll hold it open till tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Sandra indifferently. She had no doubt that the act would be booked.

He ran his eyes over her approvingly. "You'll be all right," he said. "Now buck up, the lot of you."

For a moment, in the wings, Peter held Joan's hand. "Good luck, funnyface," he whispered.

As the trio took the stage they knew that somewhere in the darkness at the back of the shrouded stalls sat the great Mr. Temperley himself. They were all weighted down with the importance of the occasion. For the tour would end in London. If they could get the booking, it might be the first step on the ladder that led to bright lights.

The moment came for Joan's two-minute sentimental solo, in which the others joined after the first verse. Joan stood ready, and then she realized that Peter was playing the intro music to her comedy number. The world whirled about her, then it settled back into place and she stepped forward.

The music got her. A little laugh welled up through her being, a little happiness. She forgot that the great Mr. Temperley was sitting in front, that the cleaners were brushing up and down the aisles, that Mr. Anger was watching with his critical dissatisfied expression, that Sandra was simmering with rage—for she was back again in the empty theater alone with Peter, singing his music so that one day he should have all his heart desired. And she put into the little song everything that she had ever learned, everything that she knew by instinct was a trick to catch a laugh, and something more—something she had learned unconsciously on tour: a touch of pathos which heightened the dramatic effect.

IT was a little song about a girl for whom everything always went wrong. Joan did not look like a child of the theater, standing there in her short dancing frock, her wide brown eyes so candid and appealing, her childlike face earnest as she told the story of her woes, her mop of brown curls shaking to emphasize some point, her sensitive smile wavering as she confided to the world a wealth of trouble that led from the loss of a safety pin to the loss of her young man.

The moment the song was over, Peter hurried the two girls into the next number, which was a hot-rhythm dance, and he rattled on madly to the end of the act, so that they took everything a shade faster than it had been rehearsed and Joan felt both breathless and reckless and somehow just a little insane.

They came to their final bow and peered down to see Mr. Anger in the stalls talking to what looked like a group of trapeze artists, men with too square shoulders and arm muscles that imperiled the seams of their suits.

"Oh, you three," he called up, preoccupied. "Mr. Temperley had to take a long-distance call. He saw the act through, though. He wants two of you. He'll be back to tell you in five minutes. Yes, only two. I'll see you later about the contracts." He turned his attention again to the group of strong men. "If you'll come into the office, gentlemen," he said, and led them away through a door marked "Private."

That, thought Joan, was that. After all, Sandra had been right. They didn't want comedy in a song-and-dance act, at least not her brand of comedy.

"I'm sorry, Peter," she said, gulping just a little. "I spoiled your song. Never mind, some real comedian will sing it someday."

"I never heard such nonsense." He was by her side now, his arm protectively around her slim waist. "You were grand. Wants two of us indeed. He gets all or nothing."

"What did you say?" Sandra's voice was sharp with anxiety.

"All or nothing," he repeated.

"Have you gone mad?"

"No. Cold sane and sober."

"And what about *me?*"

"You come in with us—or there's that revue offer."

"Are you seriously suggesting ——"

"I'm going to tell Temperley. He's taking all three or there's no act."

Sandra took a deep breath and then she addressed him as if he were a small and unreasonable child who did not quite understand the situation. "My dear Peter, listen. Temperley's paying, my pet, and he can say just what he'll have and what he won't have, so don't talk like a silly little boy. Joan was very naughty and obstinate, and really she's no one but herself to blame."

"You're quite right, Sandra," said Joan and she managed to grin, though it was a bit of an effort. "It was all my fault. I deserve it. I can get a chorus job. I'll be all right." The color came and went in her cheeks with the effort to keep her voice steady.

"Will someone listen to me for a change?" said Peter.

---

**A lady is a woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman.**

—THE RECORDER.

**The hardest job a kid faces is that of learning good manners without seeing any.**

—ANON.

---



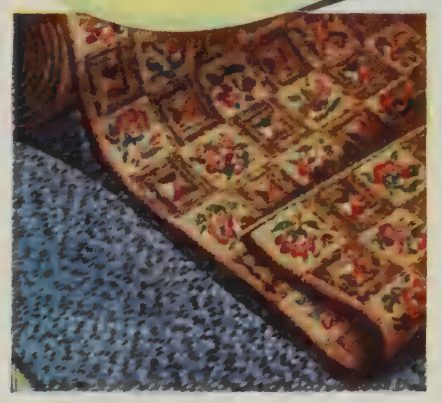


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*Well, don't you worry about that make-believe telephone, because we're installing* real *ones again. And just as fast as we can, we'll put one in for you.*

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*She's been waiting a long time, I know. Lots of other people have, too. Why, last August—at the peak of the war shortage—there were* 2,100,000 *unfilled orders for service.*

**Whew! Do you think you'll ever catch up?**

*Indeed, yes! But in some places where we need switchboards, cables and even new buildings it will take time to give every one service. We're working hard to make it the best service in Bell System history.*

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"Not if you're going to be tiresome, my pet."

"I am going to be tiresome," he said severely, "and I'm going to be quite final. Either Joan is in the act or I leave—with my songs. If Temperley doesn't like us, that's just too bad. Joan comes along—have you got that?"

For a moment Joan felt too bewildered to understand. It seemed as if the whole world had gone mad. Why should Peter talk like that? It didn't make sense. But it was delicious nonsense. The most delicious she had ever heard. It left her speechless.

"Have you taken leave of your senses, Peter?" Sandra was struggling for self-control. "You don't suppose I'm going to let you give up a good offer for some highfalutin idea ——"

"Sandra, who gave you permission to decide what I was to do? When did I cease to be a free agent? Now let me tell you something. I've given you your head. I haven't argued with you on this tour. Even when I disagreed—and that was most of the time—I didn't argue, because I was too busy. I let you have your head because most of the things didn't matter. But now we come up against something that does matter. This time I mean what I say."

"But Peter, I thought you ——"

"I know. You thought I was *crazy about you*. Sandra, my dear, you never really *thought* about it at all. You just assumed that I was crazy about you because that's what you're used to. Most men *are* crazy about you. In nine cases out of ten you'd have been right. I happened to be the tenth."

She took it in very quickly and she came back fighting mad. "All right, you don't give a hoot about me—but is that any reason for wrecking both our careers for a nitwit?"

It was the first time that Joan could catch her breath to intervene in the quarrel. "That's right, Peter," she said quickly. "You've been grand. And I'm grateful. I think you've been grander than anyone I've ever known. But Sandra is right. You've both got to go on and become famous. And someday I'll be ever so proud I knew you."

He swung round now and he put his finger gently over her mouth. "Shut up, funnyface," he said softly. "I haven't any career without you. Don't you know that? Whether you like it or not, our careers are one—we're going to ride in the same old bus. Please, funnyface, don't ever send me away ——"

"But Peter, darling, darling, Peter, you've got to go on and up and have your name in bright lights ——"

"Not without you, Joan."

Anyone would have thought that they were all alone, for her arms went shamelessly round his neck and he held her so close that she could hardly draw her breath.

And then there was a rustle in the back of the stalls and a voice—the great Mr. Temperley's voice—boomed across the empty theater. "Now then, don't stand there—snap into it—I want to see some of that stuff again."

There was a moment's hesitation on everyone's part. Joan moved discreetly aside and Sandra instinctively forward.

Mr. Temperley waved an impatient hand. "Not you, girl. Not you. Didn't Mr. Anger tell you? I want the funny one. There's money in laughs. Now let me have that comedy number again."


## . . . . . So, It's Been a Long, Long Time?



IT'S been a long, long time since you felt that life was really interesting. No dates, no dances, no fun, no football games, no bright lights and music—and you are the gal who wants to set the world on fire! Lady, you need a lift! Take a look below and start a Sub-Deb Library all your own. It's all there—if you want to know the answers!

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Ladies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe In • March, 19[illegible] •

# JOURNAL



BURLINGAME
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*The Dark Wood* A NEW SERIAL BY *Christine Weston*

STORIES BY ELIZABETH DUNN • JESSAMYN WEST • LUCIA ALZAMORA



**LUCIA ALZAMORA** *(Prelude to Happiness)* writes: "The only thing that ever happened to me which might be considered Really Fascinating is the fact that I was born in Peru and lived there for the first few years of my life. But my existence, if not bubbling over with high adventure, is pleasantly brimming with a husband and two surprisingly normal children. We winter in New York, with frequent ski trips to prove that we're not completely citified; and we summer on Cape Cod, where I can lie on the beach for all I'm worth. (That's not a major ambition; just a pet love!) My most blatant failing appears in my questionable capacity of autobiographer. In that meadow, I'm a speechless weed—as you can see!"



**BAIRD HALL** *(Gold Rush)* says: "I'm a woodworker, and the guys who help me are better, and get to the shop earlier; so I explain that it's a writer I am, and that makes everything all right. Now if I can just think up some way to make my readers believe that it's a woodworker I am, maybe they'll make allowances, too, and then I'll be sitting pretty all around; like I sit at Parham Parkhurst's general store, meditating, as all writers meditate—even if they're woodworkers. One other important fact about me is: I sing bass in the village choir."



**CHRISTINE WESTON** *(The Dark Wood)* writes: "I was born in India and lived there until my marriage in 1924. Since then I have lived in an old brick house in Maine. My career as a writer began in 1940 with Be Thou the Bride, a novel. This was followed by The Devil's Foot, and Indigo. My recent juvenile story, Bhimsa, is my favorite, though I'm told I failed to explain away certain allusions to ghosts. Well, no one has ever explained them away to me! In addition to the usual virtues and vices, I'm a model housewife; but I talk indefatigably and drive my car at high speed. Old age may change that—but so far so good!"

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# ood cooks share one prize-winning secret for Cakes, Pies, Fried Foods!

# improves all 3




## Champ: Crisco for Richer Cakes!

**BBON CAKE**

⅛ tsp. soda and 2 tbsps. cocoa blended with 2 tbsps. water. *For Pink Layer:* Add 3 to 4 drops red coloring and ½ tsp. vanilla. *For White Layer:* Add ½ tsp. almond extract. Pour into three 9" layer pans (1½" deep), rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (360° F.) about 25 minutes. *Crisco has a baking secret that makes lighter cakes than the most expensive shortening. With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe!* Cool. Put together with double-boiler icing. All Measurements Level.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 6 tsps.*



2

## Says the Pie-Winner: With Crisco... Flaky Pie Crust Every Time!

**CRISCO WINTER FRUIT PIE**

¾ cup chopped cooked prunes
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14 cooked dried apricots
¼ cup honey
⅛ tsp. cinnamon
Single-crust recipe Crisco Pastry

Bake 9" Crisco pie shell at 425° F., 12–15 minutes. *(Good news, ladies! Now you can get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! Just follow the sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label—be sure to use Crisco—and you can't miss!)* Combine chopped prunes, apricots and sugar; spread in pie shell. Pit whole prunes and insert walnut half in each; arrange with apricots in pie. Warm honey and cinnamon together and pour this syrup over fruit. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes. All Measurements Level.

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**EGG CROQUETTES (Serves 4–6)**

Fry in skillet containing hot Crisco about ½ inch deep. *(Are you timid about serving fried foods? You needn't worry! Foods fried light and crisp in pure, all-vegetable Crisco not only taste better—they're so digestible even children may eat 'em!)* Serve with creamed carrots and peas. All Measurements Level.

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*ng Vegetable Shortening—IT'S DIGESTIBLE!*

# UNDER-COVER STUFF

*By Bernardine Kielty*



*William Allen White*

***William Allen White,*** who never was one to talk about himself, finally broke down and wrote the story of his life, and THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE will go down, we believe, as a monument to the way of American living. He was writing it through 1943, and he died before he had it quite finished. But what a good time he must have had remembering: those boyhood days in El Dorado, Kansas; the newspaper days that lasted all his life, in Emporia; the political campaigns of half a century; the days with Teddy Roosevelt—but particularly the boyhood days!

No one (except a typist) saw one word of the manuscript as he was writing it. This was something he couldn't share. Any voice from the outside might break the precious train of memories. Even his beloved Sallie, wife of fifty years, who had been in on every thought and every joy and sorrow, didn't get a glimpse of it. She used to hear him chuckling while he wrote, but that's all.

The book will make you chuckle too. It is ebullient, like Bill White himself, gay and honest and full of sense. Unfortunately, it reaches only to the days of 1923. Then he became ill. The rest of the story has been summarized by his son in an epilogue. But for anyone who wants William Allen White's angle on the period that came next, there is that remarkable book of his about Calvin Coolidge, A PURITAN IN BABYLON, which isn't half well enough known, but will probably remain the outstanding interpretation of the Boom Days.

Everyone thinks of William Allen White as a born newspaper editor. Few know that at one time he seriously considered making music his profession. "Thank fortune I didn't," he used to say. "I'd 'a' been a third-rate music teacher." But we're not so sure. When he came to New York he always went to hear the Philharmonic on Thursday evening or Friday afternoon. At home he had a huge collection of hand-picked records. And in his very last days, he asked Sallie almost every evening to put on the Schubert string quintet in C-major. The Kansas-prairie boy-grown-old died to the loveliest music of the long-ago young Viennese.

● ● ●



*Franz Werfel*

***Franz Werfel*** has died too. But if ever we could feel that the spirit of man still hovers close after death, it would be the spirit of Werfel, who was a deeply religious soul and a mystic, concerned more than almost any other modern author with the yearnings of mankind toward a life beyond. THE SONG OF BERNADETTE is an example of what we mean, and EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, and now—and how much more so!—his last novel, STAR OF THE UNBORN, finished one week before he died. It is the story of a little man, *F. W.*, who after his death is transported to a place in time 100,000 years hence. But Werfel tackles the problems of the psyche with no unctuousness—always with a kind of bubbling good humor. Even in this last book, probably his greatest achievement and his deepest search, we laughed out loud as we read. For *F. W.* (whom we knew as a short, almost tubby little man) appears in the eerie realms of the future in the same garb and condition in which he was buried in 1945. Instead of the diaphanous garments that these distant people wore, he found himself barging about in the old black frock coat that the family had pulled out of a trunk to bury him in, with patent-leather shoes too tight, because, being thrifty, they had considered an old pair good enough for the purpose. Moreover, there were no eyeglasses in the coffin—a serious handicap for *F. W.*, who was very near-sighted. But the whole book is a remarkable feat of the imagination, one of the most distinguished novels of the period, not easy reading in spite of the light touches, but well worth the careful concentration that it takes.

● ● ●

***Kay Boyle's*** new novel, to appear soon, is about France. After all, she lived there twenty years, and during the war was sent back by the United States Army on work that required a specialist. It's material she got on that trip—about the Fascist French, authentic and up-to-the-minute—that she has used in A FRENCHMAN MUST DIE, a novel on the order of her popular AVALANCHE of a year or so back.



*Kay Boyle*

These two books are a departure for Kay Boyle, the intellectual, whose books used to be distinctly of the long-haired variety. Before the war she was one of the small esoteric group of literary experimenters who appeared regularly in Transition, the Paris-American Little Magazine. She wrote poetry and short stories, beautiful but sometimes baffling. It's no doubt her return to easygoing, unexacting, wholesome America that accounts for the change. At any rate, she came back—she and her husband and six children, by clipper plane, the largest family ever to make the transatlantic flight.

Since her arrival she has remarried and had two more children. But unlike the old woman in the shoe, she knows exactly what to do with her enormous family. It is a remarkable ménage. The older take care of the younger. Much of the time there is no maid, but the meals are excellent, on time, the family sits down to them together, and guests are many and always welcome. The children have the good manners of a French bringing up, and the initiative of the hardy Minnesotans (their mother, strange as it may seem, was born in St. Paul). In fact, one of the older daughters (16) who studied French stenography over here, has now gone back to Paris to look for a job.

All through the war Kay Boyle worked for the Government, not only on her mission to France, but broadcasting in French from here. Now, as then, she is constantly offering bed and board to homeless soldiers and sailors. And through it all she writes, finishes what she's writing, and sells it to an increasingly large public—a good person to remember when we think we're being overworked.

● ● ●

*Among the other current books are two English novels by authors whose names are hallmarks of quality:* MISS BUNTING,

*(Continued on Page 118)*


"They turned Green with Envy the day I discovered Oxydol washes White Without Bleaching..."




It's Thrilling the Way Clothes Come CLEANER and WHITER!

YES, actual tests prove that Oxydol washes clothes *cleaner* and *whiter* than less-energetic soaps can ever do. All your white things—except for downright stains—come White Without Bleaching.

Oxydol's "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so lively they *lift* out the last possible trace of dirt. And they even act to prevent those "dirty grayness" particles that form in wash water, stick in the clothes—then turn yellow or gray when you iron them.

What's more, Oxydol is wonderfully safe for wash colors and rayons. So get Oxydol now—and thrill to a wash so clean it's White Without Bleaching.




WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

LADIES' HOME Journal

# MINORITIES

BY STRUTHERS BURT

CHARLEY—we'll call him Woolsey—worked for me for a number of years. When sober, which was most of the time, and when some "minority" wasn't "persecuting" him, he was one of the best ranch hands I've ever seen. Intelligent, skillful, loyal and quiet. And then, suddenly, the storm would begin to build up just like the premonitions of a hurricane.

For a week or so Charley would be very grim, and more silent than usual; after that, increasingly communicative, dropping dark hints about some group or other out to ruin the country and along with it all honest Americans like himself. Sometimes it was the local sheriff. Or a neighbor. Or the ranch owners and cattlemen. Frequently it was the President. And Charley was magnificently nonpartisan in this respect. It made no difference whether the President at the moment happened to be a Republican or a Democrat, Charley was against him. Likely as not it was some religious, or racial, or economic, or social stratum. It just depended upon what Charley had been reading. He was an omnivorous reader, but not a very wise one. Out of the corner of his mouth, ancient and discredited lies dripped like the froth of a mad dog. And these people, the group uppermost in his mind—it might be the Mormons, or the Catholics, or the Methodists; or the rich, or the poor, and so on ad infinitum—these people were engaged in a black conspiracy to keep Charley down; to prevent him from being the man he could be.

Presently you would begin to smell whisky on his breath, even early in the morning. Then, if you were wise, you would give him some of his pay, lock up the rest, and tell him to go down country and take a holiday. In a month or two he would wander back, sober and slightly worn, his nose on the other side of his face.

Charley's nose was famous throughout the countryside. It was a long, thin, inquisitive nose, easily broken. Charley was very disagreeable when suffering from his "moods," especially when leaning up against a bar. Charley would assume that the stranger next to him, no matter who he might be, belonged to the "minority" at the moment engaged in persecuting him. This often resulted in Charley's nose being broken again. Sometimes Charley wore his nose to the left; sometimes to the right.

Of course Charley was a paranoiac; a marked one. One of the signs of paranoia

*(Continued on Page 157)*

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# WANTED: LEADERSHIP

## *By Dorothy Thompson*

AT present our society rightly complains of the lack of leadership. There are reasons for this, and it might be constructive to consider what they are. The war, and the new economic situation created by the war, had already, before the death of President Roosevelt, ended the New Deal by ending, however temporarily, the state of affairs which had created the New Deal mentality and its various programs. Although many of these were contradictory, the essence of the New Deal was the concept of the Welfare State, placing less emphasis on production than on the more equal distribution of a national production, whose potentialities were, in all prewar calculations, grossly underestimated.

During the war the producer, rather than the social worker, came to the fore, while all domestic programs and the President's leadership were relegated to secondary place after foreign affairs.

The pattern of the peace and the United Nations Organization as a Big Three enterprise, in which unity would be maintained by mutual recognition of and respect for spheres of influence, had already been laid down before Mr. Truman became President. So had the pattern of Germany's administration, the shifts of eastern frontiers, and the tendency to concede to Russian interpretations of the meaning of "democratic" government in the Eastern European countries.

Thus President Truman inherited a foreign policy that had already jelled in critical places, while it was left open and ambiguous in others, and a domestic policy which had sacrificed most of its original philosophy and plans to the dynamic developments of the war.

A great war, and above all this war, cannot be an extraneous episode, which, when it is over, permits a return to life as it was before. Neither the world nor America will ever be the same again. The realization of this dawns only gradually and contributes to a general sense of alarm, as when a familiar landscape shows weird changes in the shapes and arrangements of things. Leadership must, therefore, try calmly to take stock of the new factors. It cannot merely hope to follow a previous pattern.

Historic Europe has returned to roughly its area in the days of Charlemagne. Old Prussia, most of the Austro-Hungary of 1914, Serbia, Bulgaria and Rumania have beome satellites of Russia, and in every probability will eventually become republics in the multi-national Soviet Union, as the Baltic states already have.

Germany embraces only three quarters of her smallest previous historic territory, and the probability exists that her demographical decline will be as great, leaving her eventually with far less land and not much greater a population than France.

France is no longer a great power. Britain has lost her centuries-old financial position. In India she is no longer a creditor, but a debtor. All colonial empires are crumbling or precariously held together by force, and the force itself has been weakened, as the colonial empires are based on Europe, and Europe is weakened.

The system of private corporate capitalism remains fairly intact in only one great country: the United States. Defeat, collapse and Allied policies have smashed it in Germany. Elsewhere in Europe, all parties that have any mass support are socialist in greater or less degree. Impoverishment and destruction would, of themselves, further socialism, and the tendency is enhanced and supported by the immensely augmented power of the Soviet Union.

The industrial workers are emerging as a dominant political force, challenging the prewar social systems, both economically and politically, through powerful and ably led organizations, and encouraged in the United States especially by wartime revelations of productive capacity.

A new source of energy has been discovered, of a power hitherto unknown in the world, which, if used in war, threatens to obliterate large sections of mankind.

American leadership must give full and fearless recognition to all these revolutionary facts and forces. To try to deny, overlook or underrate them can only contribute to letting the dynamism of events slip out of control. Nor can American leadership wait upon policies originating in the people. Without guidance, within the framework of a clear aim and

*(Continued on Page 157)*

Betty Crocker says:

# "make this old favorite by our new method in ½ the mixing time!"



## CHOICE CHOCOLATE CAKE

**Use only GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour with this Betty Crocker recipe**

Have all ingredients at room temperature (70°-75°). (Shortening should be soft—not melted.) Pre-heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease and dust with flour two 8" round layer pans (1¼" deep). Sift Gold Medal Flour before measuring. Measure ingredients accurately (level) before mixing. Just before starting to mix cake, pour ⅓ cup *boiling* water into 3 sq. (3 oz.) melted unsweetened chocolate. Stir until a paste is formed.

**Sift** together into bowl
- 1¾ cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour
- *1½ cups sugar
- †1 tsp. salt
- †1 tsp. soda

**Add**
- ⅓ cup high grade vegetable shortening
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- ¾ cup milk

**Beat** vigorously with spoon for 2 min. by clock (about 150 strokes per min.). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. Or mix with electric mixer on slow to med. speed for 2 min. Scrape bottom and sides of bowl frequently.

**Add**
- ⅓ to ½ cup unbeaten eggs (2 medium)

**Beat** 1 more minute.

**Add** . . . . . the warm chocolate paste

**Beat** 1 more minute.

**Pour** batter into prepared pans.

**Bake** 30 to 35 minutes.

When cake is cool, frost with White Wonder Icing (*recipe below*).

***TO SAVE ON SUGAR,** use ⅔ cup sugar and ⅔ cup corn syrup. Reduce milk to ½ cup plus 1 tbsp. Add syrup with milk to dry ingredients.

†*When using Self-Rising Flour omit salt and use ONLY ½ tsp. soda. If you live over 3,000 feet write Betty Crocker, General Mills, Minneapolis 15, Minn., for adjustments.*

### WHITE WONDER ICING

**Mix** in top of double boiler
- ¼ cup unbeaten egg whites (about 2)
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tsp. white corn syrup
- 1/16 tsp. cream of tartar

Place over boiling water for about 6 min., stirring with finger until you can't keep it in mixture. Remove from heat. Beat vigorously with rotary beater until icing holds shape (10 min.).

**Blend** in . . . . . ½ tsp. flavoring

When you make this "favorite" cake by the New Betty Crocker Method . . . your mixing time is *cut in half!* Because there's no creaming of shortening . . . no separate beating of eggs!

And *what* a cake this is! A dark temptation . . . with the texture of deep velvet . . . this rich, moist Chocolate Cake has a snowy white icing for dazzling contrast.

*More* good news! You can save *half* your sugar by *substituting half syrup!* You see, our New Method, developed by the General Mills Betty Crocker Staff, is a boon in *many* ways! Above all, it gives you a high, light, fine-textured cake of prize-winning calibre.

The *secret?* It's the scientific *balanced combination* of Gold Medal Flour and New Method recipes—each recipe tailored and tested to fit Gold Medal's superb baking characteristics.

Buy a sack of Gold Medal—see for yourself!

**General Mills**

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## Dark Secrets!

**1. To melt chocolate,** place it (broken into small pieces) in a cup or small bowl, set in a strainer over a little rapidly boiling water.

**2. For the deep dark chocolatey color** in this cake, be sure that the water you pour over the melted unsweetened chocolate is *boiling hot.*

**3. Let the chocolate-and-water paste cool** until it's only *warm* before you start adding this paste to the batter in the final step of mixing.

*Don't melt the chocolate in the oven. It gets a burned taste unless melted at low temperature.*

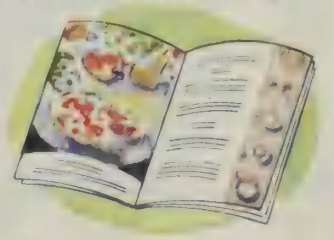
Why Not Now? Eventually




**WARNING!** Recipe above has been developed and "proportioned" only for Gold Medal. *Don't use another flour!* Remember, Gold Medal is truly all-purpose—"tops" for pies, rolls, cookies, etc. See folder in sacks for a *variety* of tested recipes!

## Only 25¢ . . . for the famous "Betty Crocker Cook Book of All-Purpose Baking"!

220 of the best Gold Medal tested recipes! Sections on cakes, pies, cookies, quick and yeast breads. Step-by-step pictures of baking methods! 147 illustrations, many in gorgeous color. New supplement on "New Method" cakes! Sugar-saving tables, sugarless icings and desserts, economy bakings. *"Worth a dollar!" many say.* Send only 25c to: Betty Crocker, Dept. 129, General Mills, Minneapolis 15, Minn. (*Hurry!—limited printing—offer good only while present supplies last!*)



WHEAT-APPROVED ★ MILL-CHECKED ★ RECIPE-PROVED

# Easy Does it!




THE SUB-DEB

EDITED BY

*Maureen Daly*

**HE'S YOUR GUY, BUT—**

You're only young once, so naturally any smart gal wants to make the most of it—but why have all your good times the hard way? You can have as much fun as the next gal without rocking the floor boards, shaking the walls and scaring off all the best boys in your crowd by making like a cheerleader every time you get near a little excitement! If you're not a guilty party to this rah-rah raucousness, at least you know the type. The gal with this eager-beaver technique goes over with a bang no matter where she is (and if a few schoolbooks or a drugstore chair gets toppled over too—that's all part of the act!). She doesn't mean to be loud; in fact, she usually doesn't even know she *is* loud—she's just having fun with sound effects. And this girl gets particularly exuberant when there are a few smooth joes around. If she's on a street corner, she doesn't mind shouting to last-Friday-night's date who happens to be turning the corner down on Wilkins Street a block away; if she's in the drugstore with the crowd after school, she doesn't mind carrying on a conversation from booth to booth via the loud-speaker system (her own, of course); and even in the halls at school, you can hear her coming because her voice sounds out over the slamming of locker doors, shuffling of feet and the buzz-buzz conversation of a few dozen other fellows and gals. And sometimes, especially with boys again, she will give her conversation emphasis by adding a slap on the back or a good, hard shove to finish off her sentence. She still likes to chase boys round the block, indulge in a hair-mussing contest, pull off a hat or two, and tries to show her friendship by "horsing around." She just thinks she's having fun—but her friends aren't, because neither gals nor fellows like to be embarrassed by a loud character who stands out in a crowd. If you want boys to like you, don't you act like one!

**INSIDE, OUTSIDE**

Two's a couple, three's a crowd and any larger number is a problem—especially if that number is made up of high-school girls, jamming into a streetcar, window-shopping en masse or walking down the sidewalk five abreast! When you are in a store, on the street or in any public place—either step it up or break it up! No playing leapfrog round the counters, sampling the wares of the perfume counter and taking up the salesgirls' time by trying on sequin dinner dresses and mink-trimmed evening scarfs that you know you don't mean to buy anyway! And the same kind of social life on the hoof can make a bottleneck in rush-hour traffic. Get a group of high-school girls on a streetcar or bus with armfuls of books and a lot of happy chatter, and there isn't much room for shoppers with bundles or even one tired businessman to find a place to sit or even to worm his way out when the car comes to his stop. And did you ever see a meek and mild average customer fight his way into a drugstore for a box of aspirin when the crowd takes over after a basketball game? If he didn't need the aspirin before he went in, he'll need it before he makes his way out again! Have as much fun as you can whenever you can, but don't forget to leave room for somebody else!

**ALL AROUND THE TOWN**

Sometimes you can catch the best show in town down at the local movie theater—and it isn't on the screen either! You might have the bad luck to sit right behind a couple of high-school characters who use the theater for everything from a quick snack counter to catching up on yesterday's conversation! And right in the middle of the March of Time film too! It doesn't matter if the screen is showing Boyer and Bacall or a good sports spectacle from Madison Square Garden, these two will make with the low whispers, crinkle the wrapping from a candy bar under the seat, drop a few salted peanuts on the floor and then start in on the second box of popcorn. Of course, they're having fun themselves, but they just happened to forget about the other paying customers who had dinner *before* they came to see the show! And next in line to the pair who like to sit through the double feature with a package lunch are the amorous characters who catch the mood of the movie and indulge in a little extracurricular hand-holding of their own. Usually Stupor Man and his smitten kitten sit with heads together (blocking the screen, of course), his arm around the back of her chair, making a very pretty picture, but not nearly so interesting as the movie going on up front—if only the audience could see! Love is a wonderful thing—but a private thing—so how about watching the show?

**DO YOU HAVE YOURS?**

What's blue and mulberry, wallet-sized, all your own and absolutely free? Your official Sub-Deb identification card, of course! And if you're a member of a Sub-Deb Club, *registered at National Headquarters*, bring the matter up at your next club meeting. Just send a list of all club members, with return addresses, to National Sub-Deb Headquarters at LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and you'll have your Sub-Deb identification cards for all your members by return mail!

**BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND**

Remember the old song that goes, "Did you ever see a dream walking?" Did you ever try to imagine how you yourself look when *you* are walking—just walking down the street, through the halls at school or across the floor at a dance? Do you look like that "dream walking"—or are you slightly on the nightmare side? Poise is a definite part of developing into an attractive finished product, so get both feet on the ground now, figuratively and literally, and keep them there! Often a combination of fuzzy socks and moccasins, bulky jackets and rolled-up jeans can make a girl walk and act just as rough-and-tumble as she feels. That rugged look is all right as long as you don't let the "overall attitude" go to your head! No standing like a female Tarzan with legs apart, hands jammed in pockets and shoulders slouched over. No stomping through the halls, pounding up the stairs, slamming doors or crashing down into your seat in study hall. No draping over chairs in the living room, tripping over rugs just because you happen to be wearing your heavy socks, tossing your lumber jacket onto the nearest doorknob because it's too bulky to hang up in the closet! A smooth gal can wear anything, go anywhere and do anything and *still look and act like a girl.* So remember, whether at home, in school or just out taking a walk around the block with your current joe friend—easy does it!



## Sniffles? Sneezing?



## Sore Throat?

# Gargle Listerine — *Quick!*



OFTEN this delightful precaution, taken early and repeatedly, helps to head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders". These troublesome germs, many authorities agree, cause practically all of the misery and serious complications of a cold.

*When Germs Strike*

When your feet are wet or cold . . . when you are tired or chilled . . . get into a draft . . . or go from a hot room into the cold outdoors . . . body resistance is often so lowered that the "secondary invaders" find it easy to stage a mass invasion of the tissue. Since they can aggravate an infection it should be handled like an infection—with germ-killing action.

So, remember, at the first hint of a cold, use Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, make the Listerine-gargle a morning and night habit.

*Fewer Colds in Tests*

Bear in mind Listerine's impressive record made in tests over a 12-year period; those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds than non-garglers . . . also fewer sore throats.

**Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests**

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

**THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"**

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

**LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY**

Makers of

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



*A Mystery to him . . . sometimes to you*

FRANCES DENNEY reveals her story of Make-Up Foundations. Now you can have the look you want. The Opaque Foundation is a cover-up that gives you the dramatic coloring you desire. The Transparent Foundation will bring out the beauty of your own skin tone. Both types, Opaque and Transparent, come in a luminous finish for the new, dewy, luscious look of youth, or the mat finish for that smart, sophisticated air.




All prices plus tax.

***Luminous Cover-Up*** — Opaque, luminous. Liquid. Four shades. $1.50 and $2.50

***Luminous Film*** — Opaque, luminous. Cream. Four shades. $1.50

***Over-Tone*** — Opaque. Cake, mat finish. Eight shades. $1.50

***Under-Tone*** — Transparent, luminous. Liquid. Four shades. $1.50 and $2.50

***Neck Blender*** . . . Now . . . for the first time . . . you may have make-up for your neck. It does not rub off on clothes. Neck Blender goes on easily and blends beautifully with your make-up foundation. Does away with that line between make-up and neck. Use it too, on shoulders and arms and decollete fashions. Four shades. $1.50

FRANCES DENNEY

MAKE-UP FOUNDATIONS


# Our Readers Write Us

### Dorothy is Repatriated

*The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.*

*My Dears:* The storms that rage about our little island are supplying us with shatter explosions comparable with anything we have had since Dunkirk. Mines washed ashore are blowing up right and left, shattering the old ladies of Worthing, marooning the residents of Hythe and Sandgate, and making our windows, twenty-eight miles inland, rattle and jar. One of the explosions was so loud and sounded so near that it awoke me last night, and for a moment I thought it was another doodlebug.

Eric the pony boy grew a foot in my absence, and the long pants I bought him in September have all turned to shorts. And his voice has broken. I keep thinking I hear a burglar down below, but it is only the dear little man with his new voice.

And talking of burglars, you can hardly hear yourself speak in England today, for the cracking of cribs! The gangsters have broken loose amongst us with a vengeance. Ladies with nice fur coats now sleep in them, and even that makes no difference. They take the lady too. So far we have been wonderfully preserved, in this village, from marauders, and even my chickens have survived. (They are the kind that are too scraggy for the pot, which may protect them a bit.) But I am touching wood, turning my money, *and* bowing to the new moon. Just to be on the safe side.

I wish you could have seen the faces of the children in our village school here, when I went down with those two American dolls, pink and blue, sitting up in a clothes basket. Lots of the children just have never seen toys like that.

My love to you all, and please tell Julia that I hope to return to America soon so I can once more taste her lemon meringue pie.

Your repatriated,
DOROTHY BLACK.

*My dear Bruce and Beatrice:* Boys one knew long ago in another world are beginning to come back to the village. The amazing thing, to me, was to see the little boy who went to America aged ten, now towering over his mother, with that jolly unself-conscious manner the kids have.

Mary's rampageous baby is busy now, discovering things. And as it never walks anywhere but always goes at a brisk trot, Mary's life is pretty full. It is useless to fix a gate. Annette learned how to unfasten things like that, with her first tooth. She goes meantime proudly about the garden, taking enormous steps, in a sort of goose step, wearing her American boots. She simply loves them.

One of Mary's cronies in the WAAF, a pretty girl called Ray, has just married an American colonel and is off to Boston. Rather apprehensive. She doesn't feel sure she will be welcome, having got one of the best-looking Americans I have ever seen (always excepting you, Bruce, of course!). I have been cheering her up, and telling her to have no fear, that all she will find awaiting her is quite astounding kindness. Love to you both.

DOROTHY.

### Salute to Mrs. Roosevelt

*Moscow, Idaho.*

*Dear Editors:* When I wrote recommending that Mrs. Roosevelt's department be discontinued, I did not imagine that I would get so much fun out of letters received in consequence.

I had three letters of warm commendation. But the surprising and amusing part to me was the terrible vehemence, the unquestioning loyalty and the shattering criticism which the supporters of her department displayed.

Very truly yours,
DORTHEA DAHL.

Although Mrs. Roosevelt is no longer in the White House, interest in her thoughts and activities has not diminished perceptibly, judging by the avidity with which her JOURNAL page is read by JOURNAL readers. It continues to be the best-read page of "pure reading matter" published in any magazine. ED.

### Baby in a Barrel!

*La Jolla, California.*

*Gentlemen:* Enclosed is a picture of my daughter, Laurie, at five months in our barrel cradle, inspired by the one in Journal About Town, and made by my brother-in-law.

Laurie's father, Lt. Col. Robert S. Riddell, is on the way home from Japan. He has never seen either Laurie or the cradle, but says "By the pictures, I imagine it is cute." The fact that Laurie is, too, he takes for granted.



***Laurie—she's cute too.***

Thank you for the idea.

Sincerely,
RHODA F. RIDDELL.

### Will You Pay to Live Longer?

*Johnson City, Tennessee.*

*Dear Sir:* William L. Laurence's article in the December JOURNAL, Tomorrow You May Be Younger, was very interesting and factually pretty accurate. However, your introduction is not quite correct. Mr. Laurence is not the first to report the work of Bogomolets to the general public. Hirshberg, in the American Weekly, July 30, 1944, had a two-page spread; Dr. Martin Gumpfert gave an account of it in his book, You Are Younger Than You Think; and shorter mention has been made by De Kruif in The Male Hormone; Scope Magazine, and various others.

In America Doctors Pomerat and Anigstein at the University of Texas Medical School have carried out most of the work published in this country. They have verified the statements of the Russian scientists in regard to the cytotoxic action (cellular inhibition of large doses), and cellular stimulation in small doses of anit-reticular-cytotoxic serum (ACS or ARCS in Russia, but called Reticuloendothelial Immune Serum, or R.E.I.S., in America by Pomerat and Anigstein). Pomerat and Anigstein have even gone further: they have localized the action of this serum in the globulin fraction of the blood. Several months ago Science stated that a foundation had been established in the Middle West for the study of this serum in cancer therapy. In spite of the amazing benefits of this serum in Russia, and the verification of its action in this country, there has been an extraordinary amount of apathy toward it in this country. I cannot fully agree with Mr. Laurence that the slowness of its application in the United States is a result, primarily, of the war. I have been doing some work on aging for the past two years and have encountered a great deal of apathy toward aging therapy. I have met bitter antagonism toward aging therapy from the standpoints of religion, morals, politics, and even economics.

During the past five years an educational program has been in effect in this country to obtain support, both moral and financial. Fortunately, the campaign is beginning to bear fruit, and in a few years we ought to be up with Russia in our attitude toward the prolongation of life. The majority of this work has been performed by the United States and Russia, with the rest of the world running very far behind. The solution of the problem will require money, trained men and a few years of effort. The problem actually reduces to the question of whether people would rather spend money now to double their life span via medicine, or to spend it on other pursuits and die with their allotted spans half completed.

*(Continued on Page 13)*



"You're my darling..."
Say it sweetly, wordlessly,
with a touch of your hands...
the hands you've kept so lovely
with Trushay.

Trushay is the hand lotion
that works a special
"beforehand" way.

Yes... a few drops of this
fragrant liquid used before
soap-and-water tasks, before
dishes or light laundering...
actually help prevent rough,
dry skin!

Rely on Trushay, wherever
and whenever you need it.

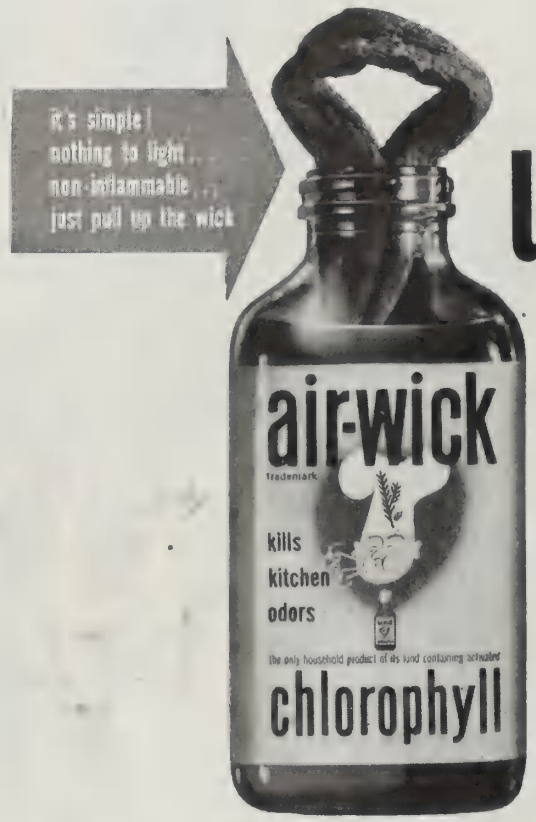
# TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion




PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

# only a penny or so a day to kill unpleasant household odors




PAT. NO. 2 326,672



Most housewives know that they're judged by the freshness of the air in their homes. Yet, until very recently, it has been almost impossible to control the unpleasant odors of cooking foods...the odor of stale tobacco smoke... and other inevitable household odors.

**air-wick*** ...the little bottle with the magic wick...is a revolutionary new scientific discovery which makes indoor air country-fresh...and kills all unpleasant household odors...*at a cost of only a penny or so a day.*

There's nothing to light...nothing to burn. Simply open the bottle and pull up the wick a few minutes before you start cooking. Keep a bottle open in the living-room whenever you expect heavy smoking. Use **air-wick** to freshen stuffy closets and bathrooms...bring country-fresh air into the nursery and sick-room. **air-wick** is not a perfume. It is not an "antiseptic". It has no "medicinal" smell. **air-wick** contains **chlorophyll**...the miracle-working substance which nature uses to freshen the air in garden and forest. You'll find **air-wick** at all better stores.

why risk offending?

## get air-wick

more than 6,000,000 bottles already sold

kills cooking odors

freshens nurseries and sick rooms

kills bathroom odors



kills stuffy closet odors

kills odors of stale smoke

makes indoor air "country-fresh"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*air-wick deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U.S. patent.
air-wick is a trade-mark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N.Y.

*(Continued from Page 10)*

Thanks very much for Mr. Laurence's excellent article, and I hope that it can bring to the forefront this very important problem. Very truly yours,

THOMAS S. GARDNER, PH.D.

*Dear Mr. Gould:* I agree with Doctor Gardner's views as to our slowness and apathy in study of the aging problem, though this attitude, as pointed out in my article, is now slowly changing. However, considering the importance of the problem, we are not approaching it with anywhere near the zeal and energy it calls for. As Doctor Gardner points out, we need a lot of money and trained men, and the sums available at present are trifling. Apart from consideration of human values in terms of happiness and well-being, it would be worth billions to the nation from a purely economic standpoint to invest a few millions now. It should, therefore, become a national effort. I should like to see every man and woman thirty-five or over contribute one dollar a year toward solution of this problem, and we would have it licked in a few years. There are golden years in them thar hills. One dollar a year now may add ten to thirty useful years to everyone's life span.

It may not be a bad idea for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to start this "Dollar-a-Year for Ten Years of Life" campaign among its millions of women readers.

As for Doctor Gardner's statement about prior popular articles, I have never read or heard of any of those he mentions. I still believe, however, that the article in the JOURNAL is the first complete account for the lay public.

WILLIAM L. LAURENCE.

### Why Feed the Germans?

*Beecher City, Illinois*

*Dear Editors:* I do not agree with Mr. Wallace's reply to Can We Eat Well and Feed Europe Too? I think we can supply Europe with some food, but I also think we could see that some of the people in our slums are fed better!

I can't help thinking: "Would the Germans have fed us—had we lost?"

Sincerely,
*Name withheld by request.*

The answer is "No." Had the Nazis been the kind of people we are, we would not have had to fight them. Since we cannot exterminate them—as they tried to exterminate the Jews, their political opponents, and "inferior races like the Poles and Russians"—we must, if we have the wit and patience, educate them to be civilized members of a civilized world community.

We agree that we had better feed our own ill-fed people, too, but the two aims are not mutually exclusive. ED.

### Food Waste in Restaurants

*Riverside, California.*

*Dear Beatrice and Bruce:* Is there any practical way of persuading American hotels and restaurants to cut their helpings in half, to charge just what they do now for excessive portions and to turn over for European relief the money thus saved—or the food!

I am struck constantly by the enormous overloading of everyone's plates, the food that is just stirred round and left. It makes me sick when I think of starving children and old people, and everyone of every age. Love,

KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT.

### Do It Yourself

*Chicago, Illinois.*

*Dear Mrs. Gould:* Perhaps you may be interested in my solution to What You Can Do to Help. In August I decided that I was sick and tired of reading about the homeless and needy in Europe and decided to do something about it. My sympathies lay most strongly with the Poles and the Greeks—for the obvious reason that despite their nonbelligerence, they seemed to have suffered the most. So, the problem was to discover the name and whereabouts of a Polish or Greek person in need.

Look, it's so simple it's like falling off a log. If only I had sufficient means, there are at least twenty-odd people I could be sending boxes to each month. There is a very large and beautiful Polish Roman Catholic church not too far from us, and I got the name of my displaced person through one of the priests there. He was a refugee himself, and was overjoyed to give me the name and address of his friend and colleague, Father Francis Forecki.

As I understand it, Father Forecki was in Dachau for six years. A long time. He was tortured; he fell ill; he has had beriberi and now has arthritis and rheumatism, besides skin disorders, as a result of exposure. I learned this from an American priest at St. Michael's; Father Forecki never complains, nor does he ever ask for anything. He is now in Bretenoux, France, together with several other Poles. In their small colony are children from tiny babies to fourteen-year-old youngsters.

To pack a box for these people is, strangely enough, heartbreaking. There's so darned much they need and I can't send them everything, for there are limits to my purse. However, a box usually includes quickly cooked food—they have little or no fuel—coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar (yes, and now all I've left is five boxes of powdered sugar!) and tobacco—these *always*—soap always, petroleum jelly and ointments, toothbrushes and tooth paste, talc. Once I sent a lipstick in case someone's "morale" needed one badly. I've sent woolen underwear to Father and cotton socks to go inside the woolen ones I sent. My inspirations to date have been darning cotton and thread and a canned-heat stove. Why I didn't think of the latter before I don't know, for tea and coffee can be made on those like a dream.

Now where can someone else find a pet refugee? It's much easier than finding any other kind of pet, really. We have countless refugees in this country. The woman who sells me brushes is a refugee from Austria, and her family is still somewhere in Europe.

Maybe I could write to my congressman, and I'm delighted to contribute to any fund that helps—here or abroad—but truly, I think Ben Franklin had a beautiful idea: "If you would have a thing done and done well, you must do it yourself."

Most sincerely,
MARGARET P. ADDISON.

### "Mom" Sings Amram

*Chicago, Illinois.*

*Dear Editors:* The article, "Are American 'Moms' a Menace?" is downright disgusting. It's time we mothers told those psychiatrists and psychologists to mind their own business!

Sincerely,
MRS. EUGENIA ALBIN.

Most "American Moms," having to be chief cook and bottlewasher, wife and mother, community leader and glamour girl, are too busy to be a "menace." Personally, we never underestimate the power of a woman—if she's an American girl. ED.

### Tolerance Is Christian

*Neptune Beach, Florida.*

*Dear Editors:* Congratulations on your excellent story, *Quality*. Mrs. Sumner shows unusual insight, and points out the inequality of Negroes in the courts of our land.

I am not a religious person. But I try to guide my living and thinking by the teachings of Christ. Reasoning leads me to conclude that His teachings are the sum total of all that man knows of ethics and morality. When religious people refuse to acknowledge Christ by including tolerance in their blueprint for living, I write them off as nonbelievers.

A SOUTHERNER.
*Name withheld by request.*

### Daughter of South Okays

*Iago, Texas.*

*Dear Editors:* If we all had the understanding of the Negro problem in the

*(Continued on Page 153)*





*Polish Your Furniture to Satiny Luster with*

O-Cedar

**ALL-PURPOSE POLISH**

**TRIPLE-ACTING!**

**Cleans • Polishes • Protects**

INTERIOR decorators say..."to add a feeling of richness to your rooms, enhance the beauty of its wood surfaces. Be sure your furniture shines with a deep, lustrous sheen."

More well-informed homemakers depend on O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish to keep their furniture shining than on any other. That's because this famous polish is the finest made... superior in quality, superior in performance. In fact, O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish actually gives *TRIPLE-ACTION:* removes dirt, polishes to a radiant luster, acts to prevent dryness and cracking... all in one *easy* operation. *No hard rubbing!*

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**EASIEST TO COLOR!** *Exclusive with Allsweet—a new coloring packet that is extra easy to open.* Smooth-spreading Allsweet comes to you white. To tint it the customary yellow for table use, one of these new packets of pure coloring is provided with each pound.

**Why is there such a mighty swing to Allsweet? Taste it . . . then you'll know!**

# *delicate natural flavor*




**ON HOT VEGETABLES,** on hot breads . . . in your favorite cakes and cookies . . . just taste that Allsweet goodness! *You'll* start telling others, too! There's nothing artificial about *this* flavor . . . it's natural, delicate. For Allsweet is a product of America's own farms, made from clear bland food oils blended—by an exclusive process—with all the cultured pasteurized skim milk they can properly absorb. See if your family doesn't agree . . . Allsweet's flavor is *perfection.*

**AS FOR *NUTRITION* . . .** Every pound of Allsweet is fortified with a minimum of *15,000 units* of Vitamin A! It is a *reliable* source of this essential, in winter as well as summer. And it is rich in food energy. Find out . . . *now* . . . why so many families are switching to Allsweet. Remember that sunny yellow package . . . look for it in your store.

Copr. 1946, Swift & Company

THE "GUEST-QUALITY" MARGARINE . . . . *Allsweet*

## *Fifty Years Ago in the Journal*



THE song hit of March, 1896, was Sweet Rosie O'Grady, Mark Hanna was running the Republican presidential campaign, and $50 bought a first-class passage to Europe. Emperor William found out what was wrong with his arm through the sensational new discovery, X ray, and Ohio lawmakers prohibited women from wearing big hats at the theater.

***"Like all men of worth, he loved women," remarks G. W. Greely about George Washington in the March, 1896, JOURNAL. "His language was always clean, and never in any way vulgar. One or two slips mar his youthful letters, but they must be attributed to . . . extreme feeling."***

**"Mrs. A. W. R.: To wash all-wool garments, first soak for forty minutes in hot, soapy water."**

*"A man is expected to tip," writes Editor Bok, "but a woman is not. Recently some women have departed from this line. . . . The tipping system is bad enough as it is; let not women make it worse."*

**"Innocence: It is very bad taste, even for a frolic, for a young girl to assume boy's clothes, or get herself up in any way that will tend to make her look masculine."**

***"You ask if your hostess should help you on with your coat," Ruth Ashmore answers a male reader. "Now, my dear boy, in all the history of the world, a lady has had nothing to do with a gentleman's coat, except to step on the one offered by Sir Walter Raleigh. A gentleman is her servant, consequently he must care for his own belongings."***

"Lightweight satins in black, golden brown, Lincoln green, and the new glaring blue are specially chosen for



Easter gowns. . . . Paste gems, emeralds, amethysts, rubies and pearls are liberally used on fashionable bonnets."

*"The coat intended for early spring wear is marked by an air of jauntiness," says Isabel Mallon. "Do not permit your dressmaker to give it an old-fashioned air by forcing the sleeves to stand up, or by putting the pockets on the outside."*

**"Mabel: Almost all brides fit up their guest rooms in pink."**

***"Never read a book that you could not share with your sister, or look at a picture that might not be framed and hung in her room,"***



*Richard Pratt (left) and Bruce Gould register happiness as throngs view Journal house models on nation-wide tour.*

# Journal About Town

**GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK**

**IN Philadelphia, at the first of the nation-wide exhibitions of our JOURNAL house models, *Ted Lynch* and *Tom Brennan*, who are running the shows, kept track with mechanical counters in their hands of how many questions they were asked. Parents of small inquisitive children probably answer upwards of three thousand questions a year; Messrs L. and B. did that in ten days. Since then the shows have been seen in Detroit, Boston and Chicago; this month they'll be in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati; April in Minneapolis and St. Louis; May and June in San Francisco and Los Angeles; July in Milwaukee and Seattle, and they'll be in Cleveland in September. So get ready with your questions.**

***Louise Benjamin*** has been telling us about ***Antoine***—how the famous hairdresser is such a fabulous sender of carefully chosen flowers to his friends: always roses to ***Mary Pickford***, orchids to ***Joan Crawford***, carnations to ***Gene Tierney***, peonies to ***Marlene Dietrich***, and so on. Investigating further, we found that these were the favorites of the following: ***Ann Sheridan***, ***Greer Garson*** and ***Mme. Chiang***—orchids; ***Eva Le Gallienne***—camellias; ***Mary Margaret McBride*** and the ***Duchess of Windsor***—cabbage roses; and ***Patricia Collinge***, a black-and-white African flower called chincherinchee. Also learned that whenever friends of ***John Robert Powers*** have a baby girl, the model agent always sends appropriate roses with this remark: "Here's to our future long-stemmed American beauty."

***What looked like a couple of beehives caught our eye on about a fifteenth-floor terrace of the building next door. And to make a long story short, that's what it was. An advertising firm gets seventy pounds of prime clover honey from them every fall, but where the bees get the nectar is a mystery. One good thing: they must like skyscraper living. They still haven't stung a soul.***

*After witnessing everybody's deep interest on a Fifth Avenue bus when a passenger spilled the contents of her purse on the platform, we asked* ***Henrietta Murdock*** *what would have been strewn about from hers. Well, there would have been only two really intimate items: a slip of paper containing the current six new words which she's learning, and a bright blue marble, "the color of the eyes of an early beau," she said.*

The most popular free spectacle in town, for visitors and New Yorkers alike, is the Fifth Avenue which climaxes over from the Workshop; and the reason, apart from the people you see, is what goes on in the windows. The shops are pretty strict among themselves about motion effects and sound effects to attract attention. No sound effects at all, and anything that moves in a window display must be mighty subtle. A window man like ***Gene Moore***, who at a near-by store designs some of the most exciting sets along the Avenue, and whom our camera caught one night while he was up to his ears in manikins, changes his twenty windows once a week and plans them two months in advance. When we asked him what he did about motion effects, he said he once

ELIZABETH HIBBS



*Manikinist Moore at work.*

got away with soap bubbles that floated up from a bubble-making machine in the floor. "But the night we set it up," he said, "the bubble machine went berserk, and before we could turn it off the window was almost solid with soap, and we could hardly breathe." . . . In case you like to know what goes on behind the scenes.

***Prof. Harold Laski*** *likes to shop for his wife's dresses.*

***Joan Crawford*** wears suspenders on skirts to avoid that "rump-sprung" look. . . . Song-writer ***Cole Porter*** considers Begin the Beguine his best. . . . Chimpanzees never suffer from mental disease. . . . A new alarm clock, to cost under seven dollars, flicks a bedside lamp on and off. If that doesn't wake you, it rings. . . . ***Paul Robeson*** never made the Rutgers Glee Club. . . . Moscow's pet delicacy is Eskimo Pie. . . . How they met: ***Lauritz Melchior*** was singing in a garden when his wife drifted down in a parachute. She was acting in a movie, got caught in a cross wind. . . . ***Rebecca West*** lifted her name from an Ibsen play. ***Fred Allen*** was born John Sullivan. . . . Like her famous predecessor, Victoria, ***Dowager Queen Mary*** refuses to receive a divorced woman. . . . The most common reason for seeing a doctor is headaches. . . . ***Hedy Lamarr*** plans three more movies, two more babies. . . . A woman caught shoplifting in Chinook, Montana, explained she was writing a magazine story about shoplifting. . . . ***Bing Crosby*** indignantly calls Till the End of Time "a soggy ballad from a great Chopin military work written in tempestuous times." . . . Cancer killed twice as many Americans as World War II. . . . Singer ***Ginny Simms*** sleeps in woolen pajamas.

**The housing situation here is so tough that actors from Hollywood, in order to get apartments, sometimes have to pay landlords up to $5000 just for the furniture. *Ralph Bellamy's* landlord went so far as to request two tickets for Ralph's hit play, State of the Union.**

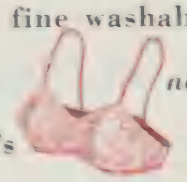
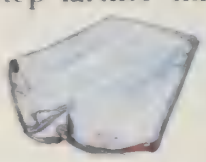
*When* ***Judy Barry*** *went to the big broadcasting building next door to help radio celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday, she found herself in the sound-effects room in front of a big sign that warned, "Don't oil this door!" That's easy—but do you know what makes the sound of rain on a roof? Sprinkling birdseed on a little piece of buckram.*

***Somebody in the blanket business sent Alice Blinn this bedtime data, in case you care: If you sleep on your stomach, you're too intense; if on your back, arms and legs stretched out, you're fearless; if you curl up, you're an escapist; if you hug your pillow, you need affection; and if you talk in your sleep, you're probably one of those who talk too much when they're awake.***

# Longer Life FOR PRECIOUS Nylons WITH AMAZING COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW

*NEW! DIFFERENT!*
*Carries stocking protection a step farther!*



It's the latest thing in fine soap for fine washables! Different from cake soaps.  *newer* than flake soaps. Ivory Snow's quick-sudsing granulated "snowdrops" burst into rich, *instant* suds in lukewarm water—*even in cool water!* And it carries protection a step farther than other soaps not Ivory-mild!  Ivory Snow care every night gives *longer life* to stockings . . . to stocking fit and colors, too! It's amazing the way it keeps lovely washables lovely *longer!*



Wonderful Ivory Snow!





## No other Soap Like it!

**Ivory Snow is the only soap that is both**

1. Ivory-mild
2. In quick-sudsing granulated "snowdrops"!

*Follow tested directions on the box! Don't waste wonderful Ivory Snow —it's made of vital materials.*




## Longer Life FOR NYLONS, RAYONS, SILKS AND WOOLENS



*"Don't go to sleep before I do," she whispered. "Don't let us ever be separate."*

# THE DARK WOOD

BY CHRISTINE WESTON

IN April the city stood upright and splendid; airplanes circled above it, painting vaporous epigraphs across the sky, and to the gay boys who rode in them the city looked like a handful of needles thrusting between strands of water, where crawled the liners, the tugs, the corpulent ferries emitting mournful toots. *Oh, boy!* thought the skywriters, coming to the end of a vowel a mile long. *Look at her down there, all sweet and unscathed. What a target!* And some, remembering the cinder heaps of London and Rotterdam, of Cassino and Berlin and the wastes of Hiroshima, speculated on how many missions it would take to translate the wondrous city to a pile of blackened straw. Like children, or like men in a daydream, the fliers took the lovely thing apart and smiled, seeing it stretched far beneath them, apparently eternal under the peaceful April sky.

On a humbler level other eyes appraised the twilight which traveled from cube to cube and from pyramid to pyramid. For a moment in this season space and mass had achieved a tenuous balance. Then evening stepped forward, the fliers flew home to roost, women clustering like bees round shopwindows swarmed reluctantly on their way. The white shaft of the R.C.A. Building stretched and leaned backward toward the sun, the cathedral darkened, and Atlas, gritting his teeth, raised his head a trifle and lifted, a fraction, his load.

A taxi deposited three people before the entrance to a night club in the East Forties, and as he shepherded his women companions toward the door Dick Sparrow said, "I hope you girls like this joint. It was recommended to me by Bill Symes."

"Are you trying to establish your usual alibi?" demanded his wife.

"Habit," he replied gaily. "My lawyer's training, you know."

They passed through the doors into a gale of music.

"I reserved a table," said Dick. "Where's that captain of waiters? He's a pal of Symes." He turned to a dignified personage: "I am

# INSIDE OF HIM MARK KEPT LOVE A WAY OF LIFE—NOT JUST THE LOSING OR HOLDING OF ONE WOMAN • BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL

Mr. Sparrow, and I have a table reserved for four people." The stranger glared blankly, and Dick apologized.

They moved on and Miriam Sparrow laughed. "That was a mistake your friend Symes would never make! The old boy looked like a retired four-star general, at least."

Dick countered: "Remember the time in the Biltmore, during the war, when you asked an admiral the way to the ladies' room? And he was in uniform too."

"He looked like the doorman to me," replied Miriam loftily.

"Must have been that faraway look in his eyes," muttered Dick. He lifted a timid eyebrow at a real waiter, and they were guided deftly to their table. "There were to have been four of us," Dick explained to the man as he bustled round them with glasses and napkins. "The other gentleman let us down. What shall it be, girls?"

The waiter took their order and departed, and Dick looked at Stella Harmon.

"I'm sorry Symes couldn't come tonight. I wanted you to meet him before you take the plane tomorrow. He'll be traveling on it as far as Lisbon."

"I've been composing a speech of thanks," said Stella. "It was really good of him to fix up about that seat. The air-line people had told me I'd have to wait a month."

"Symes is always doing little things like that for his friends," said Dick.

"In grateful recognition of all the little things they do for him," Miriam remarked maliciously.

Dick smiled. "Miriam doesn't care for Mr. Symes. She's the only woman I know who doesn't, and she takes pride in her exclusiveness."

"Where does he get his influence?" asked Stella. "I mean, this ability to find unknown women seats on the transatlantic clipper, and all that?"

"Symes is in with the air lines. He's in, actually, with all the worth-while people. Isn't he, Dick?"

"That's one way of saying he's a highly intelligent and, in his quiet fashion, important guy. Imagine a man hardly forty, confidential adviser to the State Department!"

Stella inquired what Mr. Symes did for the State Department, and Miriam answered, "No one knows, exactly. As Dick says, it's something very confidential. Symes speaks several languages, and is an expert on what are called natural resources. You know—uranium, and that sort of thing. His work takes him all over the world. He once showed me a snapshot of himself dressed in a burnoose, gazing contemptuously at the Sphinx."

"But why should such an important person bother his head about me?"

MIRIAM laughed. "Dick asked him to. He's one of Dick's clients—in an informal, unobtrusive sort of way. You see, a man in Symes' position can't afford to take ordinary chances, so whenever he meditates doing anything of a personal and more or less dubious nature, he looks to Dick for the green light."

Dick shook his head. "Honest, Miriam ——"

"But," said Stella, "how does it happen he never figures in the newspapers? I hadn't so much as heard his name until you spoke of him the other day."

"He's the soul of modesty," Miriam explained. "In fact, I think you might say he has a pathological horror of publicity."

Dick regarded her soberly. "You really do dislike that guy, don't you? I can't understand why."

"Maybe it's instinct on my part."

"Is he married?" Stella wanted to know.

"No," said Miriam, with a visible increase of malice. "And if he contemplates marriage only Dick knows about it, and he won't tell. But I did run into Symes once with that handsome Megan—Regan Something; the woman who is always writing and making speeches on social uplift. Out with it, Dick! Does Symes want to marry Mrs. Uplift?"

"All I know is, she happens to be married already. I've never met her, but I seem to recall some newspaper account of her husband—he'd been decorated, or something, in Germany."

The waiter brought their drinks. The dance ended and the dancers drifted back to their tables.

"This is nice," said Stella. She lifted her glass to her companions. "You were sweet to think of it."

Miriam sipped her drink, then gave Stella an earnest look. "You really are going to Italy, aren't you? I wish you'd change your mind. Dick and I both wish it, don't we, Dick?"

He said, "Or if you feel you must go, won't you wait till Miriam and I can go with you?"

"What? After you and Mr. Symes have gone to all the trouble to get me a seat on the clipper?"

"That's easily canceled."

Stella seemed to ponder the situation. A slight frown gave her features their only animation. *She looks*, Dick thought, *like some lovely Pietà, the gilt of youth, the color of the past, barely visible in her deracinated flesh.* At thirty she had dedicated herself to grief. She never would get over Alec's death. Pity made him silent, but it did not silence Miriam.

"Yes, Stella. Traveling is getting easier all the time. Maybe we could all get accommodations later on." She glanced at her husband. "When could you get away, Dick?"

"In about three months." His eyes, shrewd behind their glasses, moved from one face to the other as he remembered an earlier conversation with his wife.

"I'M not particularly clever," Miriam had told him then. "I merely use my intuition. And I think it would be a mistake for Stella to go to Italy alone."

"What could happen to her? And if something did happen, how could it be worse than what has happened already?"

Miriam had brooded for a moment before coming out with one of her oblique observations: "It's dangerous for sleepwalkers to be wakened too abruptly."

"But Alec's been dead almost three years! Surely for her to visit his grave couldn't be worse than knowing, as she does, that he's dead."

Miriam had answered obstinately, "She shouldn't be allowed to go alone."

Now Dick felt his wife's compelling glance, and added his persuasions to hers: "Look, Stella. My vacation is due in July. That would give us ample time to arrange for passports and reservations."

Miriam continued urgently, "What about it, Stella? You know we wouldn't intrude. All it would mean is, Dick and I would be around in case—in case"—she hesitated, then finished on a firmer note—"in case you should need us."

But as she spoke she thought, *It's no use, no use at all. We've argued this before, and it's just no use. She's made up her mind, without knowing what the decision might do to her once she is face to face with the cold fact of his death. "I'm going to Italy," she told me. "I'm going to Italy to find him. Then I'll know. Then I shan't need the word of strangers. I'll know!" . . . "Stella, you do know!"* But Stella had made no reply. *She wants to wallow in her grief*, Miriam thought bitterly. For Stella grief, like love, had become an obsession; and then an older, darker suspicion had recurred to Miriam. *Is it grief*, she asked herself, *or is it doubt?*

Stella said at last, "You're both sweet to worry about me, but you know I must go."

"I hate it," said Miriam. "I hate the thought of it, for you."

"Don't, my dear. After all"—she shrugged—"after all, what could possibly happen? Let's not argue about it any more, please."

"No," Dick agreed quickly, "let's not. Stella knows what she's doing."

The orchestra returned, drums and saxophones throbbed and pealed, and Miriam turned to Dick. "Dance, you two!"

He rose and drew Stella to her feet. They drifted away on the music, and Miriam watched them with the curious pleasure she always derived from seeing her husband dance with other women. She realized that Dick had become aware of Stella, as he had not seemed aware of her when Alec was alive. This realization made Miriam's feelings toward her husband and her friend more than usually poignant and vivid. *And that's better*, she told herself somberly—*yes, that's a lot better than to feel nothing, or to feel the wrong things.*

Now as she pursued Dick's tall back, barred by the pale column of Stella's arm, Miriam reflected on her friend's tragedy. She pictured her preparing for this evening's gaiety, drawing the svelte black dress over her head, arranging the white lace scarf, pausing to tighten the pearl in her ear—gestures beloved by men. And she went on to think of Stella alone in her silent room, glancing about her in its loneliness before she snapped *(Continued on Page 54)*


"Life is all we have," Mark said. "I hoped it would be a life together, Regan."
ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE


She was a girl who could
turn anyone's big brother into a wolf

# The STAR THAT FELL IN OHIO

By Sallie Belle Cox

NONE of this would ever have happened if people in Hollywood knew their place, and stayed in it instead of wandering around trying to act like human beings. Or, as mother says, if I could ever mind my own business. She can't understand, she says, why I can't just act my age and let the rest of the world take care of itself. It's my fierce activity, she says, that frightens her, and she keeps asking daddy whatever sort of prenatal influence *caused* me. Daddy, who is a doctor, just says, "Rubbish. You let her go to too many movies, that's all, and she keeps trying to make plots out of everything. She has a happy-ending complex. And aside from the fact that you dropped her on her head just once too often as a child, she's all right."

Parents are prejudiced, you know, and I'm quite certain that I'm normal, but I guess the real trouble is that I like a few people too much. Among these is my brother John, who is just about my favorite person in this world—aside from mother and daddy, of course, who are pretty nice, though they are very difficult to handle now and then, probably because they're really awfully naïve and never get divorces or anything, so they don't know much about Life and Love and Passion. But *I* do, because I see a lot of things that they don't. I just run into them.

Take, for instance, the way I ran into Barbara Jennings and that good-looking Lieutenant Gink out on the lighthouse ledge that night last summer. Of course his name isn't Gink; I just call him that because I don't like him even if mother does say that I like anything that wears trousers and is good-looking. On him the trousers don't look good to me, nor the good looks either. His name is really Watkins, but so far as I'm concerned it's mud anyway, because he is definitely a rose which wouldn't smell any sweeter by any other name including his own. I didn't like him because he was so supercilious all during the war whenever he passed any of us sixteen-year-olds on the street, looking so snooty, as though he thought he might look like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in that Navy uniform, and giving us the lifted-eyebrow once-over to see if *we* thought so. He was sort of part wolf, part camel—you know, one gleam with two sneers. And I didn't think he needed to look so big and brave about just sitting in Washington and coming home for week ends so he could hang around Barbara Jennings, who happened to be Johnny's girl. And I only did what any sister would do for a brother who was off fighting the war. I was only trying to keep the home fires burning, and how should I know that it would turn out to be a bonfire when my brother came home?

Well, anyway, on that hot Saturday night in August there was a full moon and I decided to walk out to the lighthouse because that's my favorite place. As I oozed out along the pier past all the anchored yachts, I heard the clink of glasses and people laughing and talking, and I began to feel very sad about Johnny away out in China being shot at. When I got to the lighthouse I was standing there moodily watching the beacon flash over the water when I saw a shooting star and I wished quick like that Johnny would come home soon. Then I cried a little bit, and finally I clambered down off the ledge and sat down on a big rock, so that's why they didn't see me when they came out onto the ledge.

I didn't see them either, but all of a sudden I heard a familiar voice. It was Barbara and she was laughing and drawling in that teasing way that a girl always uses when she's leading a man on. I sat up very stiffly. A masculine voice said something, there was another laugh, and then there was silence. I knew from the movies what that meant. I froze to the rock, and my heart went all limp and dank like seaweed.

Then suddenly I was mad. I was mad clean through. I knew that I should just sit there until they went away, but as mother says, I'm no diplomat. I just wanted to remind Barbara of Johnny, since she was finding it so easy at the moment to forget him. So up I rose from the rocks like the Loch Ness monster, and I only wished that I had a crown and a beard and trident like King Neptune so that I could appear majestic and terrifying I guess I didn't do too badly as it was, however, for they sprang apart as though a bell had rung at the end of a round, and honestly, I thought Ransom was going to fall into the lake.

"Good Godfrey! Right out of the cracks in the rock!" he exclaimed.

Barbara just stood there staring in horror at me as though I were Johnny's ghost. She was all in white with a flower in her hair, and with the moonlight spilling over her and the silvery lake behind her she looked so beautiful that I wanted to hit her.

"Pardon the protrusion," I said casually. "Believe it or not, I was waiting for a submarine."

Ransom drew himself up in his whites and tried to look like an admiral, but to me he looked more like something that had fallen out of a laundry bag.

"Oh, don't mind *us!*" he said bitterly. "Stick around."

"Thanks just the same," I replied airily. "Next time you're down by the lake, drop in, won't you?" and I ambled nonchalantly off. "Carry on!" I cheerily called back over my shoulder.

I didn't feel very cheery, though, as I dragged my lagging footsteps homeward. Ransom Watkins was stealing Johnny's girl away from him, and Johnny couldn't do anything about it, so I should. But *what?*

I was still pondering when I got into bed, and I couldn't go to sleep so I sat up with my arms folded and thought hard. This required feminine psychology, and I concentrated on what I knew about women. Something told me that Barbara was going to come soft-soaping around me so that I wouldn't write and tell Johnny about her and Ransom. Something told me that she enjoyed the thought of Johnny thinking only of her, while she kept a candle in the window for him which was definitely burning at both ends. What was sauce for the goose ——

Jealousy. That was what women like Barbara needed to hold their interest! But where was I going to dig up another woman? I thought and thought. This had to be *good*. If only, I thought, I'd known about this before I'd wished on that shooting star! Star. *Star*. I suddenly remembered Gloria Allen in the picture I'd seen the week before. She was a swimming star, and it was her first picture, and there had been a scene where she was in a moonlit pool and she wore a bathing suit of sequins. She looked like a mermaid made of diamonds, and it was beautiful. Since Johnny liked to swim, my mind began to sit up and take notice. But how did they get together? And when? My mind kept going around and around getting nowhere as though it were in a revolving door. It finally got off at New York, and hit upon Johnny's last leave. He wrote and told us about a party *(Continued on Page 224)*



ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



**KITTY SAID, "I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MY FIRST COTILLION. I DON'T WANT TO BE TH**

**BEFORE SHE HAD COME INTO A ROOM, AND SEEN A MAN AND THOUGHT, "HE'S FOR ME."**

KITTY had a fire in her bedroom because the old houses of Decatur can be cold in December. Even with her eyes closed she could feel its warmth flicker on her lids. She stretched under her old down quilt, and sighed slowly, and opened her eyes a quarter of the way. When she did that it was still like dreaming. The familiar room waved and swam before her as it had so many times before. When the little pastel of her Great-aunt Evie seemed ready to walk off the wall, Kitty automatically reached out for the squat post of her bed. The cold air on her arm really waked her and she began to laugh. *I've been having that nap*, she thought, and she went on laughing softly because it was the first nap she'd had since she'd first gone away to school six years before. *This is sweet. It's sweet and old and touching, but it's not for me.*

Suddenly her heart began to beat fast. "Kitty Lattimer," she whispered, "the world's for you." She lay very still until Estella knocked on the door.

"Miss Kitty," Estella said, "your mother and Miss Evie say for you to git up or you be late sure."

"Run my bath, will you, please, Estella," said Kitty.

She swung her feet over the side of the bed, but for a moment she sat there shivering in the cold. She thought, *So tonight I'll be very good. I'll go to this silly cotillion with this unknown young man who has only asked me to please his dull brother who is in love with my sister, and I'll make my silly debut—more than a little late, heaven knows—and all the aunts and all the cousins and all the uncles will be pleased. And then* ——

She threw her arms wide and slid off the high old bed. "And then," said Kitty, "I'll spread my wings."

When she was ready, she went to show herself. Her mother was in Evelyn's room, pinning a sheath of lavender orchids on Evelyn's shoulder.

"Look at the elderly debutante," Kitty said.

She was well worth looking at and, indeed, at that moment she may well have been the prettiest dark-eyed blonde in the world. She wore a white tulle and taffeta dress that was short in the front and long in the back, and a cut-crystal necklace, and extremely stubby silver pumps. It was 1928, and by those standards she could not have been more charmingly dressed.

"My child, you are a dream," said Mrs. Lattimer, who was an adaptable lady of the old school.

"You look nice," said Evelyn. "Come get your flowers."

Kitty opened the second white pasteboard box. "Oh, my," she said and her eyes shone. The two orchids she took up with such careful fingers were white except for their pale yellow hearts. "Aren't they big?" Then irreverently she giggled. "Doesn't a Bates send anything but orchids to his young lady?"

"Everyone sends orchids for the cotillion," said Evelyn.

Mrs. Lattimer said, "Now, Kitty, I don't want you to be rude to that man." But her eyes were dancing.

Evelyn could frown at Kitty. "You'd better behave. You don't know how lucky you are to have a date for your first cotillion. The way you act."

"But I don't want to go to my first cotillion," cried Kitty. "I don't want to be the belle of Decatur. I only want to go to New York and get me a job."

Downstairs, the doorbell rang. The door opened and closed. Deep voices murmured, and masculine feet stamped lightly as masculine shoulders came out of overcoats. Estella clumped up the stairs to do her announcing.

"The two dull Bates boys," said Kitty morosely. But Mrs. Lattimer thought, *Young men come to take away my daughters.*

"The last thing you're going to be is a belle," Evelyn said to her sister. She picked up her wrap and went out of the room.

Kitty lingered. She tried her orchids first on one shoulder and then on the other.

"Hadn't you better hurry?" Mrs. Lattimer said.

"Even an unknown Bates I keep waiting," said Kitty. She leaned over the dressing table and used a lot of Evelyn's perfume. "Do I smell loud enough?"



ILLUSTRATED BY

*She lay there thinking of their wedding—of the white satin dress that had been her mother's—and it was like adding a pearl to the chain of memory.*

ELLE OF DECATUR. I WANT TO GO TO NEW YORK AND GET ME A JOB."... BUT THAT WAS

# Prelude to Happiness

BY LUCIA ALZAMORA

With extreme distaste her mother said, "You smell like a drugstore."

"It's no good unless it's too much," said Kitty absently. Then she came to the point. "Mother, is Evelyn going to marry Harry Bates?"

"I don't know. You children don't confide in me."

"Well, I'll let you know if I find out," said Kitty.

On the stairs, by herself, she was suddenly frightened, and she paused a moment to listen to the voices in the sitting room. She heard Evelyn's, low and sweet, and then a sudden laugh which was much too unconsidered to come out of Harry Bates. *That must be Johnnie Bates*, she thought, and for the first time it occurred to her not to identify him completely with his brother. Kitty drew a breath, tilted her chin and went into the living room.

She never forgot the first time she saw Johnnie Bates. She had never before come into a room and seen a man and thought, *He's for me.* He leaned against the mantelpiece in the traditional pose. It was the only traditional thing about him. He was neither tall, nor handsome, nor faintly corpulent like his brother Harry. Instead he was spare and closely knit, and the calm blue eyes of the Bateses were very warm and bright in his dark face. He was so taut with life, with gaiety, with energy as to look strangely alien in that old, serene room. *He's as different as I am*, she thought. She stood still just inside the doorway and waited.

"Kitty, this is Johnnie Bates," said Evelyn.

The pause mattered. There was the definite beat of seconds while Johnnie Bates straightened and looked and came toward her. "If I had known that you would still be like this," he said, "I'd have sent you all the pink camellias in my mother's garden."

"I like what I have," said Kitty.

"Kitty, here's Harry," Evelyn said.

Kitty smiled with a delicious vagueness. "Hullo, Harry," she said, and never even knew whether he took her outstretched hand, because over her shoulder she was saying to Johnnie, "But you've never seen me before."

"I have," he said. "I'll tell you about it." He took her arm and led her out of the house to the waiting car.

Harry and Evelyn followed them down the walk. "Who would have believed it?" Harry said.

Evelyn laughed. She was pleased. "They suit each other," she said. "Both mad as hatters."

For the rest of her life, that night seemed to Kitty a lovely unreality. She relived it so often that it mingled with her dreams, and in the end she didn't quite know where fact ended and the dream began.

In those days, all over polite Decatur, people gave cocktail parties for groups of friends before a cotillion.

As they went up the steps of the Randalls' big yellow house, Johnnie said, "The other time I saw you you were three years old."

"How old were you?"

"I was seven. I'd gone over to Green-Oaks to play with Evelyn. It was summer and hot."

"You couldn't remember."

"I do," he said.

Evelyn was laughing at them from the doorway. "Come on, you two."

Inside, there was a crowd of people whose faces were out of Kitty's childhood.

"Now try," said Evelyn in her ear. "Some of these men will dance with you at the beginning when you need it."

But Kitty was a triumph. Kitty glowed and smiled and hardly heard a word that was said to her.

"Little Kitty," people said. "Look at little Kitty all grown up. Kitty, where have you kept yourself for so many years?"

A dark-eyed man took both her hands in his and swung them wide apart. "Why, you've grown into a beauty," he said.

She heard that, and she smiled back at him. Suddenly she thought, *You're nice. If I hadn't met Johnnie tonight I'd think you were terribly nice. I'd think,* "*Perhaps I'll fall in love with this*

*(Continued on Page 87)*

There she was, squealing girlishly for Timmee to put her down, and keeping a strangle hold on him to make sure that he wouldn't.

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL



# GOLDFISH

By Baird Hall



VALERIE had one of those shining, open, cute faces like a well-scrubbed little boy. The Val Fletcher type of face costs $127,000, from the $5000 for birth through the $2500 last year's tuition at Miss Fosdick's school. The first time I saw Valerie, her mouth was still hanging open and her eyes still had the high-priced mixture of smug assurance and wide expectation. But she was, in fact, a couple of years out of finishing school. And there was a grown-up edge to her sweet loud voice. And she was lying like blazes.

This was on a station platform—Porter Depot, Vermont. She was talking to the tall, gangling boy named Tim who had picked up her skis and suitcases. I happened to know she was lying, so I knew why. She had come to get that Timothy Kyle. I mean, to marry him for his money. You don't expect girls like Valerie to marry for money. Oh, no, you don't. It's an oft-heard crack, but seldom a fact. I stood there on that platform, looking at Val smile on Timothy, and I felt my small, well-built stomach turn over. And I'm no Girl Guide.

How I spotted Valerie Fletcher takes some explaining. In fact, me in Vermont takes a lot of explaining.

"You'll have a swell time, Minks," Mr. Cobb had said. "And it's a swell story. Listen!" Cobb was managing editor of the slick picture book I worked for. I listened. "The point is, old Fletcher has this roaring row with his two children, makes the new will, flops unconscious, can't possibly recover from the stroke, but isn't dead this morning, so nobody knows about the will."

"Nope," I grinned, "not a soul."

Cobb flushed prettily. "Never mind how I know. I mean the newspapers don't. And this farm boy who's going to inherit the dough doesn't. You'll have your first pictures before he suspects a thing. The real stuff, with cows and chickens. You'll keep in touch with me by phone. When Fletcher actually dies, it's my guess the lawyers won't phone or write. They'll send a man to Vermont, on this kind of money. And you'll be right there with the camera."

"Sure. Little Minks, the girl in the manure pile."

That was as near as I came to a crack. But where I grew in Brooklyn the tree didn't, and it had always been all right by me. I knew no yen for green hills far away. And also, now was January, and from what I'd heard of this Vermont place I figured it might snow. I didn't own rubbers, not being the sporting type. I believe I mentioned, however, that Mr. Cobb was managing editor. And he said I'd love it.

So my train pulled out of Grand Central at noon, left civilization (Morrisania) a few minutes later and struck north through the botanical gardens. About dusk I saw we had passed beyond where white man had ever trod. Sometime after dark I changed trains, but it was so shocking cold I didn't take my nose out of my fur piece, which is probably why I didn't see Valerie Fletcher at that station. Mr. Cobb had provided me with illustrated reading matter for the long winter evenings—all about the Fletcher tribe, including the now disinherited offsprings Pearson and Valerie. I had looked at the pictures but skipped the reading, because my job was Timothy Kyle, the farm boy who was going to get Albert Fletcher's money and didn't know it. There was no morgue dope on Farmer Tim. He was just a guy old Fletcher had taken a shine to some summer in Vermont. Storybook stuff all right, if you go for that kind of human interest. I don't—except when I'm sent.

"Porter Depot," bawled the conductor.

I scrambled off the train and shot into the depot. It was a cool evening. The ticket office was empty, but there was a fat man standing near the station stove. "Look," I said. "Can I get a taxi to drive me to Sims River? And is there a good hotel there?"

The fat man didn't smirk or look surprised. He said, "Tim Kyle's meeting somebody on this train. He's from Sims River. He might carry you over."

Tim Kyle! Further data didn't interest me. This was a break and I grabbed open the door again. And Tim and Valerie Fletcher were right there on the platform.

Well-bred girls like Val talk very loud in public, since strangers don't matter. She was saying, "There's no real reason for barging in on you all of a sudden, Tim. But the ski bulletins were swell and—well, I guess I wanted to see you—a little—maybe." She laughed. You know, just a tinkle.

He looked down into her cute face, dazzled all right, but surprised. His surprise was the tip-off. She was giving him more play than usual. She was telling him she had no real reason for coming. No reason worth mention, as, for instance, that Tim was about to get the million or whatever dollars she wasn't going to get.

Right then is when the aforementioned well-built stomach turned over. Sure, I could be wrong. Cobb hadn't said the Fletcher children knew all. But I'd guessed it was from Pearson Fletcher, Valerie's brother, that Cobb himself knew about the will. Anyway, Valerie's being on this first train to Vermont was too neat for coincidence. This plain and fancy deducing went through me while Tim and Val were moving maybe three steps. Quick, that Minks dame.

Then I said, "Help. Help."

They turned back.

"Yes," I nodded, "I said, 'help.' Tim Kyle is meeting somebody on this train. He's from Sims River. He might carry me over or, as the fat man inside there hinted, I might try walking."

Tim looked down on me, *not* noticeably dazzled. He said, "Going to Sims River? Sure. Got a suitcase?"

Valerie had been gazing at an advertising thermometer on the station wall so as not to notice me. She said, "Twenty-eight below."

"Aw, no!" I gasped.

Tim was still looking me over, still not dazzled. "Guess you haven't got much on from the middle down. Well, the heater'll work the first ten miles."

His old station wagon had all windows gone behind, but there was a curtain rigged at the back of the front seat. The reason the heater worked for a while was because the road went uphill. "Uphill" is understatement. We ground up mile after mile in second gear. Mind you, it was black dark night. And the road got to be one track between snowbanks higher than my window and I sat staring up the path of the headlights. They two talked some, but I just stared. If Ellory Cobb had wanted to get rid of me, why hadn't he simply fired me like a man? My old mother loved me, and now my body would never be found. I stopped believing those headlights were headed for any town. This was the end.

"You ski?" said Valerie.

"No, I bowl," I said. "And shoot a little pool." It was one of those polite lies to make conversation. It was, in fact, the total conversation between Valerie and me during the trip.

"This," Tim said at long last, "is the top of the pass. We won't get heat from here down to the village. Where do we drop you?"

"At the hotel," I said.

Not believing in the town any more, I oughtn't to have been surprised to have him answer that there wasn't any hotel, which he did.

"But the man at the station said ——" Then I remembered the man hadn't, actually. "But somebody must take boarders."

"Well ——" Tim thought a minute. He shook his head. "It's getting on to ten o'clock. Won't be anybody much awake." *(Continued on Page 184)*

*Love came to Minks Randall the hard way — her heart at the end of its rope was just bait for a man who wouldn't even nibble.*



# A Time of

EMMETT MAGUIRE, hitching Old Clay to the buckboard, was suddenly convinced of folly. He became too sorrowful to slide the thin tail through the crupper, too pensive to buckle a hame strap. He stood in the sallow, early morning light gazing about the farmyard.

*Fool,* he asked himself, *where'll you find anything like this?*

Just then, as he renounced it, the whole landscape so altered that he felt that for the first time in his nineteen years he was seeing it truly. All the familiar paraphernalia of the farm seemed suddenly to detach themselves from their background, move nearer him, become luminous and significant.

Amos, the blue-nosed mule, stood out against the sulphur-colored sky like sculpture. Emmett could not take his eyes from him. Here he was leaving; here he had, in fact, moved heaven and earth to get away, and what did he really know of Amos? Here he had consigned himself to dabbling and traveling when he might have stayed home and learned, got to the bottom of mules. Against the morning sky, streaked now like a ripening Baldwin, Amos' head hung more heavy and knowledgeable than the rock of ages. Would there be any wisdom in the next county equal to what Amos had?

In the moment of leave-taking Emmett doubted it. Leaving, what could he expect? Husks and fritterings. Sleep with the swine, too, no doubt at the last. But he felt as bound to move on as the prodigal himself, and for a better reason.

A sign and house painter soon paints himself out in his own neighborhood. All who incline toward paint, and have the money to pay for it, come finally either to the end of the houses and sheds and outhouses needing a new coat or to the end of their money. All who care to have their fences decorated with signs for Hi-John Compelling Powder have them so decorated. Then the painter moves on or puts down his brush.

"Having trouble?" Emmett's father came from behind the buckboard where, with Emmett's mother, he had been stowing away a round leather box of clean collars.

"No trouble," said Emmett, pulling the long switch tail on through. "I was thinking."

He was thinking, *If they shed a tear, I'll have to unhitch, unpack, stay forever.* But he was mistaken. Had his father laid a hand on the bridle, or his mother clung to him, he would have been off, as determined and set in his leave-taking as he had been in his preparation to go. But the leave-taking was seemly, no tears shed or protestations made. As he drove away the known objects continued to move toward him, become big with the brightness and urgency of the willfully rejected.

His parents saw him depart, untransformed: their dear son, artist and thinker, Emmett. Though those were words they had never been permitted to say to him.

Once, in the barn, his father had come upon a picture of Emmett's painting. He had stared at it a long time. It was a big, empty picture with great reaches of unoccupied cardboard. Except for the front of a house, an expanse of white siding dazzling in sunlight, there was almost nothing in the picture at all: shallow wooden steps ascended to a partially open door; beyond the door on the dark floor boards and deep in shadow lay something crumpled, a piece of goods, a ribbon perhaps, and beyond that a naked, retreating heel.

Emmett's father would have enriched the picture with many more objects: set pots of flowers on the steps, put a window next the door and a face at the window. Still empty and unembellished as the picture was, it had a certain power. He had found himself wondering about it: about that heel, more yellow than pink, about its haste, its alarm. Then he had noticed that there was a shadow across the steps,

**"I'll die, this is so wonderful," Emmett thoug**

# Learning

## Emmett Could Paint a Picture, But What Ivy Really Understood Was a Love Song—One Preferably Written in Two Time.

★ ★

By Jessamyn West

at near the house someone, stock-still, stood and watched. Lis-ned, too, perhaps.

But when he had said to Emmett, who came in, found him staring, Son, you're an artist," Emmett had taken the corn knife he had in s hand, and cut the picture to shreds.

"Don't call me that," he told his father. "Never say that. I n't learn. I'm a house-and-sign painter."

He was a house painter or a barn or shed painter, when he could nd houses and barns and sheds to paint; but in Bucklin County he as treading upon the heels of a competitor. Emmett regarded with orn the wash of murky green that marked the man's progress.

*Not fit to set to the side of a henhouse,* he thought, *not good enough r any privy I'd paint.* He thanked God for his contract and painted gns.

He had known for some time that he was being watched. That dn't trouble him. It was almost as if the eyes that followed the ovements of his hand gave it added force. It was talk that troubled.

"What's 'Crossing and Un-crossing Powder'?"

"I don't know," Emmett said, painting on.

"Would you make a sign for what you don't know?"

"Yes," said Emmett, "I would."

"I wouldn't."

Emmett said nothing.

"What's 'David the Fearless Floor Wash'?"

Emmett set his brush in the can of linseed oil, turned away from he granite rock on which he was lettering freehand. "What's a kid ho stands asking questions while you're trying to work?" he asked.

The boy was big, but round—round as an apple—and his round lack eyes were swallowing the lettering like quagmires.

"A nuisance," Emmett told him shortly.

"What's the sign for?" the boy asked, as if he hadn't heard.

"Make people buy the stuff."

"How can they buy it if they don't know what it is?"

"You couldn't buy it if you knew. You haven't got any money."

The boy's pants were tight, his pockets taut, his hands fat; still, e managed to squeeze a quarter up to the air.

"All right," said Emmett. "Read that and be quiet." He tossed im the Occult Supplies Catalogue, turned back to his painting.

"'Bat's Blood Oil,'" the boy said, and Emmett could hear him noistly swallowing.

"Shut up," said Emmett, "or I'll take it away from you."

The boy shut up. Except for the swallowing he didn't make nother sound until the sign was finished. The minute Emmett stepped away from the boulder to judge his completed work, he be-gan again.

"Which would you buy," he asked, "Graveyard Dust or Oriental Lover's Powder?"

"Graveyard Dust," said Emmett.

"Not me," said the boy. He pushed his quarter to the surface again. "I'll take three packages Oriental Lover's Powder."

"I don't sell the stuff," Emmett told him. "I just paint the signs. You write them"—he pointed to the catalogue—"to get the powders."

"Have you got a pencil so's I could write it down?" the boy asked.

Emmett tore a sheet from the little notebook he carried, handed it and a pencil to the boy. "What do you figure to do with it?" he asked, watching the boy, who wrote with his tongue as well as his fingers.

The boy looked up, but a sudden film came over his eyes. "None of your business," he said.

"That's right," said Emmett. "It isn't." He took back the pencil and began to collect his gear.

*(Continued on Page 194)*

**look of her, the being here together."**

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

# WE WANTED A BABY

*Small and light as a baby is, the absence of one is the heaviest burden in the heart of marriage.*

IN ancient times, when a woman was barren, she burned sacrifices to the gods of fertility and drank weird witches' brews. After two fruitless years of seeking out gynecologists, paying in fat fees what it would have cost to have a baby, stuffing myself with wheat germ, lettuce and hormone pills at fifty cents a swallow, I felt that witchcraft days were not so far behind. A well-known gynecologist has estimated that among his hundreds of sterile-women patients, 22.6 per cent were incurable, 70.4 per cent "relatively" sterile, and 7 per cent showed no cause whatever for their infertility. I, apparently, was in the last category.

When my husband and I first began to wonder why we were not having a child, after a year of marriage, we went together to our family doctor. Without bothering to examine us, he assured us heartily there was nothing wrong and told us to forget about it. Sterility was a complicated business, he said, and specialists cost money.

I did not realize at the time just how complicated it was, or how many dozens of frightened, weeping or desperate sterile women a gynecologist sees daily.

In the past fifty years, women have demanded emancipation from the kitchen and inadvertently freed themselves from the cradle, at what cost in human heartbreak only the involuntarily childless know. Today one in every five married women in the United States has never borne a living child. It is well known that the higher the financial, social and professional status of a couple, the lower their rate of reproduction. It is less well known that since the turn of the century, the fertility of *all* women in this country has decreased, wife of butcher, banker or farmer. Even the much-touted "baby boom" of '43 and '44 did not reach the proportions of the one during the last war, although, admittedly, childbearing has recently become "recognized" as the most richly satisfying experience in a woman's life, even in Hollywood.

Why are women less able to produce children today than a century ago? Herbert Spencer, writing eighty years ago, before the universal acceptance of birth-control practices, observed "greater frequency of absolute sterility, earlier cessation of childbearing, very frequent inability to suckle infants." He concluded that it was due to women's greater expenditure of energy, particularly the "overtaxing of their brains." Turning to Nature for parallels, he says, "The mother bee goes on laying eggs continuously. . . . She has plenty of food brought to her, is kept warm and goes through no considerable exertion. While, contrariwise, it is to be noted that the infertility of the workers is associated with the ceaseless labor of bringing materials for the combs and building them, as well as the labor of feeding the queen, the larvae and themselves." And, again, "When hens begin to molt, they cease to lay. While they are expending so much (energy) in producing new clothing, they have nothing to expend for producing eggs."

Since Spencer's time, women have gone right on exploding energy in all directions. The emphasis upon education, personality development, social ambition and vocational success, as well as the pressures of a highly restless and competitive mode of life, has, in the opinion of some scientists, affected women's natural capacities to reproduce.

This is by no means an accepted theory in medical circles, but most gynecologists would cautiously agree that too much social pressure and tension is undesirable when one is trying to have a child. For the benefit of those who, like myself, have gone through the agony of frustrated motherhood, my experiences may prove helpful.

I am what is known as a "career girl," a journalist for a large publication. My husband is a lawyer. This immediately puts us in the least fertile segment of the population—the college-bred professional class. I am twenty-seven, my husband twenty-eight, and we have been married about three years.

The first gynecologist I saw, about two years ago, we shall call Doctor A. A famed and busy practitioner, he charged me $15 for a half hour of his time, the longest interview I had with him. After a routine examination, he recommended that my husband and I build up our health, take daily doses of calcium, vitamins A and E, and "eat lots of lettuce." For six months after that, my husband and I solemnly chewed (and hated) turnip and collard greens, kale and dry-as-chalk calcium wafers the size of quarters. Apricots, extremely scarce at the time, were rampant with vitamin A, I discovered. I lugged home five-pound cans from wholesale grocers and we ate them until they ran out of our ears.

Meanwhile, Doctor A leisurely began giving us tests—or, rather, sending us to medical laboratories where we paid separate fees. There are four main factors in sterility: defective germ plasm, defective ovulation, impediment of the passages, and improper "habitat" for implantation. My husband's sperm was microscopically examined and found perfectly normal. For $20 we both had metabolism and blood-count tests which proved we were not anemic, suffering from any hidden infection or serious glandular disorders. The doctor thought perhaps I had better have a Rubin test to see if there were any closure in my tubes—this would be another $30 and a day and a night in the hospital. On the other hand, he saw no sign of pelvic infection, I had never had appendicitis or any abdominal operation. He doubted if the test were really necessary.

After a year of this leisurely and lamentably expensive kind of diagnosis, I switched to another city gynecologist, younger and, I hoped, more progressive. He gave me a Rubin test right in his office in a matter of minutes. The tubes were open, as Doctor A had suspected. Then, for the usual $15 fee, Doctor B did me the favor of taking down all the answers I had previously given to Doctor A. There are literally dozens of factors in a person's health history which affect reproduction, and I was beginning to know them by heart. First, the pituitary, thyroid, ovarian or adrenal glands may be off balance. Therefore it is important to know at what age puberty began, whether the menstrual flow occurs regularly, whether it is excessively severe or scant, and whether any pain or discomfort accompanies it. Next the doctor investigated my health record: gonorrhea, mumps, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, typhus, pneumonia, streptococcus angina and other such acute, highly contagious infections can affect the reproductive glands. A severe case of mumps as a young man rendered Alexander Woollcott sterile the rest of his life, to state one example. Chronic maladies, such as tuberculosis, syphilis, rheumatic fever, malaria, alcoholism, even a persistently infected sinus, can prevent conception. Was I too underweight or overweight? Did I have diabetes? Had I ever had an abortion? Appendicitis?

My health record was exceptionally good. Several vaginal examinations had proved everything normal and in position. What were my marital habits? Did I know my period of ovulation?

I remember learning in a college sociology course, to my considerable surprise, that it takes, on an average, 288 copulations to produce a pregnancy. When you consider that most doctors believe that a woman can become pregnant during only forty-eight hours in a month—some doctors say twenty-four—it is understandable why it sometimes takes so long. This is no excuse, in my opinion, for our family doctor's patting me reassuringly on the hand and saying that one of his patients waited fifteen years for her first child. Or Doctor A, who informed me that some couples, as barren together as Napoleon and Josephine, can each produce children when married to someone else. Both Napoleon and Josephine had low fertility indexes, he explained, and needed a highly fertile mate to conceive. Well, I didn't want to be married to anyone else! And I wasn't going to fold my hands and wait for fifteen years, if I could help it, not when my best childbearing years—from twenty to twenty-five—were already over.

I found myself shuttled into and out of busy doctors' offices so fast that I never had a chance to ask all the things I wanted to know. About this time of ovulation, for instance. So in a spirit of scientific inquiry, I consulted a medical library. I learned that some women feel definite symptoms of this mid-interval, this precious forty-eight hours when the egg is ready for fertilization. These symptoms may include breast ache, spotting, mucous discharge and a pain or tenderness of the lower abdomen. A friend of mine said she could always feel a slight friction in the lower part of one side, as if, she said, one of her hinges needed oiling! I found this description very apt. Generally one feels during this time a physical lassitude, a tendency toward short temper and depression. Hardly the most romantic time to conceive a child! Nature perversely saw to it that the period of greatest desire for a woman, generally just before and during the menses, is, in most cases, her most infertile time.

If a woman counts the first day of her menses as "one," conception is most likely to occur on the ninth to thirteenth day following. That is, if she menstruates every twenty-six days for a period of five days, she should start trying for a child four days after her period ends.

"Nonsense!" sniffed an imposing matriarchal friend of mine, with a stanch Victorian upbringing and five children to her credit. "*I* could have a child any time I wanted!"

Women with longer cycles ovulate later. If you have a twenty-seven-day cycle, the best days to conceive are the tenth to the fourteenth after the start of the menses. In a twenty-eight-day cycle, days 11 to 15; a thirty-day cycle, days 13 to 17; a thirty-four-day cycle, days 17 to 21. Women have been known to ovulate at any week of their cycle. There are several cases on record of women, sterile for many years, who discovered that they ovulated during their menses, and conceived by having relations during this period.

There is no exact, practical method to tell time of ovulation, unfortunately. However, there is one fairly exact gauge if one has the patience to try it. This is taking the daily body temperature, which reacts to the rhythm of the ovaries as do the tides to the moon. The temperature should be taken with a rectal thermometer before rising, preferably at the same time each morning, and plotted in tenths of degrees on graph paper. Over a period of a month, the temperature "curve" will reveal a trough near the mid-point (ovulation time) and a peak about two days before menstruation. The lowest early mid-interval temperature, including the first sharp rise, is the best time for coitus.




This chart should be kept for a period of about eight months to average one's time of ovulation correctly.

Now we come to another complication. Although a woman may menstruate regularly, she may not be ovulating. Two doctors, Israel and Mazer, found that of 109 regularly menstruating sterile women, 36 showed an absence of ovulation. Or a woman may be producing immature ova. There are many reasons for this, glandular or constitutional. It may be psychological, as well. As Dunbar has said, "A vivid but unsatisfied desire for a child may stimulate the ovaries to pathological growth. It is possible that this may result in premature discharge of the ova which are not yet ready for fertilization." He goes on to say that this may explain the

peculiar cases of first conception after fifteen or twenty years of married life. As a woman gradually becomes reconciled to her sterility, this pathological growth ceases and she produces normal, fully matured ova.

Gynecologists have also found a relation between a happy, placid, contented frame of mind and fertility. "Where there is excessive fertility there is sluggishness of mind," found Herbert Spencer. Mentally unbalanced women, paranoiacs and schizophrenes produce few children. Some unhappy women, morbidly depressed by their inability to have a child, adopt one and, in their new-found happiness as a mother, themselves become pregnant.

Writes Dr. Samuel Siegler in his excellent book, Fertility in Women: "Modern civilization has reached the stage where woman, interested in worldliness after years of confined study and competition, forgets her actual role of motherhood and indulges in activities beyond her physical endurance and becomes, by the time she is married, physically worn, weak and tired, relatively incapable of bearing children. The unfortunate members of this class are those who must continue with their work, not because of the esteem which they thereby gain, but because of the present economic demands thrust upon them."

When I read this, I felt indeed "worn, weak and tired." Doctor A told me that he recommended for sterile couples a yachting trip around the world. Very feasible. I was supposed to get all the physical and mental relaxation I could, no excessive alcohol or tobacco, a diet rich in protein, vitamins and minerals, and some physical exercise every day, preferably out-of-doors. In reality, my schedule was something like this: two hours' commuting to and from my job each day, writing copy against a perpetual dead line, ten minutes' fresh air at lunch, home to cook dinner and wash dishes. As servants were impossible to get in our isolated locality, week ends I did heavy cleaning, laundry, cleaned silver, got the week's marketing done and went to a round of cocktail and bridge parties.

I argued with myself that plenty of women kept a home going singlehanded, riveted eight hours a day on some assembly line, and still produced bevies of healthy children. But there wasn't the mental strain involved. I wasn't a husky peasant, but one of the privileged classes who had found her greatest pleasure in "overtaxing her brains."

I considered quitting my job. There was a good chance I still would not become pregnant, and might become more self-absorbed and depressed than ever. The proposal frankly worried my husband. He argued that I had always led an exceedingly energetic life. I needed outside stimulus and excitement to be happy. Quitting would mean a radical reduction in our income. There would be no expensive luncheon and theater trips into town to keep me occupied. Three miles from the nearest store, I wouldn't even have a car—my husband needed ours for his long drive to work.

Meanwhile, I had heard of one doctor's considerable success in sterility cases with some kind of injection—which turned out to be pregnant mare's serum. This serum, which stimulates the ovarian follicles to mature growth, is useful in cases of anovulatory bleeding (menstruation without ovulation). It is fairly expensive, and is sometimes a spectacular success, sometimes a dismal failure. The injections must be taken at a certain time of the month, generally the second week of the cycle, and results appear in months, not days. I waited three months, and nothing happened. I decided, as a kind of desperate compromise, to take a six months' leave of absence from my job.

Once I had reached this decision, I felt lighter and happier than I had in months, although my husband was still skeptical of the results. I began to dream over my desk of the things I would do. First there was the garden—I would start a spring-and-fall perennial bed. I would get out my water colors, neglected for years, and practice on the piano. Maybe I could learn to bake a really superb lemon-meringue pie! Tea every afternoon, I mused ecstatically—no more of that wan, hungry, washed-out four-o'clock feeling.

I was so elated, spinning these daydreams, that at first I could not believe that my most supreme yearning had miraculously come true. A few days before I left my job, I discovered I was pregnant.

The "cure," I suppose, was the pregnant mare's serum. Apparently my pituitary gland was off balance. Endocrine imbalance, however, is reported to be the direct cause of from 20 to 90 per cent of all sterility cases. Why? What has affected women's glands in such a spectacular fashion? Is it perhaps, as some doctors feel, the stresses and strains of modern life taking their toll on the chemistry of the body?

All I know is this: compelled as I have always been to compete—for friends, for beaus, for college scholarships and, finally, professional success—I did not become pregnant until I abruptly ceased being interested in a career and striving. I was tired and fed up; like Robert Frost, I wanted to watch some woods, lovely, dark and deep, fill up with snow. I wanted spiritual quiet and the benison of leisure. Nor have I for an instant regretted my choice. As we lead the quiet "narrow" life of any suburban couple awaiting their first child, my husband and I are closer and happier than ever before.



JOAN STORY WRIGHT wrote poetry when she could barely print. Seventeen, living in Princeton, New Jersey, she will enter college next fall. These sonnets are her first published verse.

## *Dream of Me Truly*

Dream of me truly, love, if you should dream.
  Not in the false night hold me reverently,
Deepening my virtues, making the faults seem
  Lesser and dear, and by such sophistry
Kindle your longing heart to fresher pain.
  No! I would have you dream in truthful peace;
Still your wild heart. How often have I lain
  Wrapped in nocturnal joys, to have them cease
With the harsh dawn, and leave my dazzled eyes
  Crying—alone—for one more glimpse of you.
I would not have you bear that sad surprise.
  I would not have you live for dreaming too.

So, when your dear dark head lies fast in sleep,
Dream of me truly, lest you wake to weep.

• • •

## *Love Not Beauty*

Love beauty not too much—the damask cheek,
  The soft and fawnlike velvet of the eyes.
Love not the supple limbs, for they are weak;
  Love not the tender smile, for its light dies.
Keep no place in your heart for starry nights
  When crystal snow falls, and each bough is clad
In sparkling raiment; love not fireside lights,
  Their time is fleet; your love may make you sad.
Love not too well this earth life, lest you find
  Its beauty transient and its creatures frail,
For there is no endurance in our kind
  And human hearts are all too swift to fail.

If laughing life means all in all to you
Love not your love—for it may perish too.

• • •

## *The Cripple*

I will await the darkness silently
  And lean against the blackness of the night,
For in this still time I find reverie
  And warmth, and hush which is my heart's delight.
Leave noontide to the lithe-limbed. I will take
  The midnight hours which are to me most sweet,
And of their lovely calmness I will make
  Bright wings of fancy for my crippled feet.
The flooding waving gusts of cool black air
  Caress my ugly body—hide its shape
From those too curious eyes. Wind fans my hair
  And none are there to whisper and to gape.

The sunshine is too blinding strong a light.
Here in my lonely room I love the night.

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"Rex," she said softly, "I don't want to be a Martha any more."

# Guest Husband

EVELYN PRINCE stood with her hat on, one hand holding the telephone receiver, the other brushing a fleck from her lapel. "Many thanks, Agatha," she was saying, "but we can't today. We're just leaving for Palo Alto to see the boys." She listened while Agatha talked on, her eyes moving to the windows to glimpse the weather. It was one of those dim, gray mornings so characteristic of San Francisco. "Yes, you're absolutely right, Agatha. But we go Sundays. Parents' visiting day at the school, you know." She listened again, putting her hand over the mouthpiece and grimacing. "It's only Agatha," she said in a loud whisper to her husband. "And just when we're in a hurry."

Dr. Rex Prince hovered over his wife's desk, looking down at the enormous leather-covered engagement book that lay open upon it. He flicked over the pages, all of them all the way from January up to October filled with the clear, precise handwriting. Suddenly he laughed aloud.

Evelyn glanced at him sharply. "Agatha, Rex is waiting. I'll call you later in the day." She hung up. "What amuses you so much?" she asked her husband.

He continued to flip over the pages of the engagement book at random. "What kind of rat race is this?" he asked her, grinning.

"Would you like me to go to your office and examine your appointment book?" she countered, frowning.

He paused, grew grave as he stared at a page. His wife went quickly to his side.

"It's like reading someone else's mail," she objected. She looked down at the book. Open before him was the page headed July the tenth. It was blank except for an enormous penciled *X* crossing it off and the one word "Rex" written obliquely in the center. She flushed. "That was the day you came home from England," she said, slapping the book closed. "Sl all we go?"

He surveyed her with that cryptic, blank look that doctors wear when sizing up a new patient. "You gave me a whole day," he said.

Being late served to cover her confusion. They went down the stairs and she disappeared into the kitchen to give tomorrow's orders to Stella while he went for the car.

They moved off along the foggy, Sunday-morning street. She had a feeling of haste around her heart. It always made her irritable to be rushed. If Agatha hadn't phoned and talked so long —— She settled in the car, drawing in deep breaths of the fresh, damp air in a deliberate effort to relax.

"Tell me," her husband said good-naturedly, "do all housewives have a schedule of hours laid out for themselves like that?"

"Like what?"

"Like your calendar. Budgeting your time. Everything scheduled, day by day, hour by hour."

"Your house is very well run," she said, "and you know it."

Indeed, the house was beautifully run. When, after a two-years' absence, Doctor Prince had returned from war, he had found the garden as trim as ever; the roof in good condition; the car running smoothly though it was five years old. Stella was still in the kitchen, though everyone else had lost their servants. There was fresh chintz in the living room, a much improved arrangement of the furniture, a magnificent new lamp in his study, his journals, not one number missing, filed immaculately, all according to date. He had found a new, handsome custom-made dressing gown on his bed, recent portraits of the two boys in their military-academy uniforms on his bed table, a new commodious bed table that had replaced the tiny contraption he had always complained of. And his wife, her black hair swept up now, was shining and sleek as ever, her figure as slender, her clothes as smart, as inevitably hers. Everything for his comfort was anticipated All as usual, only more so.

Three Sundays a month they made this trip to Palo Alto to see the children. On the fourth Sunday the children came to them. While he had been at war the Sunday journeys had not seemed so tedious, Evelyn reflected. But now, sitting idle in the car, a weariness came over her as they entered the highway by the usual street, saw the airport blanketed in a stubborn fog, and behind the airport the bay a muddy eel green.

**A LITTLE BIRD WHISPERED EVELYN THAT REX WAS TOO ATTRACTIVE TO LOSE . . . AN ENGLISH SPARROW WHO, ONE SUMMER NIGHT, MIGHT TURN INTO A NIGHTINGALE**

★ ★

# BY E. WILLIAMS

"Maybe we'll have some sun in Palo Alto," she said, in an attempt to break the wall of silence between them, reflecting, even as she spoke, how ridiculous it was that a woman should use the weather as a topic of conversation with her husband. Ever since his return there had been this strange self-consciousness between them, due perhaps to the fact that they were now living alone without the children. "Are the fogs as bad in England as they say they are?" she asked. There she was speaking of the weather again.

"Yes."

"You're rather difficult to talk to this morning."

"Am I?" He roused himself. "Yes, the London fog is just as they say it is." Then he added, "But so is the beauty of the English countryside. If you have a taste for that kind of country in that kind of weather."

"Did you have a taste for it?" she asked idly.

"Yes." He slowed down before passing a trailer that was carrying a beautiful, blanketed black horse. "That place I described to you—Markham House—old oaks, intimate hills, so green."

"That would be your friend Lady Brigid's place?"

He nodded.

In his letters he had frequently mentioned Lady Brigid, who, it seemed, had worked very hard at the hospital. Evelyn had imagined Lady Brigid as the English dowager so written about in novels, rather eccentric and lonely, residing in a pile of gray stone overrun with ivy. But when Rex had come home he had brought with him some snapshots of himself with Lady Brigid, who, it turned out, was a fairly pretty woman in her early thirties, a Dunkirk widow. In the picture she was wearing low-heeled walking shoes and a sloppy sweater and she stood small and smiling before an imposing stone façade that was the entrance to Markham House.

"I wonder," Evelyn said, thinking aloud, "how a mass of house like that is run. What are the mechanics? I wonder."

"There are stewards—housekeepers, I suppose."

"And Lady Brigid is free to walk among the hedgerows in sweater and tweeds," Evelyn mused. "How nice. I'd like it."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," he laughed. "You'd be walking among the kitchens and closets. You love your work, dear. You'd miss it."

Evelyn moved her eyes over her husband's profile. She wondered if Lady Brigid might not have had a romantic feeling for her sandy-haired, rather shaggy husband. Indeed, he had a way of wearing a hat. In fact, he had an artful carelessness in his dress that an Englishwoman would undoubtedly find quite English.

In the days immediately preceding his return home, Evelyn had been apprehensive of what changes she might find in him. She had taken great pains that there should be none in her. But war and two years as medical man in a base hospital, two years of very hard work—merely two years of absence in itself could alter anyone greatly. But she found Rex little changed outwardly: a more pronounced graying at the temples, perhaps, and out of his uniform looking less tall than she had remembered; but he had the same attractive, Spencer Tracy look, that rumpled look that so many people, particularly his women patients, found so adorable in him. But there were intangible changes in him: a greater reticence, an almost small-boy shyness about the house. Home-coming was a happy time, yes. But there were awkward moments of self-consciousness, moments when she felt that they were out of alignment.

As for herself, after two years of living alone in a manless house, a husband had a way of seeming like a guest—of being almost, at times, a crowd. Especially in the mornings when one was most occupied.

One morning when he had first returned, he had wandered into the hall, and finding her busy there in the linen closet, he had stood, a quizzical look on his face, watching her count and arrange the linens. Inexplicably, she felt that she had been caught in a most unbecoming role, that he was seeing her as a petty hoarder of possessions.

"This is my job," she said. "Stella can't do everything." She was almost apologetic. "Pretty, isn't it?" she had asked, stepping back and taking an over-all view of the piled sheets and towels and pillowcases, arranged in neat rows and packaged in satin ribbons.

*(Continued on Page 217)*

# If You Ask Me

## BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

***As a delegate to the UNO, will you be guided under any circumstances by your individual judgment of what is right, or under certain possible circumstances by the principle, "My country: may it ever be right; but right or wrong, my country"?***

I will, of course, as a delegate to the UNO have to abide by whatever rules are set up within our delegation to govern procedures. Where decisions of policy are made within the delegation, I will try to represent the people. I know, of course, that my feeling of what should be done or of what people want may be wrong, but I would certainly try to work for what I thought represented the major good of the world as a whole. I will try to think at all times of ultimate objectives rather than of the narrower and more immediate aspects of any question that comes up as it affects my own or any other individual country.

I will do this because I believe so firmly that the good of all people in the future must be paramount in order to make it possible for any one of us to live and be free and happy on this globe.

"My country: may it ever be right; but my country, right or wrong" is a very good precept for men in our military services, since they are under the orders of Congress and their Commander-in-Chief and really have very little opportunity to form the policies of the nation. They are practically obligated, once a decision is made, to carry it out. For the rest of us, however, who have an obligation to take part in the forming of policies, I think we should make every possible effort to fight for the things which we believe are right, making it clear to the people why we hold our beliefs, thus creating public opinion. The majority must rule, but minorities sometimes become majorities, and full knowledge for the people is the only way that we, in a democracy, can be truly representative of the will of the people.

***What qualifications do you think you have that make you a suitable representative of the U. S. in the United Nations Organization?***

Since I did not choose myself as a representative, I shall have to rely on the judgment of other people, and I think your question could more properly be put to them than to me.

***Why do so many returning servicemen think that "We'll fight Russia next"?***

I do not think the servicemen think so, but there has been so much propaganda in certain newspapers and through other channels on this subject that many servicemen have been fed this idea.

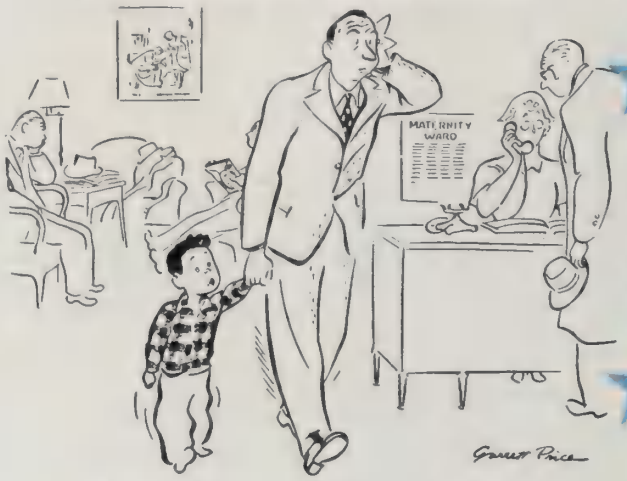
***Do you think the atomic bomb should continue to be manufactured, whether by ourselves or by the UNO?***

I think the decision should be left to the UNO. It seems to me it might be well for the UNO to manufacture, and hold in reserve, a certain number of bombs; but a single nation should be forbidden to engage in the manufacture of the bombs, and we should set up a supervision and inspection system through the UNO which will prevent any nation from doing so.

***Many mothers "give up everything" for their children and are then mortally hurt when children, in maturity, feel that their mothers do not fit, in appearance or social presentability, into their lives. Don't you think there is a kind of "escapist selfishness" in this kind of mother love that tries to live through the accomplishments of their children what they could not or would not achieve themselves?***

I think probably a certain amount of selfishness in all mothers is good for children. We should realize that children have to stand on their own feet and we should not give up everything for them. The burdens in a family should be mutually borne and children should learn that they are a part of the community of the family, and I do not believe that any mother does a wise thing for her children when she makes life too easy for them.

CARTOON BY GARRETT PRICE, REPRINTED COURTESY OF COLLIER'S




**"Does this have any connection with that story you told me about birds and bees?"**

***Since a large number of first sex offenses are committed through ignorance or a youthful curiosity, do you feel that more adequate sex education in the home and in the high school might prevent some juvenile delinquency?***

I do, but this is a question for parents and teachers and doctors to decide. Some children are prepared at an earlier age than others for this kind of education.

***During the war, advertisers sold the public on War Bonds and other appeals. Now they are selling the same public on more and better luxuries. Don't you think the leading advertisers could be enlisted in a campaign to sell the idea of peace and world citizenship?***

Yes. I wish they could put on a campaign for world peace and responsible citizenship in our democracy. I think they should not do it on a profit basis, however, but on the basis of their own responsibility as citizens to use their abilities, in part at least, for the good of the country as a whole.

***Why doesn't the United States see to it that Palestine is opened to Jewish refugees?***

Because the United States alone has no jurisdiction over Palestine, and she is probably not willing to accept full responsibility even if she could obtain full powers to act alone. I doubt very much if the people of this country as a whole would want the United States to undertake this, because it would mean accepting military as well as civilian responsibility.

***What did you take to London with you in the way of clothes and, if any, gifts for English friends?***

I took a few gifts of things I knew were scarce in Great Britain. In the way of clothes, I took one evening dress, so made that it can be either formal or informal; one silk day dress and one wool day dress and one suit with blouses; a heavy fur coat for the steamer, a fur jacket and a raincoat and galoshes; underclothes, stockings, extra shoes and one pair of evening slippers.

***Do you think it a sound principle of justice to try the so-called "war criminals" for acts that were not technically illegal under either German or Japanese or international law at the time they were committed?***

Yes, I think it is a sound principle of justice to try people for acts they committed, whether they were technically illegal or not at the time. I realize that this is not the procedure usually adhered to by the courts, but I have always felt that that was one of the unfortunate ways in which justice sometimes miscarries even in domestic issues.

***Do you think Congress and the President are making a sharp turn to the right?***

I think Congress has always had certain, perhaps the majority of, members who are markedly conservative in both political parties, but there is also always a goodly number of progressives, and those I think are still active. I should not say that President Truman has taken any sharp turn to the conservative outlook.

***The Quakers are pleading with the people of the United States to feed Germany. Do you think it is our job?***

I think it is our job to feed as many people as we possibly can, but I have already expressed myself quite a number of times on the point that I think this should be done on the basis of giving our Allies everything we have to spare above the bare necessities. They have less resistance left, having been for five years under German domination, and during that period the Germans took for their own use everything they could possibly remove from the Allies. Therefore, the Germans are far better able to withstand a period of restricted diet and hardship.

***I have been holding my own in the business world for almost five years, but my mother still does not think it suitable for me to have my own apartment. Do you think I should stay at home obediently?***

It depends entirely, I think, on the kind of relationship you want in your home. If you want to carry on a very close family life, it is certainly better for you to live at home. However, if you find that as you have grown older and more independent, it creates friction to live with the family, perhaps it would be better for you to have your own apartment. You might find you could really have a pleasanter and happier relationship with your family by actually living apart. I think every woman, if she does not marry, craves a home of her own, and perhaps you could explain that to your mother.

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*Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

# YOU NEED NOT FEAR THE MENOPAUSE

*By James Scott,* **M. D., B. Sc. (Med.)**

THE "change of life" in women has taken place as early as seventeen years and as late as ninety-three. Furthermore, at least one woman has become pregnant at seventy-two. This change, then, is an episode that may touch women of any age and be a source of much anxiety.

Yet the change of life is not to be feared. Although the menopause—or climacteric, as doctors call it—should herald a new and fuller existence, its significance is so generally misunderstood that this perfectly normal period is dreaded by most as an era of discomfort, frustration—indeed, the end of useful living.

Since a fearful expectancy of the menopause—entirely unwarranted—can spoil the years of its approach and magnify the severity of symptoms when it arrives, every woman should know the true meaning of this change in her life; and knowing it, have no more fear. She will then anticipate a different but no less happy and comfortable future.

The menopause means what? Very simply, it means that the ovaries, those glands which every month since soon after the first menstruation have produced an egg capable of reproducing another human being, have ceased to function. That is all—but think what a wise provision of Nature it is: if this did not happen, women would bear babies at a time of life when they would be completely incapable of rearing them. How fortunate it is both for the woman and the race that the menopause does come!

When may the menopause be expected? Is it usual to have it early in life, and how often is it prolonged? In this country, most estimates have placed the average age of onset at between forty-seven and forty-eight years. Allowing for small deviations from this, you may assume that your change of life will take place between the years of forty-five and fifty-five. Any marked departure from this average should be an indication for you to consult your physician for a physical examination. Early and late changes are sufficiently unusual that some abnormality may be suspected which requires immediate attention. A cessation of the menstrual function in young women is not usually the menopause, and bleeding after fifty-five is rarely normal menstruation.

It has been said that a woman who menstruated for the first time at an older-than-average age will have an early menopause, and vice versa. Although this is a common observation of doctors, it is not entirely borne out by statistical studies. It certainly is not an accurate enough finding on which to base predictions for individual cases.

How long should it take to be entirely past this part of one's life? Actually, the change of life is not a sudden occurrence, as the word "menopause" suggests. The normal woman has a gradual decline in the function of her ovaries over a period of several years, accompanied by proportional alterations in her tissues. Her menstruation becomes less frequent and finally ceases. Rarely does she menstruate regularly and then dramatically stop. Even after menstruation has ceased her ovaries are still active to some extent, although they are not preparing and releasing eggs. Fertility, therefore, is a thing of the past.

If symptoms such as hot flushes, dizziness and irritability are felt, they may last from a few months to a year or more. An occasional woman may have symptoms for several years, but again she is the exception.

Many women are greatly worried that the menopause may alter their marital relationships. Indeed, for some this is said to be the basis for certain psychic phenomena that are apt to be a part of their symptoms. Medical men insist there is no need for anxiety on this score. The opposite is true more frequently. The removal of the fear of pregnancy in itself sometimes allows an emotional release of which a woman has never before been capable. The ovarian function, of course, decreases, and with this there is some shrinking of the genitals and a reduction in sex drive. But this process is a very slow one and takes place over many years, so that by the time cohabitation is difficult, the principals are of an age when such matters cease to be important to either one. It is true, then, that this part of the married woman's life may be fuller and more complete after the menopause than it has ever been. Doctors will tell you it all depends on how well you are adjusted before the menopause.

Perhaps you think all women have terrifying symptoms at this time of their lives. This certainly is not true. Researchers who have spent many years studying the menopause and compiling statistics about it have come out with the encouraging information that the majority of women have little or no trouble. If they have any symptoms, these are mild in character and of little inconvenience. So your chance of having real trouble is small. One doctor has said that only 10 per cent of women have difficulty that in any way interferes with their social or domestic life. In another careful study of 1197 patients, 1050 were observed to pass through their climacteric with no symptoms that in any way interfered with a perfectly normal existence. Taking different criteria as a basis for his observation one physician, after carefully recording all the patients who had symptoms of any degree, stated that 75 per cent experienced some signs of their change. It seems, then, you have a 3 to 1 chance of having some discomfort, but the likelihood of having severe symptoms is only 1 in 10.

But what about general health after the menopause? Here again there is no cause for alarm. Thousands of women have better health than they have ever had. The belief that menstruation is necessary to cleanse the blood is nothing more than a superstition. In this all physicians agree. It should be remembered that the menopause is not a disease—it is a normal stage in a woman's life. It is the counterpart of the "justice in fair round belly" of Shakespeare's stages of man. One medical writer has observed that women of innate physical refinement often show greater delicacy of lineament as they approach and pass the menopause.

From a general-health point of view the chief thing to watch is a greater tendency to obesity—the so-called "middle-age spread." Therefore a little care in the diet is in order. The loss of general vitality that may be expected is not a part of the menopause but of old age, the later decades of life. The occasional high blood pressure which you have heard is connected with this stage of your life is said by doctors to be more often than not related to your worry about yourself, or to lack of rest because of symptoms. It is not necessarily organic in nature and usually responds well to treatment. If it does not, it is a part of an underlying organic condition and is not a part of the menopause. Doctors are in agreement about this.

It is obvious, in spite of the certainty that relatively few women have much discomfort at the menopause, that some women do, and many expect they will be of this group. It is gratifying, then, to know that for the 1 in 10 who may have a considerable amount of trouble there is relief in store.

About twenty years ago studies of the internal secretions of the ovaries began that have culminated in efficient methods of treatment. One can now prophesy with confidence that almost every woman can obtain complete relief from her symptoms if she should be numbered among the unfortunate ones.

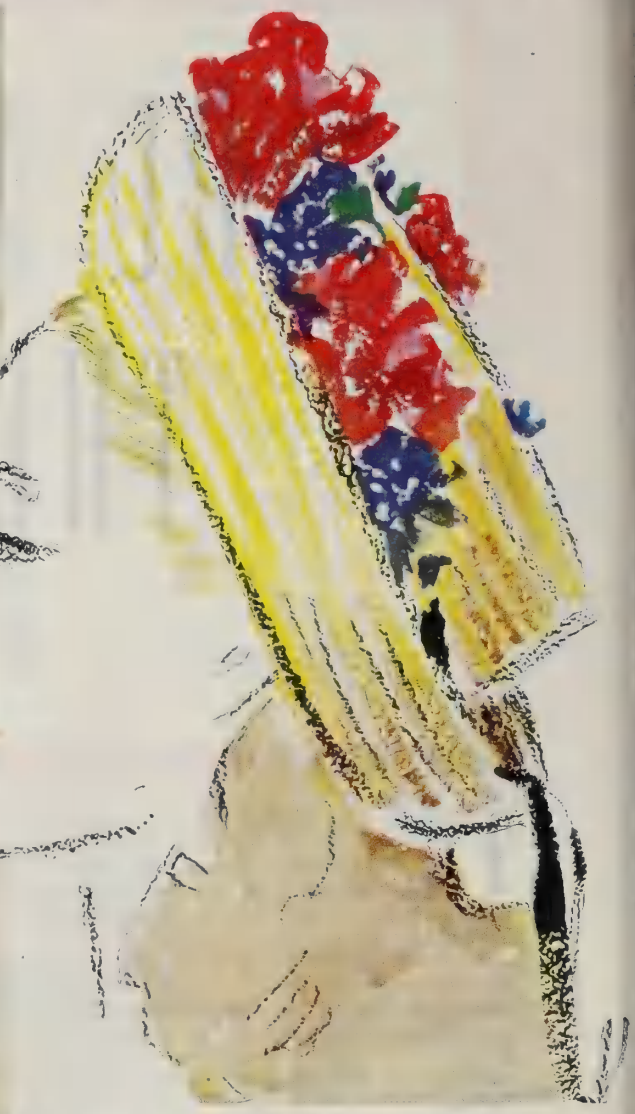
It has been found that failure of the ovary to supply one particular hormone is the seat of the trouble. This hormone is responsible for the growth of the external and internal genitals, breast development and other typically female characteristics, such as the distinctive fat distribution resulting in feminine curves.

When this hormone is no longer produced in sufficient amount there follows an upset or imbalance in the quantity of other hormones in the body. Secretions from the pituitary gland and the thyroid are among those that are thrown out of balance in relation to the amount required for a normal function. For example, the secretion of the pituitary responsible for the stimulation of the ovary is produced in prodigious amounts to encourage the ovary to function. But the ovary can no longer be stimulated. The result is an enormous excess of this pituitary hormone in the body. The symptoms such as hot flushes, dizziness, nervousness and irritability are all a result of this imbalance, although doctors are not sure of all the reasons why *(Continued on Page 190)*

# HATS ARE YOUNG AND GAY...



INNOCENT BRETON, WIDE-BRIMMED, OFF-THE-BROW—SALLY VICTOR



BRETON, WITH FLOWERS—SALLY VICTOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL



. . . they will remind you of morning sunshine on a country road; of the sharp green smell of new grass after rain; of a crossroads store where you could buy gingham and peppermint. They are the spirit of the country girl come to town—but fastidiously, with every hair in place. The Breton, always beloved, always one of the happiest hats of spring, is the embodiment of the fashion, with a wreath of field flowers around its crown, worn on the back of the head by the very young, straighter on by the somewhat older. The sailor of rough straw with streamers of taffeta ribbon falls naturally into step. The disarming bonnet of gingham or straw, stemming from Early American, is wholly of this day. ★ ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

*Fashion Editor of the Journal*

DRAWINGS BY REYNALDO LUZA



ARLY AMERICAN STRAW SAILOR—BY JOHN FREDERICS



THE DANDY: COACHMAN HAT—BY MME. REINE



VICTORIAN BONNET, TIED UNDER CHIN—SALLY VICTOR



GINGHAM GIRL: GENE TIERNEY IN SALLY VICTOR'S BLUE BONNET



SAUCY SAILOR, BRETON BRIM, LARGE DAISIES—JOHN FREDERICS

# Outline for Beauty... 1946

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

*Beauty Editor of the Journal*

BEAUTY is brimming with soft laughter as well as loveliness this spring. She has become a warm flesh-and-blood woman, with yielding curves and knowing feminine ways. She has a lilt in her voice and a light in her eyes. All because her lover is home again.

Once more it is a solid world, with men in it, and full of their hearty reassuring sounds. Commanding voices, firm footsteps. No more pretending that cool austerity is a preferred way of living, or that a flutter of woman activity fills gray days. Least of all is there need, any longer, to try to fill sturdy boots that have now regained their rightful owners. Beauty relaxes, with a delicious sigh, into irresistible femininity.

★ ★ ★

## BEAUTY HAS A TRICK OR TWO:

Woman is never more inventive than in matters of beguilement. We know a lady who twists a snow-white braid in her own raven locks, as a coronet for evening wear. Another who sweeps her hair high and smooth in a puff, except for two engaging curls, which she *gilds* or *silvers* with metal powder mixed with hair lacquer! And ever so many dazzling bits of jewelry have flitted from their original resting places at throat or shoulder to twinkle in smoothly coiled chignons. In those same chignons may be concealed a bit of scented cotton. Nice for dancing. Bare shoulders should be perfume-touched. Fragrant hands become even more kissable. Blue-green mascara is giving a lively air to loving eyes. Powder with a pinkish cast maintains a spring-morning look into an electric-lighted evening. It is a season for blush tones—on cheek, finger tips and ear lobes. Pink promise and rosy fulfillment.

***Proxaic Postscript:*** Marvelous three-way treatment, for *coiffure-complexion-contour*. Brush hair and scalp vigorously with two brushes, one in each hand. Put your heart in your work, lifting the hair to its full length, swinging with one arm, then the other, and covering every inch of scalp. Not only will you acquire polished tresses, but you will lift and tighten your pectoral muscles, thereby improving your female form divine. You will also produce a fine glow in head and face. For extra good measure, your nerves will feel better, especially if you are subject to congestion at the nape.

★ ★ ★

## BEAUTY HAS AN EMBRACEABLE WAIST:

Now that waists are reveling in encircling arms again, they should be worthy. Tidily restrained. Not with the artificial squeezed-in look conferred by sternly restricting garments, but as though they had a fetching neatness in their own right.

***Waistlines are made:*** 1, By pulling the torso up out of the hips; 2, By indenting the intervening space. The following exercise affords a simple way of taking both steps:

Divide a pack of cards in two. Place the sections on the floor about a yard apart. Stand, without shoes, about six inches back from the center of an imaginary line drawn between the two packs. Stretch the hands high above the head. Now turn slowly, so that you can swing down and pick up one of the cards in the left pack with your right hand. Knees as unbending as possible. Come up to position. Start over again, reversing the process and turning to the other side. You won't pick up the whole pack the first time, but you may get to it. You may even be able to stand nearer the cards and get more twist. It's that grinding that counts.

★ ★ ★

## BEAUTY HAS A COME-HITHER LOOK:

The radiant look that springs from happiness can be fostered by intelligence. Women in love are beautiful. Women with abundant health and vitality have beauty. Who shall say that health and vitality are not the first steps toward romance? Sound health means sound eating. But so great is the magic of food that you may eat for a sturdy body, and at the same time gain a beautiful one. You may choose foods that have special properties for clearing the skin and adding to its color, for brightening the eyes, for strengthening nails and teeth. You may choose foods that steady your nerves or quicken your inner processes. Briefly, you may so plan your diet that your good looks and sense of well-being improve to a point where you have a greater zest for living. A warm appreciation of life is the true basis of a lovable personality. And if you are lovable, you will be loved!

***How is this springtime blossoming achieved?*** It begins with a basic eating plan, which concerns itself with the reinforcement of vitality, with the enrichment of the blood stream and emotions, as well as with calories. A diet with an eye on conquests as well as curves! *Food for Romance*, we have called it, and we present it on these pages, for your guidance. Food which encourages abounding health, quickens the faculties and rests the nerves inevitably puts a kind of bloom upon a woman. If, with canny care, she will also regulate her eating to control her measurements, she needs no further guide to beauty of form.



# *Food for Romance*

This diet is designed to promote vitality rather than to reduce weight. It is, however, low enough in calorie count so that over a period of time there should be a gradual reduction. For more rapid reducing, cut bread-and-butter allowance in half; use skim milk instead of whole milk, lemon juice instead of salad dressing. If you need to gain, add more milk and cream, double the allotment of bread and butter, and eat extra meals at midmorning and before bedtime. Do not indulge recklessly in rich foods, no matter how underweight you are, as you run the risk of ruining your skin, digestion and disposition. This is a beauty diet.

***General instructions:*** Each day you should include 2 glasses of whole milk, 2 pats of butter and 2 slices of whole-wheat bread. These can be distributed as preferred. Items starred below are to be deducted from this allowance. Drink water freely between meals. Use high seasonings sparingly. No fried food.

## BREAKFAST

½ grapefruit (may be varied once or twice weekly with 1 cup strawberries, ½ cantaloupe *or* 2 medium peaches).
½ cup whole-grain cereal, hot *or* cold.
2 tablespoons wheat germ. Milk*.
1 teaspoon sugar.
Black coffee (can use part of milk allowance, if desired).

## LUNCHEON

(Note that one hot and one cold dish are included. Bread and milk allowance, see above, makes good supplement.)

***No. 1***

Hot consommé or hot tomato juice, liberally sprinkled with parsley.
Mixed green salad with 1 hard-cooked egg and 1 tablespoon French dressing *or* lettuce, cottage cheese, green pepper, no dressing.
(Salads can be lavish mixtures: Romaine, endive, escarole, chicory, cucumbers, radishes, spring onions and raw cabbage are all good. And lots of water cress! The dark-green salads and leafy vegetables are especially beauty-making.)

***On Alternate Days—No. 2***

Large tomato juice with juice of ½ lemon.
*Or* ½ grapefruit.
2 eggs, boiled *or* poached.

***4 P.M.*** Hot tea *or* milk*.

## DINNER

Lean meat, fish or poultry, average serving.
Once a week, liver.
Baked *or* boiled potato, medium size. Eat skin.
Vegetable: Large serving from list below.
Green salad, 1 tablespoon French dressing.
Celery and carrot sticks. Eat celery tops!
Fruit, raw *or* cooked with minimum of sweetening.
Demitasse.

***Approved Vegetable List***

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Asparagus | Cauliflower | Mustard greens |
| Artichokes | Celery | Okra |
| Beans, green *or* wax | Chard | Onions |
| Beets | Chicory | Romaine |
| Beet tops | Cucumbers | Spinach |
| Broccoli | Dandelion greens | Squash, summer and winter |
| Brussels sprouts | Eggplant | Tomatoes, fresh *or* canned |
| Cabbage | Endive | Turnips |
| Carrots | Kale | Turnip tops |
| | Kohlrabi | |
| | Leeks | |

PHOTO BY RALPH ORTHOF

# DIPLOMATIC SPRING

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

. . . A SEASON THAT LOOKS IMPARTIALLY ON BOTH SIDES OF EVERY FASHION. IF YOU DON'T LIKE FULL SKIRTS, YOU MAY WEAR SLIM ONES. IF NEUTRAL COLORS DON'T INSPIRE YOU, YOU CAN TURN WITH DELIGHT TO THE BRIGHT SHADES. . . . CHOOSE BETWEEN LONG COATS OR SHORTER ONES; TWEED SUITS OR LIGHTER WOOLENS; TWO-PIECE SHIRTWAIST DRESSES OR FLUTTERY AFTERNOON PRINTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL



**NEWEST SHIRTWAIST** fashion—long-sleeved crepe shirt with a soft wool jersey skirt in black or navy blue, designed by Rose Barrack. Skirt or shirt combines easily with other things. Burnt-straw sailor with gay colored quills, by Jeanne Tete.



**CAPELET SLEEVE** print in a brush-stroke design; a two-piece dress with divinely slim lines to wear for afternoon, luncheon, dinner—from now through midsummer. With Braagaard's



**THE BRIGHT COAT** in lime color, three-quarter length, goes with black, navy or gray. (Comes also in red and royal blue.) Remove the belt for a flare-back silhouette. Hat by Suzanne Remy.



**THE GRAY COAT,** by Monte Sano, belted tweed, with softly cuffed sleeves, has a fresh new look and adaptable nature, worn over neutrals or bright colors. Sally Victor's shiny black straw.



**SLIM SKIRT** suit, all-day fashion in neutral greige tweed; designed by Bruno. Worn with crisp short white piqué gloves and white piqué



**FULL SKIRT,** slim basque—the very young suit, in lightweight woolen by Maurice Rentner . . . skirt charming to wear separately with white

# YOUNG,

PHOTOS BY LESLIE GILL



*Mrs. Tierney wears her Adele Simpson beige tweed suit with a sophisticated beret with veil, by Suzanne Remy.*



*Wonderful, wearable, two-piece fashion by Sidney Wragge: shirtwaist with long soft sleeves, skirt with modified fullness; in navy-and-white polka-dot crepe. Worn by Mrs. Tierney.*

**There are certain fashions every season so well designed and so wearable that they are right for women of almost any age—twenty-year-olds to grandmothers included. Illustrious example: Gene Tierney Cassini (who has a small daughter) and her mother, Mrs. Belle Taylor Tierney, wear the same polka-dot dress, tweed town suit and faille afternoon suit. Accessories, being less ageless and always more personal, are different in each case. Gene chooses Breton sailors, shortie gloves, cotton bags, bow-neckline blouses. Her mother likes sophisticated feather hats, longer gloves, dark bags. It's the way the fashion is worn that bridges the years, makes it appropriate and individual.**



*Black faille suit—fashion loved by many women, designed by Nettie Rosenstein. Mrs. Tierney chooses black accessories: faille and feather hat, taffeta gloves.*

# BUT NOT TOO YOUNG

**BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
*Fashion Editor of the Journal*



*Gene Tierney Cassini wears her polka-dot dress the young way—with neckline high, a straw Breton sailor by Sally Victor, short white crocheted gloves, a small boutonniere of daisies.*



*With box-jacket tweed suit, Gene wears a white piqué bow-neck blouse, piqué gloves, John Frederics' straw Breton*



*Black faille suit with white accessories: Gene adores John Frederics' big-brimmed off-the-face white straw, white cotton bag and short gloves.*

PHOTOS BY LESLIE GILL



*Bright color with a white skirt. Cardigan sweater with fitted waist, dolman sleeves, silver buttons. Wear it with tailored spring and summer skirts. To knit. Directions 2237.*



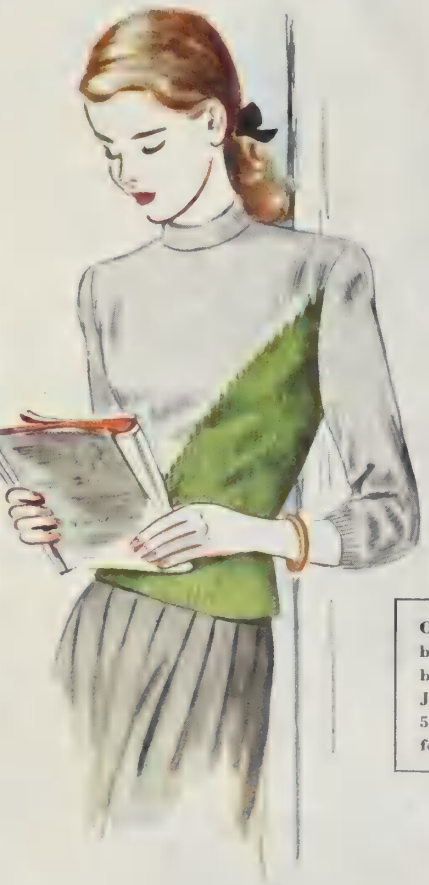
*Green and white are spring colors. Low square neck, tiny sleeves, tucked inside waistband of full skirt. To knit, 2238.*

# A SUB-DEB KNITS FOR SPRING

***Teen-age sweaters in gay colors, new designs. Young accessories in shell-sprinkled shawls, in spangled caps and bags. Sub-Debs with bright ideas on things to make themselves. A bright red cardigan with silver buttons can be the "big" sweater in your wardrobe—designed to wear with skirts and over tailored dresses. If you tell your best beau you made it yourself, your off-the-shoulder sweater with a pretty evening skirt is sure to be a success! Midriff sweaters are new and looking forward to summer vacations. Select your favorites to knit in the first shades of spring!***

**BY DAWN CROWELL**

*(Continued on page 193)*



**Order patterns by number from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, 5 cents for each pattern.**

DESIGNS BY BEATTIE





SKETCHES BY LEE LUNZER

*Trim, tailored and flattering. High-necked*

*Cap sleeves are cool. Sweater with drawstring*

*Summer in the country—on the beach. Mid*



*Pastel shawl for cool nights. Crocheted or knitted in loose stitch, trimmed with multicolored sea shells. 2242.*



*Young and gay for dancing. Off-shoulder sweater in pale blue to wear with evening skirt. To knit. 2243.*



*Costume: Match the color of your sweater with your skirt; use contrasting stripes at shoulders; pretty with corduroy or cotton. Knitting directions 2244.*



*Pastel and pretty. Palest blue knitted sweater with a pink stripe; low square neck. Matching yarn around waist; worn with a pastel wool skirt. 2245.*





*Cap and bag to match (sketch above). To knit. 2246. Photograph: Button-in-the-back knitted sweater to wear over tailored shirts. 2247.*

*Spring Secrets*

# IN A SUB-DEB'S WARDROBE

**Spring secrets—surprise changes—magic touches—wonder wardrobe! A new suit with a young silhouette that leads a tailored life with its own white accessories and felt bowler, that dresses up for something special with a spring bonnet of straw and flowers. A soft wool dress that hides its own neckline with a spanking-white Quaker collar, and emerges gracefully with a matching belt and gloves for afternoon. A navy topper taken from a sailor's jacket that knows the world of your wardrobe—and gets along with it! Each outfit in a Sub-Deb's wardrobe can have a way of mixing and matching with its own accessories—and a new life with every change!** BY DAWN CROWELL



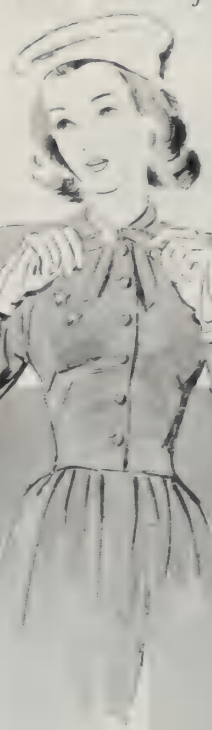


*ft:* Afternoon wool, low round neck, full skirt. Belt and gloves by Arpad. *Right:* ne dress with a demure change; wide white piqué collar, pleated edge.

PHOTOS BY GEORGE KARGER



Suddenly it's spring! Two-piece wool with piqué collar, cuffs. New "barrel" skirt. *Left:* Straw bonnet with flowers and ribbons.



CLOTHES DESIGNED BY EMILY WILKENS

Gray wool, tie neck, full skirt. Piqué beret, matching gloves.



ding taffeta, velvet ribbons, white violets.



Out-of-doors. Young navy topper, double-breasted,



Wide, wide starched white collar over tailored

# You're More Important Than You Think

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

MANY people today, when they think of human nature in general, feel cynical, and when they think of themselves in particular, feel futile. The appalling situation of mankind has got them down, and they see little or nothing they, as individuals, can do about it. To be sure, we have won the war, but war always creates problems quite as difficult as those it solves, and of this war certainly that is true. Public attention is focused on the vast, complicated, external factors in the crisis, but deep inside people is another kind of problem: the struggle between cynicism and futility on one side, and faith, courage and morale on the other.

Difficulty can be stimulating, arousing such character and effort as easy days do not call out; but to produce that effect there must be some relevance and proportion between the size of the problem and our own ability and resource. Today, however, global disaster has for many gone far beyond the stimulating point. The scope of it is so vast, the factors determining what will come of it so far beyond our individual control that, facing it, millions feel not stimulation but personal futility and helplessness. Even the young and strong are tempted to such disillusionment—as one of our fighting men said, "After the war I'll give the world one more chance. If it goes on being a mess like this, to hell with it! I'll go listen to good music."

This mood is commonly taken by its victims to be realistic wisdom. They think that at last they are growing wise, seeing into the senselessness of everything and not fooling themselves any more, whereas the real reasons for the mood are much less complimentary.

Often such cynicism is nothing but spoiled idealism. A naturally sensitive, spiritually minded person has dreamed lovely dreams of the world he was going out to live in—and now look at it! This thunderstorm has turned his cream sour. So idealism, when disillusioned, commonly turns into cynicism, but that is the wrong answer. The right answer is really to become wise, seeing that this is a tough world and always has been, and that man's finest faiths and best ideals have never been fragile flowers intended for fair weather, but mountain movers, made for a tough world.

"Faith," as Kirsopp Lake said, "is not belief in spite of evidence, but life in scorn of consequences."

Even more commonly the cynical mood is not so much disillusioned idealism as it is a psychological alibi. The ghastliness of this generation's disaster can easily make a man feel sorry for himself, and when such self-pity goes far enough it says about life as a whole what one of our contemporaries said: "The outstanding fact that cannot be dodged by thoughtful men is the futility of it all." *Well, if all life is futile, that lets me out. What can I do? Nothing is worth while.* That attitude—the most comprehensive alibi the human mind knows—is common today, and much of our lost faith and morale, far from being the realistic insight we crack it up to be, is *that* and nothing else—an excuse for quitting—when all the time another attitude is within our reach. As a modern journalist put it: "If a thing can be done, experience and skill can do it. If a thing cannot be done, only faith can do it."

This is no plea for easygoing optimism; there is no ground for that. Nevertheless, if we will have it so, this generation may turn out, in the retrospect of our posterity, to be one of the greatest in history. Victor Hugo reminds us that we now think of the sixteenth century as one of history's main turning points, with the Protestant Reformation and all that, but that Erasmus, who lived then, called it "the excrement of the ages"; that we see in the seventeenth century thrilling discovery and adventure, opening up the whole new world, but that Bossuet, in the thick of it, called it "a bad and trivial age"; that to us the eighteenth century presents a stirring scene of political liberation, with the American and French Revolutions and the like, but that even Rousseau in a discouraged hour described it as "this great rottenness amidst which we live." So in those days the people who really fooled themselves were the cynics, while the men of faith, courage and morale were realistically right.

For many a man, then, losing faith, the first step is to analyze why he is losing it, debunking his high-flown ideas about the wisdom that causes his cynicism, and seeing the honest-to-goodness reasons for it within his own life: disillusioned idealism, retreat to a psychological alibi and failure of realistic insight.

It may help some to take a fresh grip on their courage if they recognize the momentous importance of individual attitudes in our present crisis. In estimating the possibilities of the next decades we know well, when we objectively think about it, that what the common people of Germany, Japan, Russia, Britain, China and the rest are saying to themselves does matter—almost more than anything else. The impotence of individuals is an illusion: mankind is made up of them; all decent social possibilities are rooted in their attitudes; all political organizations to maintain justice and peace depend on their faith and determination; and their breakdown into disillusionment and lost morale is the most menacing danger we face. Every individual who quits is a traitor.

Sir Alfred Zimmern, one of our leading experts on international affairs, walking in the gardens at New College, Oxford, was asked by Basil Mathews, "What, in your opinion, is the greatest obstacle between us and the building of enduring world peace?" and his unhesitating answer was, "The small-scale individual."

Such insistence on the importance of persons is no mere psychological shot in the arm to buck us up. An individual is more than himself—he is himself plus what he stands for. A slender wire can carry a strong current; a small window can let in a lot of light; and an ordinary man can stand for ideas on which the world's salvation depends.

All mankind's major social gains have had some such history as this: An idea gets hold of an individual. Commonly, not a great personality, he is shocked and humbled at the disproportion between himself and the cause he knows he ought to stand for. Nevertheless, he stands for it, and from his contagion other individuals catch his faith, and so the new idea goes out into the world, appealing to persons, one by one, saying, "Believe in me!" When, then, enough individuals believe in it and become its representatives, it overrides all the opposition that man's sin and ignorance can rear against it. Thus all man's intellectual and moral triumphs have been won.

Today some of the greatest ideas mankind ever faced are thus asking for our personal influence. *(Continued on Page 122)*



# Elfine and the Three-Foot Fork

"YOUR face," Candy observed dreamily, "is lopsided." Bill inspected his black tie in a dignified silence. Candy considered him impersonally. "Your nose," she explained, "sort of folds over sideways and your mouth is all funny."

Bill paused with one arm in the sleeve of his dinner coat. "Women," he observed, "are remarkable. What would you do if I turned on you and said, 'Darling, your face is lopsided'?"

"Burst into tears," Candy answered promptly. "But men are different."

"They have to be."

"Anyway, I just meant in the mirror. It's perfectly straight in real life. Haven't you ever noticed how people's faces all sort of slip sideways in a mirror? I mean even people who ——"

Bill said, "You're going to be late."

"I'm all ready."

"Look, angel," Bill said, "your father is the soul of hospitality, and so is your mother, but I'm almost certain they don't expect their daughter to come to dinner in a pink satin girdle and a lace thing—even if it would make the evening brighter for their guests."

"I mean my face is all ready and my nails and hair and everything. It's just my dress—and I hope Mr. Fancher likes it."

Bill ran a hand over his black hair. "He better. Who is this Fancher anyway?"

Candy climbed carefully into her dinner dress. "I keep telling you and *telling* you, darling. Mr. Fred Fancher is one of the leading citizens of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and president of Fancher's Flawless Flour. And Mrs. Fred Fancher ——"

"You keep telling me about the Fanchers and their Flawless Flour, but why are they here? Why are we so urgently invited to meet them? What's it all about?"

She backed up to him. "Oh, we're just invited to meet them—that's all. Zip me up, will you, darling?"

It was very nice that her dress fastened all the way up the back. In four years of marriage, Candy had discovered the difficulties of evading Bill's eye when it wore that peculiar, probing expression. Not that she made a point of evasion—quite the reverse. But when one is normally inclined to candor, the smallest departure from it assumes large and guilty proportions. And here they were, she and Bill, spending Friday night in town, at her parents' house—and she knew very well why. Candy understood her father perfectly. And Pierce Goodwin, in turn, understood his son-in-law: he knew that uncompromising Scottish pride which could so easily stiffen into obstinacy, and he had never tried to overcome Bill's reluctance to accept favors. He simply conferred them—invisibly.

And so Candy and Bill had been invited to dinner, to help entertain the Fanchers of Minneapolis—and Candy was quite aware that Mr. Fred Fancher was enormously interested in young Bill Stewart, whose work for International Airways had been so outstanding during the war.

Bill sniffed appreciatively, sliding the fastener up to Candy's neck. "You smell good. O. K. if I kiss you?"

"Do," she said cordially. "Only don't put your heart in it, because of my lipsti—— Now it's all over you."

"Is it off?" Bill asked, scrubbing anxiously, as they started downstairs.

Candy examined him. "Not exactly. But it's awfully becoming. It makes your eyes brighter. Mr. Fancher is going to just love you."

Bill made a rude remark, and they walked into the living room. Candy's mother was standing by the small, bright fire, looked charming in pale gray chiffon. Mr. Goodwin was standing beside her, talking to a large gentleman with strong teeth, iron-gray hair and an indefinable air of solid worth.

"Candace, dear," said Mrs. Goodwin, "this is Mr. Fancher. . . . My daughter, Candace Stewart."

☆ ☆ ☆

**CANDY THOUGHT:**

**"SHE'S JUST A LITTLE GIRL**

**WHO'S BEEN WITH**

**GROWNUPS FAR TOO LONG."**

**THREE DAYS PROVED**

**HOW TRUE THAT WAS.**

☆ ☆ ☆

**BY ELIZABETH DUNN**

Mr. Fancher brought the full force of his smile to bear upon Mrs. Goodwin's daughter, a smile in which admiration combined with indulgent raillery. The phrases, "Little woman," and "Don't know what we'd do without them, bless their hearts," seemed to hang in the air around him. Candy sparkled at him demurely. You always sparkled demurely at the Mr. Fanchers; otherwise they bore an uneasy doubt of your femininity—there might even be a suspicion that you were a little hard. Under her sparkle, Mr. Fancher expanded happily.

"And my son-in-law," murmured Mrs. Goodwin.

Mr. Fancher's expression of doting protectiveness was instantly replaced by one which Candy mentally classified as The Electric Eye. He shook hands with Bill as though he had driven a nail with one decisively male stroke. Bill seemed quite unmoved.

"We're so sorry," said Mrs. Goodwin in the vague voice she used for telling lies, "that Mrs. Fancher couldn't be here."

Mr. Fancher looked solemn. "Too bad," he agreed. "Mrs. Fancher was mighty disappointed—but nothing to what the little girl is." He turned to Candy. "Mrs. Fancher's brother died and she's packing to go back tonight. I can't take care of the kid properly—got a lot of business to do. But the poor kid's heartbroken at leaving—her first visit to New York! This is quite a city you've got here, Mrs. Stewart."

Candy smiled with the flattered modesty of one who has knocked Manhattan together out of a few boards and some piano wire, and said, "How old is your little girl, Mr. Fancher?"

"Just ten." Mr. Fancher beamed. "But as I was telling your parents here, she's skipped two grades in three years—teachers can't keep up with her, I say!" He laughed and Mrs. Goodwin was blown a yard or two across the room. "Smartest kid in Minnesota—and not only smart, but sweet too. *Feels* too much. If you know what I mean."

"Such a dear age, ten," observed Mrs. Goodwin. "For girls, I mean. Boys always smell so queer—don't you agree, Mr. Fancher? But then it goes away when they're about fourteen. Baths. I suppose it's due to love, but so *many* towels. . . . Dinner, Cobb? Thank you. Shall we go in, Mr. Fancher?"

At dinner, Candy was seated at Mr. Fancher's right; he turned to her with an inviting and benevolent smile and Candy smiled idiotically back. For a dreadful moment she could think of nothing whatever to say to him. ("What is your street address in Minneapolis, Mr. Fancher? . . . Tell me about your boyhood. . . . Am I right in supposing that Mrs. Fancher has a very large bosom, very small feet and a mink coat?") Then she took a deep breath and clutched at her vanishing wits.

"What is your little girl's name, Mr. Fancher?"

Mr. Fancher's beam increased. "Elfine," he said. "Elfine Marie."

There was a short silence, broken by Bill, who strangled on his soup.

"You fond of children?" Mr. Fancher inquired.

"Oh, yes, I love them! At least," Candy added honestly, "I love *most* children. I mean I don't think you can love all children, any more than ——"

"Speaking of food," said Mr. Goodwin firmly, "I heard a story today. Friend of mine told it to me—Watson, the neurologist. He says he tells it as a test. The students who guess the answer are invariably the best adjusted people in his classes. Interesting."

"What is it, sir?" Bill inquired.

"Well, it seems there was a scientist," said Mr. Goodwin, "who decided to do some research on the nutrition in heaven and hell."

"What, dear?" Mrs. Goodwin inquired in a high, startled voice.

Mr. Goodwin smiled at her. "You know—to see how well people were fed. So he went down to hell, and there he found that the food was delicious, and there was lots of it, too—and yet everyone was suffering from malnutrition. Emaciated, anemic, all the starvation diseases ——"

"But why, dear? I mean if there was ——"

"Because," said Mr. Goodwin impressively, "because in hell everybody had (Continued on Page 141)



"Bill," said Candy, "you don't *mind* about Elfine?" Bill made an indeterminate sound and waved his toothbrush.



Sighing impatiently, she put her arms around his neck, bent and kissed him.

"You'll never ask me, Philip. I don't know why. But — will you marry me?"

# This Side of Innocence

## BY TAYLOR CALDWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

V

WHEN Philip went to Hilltop for dinner the following evening, he looked swiftly for signs of constraint. He saw that Amalie appeared too controlled, though she was gracious as always, and there was an inimical spark in Jerome's eye whenever he glanced at his wife. But his manner toward Philip was easy and welcoming.

Philip showed them a package he had brought. "A book of Shelley and a volume of some airs from Brahms," he said. "For Mary. I promised the child the Shelley and forgot it." He laughed gently. "But Mary didn't forget. She came after it yesterday."

Amalie smiled uncomfortably. Jerome said, with a smile, "Mary is impatient. She is also very rigorous about promises."

Philip was grateful for this diplomacy. By nature adroit in human relations, he used graceful lies and gentle hypocrisies when necessary to save the sensibilities of others. One of the reasons he had always admired Jerome was that the latter possessed, in a large measure, the ability to lay over the rough sand of threatening irritants the pearly substance of good manners and civilized deportment.

Philip, dismissing the subject of Mary, complimented Amalie on the arrangement of flowers. "You are the perfect hostess, Amalie," he said. "There is never a false note anywhere."

Jerome laughed. "Is this your night for passing out verbal Christmas presents, Philip?"

"No. I am merely expressing my gratitude for the fact that I am permitted to come to this house, and know you and Amalie."

Amalie said impulsively, "And we are grateful that we have you, Philip." She hesitated, looked at Jerome. "That is true, isn't it, love?"

"Yes, indeed, my pet." Jerome was standing near his wife. He touched her cheek. "We couldn't get along without Philip. He is the only man I can talk to in all Riversend. A diplomatic scoundrel, but he has his worth."

They went in to dinner. Philip saw that Amalie had been at her old task of trying to placate Jerome. His favorite dishes were served.

Philip complimented his hostess on their excellence. "Where do you get such beef?" he asked.

Jerome answered, "I buy it from one of the machinists in Munsey's factory. He bought four more acres from me, and he has a cow or two there."

The men then centered their attention on the always absorbing subject of the Riversend Community. The Community had been in full swing, now, for over a year. Industrialists, bankers, philanthropists who were concerned with human welfare had come in troops to Riversend, at first doubtful and suspicious, then amazed. Philip, though now assistant manager at his father's bank, had found time after his hours there to plan the whole project, and to help direct it.

Neat acres of diversified farming, chicken culture and flowers had replaced the grazing land which had been lying fallow for years. After the day's work and on holidays hundreds of workers and their families could be seen on their way to their acres, all with that look of deep satisfaction which comes to those who have something to live for besides their daily toil.

The factory owners had discovered that they rarely lost a good worker; they also had discovered that men took more interest in their tasks, and that they did them well. More and more of them were buying the small, neat houses in which they lived. Many of them actually built the houses themselves.

The Riversend Community was famous all over the industrial East. But the fight was not yet won, and Jerome and Philip knew it. They knew that the struggle for human justice and decency and dignity could never be ended. They talked of this struggle tonight.

"Sometimes I think that you yourself have taken on too much, Philip," said Jerome. "You never have a moment to call your own."

"It is my life," protested Philip. And then was silent. It was not his "life," there in his father's conservative bank with its dull ledgers. He did his work well, and Alfred was grateful and proud. But Philip escaped from the bank as soon as possible.

Alfred's bank was prospering, too, from the Community. Once, when he was sure that Jerome was not about, he had accompanied his son through the Community buildings, and had allowed himself a glimpse of the workers cultivating their land.

"You see, father," Philip had said, "we are preventing the concentration of industry and the complete urbanization of workers, before they can even begin to threaten this area."

"I have always denounced the divorcing of men from the land," Alfred had said. "I am glad to find that others agree with me."

A week later, Alfred had given Philip his personal check for three thousand dollars to help toward the building of a small medical clinic of which Philip had told him. "However," said Alfred stiffly, "I wish the gift to be kept anonymous."

Philip had been poignantly touched, though he accepted the gift with a few casual words. Alfred was grateful for this tact.

AFTER dinner Jerome requested that Philip play for them, and Philip consented with pleasure. A little later he announced that he wished to give his books to Mary. Amalie was about to call the girl, but Philip said:

"Please don't, Amalie. I'll go up to her sitting room, as usual. We like to have our little talks together, as you know. I haven't seen the child for days."

Philip opened the door of Mary's sitting room and said, "May I come in, please?"

Mary was at her desk. She rose at once, faintly smiling. "Oh, Philip." Her young voice was restrained, but calm as always. She indicated a chair for Philip, who sat down. He held his package on his knee. Mary sat down again.

"I've brought the Shelley for you, my dear," he said. "And also some airs of Brahms. A book, signed, it is alleged, by the composer himself. It is in vellum. I bought it in New York a month ago, and it did not arrive until today. When I played the airs over this morning, I decided you must have the book."

He held out the package to her. It was then that he saw the small bruises on her cheek. He went cold with shock. The coldness on his flesh increased, but there was a stern burning in him stronger than mere anger.

The girl sat down, unwrapped the package and examined the contents. She lifted radiant eyes. "Oh, Philip! How kind of you!"

His voice was trembling treacherously, though he tried to steady it. "Not half so kind as you, Mary. It was the kindest thing to visit my aunt and my father yesterday. They wanted me to tell you how much they enjoyed your coming. I believe they quite love you."

A bright color ran over her face. She said simply, "I love them too. I wanted to know them because of you, Philip."

"They want you to come again soon."

Mary bent her head over the books. "I want to, Philip," she said, in a low tone. "But I think it best not to."

There was a little silence. Then Philip murmured, "Your father forbade it?"

Mary nodded, her head still bent.

Philip sighed. "Well, then, I am sorry. He probably knows best."

MARY lifted her head; her eyes were fearless and direct. "I ought to have asked him first. You see, Philip, there were things I didn't know. I didn't know my mother had been married to your father. I didn't know that she had divorced him, and then married papa. If I had given it even just one thought—papa's not wanting me to go down there—I might have considered that he had good reason to forbid me. I seem to have grown up since yesterday."

That young and steady voice became unbearably pathetic to Philip. He said, as if defending her against the cruelty of disillusion, "My dear child!"

"Mamma told me," she went on. "She was very upset. It was thoughtless of me."

Philip drummed his fingers silently on the arm of his chair.

He heard Mary sigh. "How hard it must have been for all of you to leave Hilltop."

"Yes," he answered. He stood up. "You will try to forget all this, Mary? It does not make any difference between you and me?"

She arose too. "How could it, Philip?" She gave him her hand. "You will tell Aunt Dorothea and Uncle Alfred that I send them my love, and that I'll come to see them again, someday, but not just yet?"

"Yes, darling, I will." The poor, poor child. He went down the stairs slowly. In the library he saw Jerome, and again that harsh burning pierced him. But he saw Amalie also, and her anxious pallor. He said, "The child is very pleased with the books. She wants to play the Brahms first thing for you tomorrow, Jerome." *(Continued on Page 123)*

# BLUEPRINT FOR A MEAL

*By Ann Batchelder*

HOW many a song and story has been sung and told over the roast beef of old England. It is about the only thing the British refrain from boiling. They stop at that. Turned on the monumental spit or roasted in the most up-to-date oven, their superb results come out only a step behind those we know, for no country in the world can deliver the meat to the carver in a more nutritious and succulent sequence than the best in an American kitchen. And let's hope that she hasn't lost the knack during the lush roasting days. For she knows all the tricks of the trade. And of course she couldn't forget.

I took a poll among my friends not long ago as to his and her "most favorite" dish. Roast beef pretty nearly tied with steak, but the roast had a slight edge. And not among the men more than the women either. It's a glorious dish, this roast. Rare in the center for those who like it rare, and brown and delicately crisp on the outer edges for the well-done school of thought. Personally, I go for medium, if you know what I mean. And that is the stage of doneness that my poll declared the winner.

***Choosing your roast.*** This is a serious business. Go to it with that eye for quality you use when you pick out a fine diamond. Get at least a three-rib roast, for a too small roast is about as satisfactory as a watch that stops at half past eight and stays there. Twice a day it gets to be eight-thirty and that's all. Of course twice a day the watch is right.

Pick a roast that has a fine layer of fat on it, but not too much. Else you'll have fat in the roaster and little enough of the juices you're counting on for basting and to give you gravy when it's time for gravy to come through. The meat itself better be close-grained and streaked with veins of fat. And it better be red and rosy and beautifully trimmed.

***Now to the roasting.*** Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and season with black pepper only. Leave the salt till the roast is done. Have your oven very hot, say around 450° to 500° F. Put the meat in an open roaster, fat side up, and sear it a few minutes. Some folks don't hold with this, but I'm telling you how I do it, and if you have what you think is a better way, that'll be new wise. After the roast is seared, turn down the heat to 350° F. and begin to baste with the juices and fat that have sought the bottom of the roaster. Above everything under the sun, don't put water in the roaster. That is, unless you want to ruin everything.

***How much and how long.*** Well I might as well set it down, in case you are at the visiting will. If you want your roast rare, allow about eighteen to twenty

(Continued on Page 100)


Menu
Mushroom Consommé
Rib Roast of Beef
Franconia Potatoes
Yorkshire Pudding
Condiments Relishes
Lima Beans
Scalloped Tomatoes
Rolls
Green Salad
Upside-Down Cake
Foamy Sauce
PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

# LINE A DAY *By* ANN BATCHELDER

**1** Planning your herb gardens? BIBLE PLANTS FOR AMERICAN GARDENS, by Eleanor King, is a treasure house of Biblical lore. And its fascination is as perennial as the plants it tells about.

**2** Split zucchini lengthwise. Scoop out the centers. Bake for a few minutes, fill with crisp sausages and put the halves together. Bake until tender.

**3** Make up a receipt of Yorkshire pudding. Put half of it in a hot baking pan with beef drippings, spread with chopped beef, well seasoned as for meat balls, cover with the other half of the Yorkshire mixture and bake. Cut into squares and serve. Tomato sauce goes all right with this.

**4** *Afterthought on artichokes:* Put two tablespoons salad oil, a clove of garlic and a squirt of lemon in the water when you boil.

**5** To make tiny apple turnovers cook good tart apples with sugar, cinnamon and lemon to taste. Cut rich pastry into squares. Fill with sauce. Fold into triangles, pinch edges tightly together and fry in deep fat. Sprinkle with sugar. Serve hot. I said tiny and mean it.

**6** *Simple perfection in desserts:* A variety of preserves and marmalades with assorted cheeses and crackers.

**7** Make a very rich baking-powder-biscuit dough. Roll into it about one-fourth cup of finely minced water cress. Use as a crust for meat or chicken pie or as biscuits designed for same.

**8** Salad business looks up. Broken pecan meats, shredded cabbage and celery mixed with old-fashioned "boiled" salad dressing is real good.

**9** A baked-bean salad, at first glance, isn't much. But—mixed with chopped celery, chives, minced olives and salad dressing, it's another bird entirely.

**10** *Dept. of Utter Depression:* The man who called for beefsteak sauce and mustard on broiled lobster. He was blackballed by even the cakewalkers' club.

**11** Over the teacups try discussing little baking-powder biscuits, tender and soft as Belinda's glances and hot as the latest tales of her affairs.

**12** Split the little biscuits and butter them liberally. Spread with maple cream, that *very* spreadable spread; and how they'll melt. Tea-table stuff.

**13** *Answer to Maybelle:* My favorite sandwich is ham and Swiss cheese with Russian dressing on rye bread. 'Tain't stylish at the bridge table, but bridge is not a hungry game. And now you know.

**14** *Herb note:* The herb vinegars are delicate responses to the call for flavor in salad dressings. A dill pickle may be as sour as gratitude, but with baked beans it's as tame as a tabby under the stove.

**15** Old-fashioned bread and gravy is not to be sneezed at. But see to it that the gravy is good. No lumps, please.

**16** *News items:* Those little thin minute steaks, frozen as hard as a mahogany four-poster, when cooked are as juicy and tender as the smile of the waitress at the Junction House beanery.

**17** I'll let you in on a secret. To cut bacon into thin even slices, chill it in the freezing compartment until firm. Then it's easy.

**18** Ever try squeezing an onion? Cut in half, skin and all, and squeeze on lemon reamer. Use juice to flavor meat dishes and such.

**19** Remember toasted doughnuts? Split, toast and enjoy with your breakfast coffee. A grand way to rejuvenate a doughnut that has passed its prime.

**20** Mashed potatoes are expected around a planked steak. But the unexpected is a purée of chestnuts, and few surprises can equal it.

**21** *From an old cookbook:* "Advt.—Use Cakeoma, ready mixed for all your cakes and puddings. Perfect proportions and it never fails you." What's that about nothing new, etc.? This was *circa* 1848!

**22** Pipe a border of Duchesse potatoes around a shallow casserole. Brown in the oven just a while. In the center arrange poached eggs and fill with creamed lobster. Chop the meat fine. Season well. Serve hot.

**23** Should you be looking for something different for that new relish tray, add little gherkins, split halfway down, with a salted nut gone to bed inside. Chopped salted almonds in chicken salad may give you an idea too.

**24** *Discovery Dept., Fish-Ball File:* Fish balls—you remember my receipt?—with tiny slivers of crisp bacon mixed with the fish and potatoes.

**25** Creamed tuna fish with peas served in patty shells shows up at Sunday-night supper. Highly recommended by some.

**26** Breasts of duck grilled, and served on small planks as *filet mignon* is done, with sliced stuffed oranges sautéed, is "de luxe." Use up the rest of the bird in hash. Only the breast to the plank.

**27** Stuffed celery is an old story. But the plot changes when you stuff it with wild turkey, squab or partridge paste, mixed with a little mayonnaise, a touch of cream and lemon juice. Makes the boys say, "What have we here?"

**28** Take half a glass of currant jelly, half a cup of chutney, juice of half a lemon, season with salt and pepper, heat and serve with lamb chops.

**29** As cheese is to apple pie, closer than last year's union suit after the second washing, so is salt pork to a chowder—fish, clam or vegetable. "Useless one without the other." (Longfellow.)

**30** For a light entree, say when the girls assemble for gin rummy or bridge. Bake a casserole of mushrooms with layers of grated cheese and have a salad—jellied or tossed. Coffee and gingersnaps.

**31** March has thirty-one days, and personally that is twenty-nine too many. But April is waiting.



FROZEN UP—BY CURRIER & IVES



*Tales of Belinda*

"Belinda, Belinda, will you
marry me?"
"When I empty my basket of
fruit," said she.
"My basket of apples and
pears and plums.
I'll marry you when the ripe
time comes.
When my basket is empty of
fruits," said she.

Now has Belinda gone her
way.
Down in the churchyard she
lies alone.
And her basket is empty and
late is the day.
Heavy the cold and fruitless
the stone.

# 3 ROUND BOWLS ...and 3 square meals

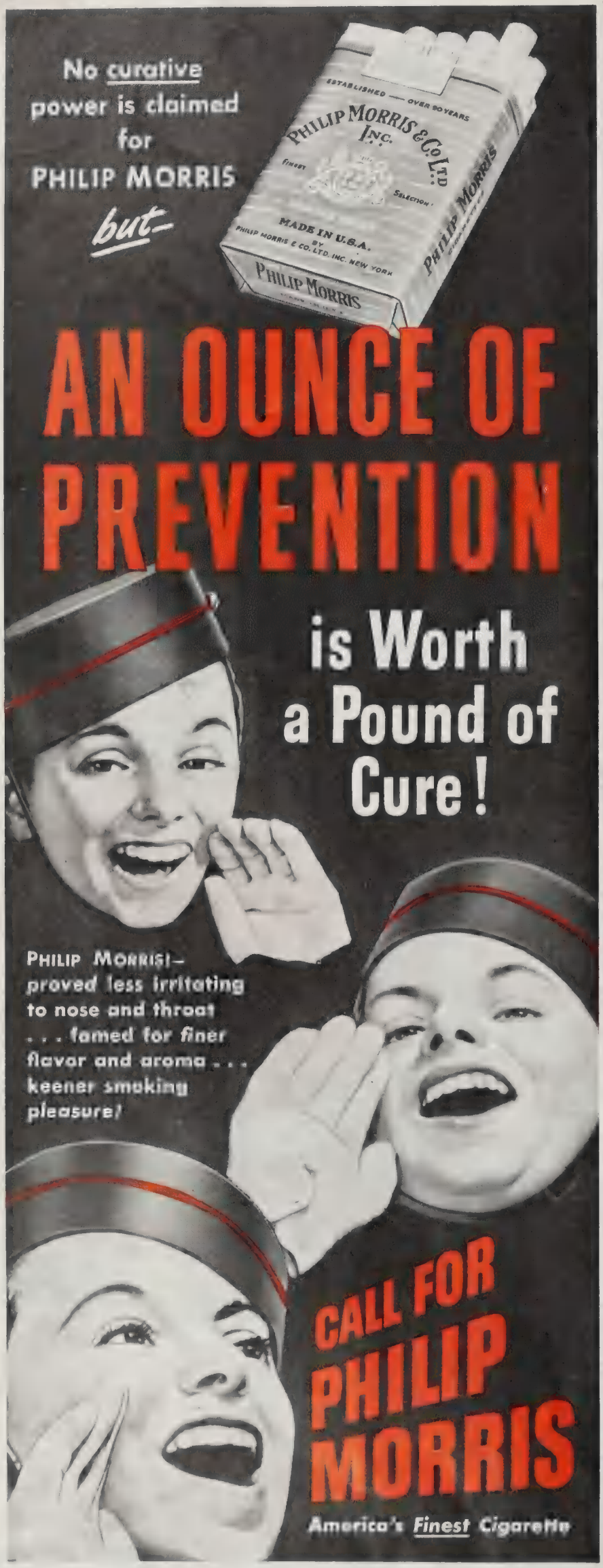


**Hefty ...AND HEART-WARMING**

Nourishing meat stock, brimming with garden vegetables, good barley and tender pieces of mutton combine to make a soup to warm the cockles of your heart! Have you tried this delicious soup of old Scotland? It's a highland fling of good eating for a hungry family.

**Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH**






## THE DARK WOOD

*(Continued from Page 18)*

out the lights and crept into her cold bed. How natural now, how right, how comforting, to see her friend enfolded by a man's arm, her body moving as supple as a fish's to the silly music! Could it be that all the moments of Stella's life had marched inexorably toward this evening, on the eve of her journey to Italy? And what was to come afterward, when she had found her young husband's grave among the Italian olives—what then? Miriam caught her breath, thinking, *Suppose she goes to pieces, then? In a strange land, alone with the dead?*

*I'm right,* thought Miriam, singling out the dancers as they turned to the rhythm of drums and screaming trumpet. *Yes, I'm right. She's walking in her sleep, dancing in her sleep. It's Alec she's dancing with, not Dick. It will always be Alec.*

And in this crowded room where Alec had never set foot, Miriam remembered him, suddenly and blindingly she remembered him, the details of his coloring and his figure, the sound of his voice reading aloud from some book he especially liked, the tricks of expression and laughter, the curious Indian walk. She trembled with inexplicable emotion and thrust him quickly from her thoughts. The waiter brought her another drink, and the colored trumpeter sent an appalling blast over the heads of the dancers.

It quivered through Dick's nerves. "We shall miss you," he murmured. "You sure you're going to be all right?"

"Quite sure."

"And if you should want anything, or if things should go wrong, you won't hesitate to cable us? Promise?" Dick urged.

"I promise."

He held her close. "Oh, Stella!"

"No, Dick dear. Really, it's no use."

He knew this—he did not need to be reminded—yet pity in him blazed, inevitably, into something else. A simple man, he did not question his response to a purely sensual pathos. No doubt women would have questioned it, but he was a man, filled with confused remorse for what men's wars do to women. The waste of death was beyond dispute, but what was to be said, what done, about the waste of the living?

**He who knows others is clever, but he who knows himself is enlightened.**

—LAO TZU: Wisdom of the Chinese, edited by Brian Brown. (Coward-McCann, Inc.)

Meeting Stella a few days after he had got the news of Alec's death, he had taken her in his arms in a wordless embrace, all his brotherhood in tears for her, and for Alec. Later, months later, he embraced her again, muttering, "Why not, Stella? Why not? I can't sleep, thinking about you." But she put him aside with a resolution that surprised him when he reflected on it. "It's no use, Dick. There's nothing left, absolutely nothing. There never will be anything else, for anyone, ever." And so far as Dick knew there had been nothing for anyone else. For two years he had watched her youth fall away piecemeal. Death, which had dealt swiftly with Alec, took its time with Stella, matching her vitality second by second, pulse by pulse.

They danced, and he said, "When you come back, let's all go down to Jarley. You know you ought to do something about the house. Bad for a place to be left unoccupied for so long." He thought of the white house in its meadow above the sea; of the sheep grazing under gnarled black firs. He saw Alec walking up the pasture with his arms full of driftwood for autumn fires. "Better rent the place to strangers if you don't want to live there yourself," he went on, steering her through the crowd. "Don't you agree, Stella?"

"I suppose you're right. I ought to do something about it. Maybe this summer, when I come back from Italy."

The dance ended on a battering of drums, and Dick led her back to the table, where Miriam sat scrutinizing her face in a tiny mirror.

"I'm getting fat," she told them disconsolately. "I *am* fat—fat and middle-aged."

They laughed. "You look all right to me," said Dick, patting her hand. A faint inward sense of guilt made him outwardly affectionate. "And if it comes to age—what about me?"

"You," she told him, "look every inch the distinguished lawyer. Tall, handsome, darkish gray and fifty-three." She smiled. "Can you remember what any of us used to look like ten years ago?"

They argued about it lightheartedly over their drinks. A spotlight traveled over the darkened room and came to rest for a second on Stella. Ten years ago she was twenty and wore her brown hair tied with a black ribbon; she flushed easily and seemed always on the verge of laughter.

*Ten years ago,* thought Dick, *I was forty-three, and I felt good. . . . Ten years ago,* thought Miriam, following the beam of light on its passage round the room, *ten years ago I was thirty-six, and there was no war, and we were all rather poor, and it was spring at Jarley, with ice still forming along the beach and the first robins building in the balm of Gilead by Alec's door.*

It was after midnight when the Sparrows left Stella at her apartment. When the taxi had carried her friends away she emerged from the dim entry and stood for some minutes on the sidewalk, gazing at the buildings which towered as unsubstantial as combs of honey against the sky. The city breathed gustily, resisting sleep; traffic purred and whined, and from the distant river came the muted bellowing of tugs.

Like many lonely people, Stella had a perverse longing for the open. She walked up the street to Madison Avenue, and back toward Fifth, and then an old terror came upon her, the terror which she had often experienced before she married Alec and which returned after his death, the terror of being watched, of being stealthily followed. Now all her courage demanded of her not to run, not to scream. Quickly she made her way back to her door, through it to the automatic elevator. The bronze grille closed behind her, the cage mounted smoothly to the floor where she lived. She stepped out on her landing, painted a dull blue, her own door and the doors of her neighbors numbered in black.

Opening her door, she reached for the light switch. It evaded her hand, darkness engulfed her, arms enclosed her in a rigid embrace, lips sought hers.

*Let me go!* shrieked her mind. *Let me go, let me go!*

She found the switch and light streamed into the empty room where her suitcases stood packed and labeled for their journey. Petals from a vase of dead tulips had drifted onto the rug, a note from her maid stood against the clock on the mantel. Stella picked up the petals one by one and carried them to the fireplace, casting them on the uncharred log. Then she read the note, which said briefly that Anna would be on hand to give her breakfast before she left for the airport.

The clock said one o'clock. *I must go to bed,* thought Stella, and she put the note back on the mantel, carefully, as if it were something precious giving her hands something to do, giving her mind a focus. *I must go to bed. How kind of Anna. How kind people are—Dick and Miriam, Mr. Symes. When I come home this room will look just as it looks now, the books on the piano, the clock on the shelf, the paper frill under the birch log, the silence, the dark door of the bedroom. Dick and Miriam will have sent fresh flowers, the clock will have been wound again, and if it is a fine day pigeons will be moaning on the roof of the building across the way. Everything will be just the same. When I shall have been to*

*(Continued on Page 57)*



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**Street** _____

**City** _____ **State** _____

**Baby's date of birth** _____

**Mother's full name** _____

**Doctor's Name** _____

**Doctor's address--Street** _____

**City** _____ **State** _____

(Continued from Page 54)

*Italy. Oh, my darling*, she whispered, calling by name the presence she had just rebuffed.

*II*

THE throbbing of the motors seemed part of her own circulation as she sat, next morning, in the clipper that was to take her to Lisbon. She could hear, above the reverberation, the voices of the hostess and the copilot conversing in the rear of the plane. The pilot was already in his cubbyhole forward. Except for the empty seat beside her, the big ship was filled, and Stella learned that the delay in their taking off was due to the nonappearance of her neighbor, evidently a person of importance; and, as she suspected with increasing certainty, none other than Dick Sparrow's friend, Mr. William Symes. He had not been visible at the airport, although Dick—who, with Miriam, had come to see her off—searched everywhere for him. Stella hoped, rather ungratefully, that he would not show up at all, for she was in no mood for conversation with a stranger. It was with relief that she had said good-by to the Sparrows, whose affectionate concern had become oppressive. Now she longed for and dreaded the moment of departure, that wrenching apart of the body from its earth, the quick tightening of flesh and nerve.

The motors throbbed, a breeze flung spears of water against the window, and she could see the airport with its runways glistening in the sun. People strolled on the catwalks or hung on the railings, watching planes arrive and take off. Regrouped by distance, the city wore an antique and shadowy appearance, like tapestry under the cloudless sky. She felt withdrawn from the life of the city and from her friends, like that speck which she first took for a bird, then recognized as a plane melting into the void.

**One thing about children so refreshing is their reluctance to go to bed for fear they will miss something worth seeing or hearing.**

—EDGAR DEWITT JONES.
Christian Leader.

There was a commotion in the rear and she turned to see the hostess tuck a curl under cap and rearrange her expression to one of cheery welcome. Although Stella had never seen him, she recognized Mr. Symes as he stepped on board, hatless, carrying a brief case and an English overcoat. In a minute he was beside her, smiling and diffident, radiating talcum powder.

"Mrs. Harmon? They gave me the number of your seat. I am William Symes. How nice that we should be sitting together. I hope you don't mind? . . . Miss, I wonder if you'd mind taking my coat."

The pretty hostess took his coat, smiled, and was smiled upon in return. The copilot, on his way to join the chief pilot, also smiled. Everyone seemed affected by the appearance of this benign and florid young man who had kept them waiting for more than twenty minutes beyond the official hour of departure.

"Your safety belt," Symes reminded Stella, and bent forward to assist her. He fastened his own and leaned back. "Whew! I nearly missed the boat this time." And he explained that he had arrived in New York from Washington in the early hours of the morning, and had slept through the ringing of his alarm clock. "So I called the airport from my apartment and told them to hold everything, I'd be there in twenty minutes. Then I went out and waved a ten-dollar bill at a taxicab, and we made it—but only just!"

She saw that the near-catastrophe had merely amused him, that he was not a man to lose his head—or his dignity—over such misadventures. There was always another clipper for Lisbon, and whatever the mission, it would await his pleasure. While they exchanged trivialities Stella tried to recall the conversation of last night, but her mind had been occupied then with thoughts of her journey.

All she could remember now was that Dick Sparrow said he liked Symes, and that Miriam had declared she did not. Stella guessed that as a fellow traveler Symes could be tactfully unobtrusive. Later, so as not to embarrass him by a peremptory show of gratitude, she would thank him for his kindness in getting her accommodations on the plane, and for using his influence—as Dick had intimated he had done—with the officials at the passport office. For the rest, she was not especially curious, merely relieved that he and not some other, crude and garrulous, was to be her traveling companion on the hop to Lisbon.

The noise of the motors settled into a steady orchestration; the plane began to move; walls, water, the broken edges of the sky slipped past, sank, flattened.

Symes loosened his belt a little and carefully crossed his legs. He thought, *She's not pretty, and she seems dull. Sparrow didn't warn me about that.* He tried to remember just what Sparrow had told him about Mrs. Harmon, but it couldn't have been of any great significance or he would not have forgotten it so easily.

He was disappointed in his traveling companion, for he would have enjoyed talking with and impressing a pretty woman: it would have soothed him, and he needed soothing; the ordeal of the past twenty-four hours had left him with a sense of acute irritation. Washington had been hot, and he loathed heat; the men he was supposed to meet had eluded him, the man he was determined to talk to had remained abysmally drunk.

The story he had told Stella, like many of his stories, was only partly true. Circumlocution was natural to him, and he had become so adept in the art of concealing his personal life from others that there were occasions when he almost succeeded in concealing it from himself. The facts were he had spent the night with Regan Bycroft, and this morning they had quarreled. The reconciliation had taken longer than he intended, and for him to have missed the plane might have resulted in consequences considerably more serious than he liked to think about. However, the reconciliation had been satisfactory, even charming; he had *not* missed his plane, and the irritation which he felt was nothing more than the gradual subsidence of panic. The discovery that his traveling companion was neither good-looking nor apparently even interesting prolonged the sense of irritation, though no trace of it appeared in his face or manner.

"Look," he said, pointing. "Gorgeous, isn't it?" Gorgeous was a word he had come to regard as vulgar, but it occasionally slipped out, probably from habit.

Stella stared at the receding earth, the broad ribbons of water, and the arched delicacy of the bridges. Then the sea appeared, blue and immaculate, and between herself and the sea floated a few particles of silver, the wheeling gulls.

"I'VE often thought," said Symes, "that to die in the air would, artistically speaking, be preferable to dying anywhere else, and less painful too. Icarus must have been dead before he hit the earth—or was it the sea?"

As he spoke he suddenly remembered what Dick Sparrow had told him about Mrs. Harmon: that she was a widow, going to Italy to visit the grave of her husband who had been killed there during the war. Somewhat embarrassed, he decided to affect ignorance.

Stella said, "I don't think death is artistic. As far as I'm concerned, it is merely the final ignominy."

He reminded her, reprovingly, that the art of the world had been much concerned with the phenomenon of death, and that artists had achieved a vision which often transcended the ignominy.

She shrugged. "Why not paint death—violent death—as being as hideous as possible?"

"You mean, of course, as a lesson against war, or crime. But Goya did that, didn't he? And whom has he persuaded?"

"He persuades me," she replied, and Symes was made to feel that his reference to


*"—the princess' dress was as white as this sheet—"*




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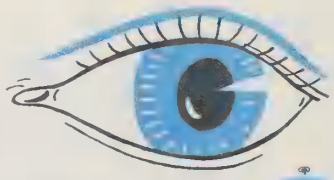
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Goya, like his reference to Icarus, had been somewhat unfortunate. Irritation returned and he decided, petulantly, that had she been pretty the conversation could not have taken this depressing turn, and he would have been spared embarrassment. Stella broke the uneasy pause by turning to him with a rather strained smile. "I want to thank you, Mr. Symes. Dick Sparrow told me of the trouble you went to in order to get me this seat."

He relented. "It was no trouble, just a matter of a telephone call."

"I can't believe that anything is so simple!"

"Well"—he smiled—"I admit there may have been a certain amount of wire pulling. I happened to learn that the airline people had a seat saved for someone who wished to go to Lisbon on a quite trivial errand which could easily wait, so I persuaded them to switch him to another flight, that was all."

Stella felt a shock of surprise and guilt. "Oh, I hate to think that I caused such trouble."

"Nothing to worry about, I give you my word."

She noticed for the first time the peculiar irregular beauty of Symes' face; animation and sullenness seemed continually at odds, and it occurred to her that no one would ever, actually, know what this man was thinking, or where his allegiance or sympathy might lie. She wondered whether this suggestion of something perennially young and volatile was what inspired liking for him in men as solid as Dick Sparrow, while at the same time it antagonized women as intuitive as Miriam.

After a moment's silence she said, "I know that there are still all sorts of difficulties about foreign travel, and Dick told me that you helped iron those out for me too. How can I thank you?"

Well, if she was not pretty she was, at all events, grateful, and Symes relented even further. His blue eyes met hers in a quizzical smile. "Just forget all about it."

"But I can't."

"All right, then. Just promise me you won't mention it around."

His manner was gaily impersonal, but Stella's sense of uneasiness and guilt persisted. This sort of thing, she knew, occurred all the time, all over the world. A mere matter of a word here or a word there, an exchange of favors between friends, and no harm done—that is, no great harm. She speculated on the plight of the stranger whose seat she had inherited, and her heart sank.

Symes watched her with renewed boredom. Not only was she plain, she was positively naïve, and he despised naïve people. He hoped she would not go telling everyone about this little affair. He had exerted himself in her behalf purely out of friendship for Dick Sparrow, who happened to be indispensable to him in a legal capacity; but he had no wish for the details of his generosity to be broadcast. These little gestures were performed behind the scenes, as anyone but a fool would understand. Symes' instinct was to bribe and propitiate, an instinct which had psychological roots in his childhood, which had been an unhappy one. He had developed the instinct to a fine art, and it rarely failed him. When people gave him good advice he suffered from a sense of having been saved in the nick of time from some nameless catastrophe, and out of relief and subconscious guilt he was moved to reward his saviors out of all proportion to the merits of the case—as, this morning, he had given the taxi driver a tip so huge that the man had departed wondering whether the whole thing were not a mistake. Frequently, after one of these extravagant gestures, Symes suffered a complete revulsion of feeling and retreated into miserly asceticism, which lasted until the next time.

Dick Sparrow had said to him, "I strongly advise Mrs. Bycroft against considering a divorce until her husband comes back from Europe. She wouldn't have a prayer! From what I hear, Colonel Bycroft is a hero, and it wouldn't look so good—for her, or for you ——"

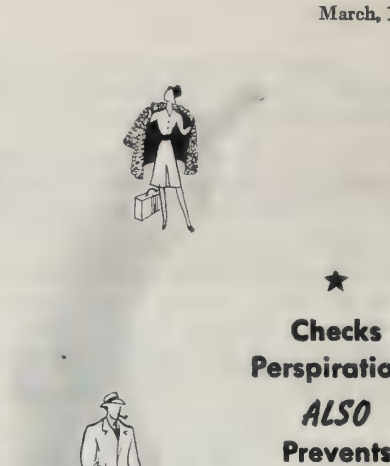





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"But you understand," Symes had interrupted hastily, "you understand, Dick, that we don't want Mark Bycroft to bring the suit himself. That is definitely out. For Regan's sake and for her child's sake, she ought to be allowed to bring the suit. Of course I realize it's going to be tough; but after all, they've been separated four years, practically, and the whole thing is on the skids anyway."

Dick nodded. "Maybe, but my advice is, don't consider any action at all until Bycroft comes home. And keep yourself out of the picture as far as you possibly can."

Symes had grasped the point of Dick's argument. He knew that he could not expect to compete with his rival in the eyes of a hero-worshiping society. Justice might be a sentimental fool, but it could be an extremely obstinate one. Regan was not in love with her husband, she *was* in love with William Symes, but unless the husband proved accommodating he left them no alternative but the ugly one of allowing themselves to be put in the wrong. From that prospect both Regan and her lover shrank in dismay. Regan was ambitious, self-conscious, civic-minded. She had been exceedingly active in civic affairs during the war, and continued to enjoy the role now that peace and its problems had come to the land. She reveled in publicity and admiration, and nourished a corresponding dread of scandal, or even of criticism. Symes shared these feelings. He was touchy on the score of his war record, for he had never been in uniform. Nevertheless, he believed that he had served his country every bit as gloriously, by staying alive in civilian clothing, as the men who had distinguished themselves gaudily in the field. Naturally, this was not something he could easily discuss even with friends, and he had counted heavily on Dick Sparrow's sympathy. Fearful lest the lawyer fall short of anything except perfect understanding, Symes had gone on to declare that rather than provoke a scandal and cause suffering to Regan, to her husband and her son, he would himself renounce his love and step gracefully out of the picture.

**Work is afraid of a resolute man.**

"I can always get myself sent away somewhere," he explained with a tragic shrug of his handsome shoulders. "Brazil, Peru—anywhere. Anywhere, anything to avoid a mess."

Dick had looked at him in surprise. "What about Mrs. Bycroft? Would she march for this self-abnegation?"

"We realize that it's going to be a tough proposition, no matter what happens."

This conversation had taken place in a small French restaurant called Philippe's, on Third Avenue. The waiters and the floor were dirty, but the food was supposed to be good, and the atmosphere was certainly secluded, which was why Symes had suggested they eat there.

In one of his abrupt excursions into gratitude, guilt and uncertainty, Symes had said, "Dick, I'm so scared of doing the wrong thing, taking a wrong step! What did I ever do for guidance before I knew you?" The outburst amused Dick, but Symes had gone on earnestly: "I wish there was some little thing I could do to show my gratitude."

"I'll be sending you a bill one of these days." But out on the street, later, Dick remembered something and turned to his companion. "On second thought, I wonder whether there isn't a favor you could do me." And he went on to speak of Stella Harmon, of her wish to go to Italy, and of the difficulties and delays in obtaining passports and transportation. Symes replied eagerly that there certainly was something he could do, and that he would attend to the matter immediately, which he did.

Land had disappeared and below them the sea stretched tight and blue from horizon to horizon, a single vessel pinned to its surface. Stella felt the air move under the plane, like




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waves under a ship; a squall struck them, darkening the interior of the plane, then they were out in the sunlight again, raindrops glittering on the windows.

Symes inquired whether she had friends in Rome, in Florence, and she replied that she knew no one in Italy and that her visit was to be brief. He produced an envelope and scribbled addresses. "These are old friends of mine, and if you should feel like getting in touch with them I know they will be delighted to see you."

She thanked him and put the envelope in her pocketbook. He was really kind, and she felt that she was proving a disappointment to him. To retrieve herself somewhat in his eyes, she begged him to tell her about Italy. "I've never been there. I've never been much of anywhere, actually. It seems queer to think that I shall never see Europe as it used to be before the war."

Although Symes deplored naïveté, humility he regarded as something else again—rather an attractive trait, especially in women. He was quite willing to talk about Italy. "It's a mess, like the rest of Europe. I doubt if you'll find the Italians particularly cordial. Gratitude is not one of their cardinal virtues, and I'm told they dislike Americans almost as much as they do the English and the Russians." He frowned. "But then everyone in Europe dislikes everyone else." He embarked on a long disquisition on the political and economic chaos of Europe since the war ended; of the acceptance, by despairing people everywhere, of a third and more frightful conflict. "They seem to take it for granted. As a matter of fact, I'm inclined to agree with them. Europe is down and out, but Asia is not. And Asia is in our bailiwick. England and America have got to back each other. You've only to take a look at the map to see why. To protect Alaska and the Pacific islands, we've got to hold Japan and the coast of China. To protect Australia, the British have got to hold India. And the Indians and the Chinese and the Japs and the Russians don't want us. There are more of them than there are of us—billions against our millions. Only, we're smarter." His eyes narrowed, she was astonished by the sudden toughness which sharpened his features. "Yes, sir," he repeated slowly, as if he liked the taste of the words—"yes, sir, we're smarter. They better not forget *that*."

The hostess appeared with lunch on a chromium tray. While they ate, Symes continued his dissertation on the state of the world, reducing everything to carloads, quotas, calories. The only hope of continued peace, he told her, was through centralized control of the warehouses of London, Washington, Moscow; of Cairo, Delhi and Buenos Aires. Orchards must be planted among the cemeteries, wheat amidst the rubble, and all must be protected by the airfields and the omnipotent wings of the strongest, most important of nations, the United States.

Stella looked out the window and saw the sea and the sky meeting in a single radiant arc. What was it Alec had written her in one of his letters from Italy? "Men do not die, they are killed."

### *III*

In the evening they flew above violet clouds between which they glimpsed the gold and level sea. People were talking in Spanish in the seat behind Stella: beside her Symes slept, his dark head touching her shoulder. She gazed from the fabulous tides of sunset to the book which she had brought with her to read on the journey. It still smelled, to her, of Dockett's bookstore. She could see the dusty shelves stretching from floor to ceiling, the long tables stacked with battered volumes, and the figures which moved like characters in a Kafka novel. That had been in the fall of 1935. She had worked at Dockett's for a year, and there seemed no reason to believe that she would not go on working at Dockett's indefinitely, since she was penniless and Dockett's kept her alive, if it did little besides. She had a room in the basement of a house on West 4th Street, and got her meals at a drugstore. When she was not sleeping in her basement room or eating a sandwich at the drugstore, she sat behind a desk at one end of Dockett's basement—she seemed destined to live in basements—and waited on the few customers who came drifting down the stairs in quest of bargains. Spectral silence invested Dockett's basement, where the air was brittle and lifeless and only mice moved with spirit. There were occasions when Stella brooded over the life encased within all these books, on the explorations, adventures, discoveries, glories. What had any of it to do with her—or, indeed, with the shabby dreamers who came to browse, sometimes to buy a volume? Her father had been a teacher and a scholar, but Stella learned to hate the sight of books, seeing them as mockeries of life as she knew it.

She sat at her desk one afternoon, watching the browsers as they fingered stained and creaking tomes. One by one they replaced them and climbed the staircase to the street, and she had a vision of them marching away to their private destinies. No doubt they returned to fathers and mothers, to brothers, sisters or friends, there to quarrel or to make love, or merely to sit together in fraternal warmth. This vision of anonymous feet moving away from her central self affected Stella like a nightmare in which she was left deserted; in desperation she found herself missing her father, whose death from cancer had been a merciful release for them both. It was true she had friends, but poverty and the need to earn a living took time and energy, and she saw little of her friends. *I'm almost twenty*, she reminded herself, and shivered. Twenty! Young, active, intelligent, she saw her future bounded by the four dingy walls of Dockett's bookstore, and by further adamant walls of uncertainty and fear—the gray fear of perpetual loneliness, of sickness and age as she had watched it, year after year, overwhelm her father so that he had been glad enough to die, and she had been glad for his sake.

She watched a mouse start from its hole and embark on its short and fatal journey toward a mousetrap.

Old Dockett was always setting traps, which she was always springing when his back was turned, for she liked the mice and in her dark moods sometimes identified herself with them. But she had forgotten to spring this trap and now she watched, fascinated, the progress of the mouse.

A book fell and the mouse vanished into its hole.

"I wonder," said Alec, "if you have a copy of Dante's Inferno?" He emerged from behind the stacks, a young man with dark hair and dark eyes, looking as if he spent his life under trees. "I've got to verify a quotation, but of course I'll buy the book."

Stella was staring at the mouse, which had returned, but before she could move to save it the bar of the trap fell with a crushing snap and she saw its eyes, suffused with blood, fixed on her in mute and eternal reproach.

"Perhaps you can verify it for me," said Alec. "*Messun maggior dolore, che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria; e ciòsail tuo dottore.*' My cousin, Miriam Sparrow, insists it's from the Purgatorio, but I know she's wrong."

"I'm sorry," said Stella, staring at the mouse. "I don't understand Italian."

*(Continued on Page 62)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Only for Love*

**BY GRACE SAYRE**

**Spend summer's coins of silver**
**To buy a shining moon,**
**But never hoard the gold of sun**
**Unless the sands of time have run;**
**For gold is only spent for love**
**And love is gone too soon.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# IT'S HERE!

# THE CORNED BEEF HASH

## WITH THAT "FRESH-MADE" FLAVOR!

# ...IT'S ARMOUR STAR

Your first taste tells you there's a delicious difference in *this* corned beef hash! The meat is juicier... far fresher to taste! The potatoes are firmer, whiter! This exciting improvement was made possible through new cooking methods, developed by Armour during the war. Tomorrow, use the menu given here to please your family with a double-quick corned beef hash dinner.






**30-Minute Dinner**

Baked Armour Star
Corned Beef Hash*
Buttered Green Beans
Tomato and Endive Salad
Broiled Grapefruit

**Bake 30 minutes in a 350° F. oven. Serves 3 to 4.*

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*(Continued from Page 60)*

"In English it goes something like this: 'There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness.'" He came and stood before her, his brown hands resting on the desk. "Have you the Inferno? I can easily look it up."

"You may find it in that stack over there by the mouse."

"The mouse?" He turned, following her gaze. "Oh, thanks," She watched him reach down a book, blow the dust off it and turn the pages. "Here it is!" He turned, triumphant. "Canto Five, just as I thought. Miriam's a mule about her literary misconceptions. I'll have to buy the book and hold it under her nose. How much? Eighty-five cents?" He plunged a hand in his pocket and showered the money on the desk, a flight of pennies and nickels.

Slowly she was becoming aware of him, of the vitality in his voice and his eyes. "Thank you," she murmured, picking up the coins penny by penny, nickel by nickel. "Shall I wrap it for you?"

"I'll put it in my pocket."

Now he would go, carrying his find with him, victorious over his Cousin Miriam. They would argue and laugh in the completeness of their lives, in the perfection of their destinies, and she would go on sitting here in Dockett's basement, facing the dead mouse and its red tears, until old Dockett came down the staircase and pounced on it with an exultant "Another one! That'll teach 'em!"

But Alec seemed in no hurry to go. "Would you like to hear the rest of it?" he asked, and without waiting for her answer he perched on the desk and began to read, hesitating a little over the words, translating for her as he went along. Sunlight on the staircase turned the color of rose, of russet, and when he came to the end of the Fifth Canto he closed the book and sat for a moment silently looking at it.

"Poor old Paolo," he sighed at last. "Poor old Francesca!" He got up, and as he walked across the room toward the stairs Stella's gaze followed him in desperation. As if he felt it, he turned and looked back. "Murky down here, isn't it?" he said. "Do you ever come up for air?"

She took refuge in pride. "Sometimes, when I go home."

"Where's home?"

"Round the corner, in another basement." She laughed, biting her lips.

Slowly as she had become aware of him, Alec became aware of her, and as the vision deepened he saw it all: this basement with its mummified tomes and murdered mice, the girl with her bright hair tied with a velvet ribbon; he saw, too, the empty room to which she returned at the day's end, and in which, at night's end, she opened her eyes. He was stirred, as much by pity as by the poem he had just been reading, and as he gazed at her, wondering whether it had stirred her at all, he found himself charmed by her face. Afterward, he told her that he could not have brought himself to climb the stairs until he had made sure that he would see her again.

"Listen," he said. "I'm having dinner with the Sparrows—Dick and Miriam. We may go to a movie afterward, or we may just sit around and talk. Would you like that?"

"I don't know the Sparrows."

"I can fix that."

"But I don't know you!" She laughed, her face suddenly brilliant.

"I'm Alec Harmon. And you?"

"Stella Tyson."

Stella had always suspected that she was one of those people whose salvation lies in the hands of another being. For her, Alec was that being: he changed not only the outward condition of her life, but its spirit; she felt that she was reborn through him, and the years before she met him became as remote and dusty as the secondhand books in old Dockett's basement.

"I don't call it love," Miriam Sparrow declared on the first anniversary of their marriage. "I call it idolatry!"

"You're not jealous by any chance?" Alec had teased her. "You and Dick?"

"Certainly not." Then she added meditatively, "Envious, maybe."

They were all spending that first summer in Jarley, the Sparrows blistering themselves in the sun while Alec weeded his strawberry bed and Stella watched the three of them from her point of vantage under an apple tree. At the foot of the pasture the sea rolled in long blue waves, sheep lifted their heads, eying them with agate eyes.

"You do that as if your life depended on it," remarked Miriam, watching Alec clip a vine and set the young plant off by itself.

"It's how I do most things."

"You don't really expect to make a living out of strawberries, do you?"

Alec squatted on his heels, his bare body glowing like mahogany in the sun. "You'd be disappointed if I did, wouldn't you? You know, Miriam, you sometimes remind me of our maternal grandfather."

The plump, pink-and-white, languid Miriam sat up angrily. "That miserly old man!"

"I'm not accusing you of miserliness, my pet. But you do rather incline to share the old coot's notion that any form of pleasure is a variation on a theme by Satan. I'd hoped Dick had educated you by now."

"She relapses," mumbled Dick Sparrow, half buried in the long grass. "Minute my back is turned, she relapses."

Miriam tilted a bottle of sunburn oil into her palm and began wincingly to anoint her raw arms. Neither she nor Dick ever got used to the country. Every year during their summer vacation they blistered under the raging sun, or gave themselves indigestion and allergies through eating too many clams. Both were city-bred, incapable of navigating a plank bridge without spraining their ankles. But both were obsessed by the idea of spending their holidays in the country; they returned to New York raw, peeling, exhausted, there to boast to their friends about the delights of country life.

**When you see a snake, never mind where he came from.**

"I admit," she said presently, "I admit that it does amaze me, the way you and Stella enjoy life. Oh, I'm all for it, but you seem to do nothing else." She laughed ruefully. "Don't you ever intend to take a job, Alec? Don't you want to make money?"

"Certainly. I make money all the time. I made a profit out of these strawberries, believe it or not."

"I don't believe it. How much?"

"Four dollars and thirty-six cents."

"Net," said Stella proudly from under her apple tree.

Miriam laughed shrilly. "Oh, if grandpa could hear you!"

"Well," said Alec, prodding the moist earth with his trowel, "look. Father and grandfather made more dough than either of them could ever use. They left a tidy piece of it to me, and I'm grateful. But they never did get anything out of this place. They had no use for Jarley, and they left the minute they could. I have a kind of feeling they were ashamed of being country folk. They didn't like the smell of manure, or the smell of the beach at low tide. Well, I do—and they fixed it for me so I can go on living here and liking it."

"And playing at being a farmer! With your education!" Miriam looked accusingly at Stella. "You encourage him. You think everything he does is wonderful."

"Marvelous," Stella said complacently.

"But what was the use of his expensive schooling if he's going to waste it clopping about in sheep manure, planting berries and shooting ducks? And—yes, poaching with that wild man James Anderson? Why don't you have a baby?"

Alec shook his head. "Don't you know you must never rush a baby? It's apt to be bad for the poor little thing."

*(Continued on Page 64)*



# What makes babies tick?

Many a bewildered mother, faced with the intricate mechanism of a small, new human being, asks herself that question. Plus a lot of others!

It's the purpose of child health stations, in scores of progressive communities, to provide the answers. Their guidance extends from the cradle to kindergarten — covers everything from proper feeding to periodic physical examinations.

This work is without question one of modern medicine's brightest achievements. Its results are easily reckoned. For, given frequent and expert care, more well babies *stay* well; more sick babies survive. Significantly, mortality figures are now at the nation's lowest mark.

Significantly, too, child health stations got their start as *milk* stations. Over half a century ago, it was seen how closely the disease-resistance of the nation's children is linked to the supply of *safe milk.*

It was then that a National Dairy company pioneered in milk pasteurization. Today, that same regard for public welfare continually prompts National Dairy Laboratories to improve the keeping qualities and guard the purity of milk — nature's most nearly perfect food. Through such efforts, milk now remains *fresh* and *wholesome* for days instead of hours.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

**NATIONAL DAIRY**
**PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

PULL A MAIN DISH "OUT OF YOUR HAT"

with this 7 minute macaroni-and-cheese




FOR *fluffy* MACARONI WITH *fine* CHEESE FLAVOR

*Here's a new twist* for Kraft Dinner—speedy and perfectly swell eating! Cook the special Kraft Dinner macaroni as directed on the box. Drain it and add 3 tablespoons of butter, Parkay margarine or bacon drippings, and 4 to 6 tablespoons of tomato juice or tomato soup. Add *half* the Kraft Grated from the Kraft Dinner box and mix lightly before piling the hot macaroni-and-cheese on a chop plate. Sprinkle it with the remaining Kraft Grated, and surround it with hot, cooked broccoli. Better buy *several* boxes of Kraft Dinner today so you'll have it ready for hurry-up main dishes any time.

*Cheddar coming back!* Watch for these two famous Kraft cheddar varieties: "Old English" with the wonderfully sharp flavor, and medium-mellow Kraft American. Gradually, as the Government needs less cheddar, there'll be more of these favorites for you.




The World's Favorite Cheeses are made by the Men and Women of KRAFT

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Besides," growled Dick from his hideaway in the long grass, "have you ever thought where you and I would spend our vacations, Miriam, if a baby had our room?"

In August Alec cut the marsh hay with his neighbor, James Anderson, and Stella watched them move two abreast through the blue-gray grasses, disturbing the plover, which rose wheeling and crying over their heads. Alec paused in his scything to send a whistle to the birds, decoying them out of the sky.

When summer marched into autumn, all bronze and brass, they lighted driftwood fires in the shallow old fireplaces and Alec hung his blue-and-white work gloves on a nail and went hunting black duck on the island, taking James Anderson with him. Stella harvested the fallen apples and raked leaves over the strawberry bed as she waited with rising anxiety for the men to come home. Sometimes, for company, she took the wood path to the Anderson house, and spent an hour talking to James' wife, Myrtle, in a kitchen which reeked of drying diapers, babies and woolen socks steaming behind the great wood stove.

Myrtle would see her to the door and send a reassuring word after her: "Don't you worry about them two! They been hunting ducks since they was weaned."

At other times Stella walked down to the shore and climbed a rock which overlooked the sea; from there she watched the white lobster boats pitching against the sky. Once in a while, if she was patient, she would catch a glimpse of Anderson's gray dory nosing homeward, and the sound of its outboard motor would reach her faintly across the tumultuous water. They came at last, bulky in Mackinaws and high boots, their unshaved faces crimson from the cold, and flung the day's bag at her feet—coot, eider, blacks, old squaw.

"Don't you go fretting about me!" Alec cried, laughing at her for her fears. "You should know by now that James and I always come back."

In winter the snow piled steadily under the windows, an acrid smell of wood smoke made their eyes water, and the radio rumbled news from Spain.

"What's it all about, can you make out?" growled James Anderson, and they discussed it peaceably, their stockinged feet propped on the andirons.

"Why can't they leave folks alone?" said James, rising at last and knocking out his pipe. He walked to the window and peered out. "Guess I better get going before it drifts in too heavy."

"Give my love to Myrtle," said Stella, and she and Alec watched him shoulder through the darkness toward his own window, a spark of light beyond the thin winter trees.

That was the first summer and the first winter at Jarley; they followed in undiminished splendor, five summers and five snows, but for Stella they were more than seasons, they were present and future in one, weighted with immediacy, each day a counterpart of yesterday and tomorrow. Earnestly, she and Alec discussed the question of having a child "one of these days," and James Anderson, himself a father at twenty, accused them of expecting to find a baby all ready made, frisking among the microscopic lambs under the fir trees, some spring morning.

"Better make up your minds," he advised them with fraternal concern. "Kid'd be a help around the place when you get old."

"Plenty of time," replied Alec. "Stella and I intend to live forever, anyway!"

Anderson thought this over and laughed. "Me too! Man yes, long as there's women and birds, and I got a charge of lead in one barrel, I'm in no hurry to quit."

But one September night in 1940 the moon rode high above the fir trees; the shorn meadow gleamed like silk, and the wind carried the smell of the salt marsh and the voices of innumerable birds feeding on the mud flats bared by the tide. Stella heard an apple fall from the tree into the grass, she heard the dry rustle of the balm of Gilead leaves beside the kitchen windows, then Alec stepped across the threshold and sat down beside her on the granite doorstep.

"They're bombing hell out of London," he said.

"I don't want to hear."

"They're killing everybody, everywhere."

She leaned against him, feeling the warmth of his body through the thin shirt. She thought of him as she had seen him last night, bronze against the white sheet; unable to tell whether his eyes were closed or open, she had to stoop over him until her face touched his. Then, in panic at his stillness, she wakened him. "Alec! Someone's shooting in the woods behind the orchard!"

He leaned on his elbow in the moonlight which streamed through the window. "It's James, after the deer."

"At this hour?"

He laughed softly. "Oh, James'd rather poach than sleep."

There was another shot, and Stella said, "Alec, don't go to sleep before I do."

He drew her down on his breast. "We'll go to sleep together, then,"

She laid her hand on his heart. "Like a clock," she murmured. "Like a clock, going on and on, forever."

He was silent, and from the woods there came another shot, closer this time.

"Like a clock," whispered Stella, feeling the steady rhythm of his heart. "Like a clock going on forever."

Now on this other night the moon towered above them, trite and monstrous witness to their love, and the advancing tide sent the birds wheeling across the marsh.

(Continued on Page 66)




*"What'll it be, sir?"*

# Sugar-low but Ace-high!

## SWANS DOWN'S "Mix-Easy" White Cake

**Would you believe** that this sumptuous, dreamy white cake, with all that melting dark-and-light chocolate frosting, takes only three quarters of a cup of sugar?

Fact! And wait—that's not all. It's a Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake . . . goes together like greased lightning.

Only 3 minutes to beat the batter. And *no* creaming. And all the ingredients except the meringue into the bowl *at once*. It's just the quickest trick you ever saw—and, what's more, it's one of the best.

Because—with all this speed—you still get the famous Swans Down fineness and tenderness.

And this cake tastes so rich—and keeps so long (*if* you can keep any of it)!

Only, of course, you just must have Swans Down! That special downy, feathery softness was never so important. Swans Down guarantees your success with this recipe—but *not with any other flour*.



"No creaming!"
"Beating cut in half!"
"Fewer dishes to wash!"
"Richer taste!"
"Keeps fresh longer!"

### SWANS DOWN'S "MIX-EASY" DELICATE WHITE CAKE

**Preparations:** Have shortening at room temperature. Grease two deep 8-inch layer pans, line bottoms with waxed paper, grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (*All measurements are level.*)

**Measure into sifter:**
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar

**Measure into bowl:**
½ cup shortening

**Mix in small bowl:**
⅔ cup milk
½ cup light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla

**Have ready:**
3 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with
¼ cup sugar

*For meringue, beat egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

***Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!*** (Mix by hand or with electric mixer at low speed.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients, add liquid, and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

***Baking:*** Turn into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Spread with Whipped Chocolate Frosting. Decorate with ½ square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate melted with ½ teaspoon butter. Dribble from teaspoon.

***Whipped Chocolate Frosting.*** Melt 1½ squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate over hot water; set aside. Beat 1 egg white with dash of salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Pour ½ cup light or dark corn syrup in fine stream over egg white, beating until frosting holds its shape (about 4 minutes). Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Fold in chocolate.




**Double cost of your ingredients back** . . . If you don't think your Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake is better than any similar cake you've baked with any other flour, simply write us enclosing the guarantee insert from your Swans Down package and we'll send you double the cost of your ingredients! Swans Down itself has not changed—you can still use all your old favorite recipes. Swans Down has made supremely fine cakes for 50 years . . . and it's still the overwhelming choice of good cakemakers.

TUNE IN: Portia Faces Life—NBC Network

**Watch for New "Mix-Easy" Recipes in your Swans Down box!**

New "Mix-Easy" recipes . . . developed and tested in Swans Down kitchens at General Foods . . . are constantly appearing in Swans Down packages.

# Bake a better cake with Swans Down

A Product of General Foods.



1. Of all the twelve girls
in the family clan
The strongest by far
was Grandmother Anne.



2. But washing her windows
with water and rags
Gave even old Annie
the droops and the drags.



3. But Annie's descendant,
a peewee named Beth,
Can whip through this job
and not draw a deep breath.



4. Wee Beth is a lassie
who's smart as can be;
For she uses WINDEX,
not muscles, you see!



5. Spray it on, wipe it off,
and *pronto*—you're done
Those windows all shine
like the twelve-o'clock sun!



6. And WINDEX contains
no dust-catching oil,
Keeps glass clean longer,
cuts down future toil.



7. Don't be tempted by imitators who promise "more for your money." WINDEX is a quality, noninflammable, *oil-free* cleaner which leaves no dust-catching film, doesn't streak, sheds no dust on sills or floor.

*Get brighter windows quicker with*

**WINDEX**

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
by The Drackett Company

**Costs but a fraction of a cent per pane**

**For Extra Economy, Buy The Big 20-ounce Size**




Copr. 1946, The Drackett Co.


*(Continued from Page 64)*

Stella said, "Don't leave me, Alec."

He took her in his arms. "Maybe I won't have to."

"No, say you never will!"

He changed the subject. "I talked to James this morning. I asked him if he wanted to get into trouble with the wardens, hunting deer like that, at night and out of season. He said, 'You know we been doing it a hundred and fifty years round here, for meat and for fun, and the warden knows it too. He better!' And James said, 'Leave folks alone and their sins don't amount to so much in the long run. It's ganging up on them makes them ugly.'"

"What else did James say?"

Alec hesitated; she felt his arm tighten round her. "He said he was trying to keep his eye in for what was coming."

"What did he mean, keep his eye in for what was coming?"

"You know what he meant."

She clutched him fiercely. "Alec, no! Not to us. There's just you and me, and that's all there is, all there ever will be. Our life, Alec. No one wants our life except us."

"They may ask for it one day, Stella."

"They can't!" she cried. "You know they can't!"

"Listen, let me say something, then let's forget it. If anything should happen . . . if I . . . you . . . should be asked . . . then don't ever believe ——" He broke off, his eyes fixed on the moon. "If ever it should happen that you hear I've been killed or reported missing, don't believe it. Don't ever believe it."

"But, Alec, what do you mean? What are you talking about? We aren't even in the war. James is crazy."

**To be happy with a man you must understand him a lot and love him a little. To be happy with a woman you must love her a lot and not try to understand her at all.**

—HELEN ROWLAND: Nectar in a Nutshell by C. K. Wright. (Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

Stella watched the skies turn from violet to slate. It became difficult for her to read the page on her lap: "*Nessun maggior dolore, che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria; e ció sa il tuo dottore.*"

Symes wakened, and passed the palms of his hands over his hair. "Getting dark, isn't it? You shouldn't try to read in this light."

And as if some inert mechanism had but awaited the sound of his voice, the lights went on, consigning the outer world to darkness.

*IV*

A cold wind was blowing from the Apennines and the color of these mountains, the look of them huddled under the sky, made Stella think of the hills near Jarley. The resemblance ended there. She was not prepared for the desolation which met her gaze as the train carried her northward out of Rome. That there would be ruins, she knew—she had seen them in the newspapers and magazines, she had heard them described by commentators over the radio all through the years of the war. But with war's end surely stones healed themselves, battered spires were reunited with the sky, and all that was not flesh and blood resumed, somehow, its old appointed place? From the window of her train she watched slow-moving swarms of men and women laboriously sorting ashes and rubble; she thought she discerned, as Symes had warned her she might, hostility or indifference in the eyes of a warm people.

Yes, resemblance to home ended with the dark ridge of the mountains, but she found it again in the voice of Guido Vitelli when the train deposited her, at last, on the platform of Montescari. She stood for some minutes staring after the receding train, struggling with an instinct to run after it, to cry: "Take me, take me! Don't leave me here alone!" It answered her inaudible cry with a scornful bellow and disappeared into a tunnel, and she was left gazing at the glittering rails, at the tin roof and spindling walls of the station. She saw at once that the buildings had been erected after the war; they were perhaps two years old and had already an air of permanence. How long would they stand? Fifty years? A hundred? A thousand?

Her fellow passengers were drifting away, carrying suitcases, leading children by the hand. She thought, *I'm here, I'm at Montescari!* The strangeness of it made her tremble; her ears still throbbed with the sound of the airplane motors and the later, swaying lilt of the train. But the ground of Montescari stood firm under her feet and its stones sparkled in the sunshine of this exquisite April day.

The stationmaster, who had seen her from his window, emerged and walked toward her. He was middle-aged, with a detached, pleasant manner. He had seen at once that she was foreign—American or English—and guessed the errand which had brought her to Montescari. There had been others within recent months, and there would, he knew, be more, many more, of these sad pilgrims from overseas. He hoped that the local inn would be restored—it now boasted three rainproof rooms—and that the local café would be rebuilt by the time the obstacles to travel had been finally removed.

He greeted Stella. "*Buono giorno, signora!*" Then, in two of his five words of English: "Help you?"

"Thank you, thank you, yes."

He saw the terror and loneliness in her face and his eyes became gentle, for it was a look he recognized.

Stella went on quickly: "I've come to see the American Military Cemetery here at Montescari. They told me at Rome that I would surely find some place to stay for a few days. Could you direct me to some hotel?"

He made a gesture with his hand, and she read it rightly, as meaning that she should wait a moment while he went in search of an interpreter. In a moment he was back, accompanied by a dark young man wearing Army pants and a tweed coat.

He greeted Stella with a broad smile. "Ma'am? My name is Vitelli, Guido Vitelli. Can I be of assistance?"

Stella replied gratefully that he could; it was a relief to be spoken to in English, for she had heard nothing but Italian, and hesitated to experiment with the few phrases which she had committed to memory. She repeated her little speech to Guido, who nodded gravely.

"My mother has rooms. We have a nice house at the end of Scarlatti Street. There is a garden. The house was wrecked during the battle, but we've managed to fix it up. I think we can make you comfortable, all right."

At this point Mr. Bianchi, the stationmaster, who had been listening attentively, said something in Italian, and Guido nodded again. He turned to Stella.

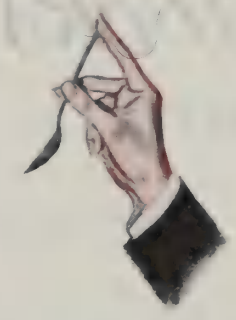
"Mr. Bianchi says I should tell you that I was with the American Army. Since I was demobilized I live here. I have a truck, and I meet the trains for Mr. Bianchi." He picked up her suitcases. "My truck's down in the street. I can take you right over to the house now. Nobody else, is there, Giorgio?"

Mr. Bianchi replied in Italian that there was no one else in need of accommodations, but that Guido should prepare to meet the six-twenty that evening. No doubt the six-twenty would be late. It was always late, due to the continual repairment of bridges all the way south from Florence. He then bowed to Stella, who smiled uncertainly and murmured "*Grazie!*" as she turned to follow Guido across the platform and down a flight of steps to the street.

A line of houses patched with tin and roofing paper rose from mounds of brick and stucco, their originals. The little town, built on a slight eminence, rose in tiers which culminated in what was once the church of San Francesco. In the sunshine between trees which had survived the battle and trees that had been planted since then, it was difficult, at first, for Stella to perceive that the whole place was actually a series of ruins. Men

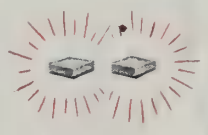
*(Continued on Page 68)*





# *I did a* **very** *smart thing today!*

**I chose these**






***'cause I'm sure*** Holmes & Edwards is a better kind of silverplate. It is *Sterling Inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks. Surely that means my precious spoons and forks will stay lovelier longer.



***'cause I'm told*** that most other kinds of silverplate are only "reinforced" or "extra plated" and not *Sterling Inlaid* silverplate like Holmes & Edwards.



***'cause I love*** Holmes & Edwards patterns best, particularly Youth. They're the kind you can live with day after day and never tire of.



***'cause I'm proud*** of my table and the way my friends will exclaim when they see my Holmes & Edwards. Everybody knows there's nothing finer in silverplate.



***'cause I'm thrifty*** and appreciate good values. You will discover a fifty piece service for eight is surprisingly inexpensive.




**HOLMES & EDWARDS**
**STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE**



HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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# Fashion Frocks

CHARMINGLY DIFFERENT




*Pick and choose*

*from 125 Spring beauties*

Brighten up, for a brilliant new selection of Spring beauties will brighten your doorstep the day ■ Fashion Frocks' representative comes to call. But the best news yet... you'll not be confined to slim pickings. Fashion Frocks' Spring Showing consists of a wide selection of more varied fabrics in a great array of styles and patterns. AND . . . this year, Fashion Frocks shows you many favored fashions in Crown SOAP'n'WATER* fabrics that are unconditionally washable. Fashion Frocks, Inc. Dept. J1, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The famous Brighton Mills, in collaboration with Crown Fabrics and Fashion Frocks, produced this exquisite suit of Butcher Linen.*




*(Continued from Page 66)*

were working everywhere—on ledges, on ladders, on scaffolds—while women carried baskets of dust and children dragged little carts neatly stacked with bits of brick.

"Here," said Guido cheerfully, "is my truck. Now you need to stand no more in the sun."

It was an old Army truck painted blue, with Guido's initials on the door. He put her luggage in the rear and invited her to sit beside him on the front seat. They roared up the street, passing a bulldozer at work, and were passed, in turn, by an assortment of vehicles packed with debris and workmen of all ages carrying picks and shovels.

"It is a little distance to the house," Guido explained, energetically changing gears. "We shall be out of the dust presently. Then it becomes pretty again." He glanced at her. "The green things grow fast, even here."

Stella pointed to a building. "What is that?"

"It was the parish house. In the oratory of the church—you can just see that from the next street—there is a relief by Della Robbia. That somehow was not hit. But most things were. Most of the frescoes. Even now when it is all over, sometimes a wall quivers and the plaster comes sliding down in a cascade. People working to restore the buildings have to be careful. Some have been killed by the sudden collapse of a roof."

They jolted up the street, and Guido told her of a town not far from Montescari, where the idiot Germans had destroyed a castle built by Frederick the Second, King of Naples and Sicily, in the thirteenth century. Suddenly he slowed, the truck began to crawl with ponderous growlings.

"There," he said, jerking a shoulder, "that's the town hall. The Germans used it for an observation post, so we shelled it. Then we used it, and they shelled it. A lot of the shells missed the town hall and hit the church and the houses next the church. Vasari built that church. You know about him?" He put on speed once more. "Well, I didn't, because though I am Italian I always lived in the United States since I was a kid. I never did hear about this guy Vasari, or about Della Robbia, until I come here to live after the war. Then I got to know an old fella, a friend of my wife's family. His name is Antonio Suli, and you know what Suli does all the time? You know what he done all the time during the battle for Montescari? There was two battles—or three, you might say. First when we drove out the Germans, second when they drove us out, the third time when we drove them out for keeps. Well, what old Suli done all that time was carry a sack and collect tiny bits of statues and stuff, and carry them away to a safe place till after the war. Now he's working on them, piecing them together bit by bit, like those picture puzzles they give to kids. It was old Suli told me all about Giorgio Vasari and Della Robbia. It was him told me about how old this place is. A thousand years old!"

Stella asked, "Was this your home before you went to America?"

"No, ma'am. My folks came from the south. But right after the war I married a girl from Montescari, and now we live here, my wife and me and my mother. Also my son." After a pause he went on: "I was with the Thirty-fourth Armored Division and it was us took Montescari. Afterward some of our outfit was sent back to this place, and then I met my wife. Me being Italian and speaking Italian made it easy all around. There's others done the same thing. Ame cans, English, Russian. Lot of 'em didn even go home." He laughed. "They kind disappeared. But the guy in charge of t American cemetery is an American. He g the job after his discharge from the Arm married an Italian girl, and lives right here Montescari."

"The Thirty-fourth Armored Division murmured Stella. Her lips tasted of du "Did you know—do you remember ma of the men who were with you?"

"Sure, most of the bunch that I was wit I remember."

"Would you remember their names?"

He turned, sudden understanding in h expressive brown face. "You ask me a maybe I'll remember."

"Alec Harmon?"

"Alec Harmon?" The name came soft from him. "Harmon. Can't say it rings bell. Was he an officer?"

"He was a private. Private Alec Harmon Suddenly she wanted to get out of the ca to rush away into the upheaval of this ali country, to fling herself deep into its su burned, its gun-scorched earth.

"There wasn't any Harmon in our bunch said Guido. He stopped the truck and pointe "That's my hous where you are goi to stay."

Stella saw a whi house roofed wit tiles, its doors and wi dows painted the ide tical blue which di guised Guido's o Army truck. One wi was cradled in scaffol ing, and he explaine that it had been dam aged in the gener bombardment.

"You see that bar place beyond m house? Bianchi th stationmaster's hous stood there. We ha to blow it up to get th Germans out of i Graves, they are every where, everywhere." He turned. "That on he was your brothe your husband?"

"My husband."

"Ah, *povretta!*"

"And the American cemetery?" she aske him, after a pause. "Where is the cemetery?

"You take that street to the right. Yo can see the sign from here—it is only twenty-minute walk." He added gently, " will drive you there later, when you hav eaten and rested from your journey."

Stella shook her head. "I'll go there now You say it's not far. I'll walk."

"Let me drive you," he urged. "It's ho and dusty."

"No, I'd rather walk. Will you take m luggage to the house? I'll find my way bac in a little while."

Guido opened the door for her. "You can' get lost. First you'll come to a cottage. Tha belongs to Sergeant Curtis. He's the care taker, and has all the records in his office You ask for him—Curtis, Alben Curtis."

Stella thanked him and watched the truck rumble off toward the house with the blu trimmings. A child carrying a copper po stared at her, unresponsive to her murmured greeting; she read an aloof recognition in the eyes of men and women who seemed to guess her errand. Dust covered her shoes, sun beat on her head, and the unfamiliar aura of a strange land rose about her. Presently the street became a mere road with the town rising on one side and green land on the other. She saw little paths branching toward houses hidden among the trees, and beyond them the mountains, slate and purple against the sky. An unknown bird sang in the hedge, an unknown man driving oxen touched his hat as he passed her. Had Alec come this way? Had the eyes of these strangers encountered all unsuspecting, the eyes of her beloved?

*(Continued on Page 70)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *If You Were Love*

**BY JANET WEINBERGER**

**If love had gone and you were love**
**and I were standing**
**Here at the door twisting the knob**
**inward,**
**On pulsing feet I would have gone**
**to you;**
**No door would shock you from my**
**sight again.**
**If only you were love and I were held**
**By love, enfolded, blanketed;**
**If you were love. . . .**
**The rhythm of these words—**
**I wonder if you know the rhythm**
**of these words.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# *"Look at my nylons— bought 4 years ago!"*

*says* **MRS. V. G. LINKE**

**"I've Luxed them after every wearing— Lux kept them lovely!"**

**THIS PAIR OF NYLONS WAS BOUGHT IN AUGUST, 1941**

"I've just lived in the nylons I bought before the war," says Mrs. Linke, "and I'm still wearing most of them! I give a lot of credit to Lux. My nylons are Luxed after every wearing—in *lukewarm* suds. Believe me, for my *new* nylons I'll stick to Lux, too. It certainly helps to keep runs away."

Soap contains vital materials
*DON'T WASTE IT!*




**Scientific strain tests** bear out Mrs. Linke's remarkable record. Lux cut down runs *over 50%* in rayon, silk and lisle stockings. Tests with nylons showed similar results. Identical stockings rubbed with cake soap or washed with a strong soap popped runs quickly.

Give your lovely new nylons Lux care. Over 90% of the makers of stockings recommend Lux.

**...CUTS DOWN RUNS OVER 50%**

# YOU FEEL SAFER

## *when your napkin has this triple-proved deodorant!*




WHY LET the dread of offending haunt you—when Modess now has a triple-proved deodorant?

**YES, TRIPLE-PROVED:** proved effective by Modess chemists; proved tops in 26 tests by impartial laboratories; proved a hit with thousands who've tried the new Modess!

**NO SEPARATE POWDER,** no sprinkling or spilling!

**GREATER SOFTNESS!** 3 out of 4 women found Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

**GREATER SAFETY!** 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

**COSTS NO MORE,** so next time get luxurious new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant. Box of 12 is only 22¢.

**FREE!** SEND for "Growing Up and Liking It," a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation. Write Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 332M, Milltown, N. J.




MODESS COMES TWO WAYS. Full-size and Junior. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, get Modess Junior.


*(Continued from Page 68)*

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*V*

MARK BYCROFT lighted his pipe and tossed the match over the rail. He felt the lift and sag of the ship as it headed into a wind which seemed bitterly cold for May. A bell jangled, a seaman padded up the deck, whistling, and Mark felt exhilaration sweep through him. He thought, *Maybe we'll get into New York in time for me to take Regan out to dinner.* He pictured his wife's face framed in the dark fur of her coat collar. Fur in May? Oh, well, women pay little attention to the seasons, and fur was the most expensive and the most becoming frame he could conjure up for her at this moment. He marveled at his own elation, which had mounted steadily ever since they left Antwerp ten days ago. Then the wind took a bite at him and he shivered.

"Cold, if you ask me," said Lieutenant Perry, joining him at the rail. "Or is it just the thought of getting home gives me the shivers?"

"Anticipatory nerves," said Mark. "It's been two years since I was home."

"I can't complain. I had thirty days, last year. But this time it's for keeps." He leaned on the rail, some puppy instinct making him get as close to Mark as he could.

Mark glanced at him with a mixture of liking and impatience. Perry had worked with him for the past eighteen months and Mark found his limpetlike devotion both amusing and oppressive. But war and exile bred a hunger for affection in these homesick children, and Mark had resigned himself to playing father, uncle and older brother; the role bored him, and he was glad that it could soon be discarded. By tomorrow they would all be home, and these emotional innovations, the pathetic, passionate loyalties of warriors, would take their place with the shapeless baggage and the rusty armor of war. Mark did not say this and he was sure that Perry, a simple person, did not feel it. *No doubt,* thought Mark, *he is already making plans for a lifelong friendship, highlighted by yearly reunions of a maudlin and alcoholic nature.* He reflected sadly on the simple loyalties born of war, loyalties so rarely carried forward into the dull preoccupations of peace. *But,* thought Mark, *Perry'd bore Regan to death in five minutes.* Again his wife's face rose before him and he caught his breath.

Perry said, "Gosh, I hope Lucy got my cable."

"She must have. I hope my wife got mine, too."

"Oh, sure, they must have." He gave a youthful laugh. "It does mean something, doesn't it? I mean, having one's wife meet one at the pier, and all that stuff."

Mark agreed that as far as he was concerned it meant something.

There was a slight pause, then Perry said, "You know, colonel, I've been thinking about what you said to me a few days ago."

"What did I say?" asked Mark patiently, though he wished the boy would leave him to his own reveries.

"I've been thinking about the advice you gave me."

"Oh, that. I only told you what I'd do—or, rather, what I wouldn't do, if I were in your shoes."

"But I've been thinking about it."

On their first evening out to sea Perry had joined him in a walk round the deck, and after a few preliminary attempts, the boy had come to the point: should he, or should he not, make a clean breast of his wartime sins to his wife? There had been a girl in Belgium; Perry had lived with her for several months, but this made no difference in his feelings for his wife in America. Indeed, it was love for his wife which inspired doubt and guilt in his young mind. Conscience dictated that he confess all, but though he felt sure of her understanding and ultimate forgiveness, he dreaded the thought of hurting her, and so on and so forth. While the boy was stammering out his story Mark had been silently computing the number of times he had heard it before, or others just like it. Asked for his advice, he gave it as he had given it time out of mind to others:

"I'd suggest you keep your big mouth shut."

"That doesn't seem right somehow."

"Then do as you please. All I can tell you is, I regard my sins as my personal responsibility. I can't see that candor serves any purpose beyond that of adding insult to injury. Safer all round, I think, to go on the theory that women and elephants never forget."

Perry replied broodingly that he feared deceit might prey on his mind.

Mark laughed. "A guy's got to have some privacy, hasn't he?"

They argued, then dropped the subject. Now, on their last evening at sea, Perry came back to it with a diffident smile. "I've been thinking and thinking, and I guess you're right, sir. Anyway, I shan't be in any hurry to start talking. If, someday, Lucy should ask me questions, I'll maybe tell her. But I guess there's no sense in trying to cross that bridge yet." He stared at the gray sea running below them. "I ask myself how I'd feel, whether I'd rather know or not know. How do you see that problem?"

**Above all, no reproaches about what is past and cannot be altered! How can a man live at all if he did not grant absolution every night to himself and all his fellows!**
—GOETHE.

The problem, as it affected Perry, had long since ceased to interest Colonel Bycroft, but he pondered it politely, and replied with what he hoped sounded like devastating sophistry that, if deceit were the order of the day, he trusted that he might be thoroughly and successfully deceived.

The young man laughed. "You should worry! And so should Mrs. Bycroft." After a slight pause he added, "Did you ever happen to hear what they said of you in our outfit, colonel?"

"No, what?" asked Mark uneasily.

"They said that if the Almighty had ever put it up to you, your conscience would have gone bail for the whole bunch of us."

MARK was not sure whether to take this as a compliment or the reverse; he smiled benignly and let it pass. He knew that some of his brother officers had considered him a freak; a few condemned him as a snob, others dismissed him for a prig. He was neither, but had felt under no compulsion to explain. If war had taught him anything it had taught him a dogged patience with the impatience of men. Recompense came to him in the friendship of a few, and in the absurdly filial devotion of the very young, like Perry. These occasionally saw Mark drunk, or lost him in mysterious side streets; but he always showed up sane and self-possessed, immune to chaff, impenetrable under cross-examination.

The role of conventional hero made him profoundly uncomfortable, for heroism is not a normal role for sensitive men. He had decided, rather cynically, that it was a lucky thing nations did not confer medals and citations on a man for his private victories, else such decorations might paint weird rainbows across the invisible heart. Two

*(Continued on Page 72)*

est. I wondered whether we might call ne evening on you and your wife."

"Sure!" He turned, smiling. "We'd like it you did."

Suddenly he felt that this was true, that would be happy to welcome them, to pre- nt them to Regan and to watch the effect of r charm on their artless youth. No doubt ey would stay too long and bore her half to ath, but she would rise to the occasion— that he was certain. Mark could see her ing it as he had often seen her in the past: aceful and assured, putting strangers at eir ease, making them feel at home, and ver, not once, permitting the tick of the rlor clock to intrude on their enchantment. nd he could hear her protesting afterward: Mark, how could you? I on't want to sound mean, t honestly, those *bores*!"

"It would be swell," said erry eagerly, "if your ife and mine could meet nd be friends. I remem- er your telling me that Mrs. Bycroft was terested in all sorts of public affairs. Lucy ould like that. She's quite a reader, and e did a swell job in the Red Cross during he war." He produced a notebook. "I'll ke down your address. There'll be a crush the pier tomorrow, and I may not have nance to see you then."

Mark gave him the address and Perry rote it down, frowning in the murky light. he sea sent a cloud of spray over them. Let's walk," said Mark.

They sauntered up the deck in the eve- ing gloom. The ship's bows rose and dipped efore the vanishing horizon, and Mark nought of home, of the house to which he ould return with his wife and Neddy, and f life restored to a small and normal scale. Everything would be in perspective; intense, ersonal, responsive. He would return to mall-town politics and run for mayor as he ad planned to do before the war. He was ick of existence on the Gargantuan plane, ick of society as a shapeless, anonymous lump as he had seen it in the Army of Occupation. Suddenly, passionately, he wanted America.

**If fools did not go to market, the rubbish would never be sold.**

*VI*

REGAN was not on the pier to meet him. Mark waited, his sense of solitude increasing as he stood in the center of exclaiming strangers from whose jubilations and disappointments he felt equally excluded. He strolled up and down the damp and windy cobbles and concrete, his musette bag slung over his shoulder, while a porter mounted guard over his little heap of baggage near the exit gate. And as he waited he assumed the indifferent expression people wear in such situations. The crowd broke into groups, into clots, into couples, and streamed away from him to the line of waiting cabs and the bright sunlight of the street beyond. But Regan did not appear. Nor did he set eyes on young Perry, who with his other shipboard acquaintances had vanished into the anonymous mob.

The porter caught his eye. "Telephone booths on the other side of the gate, sir—on your right."

Mark thanked him and made his way toward them, followed by the man carrying his luggage. But there was a queue of people waiting outside the telephone booths, and with sudden decision Mark turned and hailed a cab. He had waited half an hour, and Regan was always pitilessly punctual.

There had been some mistake; she may have been misinformed by the cable office or else by the officials at the pier. But he would be home in fifteen minutes. Excitement, which had ebbed while he waited for Regan, now returned, and he found himself trembling as he pressed against the cab window and peered at the dingy and teeming vistas of Seventh Avenue.

"It's standing," he muttered. "Actually standing!"

*(Continued on Page 75)*


FOR THE *Lift* OF A *Lifeline*



... there's nothing that does the trick like Life-Bra. Its exclusive design puts verve in every curve. Gives your upper Lifeline the firm, alluring contours of youth because it Lifts–Molds–Corrects–Holds–all at the same time. Whatever your figure type, there's a Life-Bra "for the Lift of Your Lifeline." Be fitted and see ... at all better stores and shops. $1.25 to $3.50

Life-Bra

A Formfit CREATION

THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK



# Home *is where you wear your slippers...*

*...they should be worthy of your home*

Above all, you want your *home*... to stand for the *finest* in everything. And since nothing means "home" quite so much as your slippers, they should be Daniel Green Slippers. For only Daniel Green puts into slippers the "stay-in-shape" quality and superb workmanship of a fine shoe. Outstanding beauty, comfort, *and quality* ...make Daniel Green the slippers that "belong" in your home. Daniel Green Slippers come in many other styles and colors.



*The Cara*

above, in sizes AA width, 4½ to 10. B width, 3½ to 10, around $4.50.

*The Majorette*

at left, sizes AA width, 4½ to 10. B width, 3½ to 10, around $4.50.

Daniel Green

COMFY SLIPPERS

Dolgeville, New York

# YOU FEEL SAFER

## *when your napkin has this triple-proved deodorant!*




WHY LET the dread of offending haunt you—when Modess now has a triple-proved deodorant?

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"I'd suggest you keep your big mouth shut."

"That doesn't seem right somehow."

"Then do as you please. All I can tell you is, I regard my sins as my personal responsibility. I can't see that candor serves any purpose beyond that of adding insult to injury. Safer all round, I think, to go on the theory that women and elephants never forget."

Perry replied broodingly that he feared deceit might prey on his mind.

Mark laughed. "A guy's got to have some privacy, hasn't he?"

They argued, then dropped the subject. Now, on their last evening at sea, Perry came back to it with a diffident smile. "I've been thinking and thinking, and I guess you're right, sir. Anyway, I shan't be in any hurry to start talking. If, someday, Lucy should ask me questions, I'll maybe tell her. But I guess there's no sense in trying to cross that bridge yet." He stared at the gray sea running below them. "I ask myself how I'd feel, whether I'd rather know or not know. How do you see that problem?"

**Above all, no reproaches about what is past and cannot be altered! How can a man live at all if he did not grant absolution every night to himself and all his fellows!**
—GOETHE.

The problem, as it affected Perry, had long since ceased to interest Colonel Bycroft, but he pondered it politely, and replied with what he hoped sounded like devastating sophistry that, if deceit were the order of the day, he trusted that he might be thoroughly and successfully deceived.

The young man laughed. "You should worry! And so should Mrs. Bycroft." After a slight pause he added, "Did you ever happen to hear what they said of you in our outfit, colonel?"

"No, what?" asked Mark uneasily.

"They said that if the Almighty had ever put it up to you, your conscience would have gone bail for the whole bunch of us."

MARK was not sure whether to take this as a compliment or the reverse; he smiled benignly and let it pass. He knew that some of his brother officers had considered him a freak; a few condemned him as a snob, others dismissed him for a prig. He was neither, but had felt under no compulsion to explain. If war had taught him anything it had taught him a dogged patience with the impatience of men. Recompense came to him in the friendship of a few, and in the absurdly filial devotion of the very young, like Perry. These occasionally saw Mark drunk, or lost him in mysterious side streets; but he always showed up sane and self-possessed, immune to chaff, impenetrable under cross-examination.

The role of conventional hero made him profoundly uncomfortable, for heroism is not a normal role for sensitive men. He had decided, rather cynically, that it was a lucky thing nations did not confer medals and citations on a man for his private victories, else such decorations might paint weird rainbows across the invisible heart. Two

*(Continued on Page 72)*

est. I wondered whether we might call ne evening on you and your wife."

"Sure!" He turned, smiling. "We'd like it you did."

Suddenly he felt that this was true, that would be happy to welcome them, to pre- nt them to Regan and to watch the effect of r charm on their artless youth. No doubt ey would stay too long and bore her half to ath, but she would rise to the occasion— that he was certain. Mark could see her ing it as he had often seen her in the past: aceful and assured, putting strangers at eir ease, making them feel at home, and ver, not once, permitting the tick of the rlor clock to intrude on their enchantment. nd he could hear her protesting afterward: Mark, how could you? I n't want to sound mean, t honestly, those *bores*!"

"It would be swell," said erry eagerly, "if your ife and mine could meet nd be friends. I remem- er your telling me that Mrs. Bycroft was terested in all sorts of public affairs. Lucy ould like that. She's quite a reader, and e did a swell job in the Red Cross during he war." He produced a notebook. "I'll ake down your address. There'll be a crush n the pier tomorrow, and I may not have a nance to see you then."

Mark gave him the address and Perry rote it down, frowning in the murky light. he sea sent a cloud of spray over them. Let's walk," said Mark.

They sauntered up the deck in the eve- ing gloom. The ship's bows rose and dipped efore the vanishing horizon, and Mark hought of home, of the house to which he ould return with his wife and Neddy, and f life restored to a small and normal scale. Everything would be in perspective; intense, ersonal, responsive. He would return to mall-town politics and run for mayor as he ad planned to do before the war. He was ick of existence on the Gargantuan plane, ick of society as a shapeless, anonymous lump as he had seen it in the Army of Occupation. Suddenly, passionately, he wanted America.

**If fools did not go to market, the rubbish would never be sold.**

*VI*

REGAN was not on the pier to meet him. Mark waited, his sense of solitude increasing as he stood in the center of exclaiming strangers from whose jubilations and disappointments he felt equally excluded. He strolled up and down the damp and windy cobbles and concrete, his musette bag slung over his shoulder, while a porter mounted guard over his little heap of baggage near the exit gate. And as he waited he assumed the indifferent expression people wear in such situations. The crowd broke into groups, into clots, into couples, and streamed away from him to the line of waiting cabs and the bright sunlight of the street beyond. But Regan did not appear. Nor did he set eyes on young Perry, who with his other shipboard acquaintances had vanished into the anonymous mob.

The porter caught his eye. "Telephone booths on the other side of the gate, sir—on your right."

Mark thanked him and made his way toward them, followed by the man carrying his luggage. But there was a queue of people waiting outside the telephone booths, and with sudden decision Mark turned and hailed a cab. He had waited half an hour, and Regan was always pitilessly punctual.

There had been some mistake; she may have been misinformed by the cable office or else by the officials at the pier. But he would be home in fifteen minutes. Excitement, which had ebbed while he waited for Regan, now returned, and he found himself trembling as he pressed against the cab window and peered at the dingy and teeming vistas of Seventh Avenue.

"It's standing," he muttered. "Actually standing!"

*(Continued on Page 75)*




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*...they should be worthy of your home*

Above all, you want your *home*... to stand for the *finest* in everything. And since nothing means "home" quite so much as your slippers, they should be Daniel Green Slippers. For only Daniel Green puts into slippers the "stay-in-shape" quality and superb workmanship of a fine shoe. Outstanding beauty, comfort, *and quality* ...make Daniel Green the slippers that "belong" in your home. Daniel Green Slippers come in many other styles and colors.



*The Cara*

above, in sizes AA width, 4½ to 10. B width, 3½ to 10, around $4.50.

*The Majorette*

at left, sizes AA width, 4½ to 10. B width, 3½ to 10, around $4.50.

Daniel Green

COMFY SLIPPERS

Dolgeville, New York

# "Please, DUZ, may I borrow your backyard for just one washday?"

Writes Mrs. F. E. Davis
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**"I want to show you how much more DUZ does** than your ads say. All they ever talk about is towels, overalls and undies.

"But that's not half of it. Everybody knows that DUZ can't be beat for getting *towels* white and cleaning *work clothes* fast. And they know it's safer for pretty colored undies than any other big-name washday soaps.

"But I'm fairly busting to show folks other DUZables that flap in the breeze on *my* washline . . .



**"Do you see those corduroy britches?** The boys come home from playing and half the dirt in the lot is ground into their pants. But I just pop those pants into a frothy rich lather of DUZ suds and they come out spanking *clean*. DUZ sure takes a lot of grief out of *my* life!




**"Look at little Allison's party dress!** It's pretty gay for a hand-me-down that's seen plenty of soil and plenty of washdays! And I give the credit to DUZ. It's a blessing for doing up pretty colored dresses. DUZ gets the dirt out clean and quick and keeps the pretty colors more sparkling and bright.



**"I take a heap of pride in my curtains!** DUZ does soot-stained kitchen curtains white as fresh snow, yet it's safe for fine net and organdy. You bet I'm a DUZ fan!

"I *even* DUZ the leaves on my plants to keep them clean and shiny! You ought to spread out and show folks no washday soap going can beat DUZ for getting all sorts of dirty things *clean* and doing all kinds of nice things *safe!*"




## DUZ does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

*(Continued from Page 73)*

He told the driver to stop at a florist's and emerged carrrying freesias and late tulips whose fragrance went to his head. It seemed a long time since he had bought flowers for a woman, and he smiled as the driver caught his eye.

On East 53rd Street a late sun quivered along the walls. Would Regan guess it was he who had rung the bell? Would she come down the stairs to meet him? The buzzer sounded and he went in, lugging suitcases. The smell of fresh paint reminded him of the ship; irrelevantly at this moment he thought of Perry, deliriously reunited with his wife. Regan's apartment was on the second floor, and the door was opened for him by a Negro maid, small, neat, middle-aged.

She stared at him in concern. "Colonel Bycroft? Is Mrs. Bycroft with you?"

"I must have missed her. I waited half an hour, then decided that we must have got our signals crossed." He set his suitcases on the floor and felt suddenly limp and breathless, as if he'd drunk too much coffee.

The woman clasped her hands in distress. "But she went to the pier to meet you. Oh, what a pity!"

He looked at her. "I don't seem to remember you from my last visit."

"I'm Octavia Evans, and I've been with Mrs. Bycroft a little more than a year. Can I get you something to eat or drink? Mrs. Bycroft should be home any minute."

"Nothing, thanks." He held the flowers out to her. "Would you put these in water?"

She took them tenderly in her black hands. Slowly the tension in Mark's nerves began to lessen.

He looked round him at a room he barely remembered from his last leave. A square room lined with books in expensive bindings. Paneled walls, a blue rug on the floor, everything elegant and austere. He felt that its owner might appear at any moment, unheralded, from its cool, sunlit void.

It was not Regan, but his son Neddy who appeared unheralded and stood silently gazing at him. Octavia Evans glanced at the child, then moved quietly out of the room, closing the door after her.

Mark made an uncertain movement. "Hullo, son! Remember me?"

"Yes," said Neddy expressionlessly. He looked past Mark to something beyond. "There's your picture," he said, and came into the room. "Over there on the bookcase."

Mark turned. "So it is." The photograph, taken when he joined the Army in 1941, faced him with a frozen smile. Why had he smiled? How inane it seemed now, that smile, the joke forgotten, the occasion past!

Neddy stood beside him. "There's another picture of you in my room. In my picture you're not wearing a hat."

Mark wondered nervously whether he should kiss the child. Would he like it or would he turn shy and rebuff him as he had done last time? He reflected, remorsefully, *How little I've thought of him these past years! He's been here in the background, shadowy, an abstraction almost, one who has had to wait upon the future to achieve substance and meaning.*

He temporized. "I'm glad your mother didn't take you to the pier to meet me, because then I'd have missed you both."

"She said I was to stay here and entertain you until she got back."

The words settled into Mark's consciousness with a sort of cumulative shock. "What? But why would she expect you to entertain me if ——" He stopped, thinking, *No use trying to straighten it out at this point.*

He held out his hand. "Show me around, will you, Neddy? It's been so long since I was here. Tell me what's new."

The boy took his hand and they walked toward the bookcases. "Those are new. Aren't they pretty? Mother won't let me touch them because the bindings are so expensive."

"And that picture?" said Mark, coming to a halt before it. "I don't seem to remember it."

"It's a Braque. I gave it to mother on her birthday."

"And I suppose you picked it out yourself?"

"Mr. Symes helped me. He said he knew mother would like it, and she did like it."

"Who is Mr. Symes?"

"He's a gentleman," said Neddy indifferently.

Mark gazed at the painting, a handsomely framed and, he guessed, fairly faithful reproduction. Where had his six-year-old son learned to utter the names of great painters with such glibness? Amused, he returned to the picture. Regan's interest in art had always fascinated him as he watched it develop by what he recognized as a series of happy accidents from the naïve to the esoteric. She was not artistic, nor was she drawn toward the moody companionship of artists. Her tastes had been formed by fortuitous contact with excellence, aided by a shrewd judgment. But it was taste, good taste, the very best of taste; that was her real creed, her goal in all she did or aspired to do. In the early days of their marriage Mark had alternated between irritation and amusement at what he considered a peculiar form of snobbery, but he had soon discovered that it was snobbery based on a powerful will, springing from some urgent need of her character—the need to be admired, to be obeyed. Beauty, intelligence, grace, all of which she possessed, were apparently not sufficient. Mark's own reaction to painting or to music was usually silent; he felt things simply and directly, and when he did venture to express himself, usually managed to make some stupendous mistake, as when he attributed to Haydn a symphony of Brahms. "You're such a clodhopper," Regan told him in shamed disgust, and he had laughed, too much in love with her to mind. Now, as he gazed at the Braque with his son's hand in his, Mark experienced the old, lost, speechless delight, and it brought tolerance and good humor. Imagine caring whether a person's love for beauty were true or false! As if the question made any difference to beauty.

Neddy was pulling at his hand. "Here are some more books, papa. And the Chinese Buddha."

They toured the room, and presently Mark saw that it was entirely changed from the time of his last visit. He could not have said what had been taken from it and what added; except for the presence of his portrait and the child at his side, he felt that he had had little share in its history. The thought brought a twinge of sadness, but not of resentment, for he had banished resentment, he told himself, forever.

"Now," said Neddy, "we'll go and look at mother's room."

Like the parlor which they had left, this was filled with light and elegance, but so orderly, so self-conscious in every detail that Mark hesitated on the threshold, feeling that his presence, and Neddy's, was an intrusion.

The boy must have sensed this, for he walked on tiptoe and spoke in a hushed voice: "Mother's clothes are in that closet, and her shoes are in that one, and she keeps throat lozenges on that little table near her bed. Feel the coverlet!" He laid his small hand on the gleaming silk. "It's so smooth!"

Mark stood beside the desk and examined a pile of newspaper clippings. Most of these were concerned with lectures and discussions which Regan had given or in which she had participated. Lectures on the Negro problem and the Jewish problem and the problem of colonial people all over the world. There were notices relating to himself, with cuts showing him as the recipient of medals and citations. He guessed that Regan had been preparing them to paste into a scrapbook which lay open on the desk. Mark smiled as he glanced at the neat piles of letters, the calendar heavily penciled with tentative dates, the morocco-covered pocket dictionary, the cubbyholes stuffed with documents of all descriptions, all the paraphernalia of a busy, energetic, public-spirited citizen. There was also a photograph of Neddy as a baby, and another of Regan's parents, but none of himself. There used to be one, he remembered suddenly, a small one taken during his last year at high school. He wondered what had happened to it. Moving away from the desk, he felt the subtle presence of his wife, and it made his blood leap. His glance sought her in the four corners of the room, in the quilted satin chair beside the window, among the snowy pillows of the big bed. On the mantelpiece were framed snapshots of people he didn't know.

"Those are friends of mother's," explained Neddy. "In the country, last year."

"Where are you?"

"I wasn't there. I stayed with Aunt Hester."

Mark returned the snapshots to their place between the clock and a corsage of wilted gardenias in a tumbler. He wondered, *Where is the past? What becomes of it?* And he found himself remembering it with intense seriousness, remembering the house in Connecticut, wild iris growing beside stone walls, brown and black cattle standing in the pastures, like a Breughel canvas, and friends and lovers in summers of peace. While it lasted it had seemed eternal. But the war had killed the past as surely as it had killed his friends, and now he thought about those friends as he had not dared let himself think about them before. He thought about them as they had been, laughing and drinking in the garden, or by the fire. Well, they were dead, and the past which had contained them was dead. It was morbid to brood, morbid and wrong. Here in America the buildings stood unscathed, gardens flowered, fires sent up their




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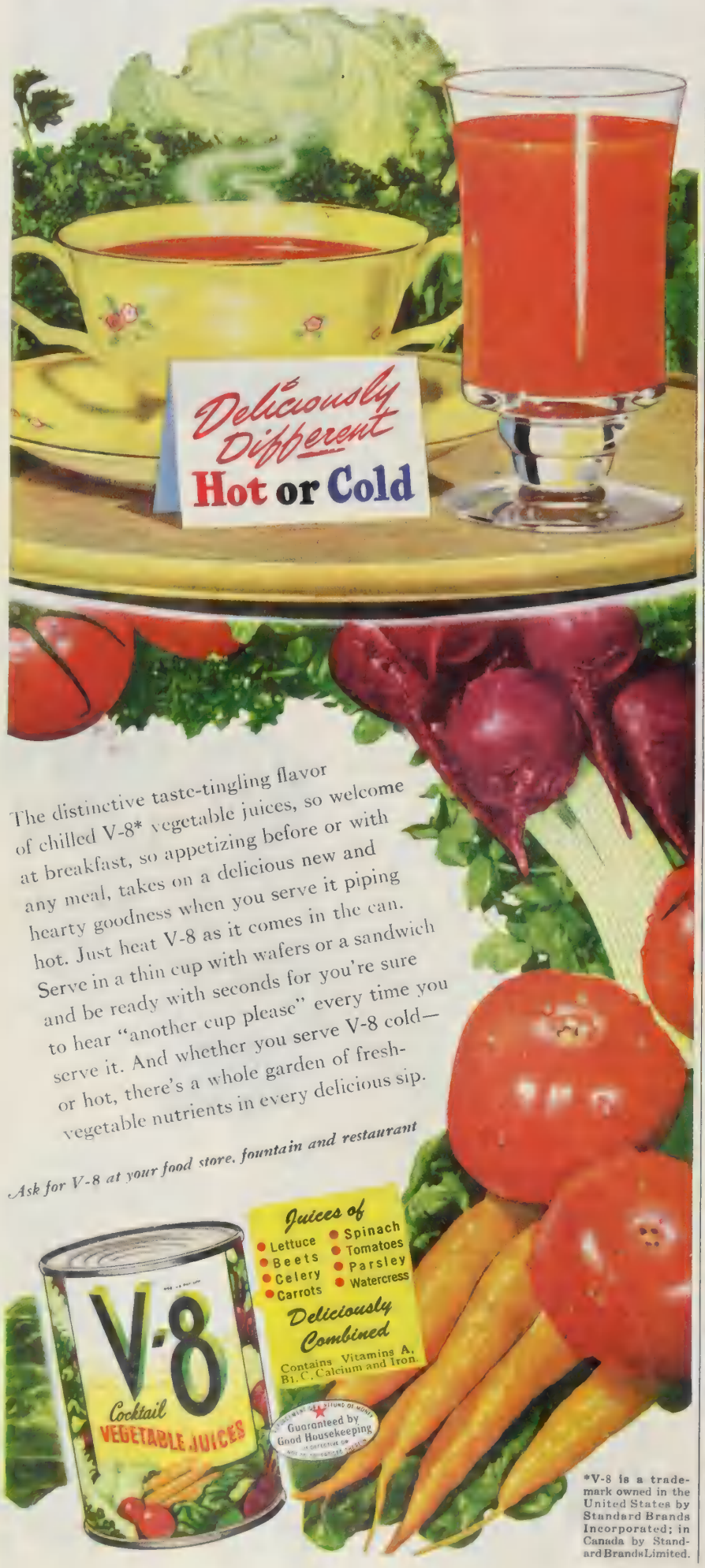
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golden sparks; but the dead were not here to see or to understand. They were denied forever the sun of winter and summer's shade, and the survivors moved in a new world, and strangers occupied the picture frames.

Why didn't Regan come home? What was keeping her? How could she have missed him at the pier? He longed for her with a sort of panic.

Neddy took his hand again. "Now let's go and see my room."

There the tour ended, and as the man sat down on the small bed the child sat on the floor and set about his own affairs, which involved a cardboard fort and plastic men. *Do I love him?* Mark wondered, watching the preoccupied face. *Does he love me?*

There, half an hour later, Regan found them.

*VII*

MARK heard rain beating against the windows and dreamed that he was in Germany and that rain was falling over the land, returning it to a primordial sludge. Out of the rain a Negro woman came toward him carrying flowers and crying piteously, "What a pity, oh, what a pity!" He wanted to ask her what it was she bewailed, but fear overcame him. He woke in semidarkness and listened to the drumming sound of the rain as it mingled with the noise of traffic and voices from the street. The sounds made a design outside the boundaries of the room; the quiet within seemed to extend beyond closed doors and he lay wondering whether he was alone in the house. Regan had dressed and left the room without waking him; the silk coverlet felt cool under his hand, and now he remembered what Neddy had said yesterday:

"Mother told me I was to stay here and entertain you till she got back."

Yet when she appeared at last and Mark took her in his arms, she had exclaimed, "Mark! Imagine, I went to the wrong pier!" He had scarcely listened. Unmindful of Neddy's perplexed stare, he held Regan against his breast until she cried, laughing, "You're smothering me!"

But memory wakened with a nervous twitching of his body under the bedclothes and a further deepening of silence. He stared at the chandelier where light gathered in fugitive gleams, and reminded himself how often he had lain in this bed with Regan and contemplated those radiant drops of light. That had been in the past. There had been little time, last night, to revive the past, that luminous island which lay so far behind Regan and himself. They had left Neddy with the maid and had gone to dinner at a restaurant where Regan, laughing, begged him not to overdo the Martinis. There, in the midst of strangers, they talked for the most part of inconsequential matters; they might themselves have been little better than strangers to each other, and Mark had caught himself wondering whether that were not so, after all. Then her beauty had come upon him like the moon out of the trees, bringing him the unfailing, fresh experience he associated with her and with no one else, that shock of sweetness which held him to her in spite of everything. He'd said abruptly, "Let's go home, I can't talk like this to you. I'm crazy for you—crazy." She had not shrunk from his gaze, nor, later, from his arms, but her art was not equal to the final deception, when he recognized, with a dull sense of having always known it, that she did not love him.

He heard the telephone ringing in the parlor and Regan's voice, crisp and clear, answering it. There was a smell of coffee and he remembered that in the old days at home they used to breakfast in the kitchen in pajamas, with Neddy crawling about on the floor. This morning some instinct bade him bathe and shave and put on his clothes as if for a journey, and he was glad he did, for he found Regan not only dressed but wearing a hat.

She came out of the pantry carrying a coffeepot which she put on a bridge table between the windows. The table was set with a cloth, his flowers stood in a bowl in the center.

She said gaily, "Neddy and I have had our breakfast, and Octavia's taken him to school."

Try Duff's Waffle Mix for—

Tangy Rarebit Waffles



IDEA!

For a Quick Snack . . . when friends drop in. Serve crisp waffles topped with bacon, tomato slices, and creamy rarebit sauce. For perfect waffles, use Duff's!




JUST ADD WATER -that's all!

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Easy recipe for Vanilla Party Pudding: Prepare My-T-Fine Vanilla Pudding according to simple directions on the package. Arrange six or more tiny colored gumdrops spoke-fashion around edge of pudding, top with spoonful of marshmallow whip and bright-colored gumdrop. You'll love it!

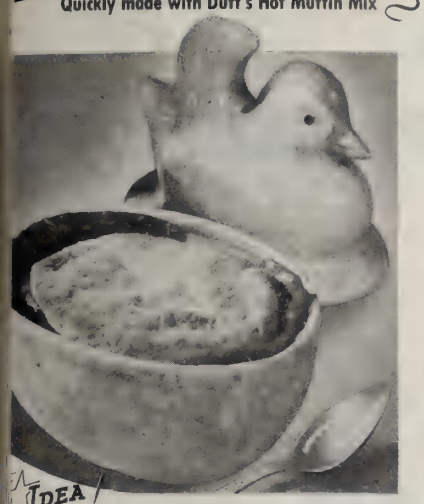
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For a Hearty Meal . . . when left-over meats are on hand. Combine meat with fresh vegetables, and bake under a tender, flaky crust, made with Duff's.

JUST ADD **WATER** -that's all!




Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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"Looks as if I might have missed you too. Why the hat?"

"I must go to Hester. She's wretched." And he listened while she embarked on details of her sister's chronic asthma, each attack of which was followed by a deep psychic depression when the sufferer wanted no one near her—no one, that is, except her sister Regan.

"But didn't Hester know I was coming home?"

"Of course. But she can't help these attacks, and I haven't the heart to cross her when she's so ill."

Regan went back to the pantry and returned with toast and an electric egg boiler. So he was to be deserted, first by his son and then by his wife, on his first day home. Mark watched her nervously arranging dishes and knives, and he saw that his scrutiny troubled her. She spilled the salt and dropped a napkin on the floor. He waited until there was nothing further for her to do, then said:

"I'm sorry about Hester, but I'd rather not talk about her for a moment, if you don't mind. Do you know what I was planning on the boat coming over, Regan?"

"No, what?"

"I was planning to go down to the country, to our house, with you and Neddy. It must be perfect there now. I haven't mown a lawn since God knows when!"

She stared at the flowers. "I should have told you. I sold the house."

"You did what!"

"Yes, I sold it last year. Oh, I should have written you about it. I meant to, but kept putting it off—all the tedious details—and I didn't want to bother you. But I just couldn't bear the place after John Halloran was killed, and the Severs boy next door. It

**The tree of silence bears the fruit of peace.**

seemed so desolate. I thought you'd feel the same way about it."

He sat frozenly thinking that of course she had every right to sell the house. It was hers, left her by her father. But he had been fond of it, and the thought of its being lost left him, for a minute, speechless.

Regan said in a controlled voice, "I'd got to hate the place, Mark. Everything seemed different, changed. I could never have gone back there to live."

"A lot of things seem to have changed. I'll have to get used to the idea. I'm sorry, though, about the house." Just to speak of it like that, casually, took his breath. She gave him a swift glance.

"It didn't occur to me that you cared for it particularly. It wasn't beautiful, or even valuable."

No, it was neither beautiful nor valuable, but it was the house where his son was born, it was the place Mark had most wanted to come back to, after the war. With an effort at calmness, he said, "I don't understand why you didn't tell me, why you waited until now."

"I should have told you. But I had a chance to sell last year, when real-estate values were high. I thought I might as well. Do sit down and have your breakfast."

He had risen; now he sat down again and watched her pour his coffee. In the silence which ensued he felt the distance between them as something perilous, but when he tried to speak his lips felt dry. She was graceful with her little wifely attentions, retrieving his egg from the boiler, fetching him matches. And last night she had lain in his arms, her body responsive to his, her face set in a mask of dislike, her eyes black with protest.

In falsehood either the body betrays the spirit, or the spirit betrays the body: so much Mark had discovered through the rough and ultimate truth of war; he wished now that he had never discovered it, because the past had been sweet in spite of falsehood, perhaps because of falsehood. But having made his discovery, he could not ignore it, and in his

*(Continued on Page 79)*


# fish THAT'S delish



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**For Baked Fish:** Pour off all but 2 tbs. of the drippings from the fish and blend in 1 or 2 tbs. flour. Add slowly 1 cup hot stock or bouillon. Season with 3 tsp. French's Worcestershire Sauce.

TOP-NOTCH QUALITY AT **half the price**



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slice it

melt it

spread it

## PLAIN or Fancy

2 ways to serve potatoes and cheese



### Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese

3 tablespoons Blue Bonnet Margarine or butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
4 cups (8 medium-sized) raw sliced potatoes
6 ounces (1 cup) grated Shefford Chevel*

Melt margarine or butter; add flour and salt; stir until well blended. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Alternate layers of sliced potatoes, white sauce and Chevel in a 1½-quart casserole. Bake in a moderate oven at 375° F. for 1 hour. Makes 6 servings.

**Chevel is a trade-mark owned by Shefford Cheese Co., Inc.*



### Potato Cheese Rosettes

1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons Blue Bonnet Margarine or butter
2 tablespoons milk
1 egg
4 cups mashed potatoes
2¼ ounces (¼ cup) finely grated Shefford Chevel

Add salt, margarine or butter, milk and egg to mashed potatoes. Beat well. Force through pastry tube onto a well-greased baking sheet to form individual rosettes. Sprinkle each rosette with grated Chevel. Bake in a hot oven at 450° F. for 20 minutes, or until brown. Makes 6 servings.




You can call it potatoes and cheese, potatoes au gratin, or pommes de terre au fromage. But any way you make it, it comes out better if you make it with Shefford Cheese. It's that good honest, real-cheese flavor of Shefford. Nineteen varieties in the Shefford family—and every flavor based on the solid food values of good milk expertly made into fine cheese. Be sure it's Shefford you get.

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WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

(Continued from Page 77)

refusal to do so lay the difference between himself and Regan.

He said presently, "There are several things I find puzzling. One is how you happened to go to the wrong pier yesterday."

Here was Regan's chance—another chance, one of the numerous chances presented to her since her arrival at the apartment yesterday evening—to come out with the truth, at last to extricate herself from the errors of the past and the hypocrisy of the present. Instead she answered, "But I told you!" and immediately began to tell him all over again, while he broke an egg into a cup, and heard, at his elbow, the steady vibration of rain against the window.

Regan's story as she told it was simple and brief, but the story she could not, as yet, bring herself to tell was neither brief nor simple. *That* story began long before yesterday. It began four years ago at the time of Mark's first departure overseas, on the day when she admitted to herself how little she missed him, how untrammeled, how exhilarating life had become since he went away. If there had been any doubt of this in her mind it vanished during the few days of his first leave; but then some sense of fair play and the shuddering thought that this might, after all, be the last time she would see him had given her the wit to pretend and to send him back to war, happy and reassured. Just how happy, she was to learn when she got his first letter; she had had the grace to weep a little when she read it.

But a month later she met William Symes, and he effectively resolved any doubts which might have disturbed her heart if not her mind. Regan had wanted to write and ask for a divorce at the earliest possible moment, but word reached her that Mark had been wounded and cited for extraordinary gallantry. The lovers decided they had better wait. They waited. Mark got another medal and the newspapers carried his picture and the story of his achievement. Friends called on Regan. They praised him, and praised her for her courage in his absence. It became more and more difficult to face the truth. Then the war ended and instead of coming home, as he might have done, Mark chose to stay with the forces of occupation. In his letter to Regan he explained, with a simplicity she had come to resent, that he felt it was up to him to remain until he was sure his end of the job was complete. The delay infuriated and frightened Regan. She was infatuated with Symes, and dreaded the thought of losing him.

The interminable absence came to an end, and on the day that Mark was to arrive in New York she realized, with a shock, that she was totally unprepared to face him. Throughout the preceding day she was consumed with nervous revulsion. What was she going to say? What were the words one used on such an occasion? She was a fool not to have given him some hint of her feelings before this—a fool not to have prepared him somewhat for what lay in store. Instead, she had written him affectionate, noncommittal letters filled with accounts of her life with Neddy, and of her social and civic activities. Now that the hour of decision had arrived, she was in danger of losing her very capable head. The instinct to procrastinate increased with every second that brought their meeting nearer. Was it absolutely essential that she go to the pier to meet him? They had been separated for almost four years, and would shortly be separated again, this time for the rest of their lives. Why bother to fake rapture at this eleventh hour? Better let him come back to the apartment alone and talk to Neddy, while she walked in the park and clarified her ideas.

Between the moment of her arriving at this decision and the moment of putting it

(Continued on Page 81)



# GLOVES GALORE

FOR every summer print—a matching pair of gloves! Wilhela Cushman's pages this month show this charming fashion . . . and the Journal Reference Library brings you the patterns to make your own. See the assortment of glove patterns listed below, and order the ones you want.

## JOURNAL REFERENCE LIBRARY

### GLOVES TO MAKE

2223. New Journal Slip-On Glove Pattern. To make gloves of printed crepe or cotton. 5c.
2166. Glove Pattern. To make gloves of satin, taffeta or printed crepe, with rayon jersey palms and finger linings, for better fit. 5c.
2215. Shortie-Glove Pattern. To make shortie gloves of white piqué, crisp gingham or satin, with rayon palms in white or black jersey. 5c.
1941. John Frederics' Glove Pattern. Gloves of wool or rayon jersey. 5c.

### OTHER PATTERNS FOR THINGS TO WEAR

2217. Sash-Tie Blouse. Surplice style. A happy choice to wear with a bolero suit. 5c.
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2219. Jersey Slipover. This has cap sleeves, a rolled neckline and a wrap-around sash. 5c.
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2161. Sleeveless Overblouse. To be made from a straight piece of material. 5c.
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2216. Sleeveless Weskit. Make it of crisp cotton and fasten with a row of flat buttons down the front. Ideal with suits. 5c.
2162. Tie Snood. Make it of soft jersey with a jeweled edge. 5c.
2170. Striped Satin Scarf. With flaring ends. 5c.
2165. Triangle Scarf and Matching Fan. 5c.
2211. Three-in-One Scarf. Four loops at each end—each of a different-colored satin, sequin studded. This is equally effective as a sash or a bustle. 5c.
3005. Felt Beret and Taffeta Neck Bow. Designed for the sub-deb. 5c.
2213. Bustle Bow. A deep swath of bias taffeta around the hips with a two-fold pouf in back. 5c.
2096. Feed Bag. Make one in white piqué to carry with your summer cottons. 5c.
2097. 8-Twist Hat. Just a strip of checked gingham twisted into a figure 8. 5c.
2098. Cereal-Box Handbag. Cover the box with checked gingham or taffeta, attach grosgrain ribbon handles—and you have a smart bag. 5c.
3001. Felt Suspenders and Matching Half-Hat. Easy-to-make felt accessories that girls delight in wearing. 5c.
3002. Weskit and Matching Beanie. Size 12. 5c.
3003. Two-Color Blouse and Matching Tam. Make these of velveteen. Attractive in light and dark combinations of jersey. Blouse has a tie collar, the tam has a drawstring which ties. Size 12. 5c.
2212. Triangle Scarf. Made of three triangles, cleverly cut, of two shades of ribbon. For suit or dress neckline. 5c.
2087. Mother's Apron. Full pointed skirt with handy pocket; protective bib with bow-tied neckstring. 10c.
2088. Daughter's Apron. Exactly like mother's (2087) in sizes 2, 4 and 6. 10c.

*We will gladly send any of these patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Victory Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.*


Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet



Learn the secret of so many popular girls' fragrant appeal!

Do you want to weave a spell around his heart—to charm him with a scent as subtle as sweet music? Then do as popular girls have done for seventy-six romantic years. Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the soap that points up your appeal with the *fragrance men love.* Its enchanting bouquet comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, more costly by far than you'd expect to find in any soap. Be exciting! Be enchanting! Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Lovely for your complexion, too.

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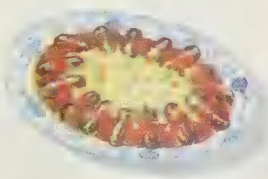
Cashmere Bouquet

CASHMERE BOUQUET



# This quick, "Country-Kitchen" supper

## LEADS OFF WITH OLD-FASHIONED, CHICKENY NOODLE SOUP!



**"COUNTRY-KITCHEN" SUPPER**
**Lipton's Noodle Soup**
***Creole Sausages**
**Succotash (*canned or frozen*)**
**Assorted Fresh Vegetable Relish**
**Popovers (*prepared mix*)**
**Jelly Roll** **Lipton Tea**

DID YOU ever go out to grandma's for a wonderful country supper like this? Well, you'll be mighty pleased to find how quick and easy it is to fix.

To begin with, your soup course—Lipton's Noodle Soup—takes just 7 minutes from package to table! And what's more—it's as rich and chickeny-tasting as the soup grandma simmered for hours in her own soup kettle. Lipton's is a *real, old-fashioned* noodle soup—with oodles of tender egg noodles in its golden, parsley-flecked broth.

This grand soup mix is thrifty, too! One 10¢ package will serve 4 to 6—with the grandest, *fresh-cooked* noodle soup since grandma's day.

***CREOLE SAUSAGES**

(An old-time dish that's sure to be as triumphant as those hearty bowls of Lipton's Soup.) Cover and cook 12 sausages in cold pan with enough water to cover bottom of pan, for 15 minutes. Remove cover and cook until brown. Remove from pan and place on hot platter. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons of fat. Cook 4 tablespoons each chopped green pepper and chopped onion in fat until soft. Stir in 1 cup prepared tomato sauce, ½ cup water, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, and dash of Worcestershire Sauce. Heat to boiling. Pour over sausages. Serves 4. Put Lipton's Soup on your grocery list today—have it on hand to serve with most any meal!




Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

**10¢**

**ALSO IN THRIFTY 3-PACK CARTONS**

**LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP**

*Made by the makers of that brisk Lipton Tea*

*(Continued from Page 79)*

into effect, Regan changed her mind half a dozen times. When Neddy pleaded to go with her she put him off by saying he must stay home and entertain papa in case she should happen to miss him. But to Octavia she said simply, "I'm going to the pier to meet the colonel."

She walked up Madison Avenue, across Fifth to the park. There she strolled and sat on a bench for the better part of an hour. She felt the ticking of the watch on her wrist, and watched the afternoon light glide down the buildings on 59th Street, and recalled with bitterness how she had walked here a few weeks before, waiting for Symes, who had just returned from his trip to the Middle East. He was filled with large, important affairs, the less important of which he confided to her. And he had brought her a dozen beautiful handkerchiefs from Lisbon. Pride in him, jealousy of the work which took him away from her on these mysterious errands, had warred in Regan's breast. Mark must give her a divorce, at once. Now as she walked alone her anxiety mounted to a fever. She imagined she heard Mark's ship hooting in the river, and pictured him standing at the rail, searching for her among the crowd on the pier. His face formed before her—dark, smiling, eager—and she thought rebelliously, *One can't be expected to be faithful when there is no feeling left.* She belonged to Symes; Symes was her real love; and she began to argue with herself that love alone is chaste and that out of chasteness she must reject Mark.

She looked at her watch and saw that she had twenty minutes in which to reach the pier, if she took a cab. But by the time she had gained the street she changed her mind and went instead to a drugstore, from where she telephoned her lover.

"Bill? Oh, Bill, I can't meet him!"

Symes' voice sounded chillingly calm. "But he'll be expecting you, Regan. There's no point in building up hostility at the start, is there? Besides, wouldn't it be cowardly to avoid meeting him at the pier?"

"What am I going to say to him?"

"Haven't you thought it all out?"

"Oh, yes, of course—a thousand times. But it all sounds so feeble now."

"Well, you'll find the words, all right. You are the most marvelously articulate person—you know you are!" His voice became caressing. "Be calm, darling. Calm, and kind. After all, it's not exactly the poor guy's fault, is it?"

He was thinking of his rival as the distinguished soldier, the hero; Regan frowned. "I wish you'd give me some idea of how to set about telling him."

"I wouldn't tell him much of anything today, if I were you," he told her. "There's no point in rushing it. I think we agreed on that."

"He's sure to ask questions. He can be terribly shrewd." She broke off, angry at herself for trembling.

"Listen, sweet." Symes' voice sounded almost paternal, burdened with his weight of understanding. "Don't *rush* things! Don't mention us at *all* at this stage of the game. I can't see—nor can Dick Sparrow—that a confession would serve any purpose. And naming names can have bad psychological consequences. Be conciliatory. Take your time. Use all your tact."

"But I've got to tell him sometime; why not do it right away?"

"Well"—his voice took on a slight edge—"tell him anything, make any excuse you want for leaving him, but don't bring my name into it."

"Bill!"

"Darling, try to understand my position. I have got to watch my step. I dare not risk a row, and all the subsequent, inevitable publicity. Nor can you." The old caressing note crept back into his voice. "It's a tragic situation, but you know how I feel about you, about us."

They talked for a few minutes in incoherent, passionate murmurs, then said good-by. Reassured, even exalted by this conversation with her lover, Regan glanced at her watch. The boat would have docked by now, and Mark be on his way to the apartment. She stepped into the fading sunlight and summoned a taxi to take her home.

Mark listened to a different story, the story of her journey to the wrong pier, of her fruitless attempt to catch him at the right one; of her grievous disappointment at missing him. When she had finished this second recital which he had heard once already, he said slowly:

"Why, if you were going to the pier to meet me, did you tell Neddy that he must stay home to keep me company?"

She had forgotten this. Well, here now was the moment; there had been others more propitious, but they had all slipped by unseized. Fate and Mark had intervened—so had the presence of Neddy and, to a lesser degree, that of the colored servant Octavia. The moments had slipped by; they vanished into hours, into the evening, into night. *Tomorrow*, Regan had promised herself with desperate finality, *tomorrow morning when Octavia has taken Neddy to school I'll tell him. I shall just tell him I don't want to live with him any more. That's all. No excuses, no apologies, no explanations—just a plain statement of fact.* And long after Mark had fallen asleep beside her she lay shaping and polishing the plain statement of fact, reducing it to an unequivocal simplicity, her gaze fixed on the complicated glory of the chandelier above the bed. In the morning she had risen and dressed without disturbing him and, with the maid and Neddy safely out of the house, awaited the propitious moment.

Was this it? Mark was looking at her steadily. She contrived a smile. "I'm afraid

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**There is one thing certain about a well-dressed woman: she has taken trouble. And to take trouble is to strengthen character.**

—ROBERT LYND: Irish Digest

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I lied to Neddy. I had to. I wanted to see you alone."

His voice became formal. "I seem to be rather dense. There are a number of things I find rather hard to understand. For instance, your selling the house. I might have understood your doing that, for it was your house, though I'd always looked on it as being mine, too, and Neddy's. But I'd have expected you to do it differently, somehow. Your taste has always been so impeccable."

Was he mocking her? She felt a gust of anger. "Listen, Mark. When one is left alone for four years one learns to make decisions for oneself. I learned!" He remained silent and she went on quickly: "You should know how time, and separation, bring changes in things—in people ——" She broke off, watching him, waiting for some signal which would help her to come out with the statement which she'd been all night composing. But he said nothing. He was not looking at her now, but at the bowl of freesias and tulips which he'd bought yesterday on his way home from the pier. Regan began again: "After all, there must have been decisions which you had to make, over there, during these years. I wouldn't blame you. I'd have understood."

"Decisions?"

"Well, changes of feeling, doubts about the past, and about the future too. One can't live through four years of war without something happening to change one's whole conception of life."

This was very far from the plain statement of fact which she had intended to make, but she had not bargained for his silence, for his refusal to help her by question, or glance, or accusation. He was letting her do it alone, and she felt that it was deliberate on his part, a sort of revenge for what he must already have guessed. She paused, standing before him in her summer hat, her smart linen suit, her air of patient determination.

"Surely," she said at last, "you didn't expect to come home and find everything, and everyone, exactly what they were when you went away?"

"Not exactly, no."

"Well, then?"

"I was so sick of ruins—of ruined houses, ruined people—and I had a craving for wholeness."

"I don't think I know quite what you mean by wholeness."

He gave her a terrible look. "No, I don't think you do."

"It would mean different things to different people."

"It does." He rose and stood facing her. There was something powerful about him, something menacing too. "Wholeness, to me, means the past, the present and the future. To the people I've seen in Europe it means only the present—it means today. What does it mean to you?"

"Was the past so good? Are you being honest?"

"Are *you* being honest?"

"I'm trying, but you won't give me a chance!"

"Does that trouble you? I haven't been around to deny you any chances, have I?"

"Nor have I denied you yours!" She was on the offensive, her voice just missing shrillness. "Everything is changed, and you might as well accept it. I don't doubt you're changed too. I haven't asked any questions, I don't mean to ask any. What is this past you talk about? Our life before the war? Our lives during the war? Our lives to come? Four years is a long time. Can't you see?"

He stared at her, his head lowered in a curious, wary attitude. "I think I see. I think I know what you're trying to say, but I'm not going to say it for you."

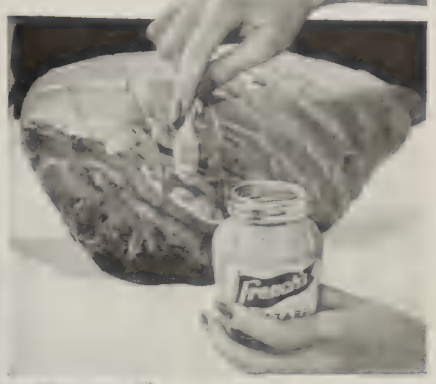
She came out with it then with a rush of words—not the words of last night, the polished and logical sentence which was to have solved everything, clarified everything, and to have resolved in a single gesture the tiresome necessity for argument and recrimination. Instead she declared loudly that she no longer loved him; she wondered whether she had ever loved him; four years had changed her feelings toward him; she had found her métier, her own life, her career: she wanted a divorce, and the sooner the better for everyone concerned. She had made all the necessary plans; she would go to her sister Hester, leaving Neddy here with Mark for a little while, a week perhaps. After that he could see the child whenever he wished—with reservations. He was welcome to stay on in the apartment until he made other arrangements. She had wanted to tell him all this yesterday, but somehow it had been too difficult. He had taken too much for granted, he hadn't given her a chance to speak out. Besides, she had been unwilling to ruin his first few hours at home, unwilling to wound him. Then there had been Neddy and Octavia. She guessed he would have hated a scene. She did not particularly like scenes herself. But now the truth was out, and there was not much to add to it. She was sorry, of course she was sorry! The whole thing was tragic, but after all, they had been separated four years; this was inevitable; perhaps it would have happened anyway, war or no war. The fact remained, it had happened, and that was all there was to it. There was no need to discuss it further now.

He must think things over by himself and try to be reasonable. Why not? They were adult beings. These matters should be arranged without undue bitterness. On her side certainly there was nothing but the desire to be friends, and this should not be difficult, for Neddy's sake. For Neddy's sake Mark must see that a divorce was the only thing; he must allow her to bring the suit. But they would discuss the details later on, when he had had time to reflect and to adjust himself to the changed situation.

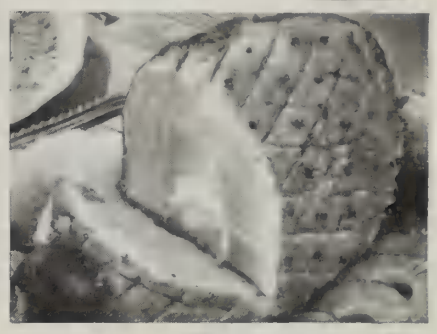
Mark heard her out in silence. When she was done he turned and looked out the window. Rain streamed between him and the buildings across the street. A procession of umbrellas scuttled along the glistening sidewalk. He could hear the traffic on Madison Avenue, and an occasional isolated voice.

Regan said, "I'm going, Mark. Octavia will pack my things, and I'll send for them


French's



baked in



U-m-m-m!



**Ham with that French's Flavor!**

Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325°F.) allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10- to 12-lb. ham.

**Now take ham out,** remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablesp. French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablesp. flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400°F. 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.

***FREE! NEW RECIPE BOOK***

**"Mealtime Magic" in full color. Send name and address to The R. T. French Company, 1253 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y., and this booklet will be sent you FREE.**




***Largest selling prepared mustard in U.S.A. today***
**Also made in Canada**

# Are you in the know?



**Do you choose the colors of your clothes—**

- ☐ *To copy your gal pal*
- ☐ *To suit your color-type*
- ☐ *Because they're hi-fashion*

A color that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriends your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!



**This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—**

- ☐ *She's a curfew keeper*
- ☐ *She should be prom-trotting*
- ☐ *She's still wearing makeup*

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and *daintiness* go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times . . . that's why Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this Kotex "extra" can keep *you* sweet-and-lovely!



**Should a gal go down the aisle first?**

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No
- ☐ Not always

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't *always* precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. For Kotex is made to *stay soft* while *wearing*. And you get plus protection from that exclusive *safety center*, so there's never a panicky moment with Kotex!




A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins*


later. She'll take care of Neddy, and of you, for as long as you want to stay here. I hope you'll call me up at Hester's. Perhaps we could have lunch together, or dinner, one of these days when we've both had time to take stock—when we can talk about this some more. Mark ——"

He turned slowly. "There's another thing I don't understand. Why, considering all this—why did you sleep with me last night?"

She gathered up her gloves, her pocketbook, her silk umbrella; she became the room as though she had come prepared to have her portrait painted in it: The Woman in the Parlor; or, The Lady in the Puce-colored Chair.

"Why did I? Well"—she glanced away—"I felt badly. I didn't want to have it on my conscience that I had refused you."

"Your conscience?" Mark repeated the word wonderingly, then turned and leaned his forehead on the windowpane, staring at the wet street.

Regan waited a moment, then a queer terror came on her and she walked quickly across the room and let herself out of the apartment. He saw her a few minutes later, hurrying up the street under her silk umbrella. He was still standing there twenty minutes later when the door behind him opened and someone came into the room. He whirled around, cursing, and found himself staring into Octavia's black eyes.

She said sharply, "Colonel Bycroft, light your pipe!"

"What?" He peered at her. "What was it you said, Octavia?"

"I said for you to light your pipe."

The words reached him. His fingers unclenched slowly and he reached in his pockets for his pipe and tobacco pouch.

Octavia hung her hat and coat in the coat closet and began to clear the things from the breakfast table, the uneaten egg, the untasted coffee, the cold toast. She said, "Miss Hester is a sick woman. Two and three times a month they have to get the doctor to give her adrenalin. She's got so now she can't stand to have anybody around except Mrs. Bycroft."

Mark filled his pipe, watching her suspiciously. How much did she know, this black woman with the composed, matter-of-fact manner?

She went on: "If Mrs. Bycroft can't fetch Neddy after school today maybe you will? If it stops raining you could take his skates and let him skate home. He likes that."

Mark heard the rain beating on the windows and thought of it falling in every corner of the vast city, touching the faces of strangers, touching Regan's warm flesh, falling, perhaps, on her lover; for he had no doubt, no doubt at all, that she had a lover. A sense of estrangement grew on him, an unreality so profound that he felt it might engulf him utterly. He gave a faint sigh like the sigh of the dying, and Octavia, on her way to the kitchen door, turned to look at him.

"You won't forget about Neddy, Colonel Bycroft? I'll tell you how you get to the school."

Mark nodded absently. "All right, Octavia. I'll remember."

### *VIII*

THREE days later, after several false starts he wrote to his wife:

*Dear Regan:* I've been considering this whole affair of you and me and Neddy. I am not, as you are, especially good at self-expression, so you'll have to excuse me if this letter seems a bit crude and to the point. From what I recall of our interview on Monday, it seemed you no longer want to live with me, that you want a divorce at the earliest possible moment. No doubt you are better acquainted with the law than I am, but even I know that in this state grounds for divorce is adultery. If I remember correctly it was your idea that I allow you to bring the suit out of consideration for Neddy, whose home should, naturally, be with his mother, as it naturally could not be were you judged the guilty party. You seem to have given this matter your usual lucid consideration, but you overlooked two things: first, that I have no wish to divorce you or to be divorced by you; second, that I want my son to live with me. There is a third point, though a minor one: I see no reason why you should expect me to connive at a happy state of affairs from which I am to be excluded. If you don't choose to live with me I see no reason why you can't go on living as you have these past four years without me. A husbandless state may not be the ideal one for an intelligent and beautiful woman, but no doubt it has its compensations. Neddy, however, stays with me. You must see that there is no reason, legal or moral, why he should not—rather the reverse, in fact. Of course you are welcome to talk to him over the telephone whenever you like, or to visit him here in my presence. Octavia Evans has my instructions on this matter.

Yours,
MARK.

THIS letter was more temperate, more formal than others which he wrote and destroyed. But the mildness of its language did not reflect his mood, which flamed into rage while he groped for words. When he had put the letter into an envelope and addressed it he sat at her desk, surrounded by the minutiæ of her existence—the existence from which she had banished him forever, the existence of which he knew so little, suspected so much. Ransacking the drawers earlier in the day, he had found only endless newspaper clippings and a collection of his letters to her, from Europe. These last he examined with horror. How could he have been such a fool as to imagine that the future had been up to him alone? He remembered his fatuous remark to young Perry on the boat coming home: "If deception is to be the order of the day, then I hope I'm properly deceived," or something of the sort. Well, he had no cause to complain. Hadn't she come out with the truth in short enough order? He had arrived on Sunday, and on Monday morning she told him she was through. He'd had his night, his *droit du seigneur*. "I didn't want to have it on my conscience that I had refused you." Her conscience. He shivered, wondering whether certain passions, like malaria, might infect a man for the rest of his life. Her conscience!

**Heaven is the place where the donkey at last catches up with his carrot.**
—C. K. WRIGHT: Nectar in a Nutshell. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

Yet last night he had sat in Neddy's bedroom while the child slept, and asked himself, *Do I love her?* just as earlier he had asked himself whether he loved his son. Passing from childhood to maturity and marriage, do we merely exchange one imaginary security for another? Sleepless, he'd found a book and tried to read.

*So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—Twenty years largely wasted, the years of l'entre deux guerres* ——

*Ainsi*, Mr. Eliot! Mark replaced the tired poet in the bookcase and found another, a poet of the French Resistance. Regan read everything, everything. And what taste! Impeccable. Impeccable taste, impeccable ideas, impeccable conscience. He shut the book and sat thinking. Why should she allow herself to suffer, to be lonely and neglected, for four years—or for four months, or four weeks? Men found their compensations, as he knew very well, and no one blamed *them*. Curious, but true, General Wilmer's remark that the soldier facing annihilation thinks mostly of the woman he'll have the minute he can get round to it. Women facing death at another remove are not more delicate, and their excuse every bit as sound as a soldier's. *Though I can see this clearly enough*, reflected Mark, *I can't forgive it.* But why was he so sure there was something that demanded his forgiveness? All she had said was that she was through with him and wanted to live her own life, that fabulous cliché, prerogative of American women and of no others. Well, let her have her life.

"Light your pipe, Colonel Bycroft!" How melodramatic of Octavia, and yet he had

*(Continued on Page 84)*

# PUZZLE—WHICH IS THE PIN-UP GAL?

One look at GLENDORA DONALDSON's sparkling beauty and you know she's a famous model.

And her cuddly 6-months-old daughter, Linda, is already giving Glennie plenty of competition. Who could choose between two such perfect complexions?

"We share a family beauty secret—three generations old," Glennie says. "It's *Ivory care!* I learned about pure, mild Ivory in *my* bathinette and it's still my beauty soap today!"





## Here's Glennie's style secret

Being a Navy wife and mother, as well as a famous model, isn't enough for Glennie's many talents—she makes all her own clothes, too! This playsuit was her own idea . . . and it cost only $5.95 to make.

"But nice clothes aren't all that count in modeling," Glennie says. "A fresh, radiant *complexion* is the most important asset of all—I call it that *Ivory Look!*"

## Say, who's the model here?

Yes, Glennie is an accomplished artist as well as a beautiful subject. "Real beauty always starts with a lovely complexion," Glennie says.

"Models can't afford to be careless about that. I'd advise *anyone* who wants to look her loveliest to take that tip."

Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory—Glennie's own beauty soap—the soap more doctors advise than any other. That's the way to have a softer, smoother, lovelier skin—that *Ivory Look!*



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*Don't be a soap waster—Ivory contains scarce materials—make it last!*

# The Countess de Petiteville

Bearer of a historic 1000-year-old Norman name, the Countess de Petiteville is very active in the French Red Cross and in the musical and cultural life of Paris. She has a fine, cameo type of beauty, with dazzling white skin. The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream has won her delighted approval—"It gives my skin a clearer, brighter look," she says. "Makes it feel smoother right away!"




*The Countess says: "The Mask refreshes my skin, gives it a more wide-awake look!"*

## Lovely things happen to your complexion—in only one minute!

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The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. It has the power to loosen and dissolve bits of chapped, curling skin and dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off the Mask. Off comes loosened debris, too!

Now *look* at your face! *Feel* it! Your skin looks clearer and fresher ...feels *softer!* In one minute—the Mask "re-styles" your complexion!

**"A quick powder base, too!"**

*"Besides having a Mask 3 or 4 times a week, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream another way, too—as a light powder base. It goes on so smoothly—holds powder!" says the Countess.*




*Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!*


*(Continued from Page 82)*

obeyed her instinctively, feeling murder peter out at his finger tips. Had Octavia seen it in his face, in his clenched hands when he swung round from the window? He had not asked her to explain her strange command, and her manner since then had been thoroughly circumspect and composed.

As for Regan, she was not one to leave evidence around. Too fastidious, far, far too clever. And yet the evidence seemed everywhere visible in Mark's jealous eye: in the books she had taken to reading, in the paintings she had bought, in the things which now interested her. These were the signs, the signals, of a new passion; and he knew that passion forms and directs even the mature spirit, that it doesn't make much difference whether the lovers are more or less fools, or knaves. But why couldn't Regan be content just to love? Why must she compel beauty, which she did not understand, to state the case for her? Why must she identify art and conscience with the paraphernalia of sex? He fell asleep with the question unanswered.

Now he stamped his letter to Regan and went into the parlor where Octavia was dusting the furniture. "I'm going for a walk. I'll pick Neddy up at school on my way back." It would make the third time he had called for Neddy; already father and son regarded it as a fixed habit. Mark went on: "I might as well tell you, Octavia, that Mrs. Bycroft and I are not on the best of terms. You may have guessed this. It's why she has gone to stay with her sister. I have just written her that she can speak to Neddy on the phone. But I do not want her to see him except when I'm here."

Octavia knelt on the floor, the duster in her hands, and looked up at him. "What do you want I should do, colonel?"

"That's up to you. I'd be grateful if you stayed, but go to Mrs. Bycroft if you prefer. Neddy remains with me."

She said slowly, "This thing, will it last? Or given time, will it pass?"

"I don't know."

"It's the war," she said, and nodded her neat gray head. "The war, that's what did it."

"You can't blame everything on the war," he told her.

"Given evil as big as the war, you can blame it."

The sound of her voice took the edge off his loneliness. She was a woman, the broad wedding ring bitten deep into her black finger, her palms pale and soft from work.

She went on: "You ever stop to think how hate has taken the place of love in almost everything, Colonel Bycroft? In people, in religion?"

"Well," said Mark, "it doesn't demand so much of one here," and he tapped his forehead.

Octavia smiled. "Or here," she said, and laid her dark hand on her heart. "I'll stay with you and Neddy, sir, if you want me to."

Mark thanked her and went out to mail his letter. But outdoors the rejoicing sunlight and gaiety mocked him. His sense of outrage returned as he found a mailbox and dropped the letter into it with a vicious snap of the lid. Well, Regan would not get away with her beautifully contrived little plans—on that score his mind was made up. Let her rage and scheme as she liked, he would go on living in the apartment and he would hold on to Neddy. She could go to Reno if she wished, and try to get her divorce there, or she could go to hell and take her anonymous prancing gigolo with her.

Miserable, frustrated, Mark walked down Madison Avenue, and his embittered expression lingered in the memory of strangers who passed him. Two soldiers in uniform saluted, and he lifted his hand mechanically in response. He began to think about his impending discharge from the Army, and about the problem of the future. The simple, straightforward ambitions of which he had dreamed recurred to mock him. Run for mayor of his home town, when he had no home town, nor even a home? Well, he had a little money, enough to tide himself and


# WHY CAN'T YOU WRITE?

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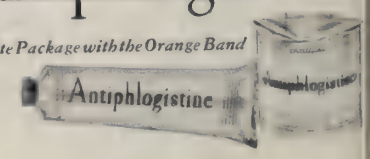
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*The White Package with the Orange Band*



Neddy over the next year or two. He'd have to start looking round for a job. Perhaps his old publishing firm would take him back. When he left them four years ago old Carter had practically wept and assured him that they would always be happy to welcome him back. But that was four years ago! His thoughts reverted to Regan and his immediate predicament: the explanations, the excuses he'd have to furnish inquisitive friends. Well, there were several who were not alive to ask questions. Tom Nesbit, for instance, Alan Severs, John Halloran all were dead. And what about the others who had survived? Were their wives with them? Did they still have homes, and children they could talk to as he seemed, as yet, unable to talk to Neddy?

*I'm thirty-three*, he reminded himself, frowning, and gasped as a racing taxi missed him. The frightened scream of a woman who saw how close he had been to annihilation rang in Mark's ears for a whole block.

He gave himself a shake and walked soberly on toward Gramercy Park. Perhaps the sense of estrangement would pass eventually and he would find himself at last, reconciled, at peace, He was thirty-three. At forty-three he would be old, unless he got himself killed by a taxi or stepped on by a horse. He watched the shiny buttocks of one ridden by a policeman, clopping along the pavement. And he remembered another horse lying on its back in a Belgian street, the maggots crawling in and out of its open eyes. Quickly, his gaze traveled to the pale channel of sky running before him, upheld by the vertical roofs of the avenue; and presently these physical objects, the taxicabs, the busses, the horses of policemen, the dazzling windows, all lost their strangeness and sank into the pattern of remembered things. For two days he had walked about the city, marking its changes since his youth. It seemed as if the architecture and character of the place transformed themselves while one slept. In Europe centuries had plunged into the pit, but in New York the past lingered in strange and awful innocence.

Mark peered between the railings of Gramercy Park. Here, too, the past lingered beside the statue of Edwin Booth, the willow trees and the ornamental urns overflowing with geraniums. Favored children played among the flower beds. He must bring Neddy and show him the house where Neddy's father was born. That house on the corner, worn brick, with an iron buffalo head for door knocker. A succession of nursemaids had lifted him so he could touch that knocker; finally he'd been able to reach it himself, and just about that time the house was sold and his parents took him away to live in New Jersey.

**No wind is of service to him who is bound nowhere.**

As Mark stood on the sidewalk gazing at his old home the heavy oak door opened and two attendants appeared, manipulating a wheel chair in which sat an ancient lady, swathed in shawls and looking like a caddis worm. With a shock he recognized Mrs. Halloran, the grandmother of his friend killed in the war. The wheel chair, pushed by one of the attendants, passed him, and Mark bowed. Her eyes peered into his, the unresponsive lightless eyes of the very old, of the forgetful, the forgotten. So she lived here now in the house where he and her grandson had played as children. Mark turned and walked south along the park railings, thinking of the dead boy. John Halloran had died at the beginning of the war, at El Guettar, and was buried in the African sand.

Mark stopped and gazed for a minute at the willow which he and John had been forbidden to climb. It rose glittering and formal out of the grass, and a child leaned against it, watching friends playing near by.

*(To be Continued)*


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FOR THE SKIN
YOU LOVE
TO TOUCH

## PRELUDE TO HAPPINESS

(Continued from Page 23)

*...n't know that isn't the way when you really fall in love.*

Johnnie was scowling over her shoulder. "She's always been a beauty," he said rudely. He had two glasses in his hands. He gave one to Kitty. She lifted it and he touched it with his. "I don't have to say it," said Johnnie, and they drank.

The dark man lifted a discreet eyebrow over a twinkling eye and disappeared.

"What was his name?" asked Kitty.

"That was Dr. Lawford Paige," said Johnnie; then, amazingly, "Do you regret?"

"I shan't even ask you what."

In the back of Harry's car again, he took her hand. "That time I saw you in Green-Oaks," he said, "you had a thin, ugly, old colored woman for a nurse."

"That was Dah," said Kitty.

"She was sitting on the steps of the church, where the trees made some shade, and you were lying across her lap and she was fanning you with a palm-leaf fan. You had on a pale pink dress and your hair was so pale a yellow and your face just barely flushed. Your long little legs dangled over her skirt. I didn't know what hit me. Of course it was the first time I'd realized beauty, but how was I to know?"

"You didn't ask me tonight just to be nice," Kitty said. "It's because you remembered that."

"I hardly ever do anything just to be nice. Life is too short and the world's too fine."

The car had stopped before the hotel. The light of festive glory shone from its every window, but Kitty turned her back on it to look into his eyes.

"Oh, Johnnie—the world!" she said.

The big dining room at the hotel makes a very good ballroom. The flower-laden tables are pushed fanwise toward the walls to leave a dance space in the center. The lights are soft enough to be becoming, but not too low to see by, and the floor is good. To get to the dining room, however, you have to walk the length of the hotel, and whenever a cotillion is given there all the resident tourist ladies sit solidly in the chairs that line the wide corridors and watch the society of Decatur go by.

"Goodness," said Kitty. She giggled.

"I've always rather liked this part," Johnnie said. His eyes met hers, and both sets of eyebrows went up; he grinned and she nodded, and suddenly both of them were bowing graciously to the startled onlookers on either side.

"Good evening," they said. "Good evening, madam."

EVELYN and Harry came up behind them. Evelyn was laughing in spite of herself. "Stop it. You're not really funny."

"Not funny at all," said Harry. "Just ill-bred."

Kitty took his hand and gave it a little pat. "Harry, dear, I'm afraid we're just un-Southern."

"Kitty, you're wonderful," Johnnie said.

Why his words should hurt her, Kitty didn't know, but her heart contracted. She forced a smile and followed Evelyn into the crush of people outside the ballroom.

"You don't shake hands with the chaperons, you just bow," Evelyn said.

"Like the Queen of England," Kitty said so listlessly that Evelyn turned to look at her.

"What's wrong?" she asked, but Kitty shook her head.

"Nothing at all." To herself she said fiercely, *It's that he spoke to me as though I were anyone—just any girl he was taking out who was taking things a little for granted.* The tears stung behind her eyelids.

"We're going in now," Evelyn said.

The crowd evened out into a line of pairs, white hands were suddenly fragile against black sleeves, and the clatter of conversation reduced itself to a polite, expectant hum.

Ahead of Kitty, Harry and Evelyn moved along. She stood by herself, blinking back the stinging tears. *He's escaped*, she thought.

Immediately he was there. "Did you think I'd gone?" He took her hand and pulled it through his arm. "I nearly went, but then I didn't want to."

HER mind's eye saw him pushing quickly through the crowd, out into the frosty night, and stopping, and frowning, and smiling and coming back. She couldn't look at him because her relief was so desperate.

He bent his head till his bright eyes could look into hers. "I'll never want to." All the heaviness was gone and she was tremulous and happy as she had never been before.

Johnnie told her long after what they had for dinner that night: some sort of shrimp and crab, and clear soup, and pheasant, and salad, and ice cream with plenty of green in it, and little cakes and coffee. It always seemed to her very indicative of the difference between a man and a woman, that he should so have enjoyed his dinner and remembered it because he loved her, while she, because she loved him, had neither tasted a mouthful nor known what was put before her.

Also, of course, because through the first part of the evening she danced so much. Young girls in love float through a dance as though it were a cloud. Kitty went from one pair of arms to another and then to Johnnie and then to another and another and then to Johnnie. She asked:

"Don't you dance with anyone but me?"

"No, darling," said Johnnie.

Back at the table, Evelyn whispered to her, "You're doing beautifully. Lots of people get stuck at the cotillion."

"Not me," said Kitty, and paused because suddenly the music changed and the floor was clear. "What's this?"

"Get up," said Evelyn. "This is the debutantes' dance."

Johnnie was standing before her with his hands outstretched. She moved toward him.

Nineteen girls in white waltzed around and around with the men who had brought them. The long white skirts and the long black coattails flew out and around and out and around. The little world at the tables watched and nodded and murmured.

"You're the best girl on the floor," said Johnnie.

She turned her face to him. It was solemn and delicate and her eyes were wide. "This is so pretty."

"It's a valentine," said Johnnie.

"It could catch one."

"Not you," he said. "Nor me."

Her head went back against his shoulder.

When the music stopped, he still stood before her. "Look," he said, "I'm going to New York on Monday. I've got a job there."

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*Edna Wallace Hopper* **Twin Treatment**

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"New York?"

"Yes. Come get a drink."

In the bar, people were drinking champagne punch. "Wait here," Johnnie said, but before he came back Lawford Paige had come up to her.

"You're a belle," he said. "I've been watching you. Will you dance with me?"

"I'd love to," said Kitty politely, but he saw her searching the crowd.

"Johnnie will find you," he said.

There were very few people in the ballroom, because dinner was over and the music had just begun again. Lawford Paige was a very good dancer and though he had the floor he used only a quarter of it.

"I like to dance with you," said Kitty.

"Thank you," he said.

After quite a long time she said, "This is wonderful. If I were the sort of girl who closed her eyes when she danced; I'd close my eyes."

"Thank you," he said.

"Of course I'm a good dancer too."

"Yes," he said.

"Thank you," said Kitty.

The laugh came out of the corners of his mouth.

"Success at last," said Kitty.

That time he really laughed.

Kitty searched in her mind for a fine, long word that all the reviewers were using about books those days. "Do you know," she said, "when dancing's like this it makes you feel sad. It—it's nostalgic."

"Is it?"

"I can't imagine why you're so easy to talk to. You never say anything but 'Thank you,' and 'Is it?' You certainly don't commit yourself."

"Don't I?" he said, but he was laughing again.

"Well, I've always loved to amuse people."

"You'd better stop amusing me. Here comes Johnnie, and I don't think he likes it."

He handed her over with a flourish and, over Johnnie's shoulder, she watched him go.

"He's charming," she said. "But I really don't know why. Except that he understands what I mean even when he pretends not to."

"He's very charming," Johnnie said evenly.

She reached her arm farther up on his shoulder and put her face against his. Deliberately, she closed her eyes.

"Open them, you little wretch."

She looked up at him. "I was just trying something. Johnnie, dancing with you isn't nostalgic a bit. I'm tingling."

"Let's get out of here," said Johnnie. "We'll get your coat." He held it for her. It was black velvet with a white-fox collar. He looked at her blond head framed in the fur. "Pretty."

OUTSIDE, the December night was clear, and the stars were hanging in the sky. At the bottom of the steps they stood still. They were alone on the sidewalk, between the hotel and the long line of automobiles.

"I've never seen so many stars," said Kitty.

"Oh, come here," Johnnie said. He reached for her and took her in his arms and kissed her.

They walked home slowly. Her arm was through his and her fingers caught in his. They went through the quiet, half-lit streets, past the old, grilled houses, past the white churches and across the ghostly squares.

Once Johnnie said, "I'll bet no one ever walked home from the cotillion before."

Kitty said, "I knew a girl once who walked home from a party through Central Park. I never understood why she thought it was so wonderful, but of course it was this."

"This," said Johnnie, and she turned her face so that he could kiss her.

When they reached the square where the Lattimers lived, they stopped.

"I'd better go in," said Kitty.

"No." He led her to a bench. "Sit here." He sat down beside her. "Look. I thought I could go to New York and come back and




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get you. But now I think I have to take you with me. Only, I haven't any money."

"I can work. I can do anything."

"Oh, darling," he said.

It was very late when Kitty let herself in. She went up the stairs carefully, but Evelyn heard her.

"Kitty," she called, and her light went on.

Kitty perched herself on the foot of Evelyn's bed. Evelyn lay sleeplessly with her arms above her head. Her soft, dark hair was spread out over the pillow.

"How nice you look," Kitty said. "You always used to braid it."

"Where have you been? It's been hours since you left the cotillion."

Kitty smiled to herself. She wasn't going to tell Evelyn. It was too soon. "I've been talking to Johnnie Bates out in the square," she said.

"Johnnie," said Evelyn. "I thought you might be with Lawford. He disappeared about the same time. It's not really very nice to have late dates."

Something in her sister's voice made Kitty look at her closely. She suddenly remembered how Evelyn had looked at her as she danced by with Lawford Paige. *How strange*, she thought. She cocked her head a little.

"Lawford's nice," she said. "He'd be just right for you, Evelyn. Why don't you marry him instead of Harry?"

The slow red crept up into Evelyn's face, but for an instant the glow in her eyes met that in Kitty's. Then she reached out and switched off her light. "Don't be silly."

Kitty tiptoed down the corridor, past her mother's door to her own room. She had thought that she could never sleep that

**Marriage is not made for everybody, not attractive to everybody, not good for everybody who embarks in it. It is the cause of much suffering; it is bleeding from a thousand wounds. Without it there would presumably be still more suffering in the world and much less happiness.** —WESTERMARCK: Delineator.

night, but at twenty-two her nervous system was perfect and she lay awake for only a little while. Just before she dropped off, several very lucid thoughts appeared in her mind:

*I'm in love with Johnnie Bates and he's in love with me. Evelyn's in love with Lawford, only he's not in love with her. Not yet. If Lawford hadn't been so nice to me, Johnnie wouldn't have asked me to marry him. He'd have waited. I hope Evelyn gets Lawford. If she does, I'll regret him a little because he admired me. Girls always regret the men who admire them. How silly. Only I don't really regret. Not anything. Not at all.*

Sleep came up over her like a comfortable cloud, and she thought no more.

The next morning, when Mrs. Lattimer left the house to go to church, both her daughters were still asleep. When she returned, Evelyn called to her from the bathtub.

"Kitty's gone out," she said.

Mrs. Lattimer looked into Kitty's room. There was a note on the pincushion and Mrs. Lattimer was old-fashioned enough to catch her breath before she read it. This is what it said:

I don't know if Evelyn is going to marry Harry Bates or not, but I'm pretty sure I'm going to marry Johnnie Bates.

P.S. We haven't eloped. We have just gone to Green-Oaks for the day. I hope Aunt Kathy will feed us.

"I do declare," said Mrs. Lattimer.

Evelyn came in then, wrapped in a bath sheet, and Mrs. Lattimer handed her the note. Evelyn read it and began to laugh.

"It doesn't seem decent," said Mrs. Lattimer. "Do you think she means it?"

"Of course she means it," Evelyn said. "He hasn't a copper penny, but his family and his manners are both all right."

"He'll probably make money. All they Bateses do."

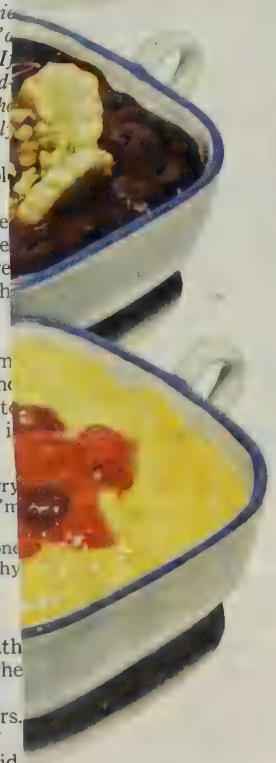
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SHERWIN PAINTS WILLIAMS

(Continued from Page 90)

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Kitty put her hand to her head. "Johnnie," she called.

He came with his face half lathered. "Oh, good heavens," he said, and Kitty realized that Johnnie wasn't feeling well either.

"We shouldn't have left it."

Johnnie put his arm around her. "Look. You go get dressed and we'll go out to breakfast."

They drank their coffee at the nearest drugstore. When they had finished, Johnnie paid the check. As she watched him, Kitty had a sudden sense of man's peculiar freedom. He was going to his work now, which would engross him all day, and when he came home tonight everything would be straightened out by magic.

As though he felt something of what was in her mind, Johnnie said, "Kitty, get someone to clear up that mess. Call up an agency."

"We can't afford it."

"We can if I go without lunch a few days."

She should have said, "Darling, I love you." Instead she said, "Oh, don't be silly."

"O.K. I won't," he said, and turned on his heel.

She thought, *I've fought with Johnnie.*

At the end of two miserable hours she had made very little impression on the dishes.

## *Light of Love*

**By A. L. T. TAYLOR**

Oh, my love is a wanton though she be kind
With a wanton heart and a wanton mind,
With a smile for every man in sight
And a kiss for any lad at night;
She gives me her love with no more thought
Than a poacher gives to the beast he's caught,
Yet her eyes are dark and her hair is gold
And I've given her my heart in her hands to hold.
For though she be wanton she still is kind
And the only lass I am likely to find
Who will give no hurt for the fun of giving,
Who can fill my heart with the zest of living.
Oh, my love is a wanton though she be kind
With a wanton heart and a wanton mind,
Yet I envy no man in the whole wide world,
For her love is a bud as yet uncurled
And one day the bud will be opened by me;
Then no longer a wanton will my love be.

When Crandall rang the doorbell, her rubber gloves had just begun to leak, and the tears she could not restrain were plopping regularly into the dishpan.

"I left my pipe," Crandall said. Then he saw the room. "Gosh."

Kitty began to cry again.

"My poor girl," said Crandall. He patted her shoulder and wiped her eyes.

"It's just that I'm so tired," sobbed Kitty.

"You need two things. The first is to learn how to wash dishes." He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and then he led her back to the kitchen. "Now, what you do is get all the different sizes in stacks, and it's better to rinse them off under the faucet first. You wash the glasses and then the silver and then the plates. And you use lots of soapsuds and hot water."

He washed and she dried, and they finished the kitchen in short order. Then they tackled the living room. When everything was neat again, Kitty sank into a chair and stared at Crandall in amazement.

"What I want to know," she said, "is where did you learn to do all this?"

He grinned. "I'm really only a country boy. There's not much about a house I don't know."

"So that's why you're so desperately smooth all the time," cried Kitty.

Crandall didn't answer her. He rolled down his shirt sleeves and put on the well-cut coat he wore so carelessly. "Now we will talk about you. The second thing that you need is a job. Then you can pay a slavey to do all this."

"But I've been meaning to get a job. Only I've had fun being just a wife for a while."

"When you begin to throw parties, you've been just a wife long enough. You might as well work till you have kids."

"Kids?" Kitty said.

"PEOPLE have 'em. Now I think I can get you a job with a publisher I know. They'll probably give you fifteen a week and put you to typing lists, but you ought to get along, and even on fifteen you can pay for lunch and carfare and have a part-time maid and a couple of dollars over for fun."

"Fun! Beautiful dresses from Klein's and beautiful parties and beautiful everything."

"Well, yes and no. You go on up there now. I'll telephone Tom Bushley while you're on the way and then I'll sit here and think about my play. I need to."

"Don't you have to go to work at all?"

"This is my week end. We go to press on Mondays."

As Kitty went out the door she looked back at him, and said something she had been screwing up her courage for since the moment he had so silently rolled down his sleeves: "Crandall, Johnnie and I think you're wonderful. We think you're the nicest and most accomplished person we know."

Crandall smiled. "You're sweet. Kitty, it was a very prosperous farm, but I certainly hated it."

Kitty got the job. It was only on the way back to the apartment that she thought about Johnnie. Her state of mind as she let herself into the basement was a strange mixture of jubilation and dismay.

"Crandall, they took me," she said. "Crandall, what will Johnnie say?"

"He'll probably beat you."

"I could telephone, except that I never call him at the office."

"It's different now that you're a working-woman," said Crandall. He stood up. "I'll go. Listeners cramp the style."

"Crandall darling, thank you. Thank you for everything."

He made her a little bow and went away.

She faced the telephone with some trepidation. It took a long time to get him.

"Hullo," Johnnie said brusquely.

"It's Kitty," she said.

"Why, hullo," he said, and now his voice was right.

"Johnnie, I'm sorry about this morning."

There was a pause. He was remembering.

"You should be," he said at last.

"Johnnie, I've done something. I've got a job."

"You've got what?"

"A job. So we can have a maid."

There was another pause, a longer one.

"Look," Johnnie said, "it takes me by surprise that I hate the idea. I mean you working."

"Johnnie, you're sweet."

"I'll be home in half an hour."

She hung up feeling cherished. *How silly,* she thought. *How reactionary.* All the time she was smiling at nothing. She flung herself on the couch. *How nice.*

Kitty did well at her job. In very little time she was making twenty a week and being given manuscripts to read. If she had been able to take her work as seriously as she took her marriage, she would probably have turned into a career woman. Real publishers never go home without a manuscript under one arm, and Kitty always left her reading on her desk.

She loved her life as she was leading it. She loved dashing off with Johnnie in the morning and leaving everything in a mess for fat Nellie to straighten. She loved coming back at six o'clock, to find the apartment neat as a pin and the marketing done.

(Continued on Page 94)

"People think I have a maid, but—

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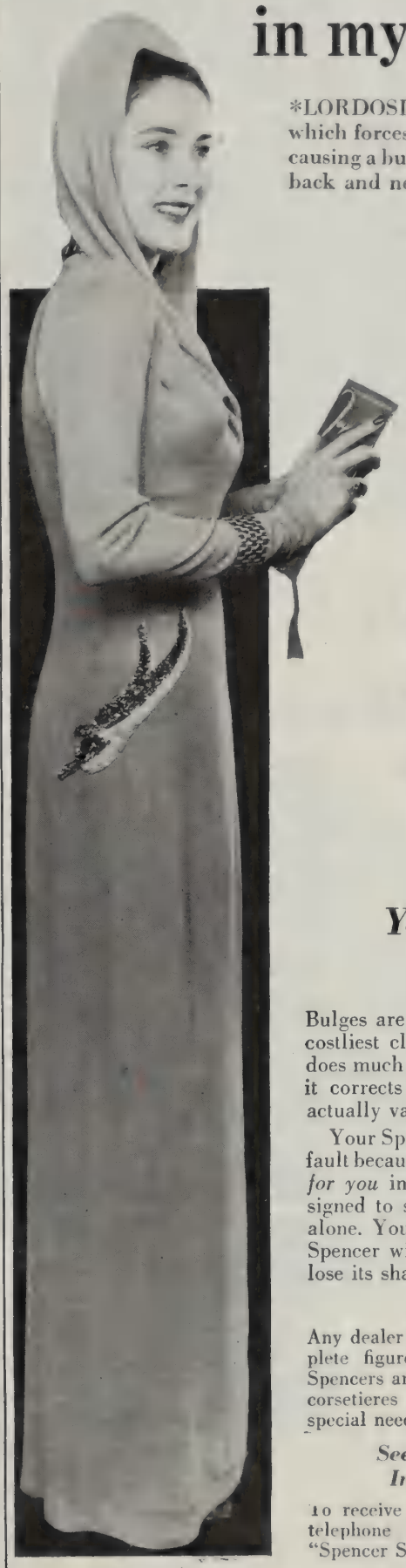


TAVERN HOM



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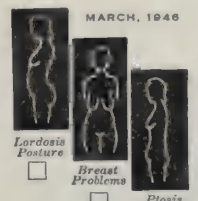
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(Continued from Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 92)

ne vegetables fixed, the table set. The parties they went to and the friends who ropped in were fun, and so was sitting at ome, reading or sewing, while Johnnie vorked on his book.

Sundays were wonderful. They slept very ate then and woke up slowly. When Kitty ;ot breakfast she brought it back to the low vide bed and they stayed there for a long ime, drinking coffee and reading the Sunday ›apers. About three o'clock they went out ›or a meal. In those days, the sidewalk café vas yet to invade New York, but far over on he East Side there was an old foreign restaurant where you could sit out-of-doors ›ehind a green lattice and watch the ›assers-by. They often went there.

"It's like Paris," Kitty said the first time Johnnie took her. "I've never been in Paris, Johnnie, have you?"

"No," he said. "We'll go together."

When she had been married a year and a ıalf, and had almost forgotten that there vas another existence than hers and Johnnie's, Kitty had a letter from her mother:

*My dear child:* I think you must take after ne because you write so seldom. We all enjoy 'our letters when they come. I think your ıpartment must be very pretty and I approve ›f everything that you tell me you have done o it. A great many of our relations think it odd hat you are living in a basement. I think it ery narrow-minded of them. When I used to isit in New York as a young girl almost veryone lived in those brownstone houses and can imagine that the downstairs part would urn out well.

Evelyn's friend, Jane Randall, who married Harriman Lane, has fixed up one of those old warehouses down on the river front and she and Harriman are living in it. Everyone pretends to be scandalized, but Evelyn says the place is perfectly delightful. I do not think it any ›odder to live in a basement in New York than in a warehouse in Decatur.

I thank you, my dear child, for inviting me to visit you. I am afraid I am too old to sleep on a studio couch, but I should be so pleased if you would invite Evelyn instead. She is in the doldrums, and I think you and Johnnie would do her good.

I hope you are not working too hard at that ob, and that you are giving Johnnie enough to at. If you want any receipts I shall be delighted o send them to you.

My dear love to you both.

Your mother,

ELIZABETH FORBES LATTIMER.

Evelyn arrived in New York late in June, when the heat was just beginning, and she stayed until August.

New York was good for her. She had never been so gay, so uncritical or so lovely. It was as though in coming away she had resolutely left behind all heaviness of spirit.

Johnnie, considering her with a manly and a novelist's eye, thought, *That gal's just ready. Just waiting.*

To his and Kitty's immense surprise, Crandall seemed to be what she'd been waiting for. They had diligently introduced Evelyn to all the bachelors they knew, but they had steered clear of Crandall.

"He'll scare her and she'll scare him, and then they'll both stiffen up and be mean," Kitty said.

But Crandall eased in one evening after dinner. He looked very long and cool in one of the first gabardine suits ever worn in New York by a young man. They were having coffee, and Kitty gave him a cup and ntroduced him to Evelyn in what she considered a properly offhand manner.

"Evelyn, this is David Crandall," she said. "Call him Crandall. Everyone does."

"I've never called a man by his last name n my life," said Evelyn.

Crandall shot her a look then. That look ook her in well—her fine body and her long ıands and her gentle dark eyes and her ıaughty mouth. He didn't speak to her at ll until he got up to go, nearly two hours ater. Then suddenly he turned to her.

"How about dinner tomorrow night?"

"I'd love it," said Evelyn without the lightest surprise. Her eyes were sparkling s the door closed behind him. "He's deghtful, isn't he?" she said.


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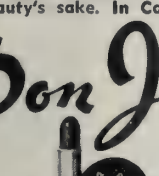
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After that, Crandall took Evelyn off their hands. She was always coming in and going out and they seldom saw her even at breakfast.

Kitty and Johnnie looked on with a strange mixture of concern, gratification and amusement.

"What do you suppose they talk about?" Kitty said.

"You don't have to talk much."

"We did."

He grinned. "You did."

Kitty rolled an eye at him, but she persisted. "They don't seem to fit. What do you suppose they see in each other?"

"I'll tell you. I've been thinking about it. In Crandall, Evelyn has found the missing half of my brother Harry. In Evelyn, Crandall has found his ideal."

"Crandall!"

"Sure. Crandall's a simple romantic beneath all that slick stuff. He's never run into anyone as naturally and completely a lady as Evelyn. It's bowled him over."

"How about me? I'm a Lattimer."

Johnnie smiled at her. "You're something else again. People think a lot of things about you before it occurs to them you're a lady. If it ever does. But Evelyn—do you know she's been here a month and she's never once called a girl a gal, or a man a guy, or said 'swell' or 'O.K.' Nothing on earth will ever change Evelyn."

"Not even Crandall?"

"Well, I hope not. But they might make a good couple—if they'd be kind to each other."

In those days, Kitty sometimes remembered how often she had heard her mother say: "Of course I never ask Evelyn anything." You couldn't. You could only observe and conjecture. You could notice that she called him David now, and how his eyes softened when she said it. You could say, "Evelyn, look at your hair!" so that she'd say, "We've been riding on top of the bus." Evelyn and Crandall on top of the bus!

When Kitty told him that, Johnnie whistled. "I guess it's love all right."

But when Crandall asked Evelyn to marry him, she turned him down.

Kitty came home from work one afternoon to find her sister packing. Evelyn's eyes were very red. When she saw Kitty, she had to blink back the tears before she could speak.

"I'm packing," she said.

Then, as though the effort of speech had been too much, she really began to cry. For the first time in her life, Kitty put her arms around her older sister and comforted her. When Evelyn finally stopped crying, the sisters looked at each other with some constraint. At last, and as though it explained everything, Evelyn said:

"David wants to marry me."

"What?" said Kitty, who had been imagining the opposite.

"I've refused him," Evelyn said, and she began to cry again.

This time Kitty didn't touch her. "I don't understand at all. What is it you want?"

As though the hint of anger in her sister's voice had spurred her, Evelyn stood up. She flung out her arms in an uncharacteristic manner. "Not this." Her gesture took in all of Kitty's world.

"Well, really," said Kitty.

"Oh, it's all right for you. I wish I were like you."

"Don't you love him?" Kitty said.

"That's why I'm crying."

"But I don't understand at all."

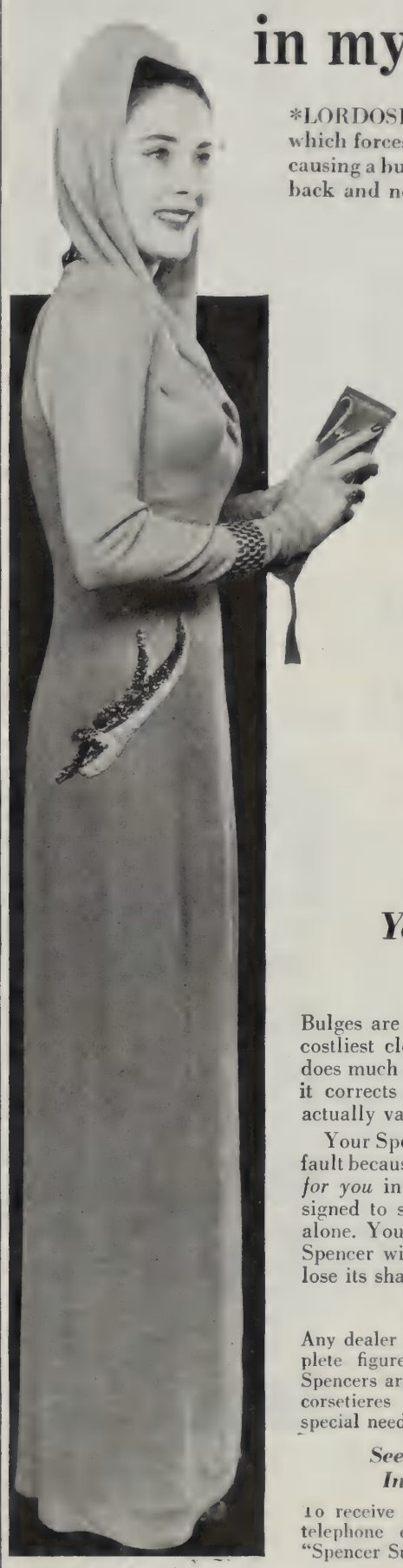
Evelyn leaned her head against the wall behind her. "I'm twenty-eight, and I know pretty well what I want out of life. I'm only going to have two thirds of it. David's the third I'm going to do without."

"And is my brother-in-law Harry Bates the other two thirds?"

**Flatterers are clever mind readers. They tell us exactly what we think.** —ALBERT A. BRANDT.

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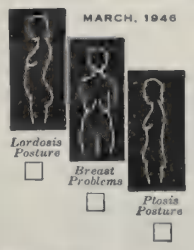
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**TEAR OFF TO SIZE . . . .**
Tear off enough Cut-Rite to extend beyond the rim of the bowl at least an inch on all sides. Center the Cut-Rite on the bowl and hold it firmly in place with your left hand.

**PLEAT AND TWIST . . . .**
Still holding the wax paper firmly in place, start by pleating a corner; twist and tuck under-and-up to the rim of bowl.

**A SNUG COVER . . . .**
Continue to twist and tuck under-and-up, working on the bias, and turning bowl away from you as you go . . . until you have completed a snug-fitting roll.



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**TEARS-RITE · SAVES-RITE · LOOKS-RITE**

"Yes," said Evelyn, and the color rose in her face.

"Why?"

"Kitty," said Evelyn. Her eyes implored her sister to be kind.

"Tell me," said Kitty.

"I'll try. I'm not good at saying things. I'm not like you." She paused a moment to marshal her thoughts. "I've loved staying here with you and Johnnie. It's been wonderful to be so gay and silly, but I don't want to go on that way forever. When I marry I want to be established and dignified. I want a house to run that will still be mine tomorrow, and I want children."

"Children? Anybody can have children."

"Your friends, the Parsons, certainly can," said Evelyn. "Two babies in that little dark hole of a bedroom and no one to look after them properly."

"Sally does her best."

"Look at her. She's a wreck because her husband won't grow up. He'll never believe decent plumbing is worth more than a living room big enough to throw parties in."

"But Crandall's much nicer than Bennie Parsons. And he makes a lot more. And I think he'd like to have children."

"Of course," said Evelyn. She closed her eyes, and Kitty could just see the line of moisture along her lashes. "In about ten years David will want just exactly what I want. But now he still wants to drink more than he should and spend more than he has, and nothing is going to stop him. I'd hate it and then he'd hate me. I didn't want him to want to marry me." She opened her eyes then. They were wide and honest. "Only I didn't want to stop him either," Evelyn finished.

It was just then, as though a playwright were timing it, that the doorbell rang.

"I'll go," said Kitty.

Crandall brushed by her as though she weren't there. He stood in the doorway of the living room and stared at Evelyn.

"I came to see if you had changed your mind," he said.

It took her a long time to answer him. "No, David," she said.

His hands moved quickly. "I'm going to get so drunk." He turned on his heel and nearly bumped into Kitty. He gave her a one-sided smile. "I'm behaving badly."

WHEN he had gone, Kitty said, "Poor darling. He was tight."

"I'm glad he was," said Evelyn. "If he hadn't been I might have changed my mind."

Kitty and Johnnie put her on the train that night. Just before the train pulled out, just after she said, "Give mother my love," Kitty said, "Evelyn, why don't you marry Lawford Paige?"

"He's never asked me," Evelyn said. The train began to move. "I haven't thought of him in days." Her face, as Kitty saw it last, was startled.

Kitty told Johnnie all the details that night. "Do you think she's right?"

"Dull but right. It's too bad. She'll be nice and secure with brother Harry, but she'll never have much fun."

"Johnnie, all this talk about children. Do you think we should have some?"

"In time, and one at a time."

They giggled and turned over, and fell asleep very happily.

Evelyn was married to Harry Bates just before Christmas. Kitty went home to be matron of honor, but Johnnie, who was working very hard, stayed in New York.

One evening, just before Kitty left, Crandall dropped in.

"You certainly haven't been around," said Kitty.

"I'VE been a mess," he said. He pulled a square gray envelope out of his pocket. "I've had a letter from Evelyn."

"I told you she was getting married," Johnnie said.

"I didn't believe it."

"I'm going home tomorrow," said Kitty. "I'm going to be matron of honor."

Crandall smiled. "A great big wedding."

"Yes," said Kitty.

The silences were awful. Kitty couldn't stand it. She went to Crandall and put her arm through his. "There are lots of girls."

"Lots," said Crandall. He began to laugh. "Don't you worry. No more benders for Crandall. I think this is my cue to prove I'm a little man. I shall write the great American play and make Evelyn sorry."

"If it's any satisfaction," said Johnnie, "she'll probably be a little sorry for the rest of her life."

"Well, give her my love."

Kitty did, though she hadn't meant to.

Evelyn was married in Christ Church with eight bridesmaids besides Kitty. She looked what Mrs. Lattimer called a dream in ancestral lace and tulle and soft white satin.

Nothing about Evelyn's wedding seemed very actual to Kitty because Johnnie wasn't there. Decatur, where she had lived all her childhood, where she had left all her family, was now only a place which had once contained him. Moving dutifully through Evelyn's wedding, she had a strange vague feeling that only her body was there. This made her look bland and extremely pretty, and people spoke of how becoming matrimony had been to Kitty Lattimer.

During the reception, however, she had one sharp moment which she never forgot. She was showing Evelyn's wedding presents to old Mrs. Marcus Howe. "Mother says it's a really vulgar display," Kitty said. Mrs. Howe only nodded benignly, but Lawford Paige, who was poking among the silver and the crystal, straightened up and gave his characteristic burst of laughter.

"I can hear her say it," he said.

"I'm glad to see you appreciate my mother," said Kitty.

She had seen him and recognized him as she came into the room, but until now he hadn't turned. He came forward and bent over her hand. She saw that his hair was thinning on the top of his head.

"I'm in favor of all the Lattimer ladies."

"Well, I don't see why you didn't marry one," said Kitty.

He looked her in the eye. "I didn't think I had a chance," he said.

No amount of will power could have stopped that blush. Kitty let it come. "I meant Evelyn."

*(Continued on Page 99)*

## *Recipe Neighbors*

**By Catherine Cate Coblentz**

My mother's mother had recipe neighbors,
Of this I am very glad,
Bound in a book is the record now
Of the friends my grandmother had.

There was Mrs. Babson, of sugar-pie fame,
And Em, whose biscuits were light,
And R. L. W., whose eggless cake
We are having for supper tonight.

My neighbors serve mints and bakery stuff
And we chatter a bit at tea,
But no one says when she comes to leave,
"Do give me the recipe."

A century hence one will never know
Or care for my friends and their fate,
But someone will treasure lovingly
What the recipe neighbors ate.

**No wonder the FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATOR** is America's favorite! Only Frigidaire offers the current-saving Meter-Miser, simplest cold-producing mechanism ever built. Super-Freezer Chest for modern frozen food storage. Cold-Wall refrigeration that protects vitamins, guards against wilting and drying. Behind *every* Frigidaire feature stands Frigidaire's proved dependability – a record for lasting satisfaction established in millions of American kitchens!



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**This new FRIGIDAIRE HOME FREEZER** means "fresh" fruits and berries in midwinter; safe frozen storage for meats; vegetables retaining color, flavor, vitamins for months; pastries, special dishes prepared far ahead. Exciting to think about? Give very serious thought to this: *Frigidaire has built more low-temperature refrigerated cabinets than any other company*. So buy a Frigidaire Home Freezer – either a chest or upright model – and be *sure* of dependable, economical frozen food storage.





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**How many minutes have you—5—10—15?**
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You can reel off treats galore—any time—with Del Monte Fruit Cocktail. Not only desserts. Starters, salads, main course bright spots, too. No peeling, no dicing, no mixing. But all fruit cocktails are not alike. You'll want Del Monte, the *flavor-first* kind.

**If you have 5 minutes**

- Spoon Del Monte Fruit Cocktail on leftover cake (top). Looks new, is new with rich Del Monte flavor.
- Or dish up chilled Del Monte Fruit Cocktail (center). No fuss, no fixing, no shopping for fruits!
- Or make a parfait of Del Monte Fruit Cocktail and softened ice cream. You'll like the balanced flavor of *this* cocktail.

**If you have 10 minutes**

- Make a "nest" in angel cake, fill with Fruit Cocktail buttered, warmed, flavored with almond (right).
- Or treat the family to five luscious fruits with marshmallow cream and chopped salted almonds (below).
- Or thicken Fruit Cocktail slightly, add sherry flavor. Gay, colorful, delicious atop warm fruit cake.

**If you have 15 minutes**

- Dress up cinnamon toast stars with hot buttery Fruit Cocktail (right). See how easy to liven up plain foods? No trouble at all.
- Or make French toast (with brown sugar), serve with spiced buttered Del Monte Fruit Cocktail. Different and so good!

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*flavor first*

- ✓ In Growing
- ✓ In Picking
- ✓ In Packing
- ✓ In Testing

# Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL

SAVES TIME—SAVES WORK—MAKES MEALS BRIGHTER

(Continued from Page 96)

"Evelyn." He stared. "I certainly never thought of that. Kitty, this is outrageous."

"Anyway, it's too late," she said. She wanted to stick pins into him, but she had no real conviction that they would prick him. "I think you've been very dull. She would have been exactly right."

"Evelyn," he said. "Not Kitty?"

"Certainly not I," she said. "I couldn't even live here."

"Do you think I'll live here always?"

"Won't you?" she said.

"Yes. Though I've had moments of thinking I wouldn't." He leaned back precariously among the wedding presents. "Kitty, don't go too far away."

Afterward, she always wished that she had asked him just what he meant.

When she got back to New York, Johnnie met her at the Pennsylvania Station. They walked arm in arm behind the porter. "We'll take a cab and go have tea at the Waldorf," said Johnnie.

"What I like about you," said Kitty, "is that you always know when to be rich."

"I *am* rich," he said.

She looked up at him quickly, and saw that he was bursting with excitement. "Johnnie?" she said.

But he laughed and shook his head. "I'll tell you at the Waldorf."

It was the old Waldorf on 34th Street.

"Tea and cinnamon toast," said Johnnie. Then he leaned toward her. "This is a symbol. Baby, they've raised me to sixty-five."

"Oh, Johnnie, I thought maybe sixty."

"Gosh, I wish I could kiss you."

"What shall we do with it?"

"Let's spend it. Let's just throw it away," said Johnnie.

"We can go to the theater."

"And dining and dancing."

"And buy a dress and a suit and two hats."

"And a book and a picture."

"And give wonderful parties."

"And what else?"

They looked at each other. At last Kitty said, "Well, I suppose we could have a baby."

"I suppose we could," Johnnie said. "I'd sort of thought of it."

"Isn't it funny? After a while there's nothing else left to have but a baby."

"Well, we don't have to have it right away. Kitty, this raise means I'm going to have to work like a fool—even nights and perhaps week ends."

"But Johnnie, your book?"

"I'll get it in," Johnnie said grimly.

He found, in the next few months, that it was very hard to do. Schemes for selling face creams engrossed him to such an extent that he took to getting up early in order to work on the novel.

Kitty would open a protesting eye. "You're getting thin," she'd say.

But Johnnie would only laugh at her.

Sometimes at breakfast he'd hurriedly read her what he had written, and she'd criticize to the best of her ability.

Once he said, "You've really got editorial sense, Kitty."

"I wish anyone else thought so."

To her immense surprise, someone else did. The publishing house she worked for suddenly raised her to thirty a week and began to call her an assistant editor.

When she told Johnnie, he whistled. "The rich certainly get richer."

It was some weeks later that Kitty, sitting on the edge of her bed with one stocking off and one stocking on and a strange, vague feeling in her head, thought to herself in an awed sort of way, *And the poor get children.*

That night, when they were getting ready for bed, Johnnie said, "That's a nice tune, baby, but I wish you'd stop humming it."

She went over to him and put her arms around his waist and laid her cheek on his chest. "But ain't we, Johnnie? Ain't we got fun?" Later, when he was asleep, she thought, *I won't tell him till I'm sure. Not till I've seen a doctor.*

During the next week things suddenly got to be less fun. Kitty felt terrible. She lost her appetite and her color, and she found that she disliked everything and everybody.

Johnnie worried about her. One night at dinner he said, "I think you'd better give up that job. It's too much for you."

"No, it's not," said Kitty.

"Well, then, you'd better take a tonic."

"I don't need it," said Kitty.

"Kitty, don't you like me any more?"

"Of course," said Kitty.

Very stiffly, Johnnie said, "You go see a doctor. Something's wrong with you."

"No. Nothing's wrong with me. Johnnie," she said, "we're going to have a baby."

"A baby?" said Johnnie.

They looked at each other across their dinner table, and put back their heads, and laughed till they cried.

Kitty's pregnancy was probably the most sentimental period of her life. She gave up her job when she was in the sixth month, not only because she was beginning to be awkwardly heavy but because, as she said, her mind stopped working. She spent hours taking baby shirts and baby dresses and pillowcases out of the cedar chest where she kept them, and putting them back again. At other times she was overcome by a furious energy that drove her to cleaning out bureau drawers and even, one day, to washing blankets

(Continued on Page 101)



"Georgie takes after his father."


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**IN CANS OR JARS**
**All Spry now has Cake-Improver**

### GLORIA CHOCOLATE CAKE

*Cake-Improver Spry's Easy One-Bowl Method*

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
2½ teaspoons baking powder (with a tartrate powder use 4 teaspoons)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry
1 cup less 2 tablespoons milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten

FOLLOW *Spry's Easy Mixing Method! Only One Bowl to Wash*—Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Drop Spry right in. (No creaming with sugar—that tiresome step you always hated.) Add about ⅔ of milk, then vanilla and beat 150 strokes. Spry blends like magic! Scrape bowl and spoon often throughout entire mixing. Add eggs and beat 250 strokes. Add remaining milk and beat 50 strokes. See the easy-to-beat, easy-to-pour batter new Spry gives you! Bake in two deep 8-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 25-35 minutes. And take marvelously light layers from the oven thanks to New Cake-Improver Spry.

*Glorious Chocolate Frosting.* Combine 2 tablespoons Spry, 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add 2 egg yolks and beat until smooth. Add ¼ cup scalded milk and 3 ounces melted unsweetened chocolate; beat thoroughly until frosting is thick and smooth. Cover tops of layers. Increase one-half to cover sides, too.

*You're SURE to get praise-winning cakes!*

GET in on this grand news if you love cake and compliments . . . New Spry with Cake-Improver is here! . . .

It's modern *magic* for cakes. Spry's secret makes possible a simple, easy new way to mix your cake batter that does away with tiresome creaming and long, hard beating that used to make your arm ache.

Your easy-pouring batter is all ready for the cake pans in ⅔ less mixing time. What's more, all the ingredients go straight into the same bowl. Saves washing dishes!

*Lighter, Super-Delicious Cake*

And Spry's One-Bowl Method gives even beginners sensational success. Light-as-a-feather cakes, delicious, fine-grained, and they keep fresh for days! How happy you'll be when your husband says, "What a wife!" and the youngsters exclaim, "Gee, Mom, you're some cook!"

Remember, Spry's special Cake-Improver is the secret of these wonderful cakes. You can use Spry to advantage in your old family cake recipes, too. *But you can't use other kinds of shortening for Spry's One-Bowl Cakes and expect the marvelous results New Spry can promise you.*



**RELY ON SPRY WHEN YOU BAKE OR FRY.** Get flaky, tender pastry with Spry. Fry the Spry way—without unpleasant smoke or smell—for golden-brown, crispy fried foods, so digestible even the children can eat them. Spry is pure, all-vegetable, all-purpose shortening. It stays fresh on the pantry shelf. Spry, whether in cans or jars, gives you the new Cake-Improver advantage, improves *all* your cooking.

(Continued from Page 99)

"I think I have the nesting instinct," she ld Johnnie quite seriously.

"It's nice you can still be objective about " he said.

Both Johnnie and Crandall were amused the mental and physical changes in her. nat Johnnie should be, she took for granted, ut Crandall surprised her. She saw a great al more of him in those months than she d since Evelyn's marriage, and, besides e amusement, she felt in him a most unex- cted understanding and sympathy.

One day when he came to take her driv- g, she spoke of it: "Crandall, why are you nice to me?"

"Well, I guess because I like you. And I uess because I'm interested. I've never ally known a gal who was having a baby."

Kitty began to laugh. "That's it. You're bserving. Oh, Crandall. Do you know, the fference between you and Johnnie is that ou really like to look at life and he really es to live it."

"Lucky Johnnie," Crandall said.

"Well, yes," said Kitty.

"How about you?"

"I'm a little of both. But of course, just ow, I'm most interested in observing my- lf. Why, Crandall, sometimes I'm amazed. hose naps I take, and lying there after I ake up and thinking of nothing in the most onderful way. And being so proud of my- lf. I know, in my right mind, that I must ok awful, but I just look at myself in the irror and I think, 'My, don't I carry this aby well.'"

"You carry it O.K.," said Crandall.

If Kitty's mother, in Decatur, could have eard this conversation she would have been rrified. As it was, she was delighted with er daughter. When she ot Kitty's letter, she ent to her desk, and took o her neglected pen and egan to write:

*My dear daughter:* Noth- g has pleased me so much your news since you your- lf were born. I am so glad at you and Johnnie are ving a baby while you are still so young. should like to send you the baby's things. nd me a list of what you need and I shall y to fill it in like a good grandmother. That es sound strange. If you would like to come me to have your baby with Doctor Emery the Tremaine Hospital, everyone would delighted and we could make you very mfortable. I imagine you would rather stay th Johnnie. If so, I shall come to New York nen the baby is born. I shall stay at the urray Hill Hotel unless you decide not to ve a nurse after you come home from the spital. I do think that it is better, if possible, have a nurse for a little while, as they start u off on the right foot. Take care of your- lf, and let me know if there is anything that an do for you. You were a lovely baby with llow curls almost from the start, and never ld. I remember Johnnie when he was five nths old. He was like a billiard ball, but he d plenty of manner even then. I hope your by will be just like both of you. My dear ughter, there is nothing like a child in the use.

Your affectionate mother,

ELIZABETH FORBES LATTIMER.

Kitty read this letter aloud to Johnnie at eakfast. Her eyes were blurring when e put it down. "What a nice letter."

Johnnie looked at her, and hesitated, d then spoke. "Kitty, would you like to home to have the baby?"

HE had been thinking about it. While she ad she had been thinking how pleasant, w comfortable it would be. She would lie bed in the morning until she was well ake. If it was cold, Estella would come in close the window and kindle a fire in the ate. By the time breakfast came up on r mother's old wicker tray, the room would warm and delicious. Her mother would me to tell her the telephone news while she e. For the first time in her life, Kitty unted what she had always had till she arried.

She smiled at Johnnie. "I'd rather stay re with you and have the baby in a ward."

He came around the table to kiss her. "You won't have to do that."

Kitty's baby was born toward the end of a cold February day. She woke up very early on that morning and knew at once what had waked her. She hated to wake Johnnie up. She shook him a little.

"Johnnie, it's the baby," she said.

"No," said Johnnie. He rolled over and buried his head in his arms. But then, as though her words had got through to him at last, he sat up quickly. "The baby. Are you all right?"

"Yes." She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "Now I'll call the doctor."

After that, everything seemed to move by schedule. They dressed quickly and then Johnny took up the long-packed suitcase and they went.

KITTY stood inside the iron gate while he ran to the corner for a cab. The snow slanted in at her through the grille. *Yankee baby*, she thought.

Even the taxi driver reacted properly.

"Drive carefully," Johnnie said.

"You don't have to tell me," said the driver.

Kitty sat on the edge of the seat all the long way to the hospital.

"Are you frightened?" asked Johnnie.

"No, but I'm so excited. I'm so glad it's happening. I was beginning to think I was just a fat girl."

At the hospital, excitement died. Kitty was put to bed and Johnnie was sent home to get some sleep.

"Nothing will happen for hours," the nurses said. Nothing did.

At about nine o'clock the doctor came in.

"Well, I'm glad you're here," Kitty said indignantly.

Doctor Kenny grinned. He was a big, fresh-faced, middle-aged man. "Babies sort of like to take their time," he said.

"This one certainly does," said Kitty.

Doctor Kenny grinned again and put his stethoscope back in his pocket and went away. A moment later he stuck his head in the door. "I'll be right here."

Nurses and interns kept coming in and going out again, and at eleven Johnnie came back. He looked freshly bathed and shaven, and very bright-eyed. "I slept," he said in some surprise.

"I wish you'd make them give me my breakfast," said Kitty.

He leaned over and kissed her. His cheek felt cold and hard against hers. "I shouldn't think you'd want to eat. You're having a baby."

"Not so you'd know it," said Kitty.

"Gosh," said Johnnie, "if this is all there is to it, I don't see what all the fuss is about."

The nurse who was taking Kitty's pulse snorted audibly. "I'll live to see you eat those words, Mr. Bates," she said. Then she looked kindly at them both. "It's really just nerves that makes him talk so silly."

"Well, I wish it would hurry," said Kitty.

At twelve-thirty the nurse went downstairs to get her lunch. In a discouraged sort of way, she paused in the doorway to look at Johnnie. "You might as well eat too. Nothing's happening at all."

"You might as well," said Kitty.

When he had gone, she lay quietly, waiting for the small twinges that she'd been having all morning.

After a while Doctor Kenny looked in on her. Her eyes were bright with excitement and there was a row of small white marks where her teeth had clenched on her lower lip.

"Hullo," she said. "It's coming."

"Good girl," he said. He came in and sat in Johnnie's chair. "We'll let you take a few of these pains. They're what bring babies."

She closed her eyes tight and set her lips against a moan.

He got up and stood beside the bed. "Hang on to my hand." No man on earth had ever seemed to her so strong and wise and kind.

**The most important emotion to preserve in maturity is the enjoyment of enjoyment.**

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: In Your Life.





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The nurse came back, and then Johnnie came and stood unimportantly just inside the door.

"Why don't you wait in the sitting room, Mr. Bates?" said Doctor Kenny.

"All right," said Johnnie in a very pale voice.

Somewhere, Kitty found a smile for him. "I'm fine, Johnnie."

"You're a good girl," said Doctor Kenny. To the nurse he said, "You might as well take her in."

Then the pain and the excitement. Then nothing.

She opened her eyes and she was back in her bed. The covers were piled high on her and still she was a little cold. Johnnie tiptoed forward.

"Hullo," he said.

"Hullo. Wasn't I successful?"

"You were wonderful." He bent down and kissed her, lightly, as though she might break.

"I want to see the baby," said Kitty.

The nurse was suddenly in the picture again. She was beside Johnnie, shaking her head. "Mrs. Bates, you must go to sleep."

"I want to see him," Kitty said.

"Wait a minute," said the nurse.

"Kitty," Johnnie said. His eyes were sunken and burning in his haggard face. "Kitty, it's a lovely baby. Miss Neff says it's one of the nicest babies she's ever seen."

Miss Neff wheeled in a miniature crib. The whole thing was covered by a little blue blanket. At one end there was a square white placard which read: "Baby Boy Bates."

"Kitty," said Johnnie desperately, "it's a beautiful baby."

Miss Neff pulled down the blanket.

He was a tiny baby and very red and wrinkled. His head was rather the shape of a pineapple and his nose was flat on his face and his ears seemed crumpled. He looked about right.

Kitty began to laugh. "Oh, Johnnie, poor Johnnie." Laughing, she went to sleep.

They named the baby David Lattimer Bates, both for Crandall and for Kitty's father.

Johnnie came to the hospital every day after work, and stretched out in the comfortable chair while Kitty told him about the flowers, the presents and the visitors. Afterward he always thought of those two weeks as a sort of lapse in time during which Kitty ceased to be his wife and became only a pretty creature who lived in a hospital bed. Of paternal feelings he could discover in himself none whatsoever, except pride, but he rather thought that would change later on. Kitty assured him of it.

"Every time they bring him in to me I like him even better," she said.

To her, in retrospect, the days she spent in the hospital were like a dream of idle and luxurious bliss. Once when she complained of having to stay in bed when she felt so well, her mother said, "Kitty, you are having a delightful time. Do, child, enjoy it."

MRS. LATTIMER had arrived in New York when the baby was a week old. Each time her mother came to the hospital, Kitty was struck anew by her quality. *I've always thought she was charming*, she thought, *but I never knew she had so much style.* Every day, after Mrs. Lattimer had kissed Kitty, she sat down in the straight chair. When she sat, she crossed her ankles and let her hands lie loosely in her lap.

Once she said, "I find it very trying always to look at my grandchild through a pane of glass. I know he has the Forbes hands, but the nurse will never hold them up long enough for me to see."

Kitty said, "We'll be home soon and then you can have him all you like."

Mrs. Lattimer shook her head. "I'm going to see you settled. Then I'm going home."

"But, mother ——"

"This New York is no place for me. I'm too old."

"I was just thinking how you suit it."

"Do Lord," said Mrs. Lattimer. Then she said, "Besides, I don't think grandmothers should be around to tell people how to do."

"You wouldn't."

"I might," said Mrs. Lattimer.

She went back to Decatur the day after Johnnie took a long lunch hour in order to taxi his wife, his son and the baby nurse home to Bank Street. The nurse was to sleep on the studio couch and the baby, in his bassinet, was to be with her at night and with Kitty in the daytime.

Mrs. Lattimer viewed the arrangements with considerable sang-froid. Gloved and hatted, ready to go, she sat down for a moment at the foot of Kitty's bed. "Kitty, I can't abide that woman, so I'm sure she's an excellent nurse. Keep her as long as you can."

"Two weeks," said Kitty.

"That's not enough," said her mother. She got up and kissed Kitty. "Good-by, daughter. Be very good to Johnnie now."

"But I always am," said Kitty.

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Lattimer.

Two weeks later, the first night after the nurse left, Kitty remembered this. Why, she didn't quite know.

"It's good to be alone again," she said. She lay in bed with her head in its familiar place against Johnnie's shoulder. She felt full of peace and contentment and capability.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *The Subtle Year*

**BY NATHANIEL BURT**

**Now the subtle year**
**Blushes green, and the earth**
**Moves to glory as the clear**
**Rains kiss it into birth.**

**The dogwood mist is swooning white;**
**The grass springs brilliant to the lawn;**
**And sweeter glows the star-hung night**
**Between the hands of dusk and dawn.**

**And in my heart there stirs anew**
**A faint, pipe-silver bud of song**
**That, blossoming, shall break for you**
**In trumpetings, shrill-sweet and long.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Over in the corner, out of drafts, the baby's bassinet gleamed white. "Only, of course, we'll never really be so alone again."

"That little job over there."

"Sally Parsons was here today. We talked about our children."

Johnnie laughed.

"Well, but you know, it's really amazing how much fun it is to talk to other parents and the way they sort of rally round. You find out all sorts of things about people. It's like being let into a club you didn't know existed."

"It's certainly pleasant to have you and your conversation back."

"Johnnie, I don't want to change. I don't want to be like Sally Parsons, all wrapped up in my children and sort of down-at-the-heel. If you ever see me getting that way, give me a jolt."

"I will," said Johnnie.

Sometimes, in the next few months, it seemed to Kitty that all she did was to give the baby a bottle and take a nap, and give the baby a bottle and take a nap, and so on and so on. Actually, most of the time, she was enjoying herself. Even the early-morning feeding was mitigated by the facts that David was at his nicest, and that sunrise is a very pretty thing to see. That was the winter that Johnnie ate breakfast at the drugstore, so that she could go back to sleep till it was time to bathe David. Though he offered, she never let Johnnie take her place at six in the morning; but sometimes at night, if she went to bed early, he would take care of his son at ten o'clock. She would rouse, then, to give sleepy directions and, half awake, she would see how relaxed David was in the strong masculine hands and how the small, downy head nodded confidently against the big shoulder. All the time he fed the baby, Johnnie talked to him in a stiff-lipped monotone. Once Kitty thought, *Just the way he talks to a puppy.*

It wasn't long before she found out that fat Nellie, who came in at twelve now instead of at two, could be trusted to give the baby a bottle and even to make the sacred formula. Except that, if they went out, they always had to get someone to stay with David, their life together soon began to go on in a fair version of its accustomed manner.

SUNDAY-MORNING leisure seemed gone forever, but in every possible way it was Kitty's pride to have things as they always had been. Nothing seemed really very interesting or important to her except what concerned her child and her child's father, and she was happiest when her family was all together and alone. She talked less than ever before, because what she had to say was of so limited an interest, and because for the first time in her life she had no desire to express her emotions and her attitudes in words. Later on, when she could analyze, she thought of those months as a time when the fire was lit and the curtains drawn. It was almost a year before she became, again, a sharply cut individual.

A great many things happened before then. For one thing, it was the year of the bank holiday, which failed to affect Johnnie and Kitty in any except a rather pleasurable and exciting way. After the first flurry, Kitty found out that her credit with the grocer and the butcher was good, and Johnnie found out that walking to work made him feel wonderful. They had had very little money on hand.

"People are really charming to people with babies," Kitty said.

Crandall, who came in often those nights, snorted with laughter, but Johnnie shook his head seriously.

"No," he said, "these things just don't affect people like us very much. Why, since we've been married we've been through a crash and a depression and it's all made very little difference to us, because we had nothing to begin with and never expected anything to fall into our laps. These are our times, and we're living through them and getting along, in proportion, as well as the young and poor generally do. We're really lucky to have started on a shoestring. Later on, when you get places, it must hurt terribly to retrench."

"And so you're going to get places?"

Johnnie slid down in his chair and stretched out his legs and smiled. "Sure."

In June of that year, Crandall finished his play and promptly sold an option on it. In July, Johnnie got another raise and a two-weeks vacation. This the young Bateses spent in a beach shack on Fire Island which they rented through their friend, Brian Scholz, who, having stopped being a customer's man, was now, more or less tentatively, a real-estate man.

"Now Brian," said Johnnie, going on with his theory, "is the kind of person bad times hurt. He *banked* on prosperity. It's a darn good thing for him he married a hardheaded gal like Lisa. Though I bet he didn't think so at the time."

It was the first time Kitty had left her child, who stayed at home with the expensive baby nurse; and, to her immense surprise, during those two weeks of sun and beach and sea she often forgot that she had him. Once, even, it was Johnnie who said, "Hadn't we better telephone about the kid?" It was only on the way home that she suddenly had a frantic feeling that she couldn't get there fast enough. She was never again, however, so completely wrapped up in David as she had been for those first few months.

The tan she had acquired at Fire Island was immensely becoming, and she began to

*(Continued on Page 104)*



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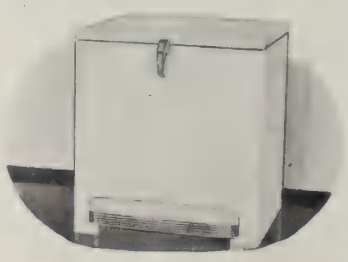
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*(Continued from Page 102)*

realize with great pleasure that she had never looked so well in her life. One night she saw Johnnie watching her as she examined herself in the mirror. She turned to him, smiling and half embarrassed.

"I've changed," she said. "What is it?"

"You're luscious," said Johnnie. "When did you get luscious, Mrs. Bates?"

"Do you like it?"

"I love it," said Johnnie.

In September, Evelyn had a baby girl who was promptly named Lattimer Bates.

In October, Johnnie and Kitty moved because David needed a room of his own and would soon need a park. When they first spoke of leaving Bank Street they both felt sad.

"It's the end of an era," Johnnie said.

But Kitty said, "Oh, Johnnie, it needn't be. We needn't change. Just moving uptown needn't make us different."

He took her by the elbows and kissed her on the cheek, as though she were a child. "We're changing all the time. We're older and we're parents. And we have ambitions."

"I haven't. Not new ones, anyway."

"Well, I have," said Johnnie. "I want to make a lot of dough."

"What for?"

"For you and David. And for me too. I want to be a success. I want to be the best advertising man in New York."

She looked at him. He stood against the wall. His hands were in his pockets and his body was thrust forward. His blue eyes were sparkling. She thought of the first time she had seen him, standing just so, beside the mantelpiece in her mother's sitting room.

"And I still want to finish my book," said Johnnie. "And I refuse to live in the nineties. We must never live in the nineties."

"Oh, Johnnie," said Kitty. She was in his arms. They were laughing.

In the end they compromised by taking a remodeled apartment on Beekman Place. There was plenty of sun and air, and a small hall bedroom for David.

That was long before the water-front parks were built along the East River, but even then the baby carriages of the neighborhood gathered in the parklike dead ends over the river, and that was where Kitty took David each day. In an unexciting sort of way it was a pleasant enough proceeding.

At the end of a year the Bateses moved again. Johnnie was making a very fair salary now and it suddenly seemed imperative to have a maid who slept in.

"If I see just one more baby-sitter, I shall scream," said Kitty.

"And think," said Johnnie, "of Sunday mornings."

This time they moved to Eighty-fifth Street, just off Lexington Avenue. There were two master bedrooms and two baths, and a large living room and a real kitchen and a very small maid's room and bath. There was also an elevator.

JOHNNIE'S mother sent them a few pieces of beautiful old furniture and, building around these, Kitty did a very good job of decorating. When she had finished she could only stand and admire.

Johnnie laughed at her. "It costs too much, and I doubt anyone will come to see us up here, but it certainly is pretty."

"Johnnie, it's so wonderful to have the kitchen in the right place and the bathroom in the right place."

Johnnie grinned. "Bath*rooms*," he said.

It turned out a good thing that they were well equipped for entertaining, because the second winter that they lived on Eighty-fifth Street, Crandall's play was finally produced. What with that, and their own increasing affluence, the Bateses' social horizons began to spread out like an accordion.

Crandall's play was a hit. On the opening night, Kitty and Johnnie sat in the fifth row center. At the end of the first act they turned to each other with the tears of mirth in their eyes. Above the applause Kitty said, "But it's wonderful."

For an instant, then, there was an unexpected look on Johnnie's face. Almost, it was envy; almost, chagrin.

Kitty laid her hand on his. She wanted to say, "What has Crandall got but this?" She was silent and, as quickly as it had come, the look was gone.

"Let's go find this funny guy," said Johnnie.

After it all was over, they had supper with Crandall and Jack Rugg, the director, and most of the cast, and later they and Rugg and the leading lady went back to Crandall's apartment and waited for the notices to come out in the morning papers. It was a long, exciting night full of food and coffee and talk. It suited Jack Rugg, whom neither of them had met before. Johnnie said he seemed an odd duck, but amusing. Kitty smiled and said nothing. Kitty had known from the moment that Rugg looked at her from under his lowering black eyebrows that he thought she was wonderful.

EVELYN, in Decatur, didn't see a review of Crandall's play until the next afternoon. Though her husband subscribed to The New York Times, Evelyn rarely looked at it, but on this day she took up the paper as soon as it came and carried it with her to her sitting room. When she had finished reading, she put the paper down and went to her desk. On a sheet of her pale-gray notepaper she wrote:

**It is in his own interest the cat purrs.** —PROVERB.

*Dear David:* I am so glad about the play.

Sincerely,

EVELYN LATTIMER BATES.

Some time after Crandall got this letter, he called on Kitty. "I've heard from Evelyn." He handed her the note.

Kitty read it. "Oh, Crandall."

"It was nice of her, wasn't it?"

Kitty looked up at him. "Oh, Crandall, how she must have loved writing to you."

He shook his head. "I'll never understand women. Forever probing the wound."

"Does it still bother you, Crandall?"

"Well, I talk about it, don't I?"

Kitty tilted her head. "Crandall, I don't know what to do about Jack Rugg."

His eyebrows went up.

"No," said Kitty. "It's just that he's going into producing and he wants me to read plays for him."

"Why not? If you have the time."

"I have the time. And I'd love to work again. It's just that I don't *know*."

"Come clean, Mrs. Bates," said Crandall.

"It's nothing," Kitty said. "He's been up here a few times and once, when he asked us to go out to dinner with him, Johnnie had to take some clients carousing, but I went anyway. Johnnie didn't mind and I had a wonderful time. I felt so impressive. And yesterday he asked me to have lunch to talk about this job. Crandall, he really couldn't be nicer, and he treats me as though I were made of glass."

"Look, baby, work for Jack Rugg, but don't flirt with him. He's really not like anyone you know."

"Well, that's what I like," said Kitty. "And I never flirt."

"Yes, you do," said Crandall.

"Why, Crandall."

"You always have, sort of naturally, but now it's a little different because you're in the process of changing from our pretty little Kitty to the lovely Mrs. Bates."

"Crandall, you playwright."

"So you look out you don't go to your own head."

She smiled at him. It might be true, but it wasn't entirely uncomplimentary. "Uncle Crandall, I may flirt, but I *never* go out in the garden."

It was just then that the front door opened. David was back from the park. When he saw his mother and Crandall in the living room, he started away from the maid and flung himself first on one and then on the other. As she hugged him, Kitty laid her cheek against the soft baby hair.

*(Continued on Page 106)*

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Springfield Citizen's Dairy
Lynn Guernsey Farm
Stow Stow Dairy
Toledo Babcock Dairy Co.
Wooster Ideal Dairy
Youngstown Sanitary Milk

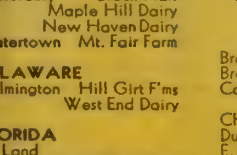
**PENNSYLVANIA (Con.)**
Lebanon Hershey Choc. Co.
Lewistown Pure Milk Co.
Mechanicsb'g Konhaus F'm
Monongahela Hank's Dairy
Mapleview
Norristown Holiday Dairy
Levengood Dairy
Parkers Landing
Parker's View Farm
Phila. Breuninger's Dairy
(Main Line) Brookmead
Pittsburgh Lewis Dairies
Page Milk Co.
Pottstown Levengood Dairy
Sunny Slope Dairy
Pottsville J. H. Brokoff

**VERMONT**
Bennington Fillmore Far
Brattleboro
Shaw-Bellville Dairy C
Springfield Estey's Da
**VIRGINIA**
Alexandria Dairy Produc
Bristol Pinemont Far
Denbigh Burkholder Da
Fairfax Willowmere Far
Fredericksb'g Farmers C
Galax Round Hill Fa
Kenbridge Guernsey Da
Lynchburg Westover Da
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GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk comes only from fine Guernsey cows, is produced on carefully selected farms, and is always kept separate! The words GOLDEN GUERNSEY are the certificate of GOLDEN GUERNSEY, Inc., a non-profit agricultural corporation, that milk so marked conforms to its own high standards as well as to requirements of local and state health authorities. Ask your own milkman about GOLDEN GUERNSEY soon. Let your family learn what America is discovering — GOLDEN GUERNSEY, that *special* milk, is consistently better, consistently better-tasting!


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eblo City Park Dairy
Loving's Guernsey Dairy

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nsonia Brock-Hall
ron Wood Ford Farm
thel The Rider Dairy
idgeport Brock-Hall
Dewhirst Dairy
nbury The Rider Dairy
rien
rden's Sunny Valley F'ms
rfield Brock-Hall
reens Farms Nyala Farm
reenwich Round Hill Farm
rden's Sunny Valley F'ms
artford Bryant & Chapman
H. P. Hood
iddletown
Brock's Lakeview
ilford Brock-Hall
lark D.—New Haven D.
augatuck Brock-Hall
d Oak F.—New Haven D.
ew Haven Brock-Hall
Clark Dairy, Inc.
New Haven Dairy
amford
rden's Sunny Valley F'ms
aterbury Brock-Hall
Maple Hill Dairy
New Haven Dairy
atertown Mt. Fair Farm

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ilmington Hill Girt F'ms
West End Dairy

**LORIDA**
Land
Greenhutch Dairy Farm
acksonville Dinsmore Dairy
inter Park Lakemont Dairy

**LINOIS**
hicago Bowman Dairy
anville Bredehoft Dairy
ecatur Ridgelydale Dairy

**INDIANA (Con.)**
Valparaiso Blalock Dairy

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Davenport Wyanet Farms
Fort Dodge Creamery Co.

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Harlan Chappell's Dairy
Louisville Cherokee S. Milk
Owensboro Model D'y, Inc.
Princeton Cream & Butter
Winchester Marsh Dairy Co.

**MAINE**
Anson A. H. Ouellette
Farmington Richvale Farm
Kingfield Maple Lane Farm
Madison A. H. Ouellette

**MARYLAND**
Baltimore Green Spring D'y
Church Hill Kennersley F'm
Frederick Ideal Farms Dairy
Hagerstown Eden Plains D.
Woodside Hall Farms
Hyattsville Harvey Dairy
Port Deposit Mt. Ararat F'ms
Rockville Sycamore Dairy
Salisbury City Dairy
Homestead Dairy
Williamsport
Woodside Hall

**MASSACHUSETTS**
Boston and Vicinity
Deerfoot F.—White Bros.
H. P. Hood & Sons
Wethersfield Farm
Whiting Milk Co.
Bradford Robert H. Sawyer
Brockton H. P. Hood
Cape Cod H. P. Hood
White Brothers
Chicopee F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Duxbury White Brothers
E. Bridgewater H. P. Hood
Fitchburg Tri-City CoOp.
Framingham Deerfoot Farms
Sunshine Dairy
Gloucester Dr. Babson Farm
Greenf'ld Sheldegren Farm
Haverhill Rob't. H. Sawyer
Holyoke F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Shadylawn Farm

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Springfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
General Ice Cream Corp.
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Taunton H. P. Hood
Westfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Worcester Deerfoot Farms
Hillcrest Dairy
Jensen's Wayside Dairy
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**MICHIGAN**
Bay City Bay City Dairy
Flint Genesee Dairy
Grand Rapids Rosemont F.
Kalamazoo Lockshore Farm
Lansing Heatherwood Farm
Midland Dairy Co.
Rochester Great Oaks Dairy
Saginaw Huebner Dairy
Saginaw Dairy

**MINNESOTA**
Austin Marigold Dairies
Barnum Barnum Creamery
Duluth Bay View Dairy
Faribault Marigold Dairies
Farmington Brandtjen Farms
Mankato H. N. Best & Son
Marigold Dairies
Minneapolis Ewald Bros.
Moorhead Fairmont Cr'y.
Owatonna Marigold D'ries
Pipestone Allen Gewecke
Rochester Marigold Dairies
St. Paul Sanitary Dairies
Winona Marigold Dairies

**MISSISSIPPI**
Gulfport Robinwood Farm
Horn Lake Gayoso Farms
Stoneville
Walker Farm Dairy

**MISSOURI**
Jefferson City
Vogel's Guernsey Farm
St. Louis St. Louis Dairy

**MONTANA**
Billings Billings Dairy

**NEBRASKA**
Lincoln Skyline Dairy
Omaha Roberts Dairy

**NEVADA**
Reno Model Dairy

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**

**NEW JERSEY (Con.)**
Haddon Heights Abbotts D.
Hightstown Conover's-
Hightstown Guernsey D'y
Hillside (with Elizabeth)
Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Irvington Alderney Dairy
Mt. Vernon Farms
Phil Knorr—Sunrise D.
Port Murray Dairy
Kearney Mt. Vernon Farms
Linden Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Madison
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Medford Locust Lane Dairy
Mendham Audley Farms
Merchantville Abbotts D.
Millside Farms
Parks Dairies, Inc.
Metuchen Wood Brook F'ms
Midland Park Franklin Lake
Millburn
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Middlesex & Union Counties
Forsgate Farms, Inc.
Moorestown Locust Lane
Newark Alderney Dairy
Mt. Vernon
Sunrise—Wood Brook
New Brunswick Krauzer's
Kreiger—Mayer's Sanitary
Middlesex Farm—Paulus
—Schmidt's—Wood Brook
No. Arlington Forest Dairy
Paterson Franklin Lake
Peapack-Gladstone Dairy
Perth Amboy Wood Brook
Supreme Milk Cream
Plainfield Sunrise Dairies
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Wood Brook Farms
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Van Schoick's Dairy
Port Murray Dairy
Princeton Rockwood Dairy
Rahway Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Ridgewood Franklin Lake
Camden County Abbotts D.
Millside F.—Parks D'ries
Roselle Roselle Park
Sunrise D.—Wood Brook F.

**NEW YORK (Con.)**
Clayton Merle L. Youngs
Harrison Dellwood Dairy
Hoosick Falls Fillmore F'ms
Irvington Dellwood Dairy
Mamaroneck Dellwood D.
Mt. Vernon Dellwood D'ry
Newburgh Forge Hill Farm
New Rochelle Dellw'd D'y
Oswego Oswego Dairy
Pattersonville W.W. Jeffers
Plattsburg Dairy Co.
Rochester Schreiner Milk
Nakoma F.D.—Hudson D.
Rye Dellwood Dairy
Scarsdale Dellwood Dairy
Schenectady Connelly Bros.
Syracuse Guernsey Co-Op.
Tarrytown Dellwood Dairy
Troy Collar City Creamery
Utica Sunshine Dairy
White Plains Dellwood D'y
Yonkers Dellwood Dairy
**NORTH CAROLINA**
Asheville Southern Dairies
Boone New River Dairy
Brevard Transylvania D'ries
Concord Clear Springs Farm
Durham Durham Dairy
Elkin Klondike Farm
Hendersonville
McNaughton Farms
High Point Clover Brand
Lexington Coble Dairies
Mount Airy
Dan Valley Farm
Mt. Pleasant Green Hills
Roanoke Rapids
Chockoyette Farm
Winston-Salem Selected D'y
**NORTH DAKOTA**
Fargo Fairmont Creamery
**OHIO**
Akron Akron Pure Milk
Belle Isle F.—Mountrose D.
Chestnut Ridge Dairy
Canton Superior Dairy
Cincinnati Opekasit Farms
G. H. Berling Dairy Co.
J. H. Berling Dairy
Cleveland Suburbs
Dairymen's O. Farmers'
O. A. Dean Dairy Co.
Franchester Farms
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**OKLAHOMA**
Ardmore Primrose Farm
Tom Cooper Farms
Enid Jerry Oven Farm
Oklahoma City
Meadow Lodge Farms

**OREGON**
Medford Cloverhill Farm
Portland Fairview Farms
Shedd Prairie Rose Dairy

**PENNSYLVANIA**
Allentown Hess Lehigh
Altoona J. E. Harshbarger
Ambler Meyer's Dairy
Ambridge Taylor Milk Co.
Beaver Falls Bonnie View
Berwick Berwick Creamery
Berwyn Chesterbrook Farm
Bethlehem Mowrer's Dairy
Big Run William Irvin Co.
Brockport Keystone Dairy
Butler Moser's Dairy
Carbondale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Chadds Ford Hill Girt Farms
Chambersburg Dairy
Chester Miller-Flounders
Cornwall Fairview Farms
Donora Triumphant Dairy
Doylestown Smith's San. D'y
Gardenville Farms
Easton Meyer's Dairy
Easton Sanitary Milk Co.
Elizabeth Mentor Farms
Ellwood City Fisher's D'y
Erie Fromknecht Dairy
Yaple's Dairy
Fayette City Patterson D'y
Greensburg Rathgeb's D'y
Silvis Farms
Hamburg Paul R. Kohler
Smith's Model Dairy
Harrisburg Dairies
Hatboro Ivycrest Dairies
Hazleton S. C. Price
Modern Sanitary Dairy
Honesdale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Hummelstown Geo. Fromm
Indiana Indiana Dairy Co.
Jenkintown Taylor's Dairy
Johnstown Sanitary Dairy
Somerset Dairy Co.
Kane Ideal Farms

**PENNSYLVANIA (Con.)**
Pulaski Pleasant Acres
Quarryville Norwood F'ms
Reading Clover Farms
St. Lawrence Dairy
Red Lion Warners Dairy
Roxborough Missimer-
Wood-Narcissa Dairies
Scranton Glendale Farms
Shamokin Sanitary Milk
Shippenville Gruber & Son
Sligo Shook's Dairy
Spring City
Sunny Slope Dairy, Inc.
Tamaqua Emerich's Dairy
Terre Hill White Oak Farm
Tunkhan'ck Shadow Brook
Uniontown Garner Dairy
Friendship Hill Dairy
Wayne Brookmead Dairies
Waynesboro Antietam Farm
West Chester Eachus Dairy
Wilkes-Barre Glendale F'ms
Goodleigh Farms
Wilkinsburg Chas. G. Turner
Williamsport Milk Products
York Warner's Dairy
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Cranston H. P. Hood
Pawtucket H. P. Hood
Providence H. P. Hood
Warwick H. P. Hood
Woonsocket H. P. Hood

**SOUTH CAROLINA**
Charleston West End Dairy
Chester Hillbright Dairy
Columbia Edisto Farms Dairy
Greenwood
Greenwood Dairy Farm
Hartsville
Coker Pedigreed Seed Co.
Moncks Corner Gippy Ptn.

**SOUTH DAKOTA**
Sioux Falls Lakeside Dairy

**TENNESSEE**
Bristol Pinemont Farms
Memphis Gayoso Farms

**TEXAS**
Dallas Cabell's, Inc.
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**UTAH**
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Pulaski Buena Vista
Radford
Clover Creamery Co.,
Richmond Curles Neck
Richmond D.—Virgini
Roanoke Clover Crea
Garst Bros. D.—Roanok
Staunton Augusta D's.
Urbana Rosegill
Virginia Beach Bayvill
Williamsburg
Pleasant Walk
**WASHINGTON, D.**
Thompson's D.—Wakefi
**WASHINGTON**
Bellingham Hillview
Bremerton Price's G.
Olympia Meyer's
Port Orchard Price's
Seattle Marymoor
Golden Arrow
Vancouver Golden We
Middale Guernsey
**WEST VIRGINIA**
Charleston
Imperial Ice Crean
**WISCONSIN**
Appleton Schaefer
Ashland Howard
Chippewa Falls
Clover Dair
Eau Claire Uecke
Dolly Madison D
Fond du Lac Luxerin
Green Bay Delwiche
Kaukauna Modern
Kenosha Milk Pro's. Co
La Crosse Dolly Ma
Madison Bowman Far
Manitowac Sorge
Menasha Gear Dair
Milwaukee G
Guernsey Dairy Co
Oconomowoc Shorelc
Racine Progressive
Stevens Pt. Altenburg
Superior Russell Cre
Tomahawk Ta-Ma-A
Waukesha Fox's G'nse
Wausau Bridgeman-R
West Bend Decorah Fa
Wisconsin Rapids
Wis. Valley Cre

# o sugar...just spice...makes Bran muffins nice



Sugarless Muffins

**NABISCO BRAN SPICE MUFFINS**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran | 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour | ½ tsp. nutmeg |
| 1 cup milk | 3¾ tsp. salt | |
| 2 eggs | 3 tsp. baking powder | ¼ cup melted shortening |
| ¼ cup molasses | ½ tsp. cinnamon | 12 walnut-meat halves |

Soak Nabisco 100% Bran in milk 5 min. Beat eggs; add with molasses. Sift dry ingredients, add to bran mixture. Stir only until well mixed. Add shortening. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Place nutmeat on each muffin. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 30 min. Makes 12 spicy, fluffy muffins. *Light* and *fine in texture* because they're made with Nabisco 100% Bran that's *finer milled* to give you the perfect muffins you dream about! (Help furnish *diet-bulk* that's so often needed by adults.)

# A dandy dish to start the day...



Cereals

**NABISCO BRAN WITH HONEY-MILK***

*2 tsp. liquid honey to each cup top milk

Good-good—this grand, *new* way to get Nabisco 100% Bran's important iron, phosphorus, Vitamin B₁. And a simple, *good-tasting* way to provide diet-bulk . . . help relieve constipation due to lack of bulk-food! *Finer-milled*, Nabisco 100% Bran's *mild . . . gentle in action*. Really *"easy-on-you"*. Of highest quality because Nabisco uses only the best bran, processed in its own flour mills.

*Eat Nabisco 100% Bran regularly. See your physician if your condition persists.*

NABISCO 100% BRAN FINER MILLED

# Favorite for Flavor... this finer-milled Bran

One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
NAtional BIScuit COmpany




*(Continued from Page 104)*

"My fine, fat friend," she said. "I guess you're what I really like."

"Well, O.K.," said Crandall.

It would probably have ended at that if Kitty and Johnnie hadn't gone to a party that night. During the evening, Kitty's eye happened to light on her husband. It had long been their pride that at parties they saw nothing of each other, but it was always pleasant, once or twice during the evening, to see what the other was up to. Then, going home, you could say, "You were having fun," or "Weren't you stuck with Mrs. O'Brian, though."

This particular night Johnnie wasn't stuck at all. He was concentrating on a dark woman in a red dress. She was laughing softly, and she was enjoying herself. Kitty smiled. And then, perhaps because of her conversation with Crandall, she looked again.

*Why, he's turning it on*, she thought. *All that charm.* It was a long time since Johnnie had turned it on for her. She hadn't quite realized that it still existed. *But I don't for him either. We don't need to. We have something much better.*

Nevertheless, when, in the taxi going home, Johnnie said, "You had a good time. I watched you," she answered:

"Johnnie, I feel stuffy. I think I'd like a job again. Jack Rugg wants me to read for him. Would you mind?"

He was silent a moment. Then he said, "What about the boy?"

"He's really old enough for nursery school," said Kitty.

"That baby."

"Or I can use some of my money to get Nellie in to do the housework and Vera can take him in the mornings too. It's only a part-time job. I won't neglect you and David. And I'd really like to do something with my head."

Johnnie laughed. "Do it if you want." It was only when they got back to the apartment that Johnnie said, "Oughtn't we to be having another child pretty soon?"

"I've been thinking about it. But I feel so wonderful. Let's wait a little."

"Time enough," said Johnnie.

She hesitated, and then she frowned. "Johnnie, we never have any money left over. I don't k..ow why. You make more."

"We spend it. Perhaps we should budget or something."

"I will if you will," she said.

Working for Jack Rugg turned out to be an exciting business, and Kitty found that she spent more time in the dark little office on Forty-fourth Street than she had expected to. Besides Rugg and herself, the only members of the office force were a tough, good-humored blonde who was a combination telephone girl and secretary and a tough, emaciated young man who seemed to do a little of everything. Both of them were remarkably efficient and both of them treated Kitty with a casual familiarity which ended by pleasing her very much. They always referred to her as "the visiting lady," but when they spoke to her, they called her "darling." The only person who came into the office who didn't call her "darling" was Jack Rugg. She soon noticed, and with some degree of pleasure, that this made her an exception to his rule.

She was, on the whole, quite satisfied with the way things were turning out. She liked her work, and the people she met through Rugg were fascinating to her. People in the theater, she found, talked a great deal about only one subject—which was the theater. It was, she thought, like being let into still another club. When she tried to explain this to Johnnie, he said he thought it sounded pretty dull and why didn't she stop if she wanted to. Something kept her from saying, "But it's not dull if you're in it. It's fun."

Another thing she couldn't explain to Johnnie was Jack Rugg; and, actually, there was nothing to explain. Rugg couldn't, she








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knew, have been more businesslike in his treatment of her, but somehow, even while discussing scripts, he contrived to make her feel cherished.

*It's nothing you can put your finger on*, she thought. *And I don't flirt. And I really handle things very well. And I have my job, at which I'm very good.* She was putting on her hat preparatory to going down to the office, and she leaned forward and smiled at herself in the mirror. She looked very pretty and the smile grew wider. *And besides, a little admiration is good for a girl my age.*

She was, of course, having her cake and eating it too, and enjoying the process very much. The pattern of her life was perfect, exactly as she had always thought life should be—full and exciting and even breathless.

She couldn't have been less prepared than she was for the changes in it which Johnnie suggested one evening. She was late that night, though she took a taxi, and she found him at home when she got there.

**An inherited famous name often equals that suit of clothes which had been tailored for a father and is too large for the son to wear.**

"Oh, Johnnie, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't go down till after lunch and I got held up. People talk so much."

"Including Mrs. Bates," said Johnnie from the sofa. "Come here. David's having his supper and I want to tell you something."

She went over and kissed him and sat down by his side. The room was warm and expectant, as though it had been waiting all day to be lived in. Kitty smiled. "Mrs. Bates, having done a very good day's work, sat down on her lovely sofa beside her delightful and desirable husband while she waited for her enchanting little boy to finish eating his cereal, his applesauce and his cooky." She let her head slide against the back of the sofa until it rested against Johnnie's shoulder. "Isn't this heaven?"

"Look, Kitty," Johnnie said, "would you mind very much if you sort of had to fall out of heaven? I mean leaving all this behind and starting from scratch again?" His voice wasn't casual at all.

Kitty sat up straight and stared at him. "Why, Johnnie. Why, what do you mean?"

Johnnie was looking straight ahead. "Look, baby, I want you to listen to me and tell me what you think. This guy, Douglas Tenney, down at Washburn and Higgins, wants to open his own office and he wants me to go in with him. He's a good guy. I'd have to borrow quite a lot of money to put in, and for a while we'd be poor. We'd have to give up all this and Vera, but I think we could have Nellie a few hours the way we used to. And you'd have to give up that job, because it's really sort of a liability, and in the end everything may come out all right or not. If not, we'd just be flat broke and me with no job. But I'd sort of like to try it; I've got some ideas. Now, what do you think?"

"I think it's crazy."

He got up and went to the fireplace, and stood looking into it and stirring the little logs with his toe.

"It's so irresponsible," Kitty said. "We have a child and not a cent to fall back on."

"Of course you're right. I really thought so too." She heard his tight voice and, as he turned, she saw his tight, blank face. *Oh, what have I done?* she thought.

"Johnnie," she said. "I didn't mean it. I was wrong. You must do it. I'll scrub and clean and do anything I can."

"Forget it," Johnnie said.

She got up and went to stand beside him. "Johnnie, please. It's important. You wanted me to back you up and I didn't."

"Look, baby, just because you think I'm disappointed you don't have to put on an act. Your first reaction was what I wanted to see. I've seen it, so now we can drop the whole business."

"Johnnie, please," she said.





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He reached out, and for the first time in their lives he patted her shoulder. "Oh, forget it," he said again. There was no talk between them.

Kitty thought, *What's happening? Why, what's happening to us?*

The next day, as the result of a sleepless night, she gave up her job. It turned out a more spectacular performance than she had expected.

She was sitting at Rugg's desk, finishing her last report, when he came in. "Jack," she said, "I might as well tell you. I'm resigning."

He closed the door behind him. "What was that?" he said.

"You see, it takes lots more time than I thought it would. I hate to quit on you, but last night I realized I'd been neglecting my child and my husband."

Rugg came forward and sat on the edge of the desk. "This isn't at all the way things were meant to turn out, is it?"

Honestly and unwisely Kitty said, "No, I suppose not."

He leaned forward and picked her out of her chair and kissed her on the mouth.

Kitty was startled, but not outraged. She stood for a moment quietly inside the circle of his arms, then she said, "Let me go, Jack."

"No," he replied.

"If you don't let me go, I'll have to kick."

He gave a sort of snort then, and dropped his arms. "You can always make me laugh."

Kitty backed across the room to the door. *What I should do*, she thought, *is get right out of here. But I can't.* "Jack," she said, "will you tell me just why you offered me this job?"

"Sure. I was nuts about you and it was the only way I could think of to see a lot of you. And I thought if you were around me all the time you'd end by falling for me. People have before now."

Kitty could feel the blood come up in her face. "I turned out to be a good reader."

He sat himself down wearily in the chair behind his desk. "You're a swell reader. But that isn't why you took the job, is it?"

"No. I knew what it was all about, only I never really faced it. I've been a very silly and stupid girl—no, woman. At my age one's a woman. I guess I was a little bored, and when you liked me I was so flattered, and this seemed exciting and different and it never even occurred to me I couldn't handle you. I never really thought about it. I guess I thought you'd go on sort of dangerously admiring me forever and I'd go on being a coveted object. I'm just a fool."

"How you talk," said Rugg.

"Of course a little of it was that I wanted a job, and of course I knew I'd be good at it. But that wasn't it really. I could have had lots of jobs before now."

"You're so honest," Rugg said. He picked up a paper clip and carefully straightened it. "How much do you like me?"

"Lots," said Kitty.

He looked up at her. "You wouldn't marry me, would you?"

Then she was shocked. Then she was horrified. "Oh, no, thank you," she said. "Oh, thank you with all my heart." She opened the door, and fled from the pain on his self-contained face.

All the way home in the taxi, she shivered. *This is the way it happens*, she thought. *This is how people drift into things. When he kissed me, I liked it. I do like him. But what I love is my husband, my child and my home. Oh, never, never, never.* She closed her eyes and the tears trickled gently.

When she got home, only Nellie was there. "I'll get you some tea," Nellie said.

"No," said Kitty. Then: "Yes, please. And toast. And cake. And everything."

While she waited, she walked around her apartment and looked at her things. For a long time she stood in the door of her room and Johnnie's, and then in David's.

*How lovely to be me*, she thought. Every time a curious, aching feeling of regret returned to her, she banished it. After her second cup of tea, she leaned back in the sofa and laughed weakly for a long time.

Johnnie, when he came in, said, "You're looking pretty, Mrs. Bates."

"I'm a woman of leisure," she said. "I've given up my job."

He stopped smiling. He looked tired. "You didn't have to do that on account of me. I made up my mind last night. I've already told Tenney."

She didn't know what she had expected from him. She only knew it wasn't this. "You must do as you wish," she said evenly. "But you were right about my job. With what I spend on taxis and lunches and Nellie, and all the time it takes, it's really rather silly. So I've stopped."

"You can keep Nellie if you like. I have a feeling that from now on I'm going to be fairly high-powered."

"I don't want Nellie. I don't want anything," Kitty said. She went to him and put her arms around his waist and buried her head in his shoulder.

"Why, baby. Why, what's all this?" Then, suddenly, he held her off. "That guy Rugg didn't make a pass at you, did he?"

"Heavens, no," said Kitty and held on all the tighter.

When she lay in bed that night, she thought, *It's the first thing I've ever not told him. But I couldn't tell him. Could I? No, I couldn't.* The foolish tears slid out of her eyes, across her cheekbones, and traveled uncomfortably to the pillow. She put out her hand, but Johnnie had rolled far over to his side and she had to reach farther. *That's just how it is. All the time you're cheerfully neglecting someone, they're getting a little away from you too.*

Troubles and anxieties pile together at certain times in anyone's life. It was a little later in that restless year that Evelyn's husband, Johnnie's brother, Harry Bates, was killed in an automobile accident.

Johnnie arrived from the office white-faced and bewildered. *He's remembering when they were little*, Kitty thought. *All that time doing the same things and eating the same food and having the same parents.*

It wasn't until they were alone together on the train that Johnnie said, "I don't really know why I feel so sunk. We never got along very well—not even when we were kids. Maybe that's the reason."

Kitty shook her head. "No. There's something true in all those old sayings. I guess blood is really thicker than water."

Johnnie leaned forward and picked up her hand. "I haven't heard you say anything like that for a long time."

"We never have time for conversation any more. We're always too busy or too tired or something."

*(Continued on Page 110)*

## *Remembrance*

**By Caroline Henry**

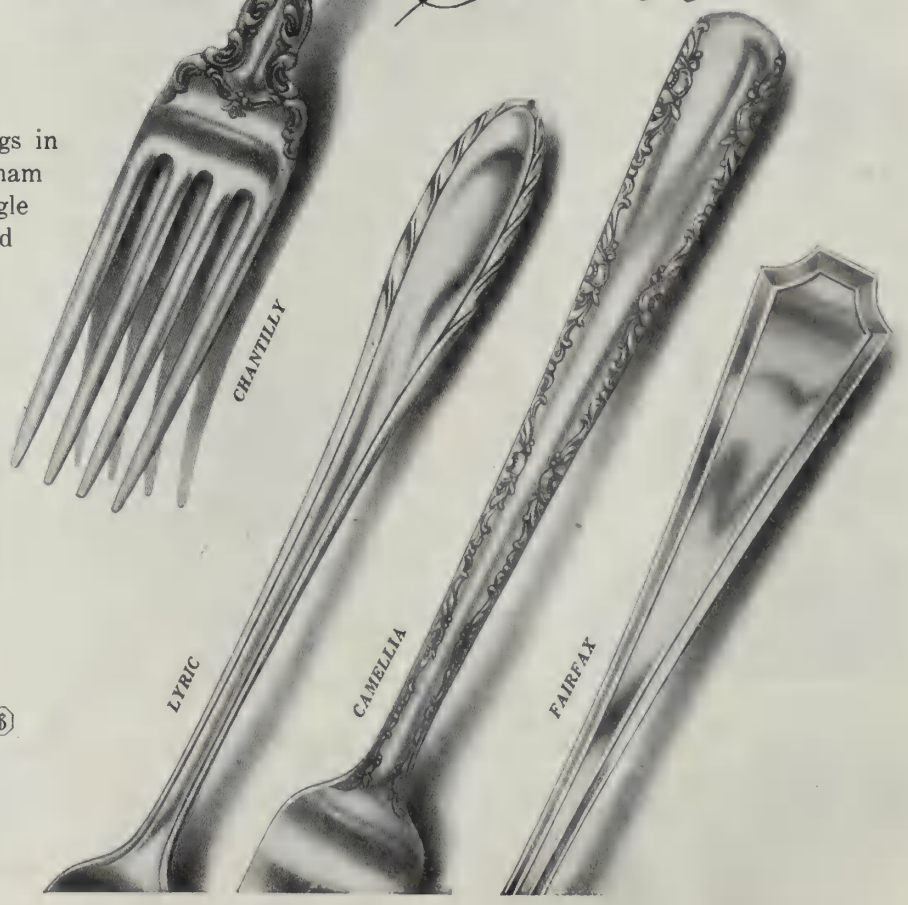
**I had forgotten lilacs**
**Strong and brave yet priceless-frail,**
**I had forgotten dogwood**
**Shy along a mountain trail,**
**Forgotten amber shadows**
**Beneath the flaming larch,**
**Forgotten where the crocus**
**Pioneered in March.**

**Then back you came, a-sailing,**
**Full of April, laughter, lightness,**
**Full of sun and wind and rain,**
**In a trembling brightness,**
**Like a diamond's liquid drop**
**There you stand—to me**
**Representing old, lost days**
**In strangest alchemy!**




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"I don't see how you dare let Tommy do it!"

**MOTHER:** Do what, Mother?

**GRANDMA:** Wear those canvas sneakers all the time. Won't they ruin his feet?



**MOTHER:** Goodness, don't be old-fashioned, Mother. Tommy's canvas shoes have "P-F".

**GRANDMA:** That explains everything, except . . . what is "P-F"?



**MOTHER:** "P-F" means Posture Foundation. It's a special built-in feature that keeps the bones of the feet in their natural, normal position. It guards against flat feet and strained, tired leg muscles.

**GRANDMA:** Well, I never. Do all sneakers have "P-F" these days?




**MOTHER:** Indeed not. "P-F" is a Patented Feature found only in canvas shoes made by B. F. Goodrich or Hood Rubber Company.

**GRANDMA:** My land, what'll they think of next?

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"P-F" means Posture Foundation

—a Patented Feature found only in canvas shoes made by

B. F. Goodrich or HOOD RUBBER COMPANY


(Continued from Page 108)

"We have time now," said Johnnie.

"Johnnie," she said, "I wonder how Evelyn is feeling."

"Awful. Because if your brother is your brother, I guess your husband is certainly your husband."

"I guess he certainly is," said Kitty. She smiled at him. "You're so nice to talk to. Nicer than *anyone*."

Afterward, both of them remembered that trip on the train, to Harry's funeral, as having been a peculiarly close and happy interlude in their lives. There was nothing happy, however, about their stay in Decatur. It was a time of sorrow, of dark clothes and low voices. Though spring was beginning in the South, the few days they spent there were gray and the city seemed the sadder for its flowers.

Kitty could see Johnnie's emotion for his brother dissolving into impatience with the immemorial rites. With it went something of what had drawn them together on the train. She knew he couldn't wait to get away, and though her restlessness matched his, she could not keep from feeling hurt and, somehow ridiculously, at fault.

Johnnie, who had his work, returned to New York the day after the funeral, but Kitty stayed on a few days longer. When she went back to her mother's house after seeing him off, she found Mrs. Lattimer punching vigorously at her needle-point. As Kitty came in, she looked up briefly.

"I hate funerals," she said.

"You certainly took that one in your stride," said Kitty.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Lattimer, "convention is often a very helpful thing."

Kitty laughed. For the first time since she had come to Decatur, she felt warm. "Mother, what will Evelyn do now? With that big house and those two little girls."

"Live in the house and raise the children."

"But she's so young," said Kitty.

"Much too young to be a widow."

"Lawford Paige brought me back from St. Bartholomew's yesterday," said Kitty.

"Did he?"

"Johnnie asked him to. There wasn't really room in the Bates car on account of their Great-aunt Susan."

"So very fat," said Mrs. Lattimer.

"Yes," said Kitty, but she was thinking about Lawford Paige, who wasn't fat at all.

SHE had sat beside him in his car and thought how attractive he was, and wondered why for the first time she felt no response to him whatsoever. *Something is wrong with me. I can't feel*, she had thought.

Idly she had said, "They planted too many palmettos along this road." He hadn't answered, and then she'd said, "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking of the last time I saw you."

"It was Harry and Evelyn's wedding," said Kitty. She remembered suddenly how she had asked him then why he himself hadn't married Evelyn. "Lawford, do you remember what we talked about?"

She saw at once that he had been thinking only of her, of how she had been then and of how she had changed, and not of Evelyn at all. But when she spoke of it, he remembered. The car spurted a little and, when he looked at her, his tired and knowing eyes were wide.

"Kitty—hush," he said.

"Oh, Lawford, phooey," Kitty said.

Sitting, now, under her mother's gentle eye, she was herself a little horrified. *I never could have said it*, she thought, *if I hadn't felt so strange.*

Out loud she said, "Lawford's been very helpful, hasn't he?"

"Lawford——" said Mrs. Lattimer. Then, very firmly, she said, "Naturally. He was Harry's doctor and one of his best friends." She looked her daughter straight in the eye and then, even more firmly, she changed the subject.

When Kitty finally found herself on the train, going North, she thought of all this, and also of her sister Evelyn. She thought of herself standing in the long window of Evelyn's bedroom and looking down into the walled garden where the two little girls


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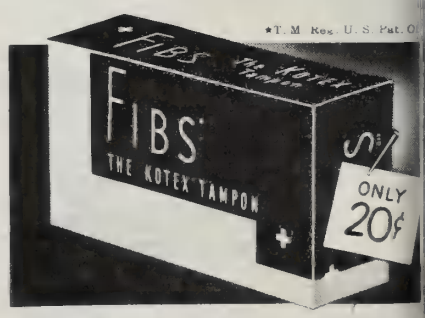

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were so quietly playing. Evelyn had come to stand beside her.

Evelyn had said, "Kitty, I shall miss him so. We had so much together."

*She wanted me to know that she mourned him,* thought Kitty. *They did have a lot. That lovely house and the children and old friends and a graceful, easy way of life.* She shook herself. *But I couldn't stand it. I hate small cities. I hate knowing everyone. I'd go nuts.*

Suddenly, she couldn't wait to get home. It was all she could do not to sit on the edge of her seat, urging the train on in her dreadful anxiety.

When she got to New York, early the next morning, Johnnie met her. He was exactly as he had always been. He kissed her, and got her a porter and put her in a taxi before he went on to the office. At the apartment, she hadn't got her key in the lock before David, on tiptoe, had opened the door.

He flung his arms around her knees. "Mummy, mummy," he said. Then: "What did you bring me?"

With his hand in hers, she toured the apartment. It was clean and neat, but obviously the madam had been away. She and David changed the position of the pillows on the sofa and of the vases on the tables.

When he had gone to the park, she opened the mail and looked over the telephone list. With it in her hand, she sat down to let people know she was back. Her accustomed, attractive, everyday life was all about her, just as it had always been. *Why, what can have been wrong with me?* thought Kitty.

Life for the Bateses went on in a fairly even tenor. In the summers, now that David was older, they took a house in Connecticut,

**Some people pass their whole life in the expectation of the moment when they really will begin to live.**

and Johnnie commuted whenever he didn't have to work too late.

The first year, Kitty said, "I never thought I'd join a beach club, but how are you going to swim if you don't?"

Johnnie said, "I wish we could have a place of our own. We could if we saved."

He said it many times again, and Kitty always agreed with him, but they never saved the money.

They did move to larger quarters in town, because it suddenly seemed imperative to have a dining room. They took a charming little brownstone house in the east sixties which, though low enough in rent, turned out to be very expensive to run. Both of them, however, were delighted to have their own front door.

"It keeps making me think of our iron grille in Bank Street," Kitty said.

"Sometimes I wish it were," said Johnnie.

"You wouldn't like it now a bit."

That was the year that Evelyn and Lawford Paige, very quietly, got married. When Kitty and Johnnie heard the news, they both burst out laughing.

"I did that with my little hatchet," Kitty said.

"I think you did," said Johnnie. "Do you know, I used to think Lawford sort of had a yen for you?"

"I guess he sort of had," said Kitty. "Isn't it odd, when you think how it all started, that Evelyn's got exactly what she wanted in the beginning."

"She's missed a lot, though."

"What?"

"Oh, ecstasy," said Johnnie.

"We've had that, haven't w ?"

He came and took her in his arms, and they held to each other as though they would never let go. "Yes," said Johnnie.

The next time Crandall came to call, they told him about Evelyn. Success sat very well on Crandall. He had gained solidity without forfeiting his particular brand of charm.

Kitty, observing him, thought, *If he had been like this, Evelyn would have taken him.*


# *Now..."Home and You, dear"*



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Johnnie said, "How's the new play?"

"Packing them in," said Crandall.

"Crandall," Kitty said carefully, "Evelyn's just married again. A sort of old beau."

"I bet his name is Lawford Paige."

"How did you know?"

"She told me about him. I think he was her dream boy."

"No," Johnnie said. "You were her dream boy. Lawford was her Mr. One Hundred Per Cent."

Crandall laughed. "This is a funny thing. I came to tell you that I'm getting married myself."

Undeniably, their jaws hung open. Then Johnnie had one hand and Kitty the other. "Crandall!" . . . "Crandall, how wonderful!"

"Hey, take it easy," Crandall said.

They stood in a little three-cornered group, smiling anxiously at one another.

"Do we know her?" Kitty said.

Crandall sat down and lit a cigarette. "I've kept her hidden. Her name is Mary Church. She's twenty-four years old, and she's very beautiful and she thinks I'm wonderful."

"Twenty-four," said Kitty. "Heavens, Crandall."

"She's got lots of sense," Crandall said. He was looking happy and self-conscious. "You'll probably think she's rather like Evelyn. I suppose that's why I went for her at first. Only she's really herself. And she thinks I'm wonderful, and I like that very much."

"She sounds perfect," said Kitty. "There's the nicest little house right on this block. I wish you'd take it."

Crandall stretched out his long legs. "Not us. None of this footless living. I've had enough and Mary would hate it. We're going to buy a place in the country and have a lot of children right off and bring them up the way we both think kids should be brought up."

"But I thought you hated the country," Kitty said.

"It's a funny thing," said Crandall. "I don't at all any more."

Johnnie said, "I believe Crandall is going to be landed gentry."

CRANDALL gave a surprised snort of laughter. He got to his feet and stood for a moment, looking at them almost shyly. "We're getting married next month. May I bring Mary to see you?"

"Crandall, how lovely," said Kitty. "Come tomorrow. Come early and stay for dinner."

"Thanks." Quite seriously, as though he were going on a journey, he went to Johnnie and shook his hand. Then he kissed Kitty. "Well, good-by."

She put her arms around his neck and pressed her cheek to his. "Crandall, dear, you'll be so happy."

"Well, good-by," he said again, and went away.

Kitty turned to Johnnie. Her arms went out, and fell to her sides again. "Everyone but us seems to be getting settled."

"Don't you remember? We never wanted to," said Johnnie.

After that, naturally enough, there was a great deal less of Crandall in their lives. They spent an occasional week end with him and Mary and their ever-increasing brood. When Crandall and Mary came into town, for an opening or a party, they stayed with the Bateses. Mary, who really looked amazingly like Evelyn, was a charming creature, and they all had a very good time together—but it was as two couples rather than as highly individual friends.

Every now and then, though, when Crandall was alone, he would drop in on Kitty, and then they would fall easily into the old intimacy.

One afternoon, when he hadn't been for a very long time, he looked around the room and he said, "Do you know, I miss this."

"Do you mean this footless living?" Kitty asked.

"I suppose so," said Crandall. Then he laughed. "Has that rankled all this time?"

"I don't know. It must have."

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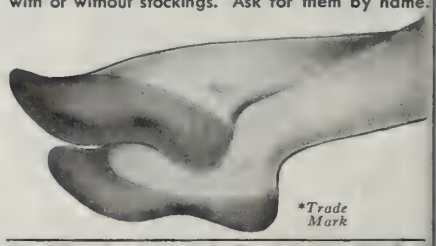
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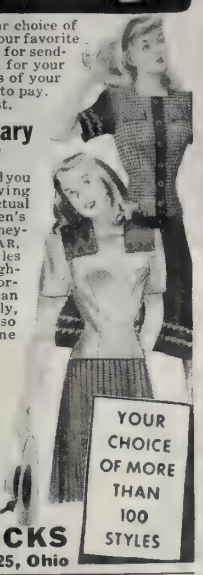
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She was standing before him, smiling. He thought how gay and pretty and superficial she was, and how he liked her.

"Eager little Kitty," he said.

"I'm not at all," said Kitty.

"I'm thinking of the way you were."

"Before living became footless?"

"Chips on shoulders don't become you," Crandall said.

"It's just that it's true. And so I suppose it rankles." She sat down opposite him. She wasn't angry at all, but she was a good deal more thoughtful than he had seen her for some time. "Crandall, what's wrong with me?" she said at last.

He hunched his shoulders and slid a little farther down on his spine. "Do you remember the time, so many years ago, that I taught you to wash dishes and settled your life for you? I wish it were as easy as that now."

"But you're all right, Crandall," Kitty said. "You're fine."

"Oh, me. I came all my croppers early. So now I'm pleased with what I have, which happens to be exactly what I want."

"You're very smug," said Kitty. "I think you'll get fat."

Crandall patted his lean middle. "Doubtless." He was laughing, but the old dissecting light was in his eye. "I've been thinking about you and Johnnie."

Her eyebrows went up. "What have you thought?"

"Well, when you and Johnnie first came to New York you were about the pleasantest and most purposeful young things in the world, and here you are—both restless as witches and no direction at all. Of course, Johnnie has his work. That helps him."

"I have my child," said Kitty.

**The greatest amount of smuggling is done over the borders of morality.**

"Sure. But no little boy who spends from nine till five in the very best school can possibly take up much of his mother's time. I'm afraid you're just a parasite, Kitty; you don't even do good works."

"I hate good works. And I can't imagine why I'm not furious with you."

"Because we're friends," he told her. "By the way, Rugg got married the other day."

"Did he?" said Kitty. "Who?" She could feel herself just faintly blush.

"Well, I think he must have been drunk when he did it."

"Oh," said Kitty. Then she said, "What were you going to say about Johnnie and me, Crandall?"

"I think it's this. I think you got where you were going much too soon, and now you're stymied because there's nothing else to do that you really want to do."

"Heavens," said Kitty.

"Look at it. You wanted to sort of conquer New York, and get to know all the clever people and do all the clever things and get places. Well, you have. And what have all the clever people turned out to be but most of those girls and boys you used to play with down on Bank Street? And haven't most of them turned stuffy with success, though? And the ones that haven't are drunks or something. And as for the old clever ones—the ones we used to wish we knew—now we know them, and do we like them? Not so much. They're just like everybody else."

"Isn't it funny?" Kitty said. "The clever people and the stuffy people turn out to be the same people. Why, at parties now, we sometimes even meet our rich New York cousins. The ones that used to send Evelyn and me their hand-me-downs. We used to shun them like poison. And there they are—at the same places."

"Sure. You've arrived—you've even made a lot of money," he said. "And that wasn't in the books when you came. But very pleasant it's been."

*(Continued on Page 115)*





IT IS THAT SUPERB Evening in Paris face powder which gives your skin such a velvety look, of course! It is so soft and fine, and it clings so long and smoothly. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize . . . and the complete make-up is more marvelously becoming than you'd even dream!

You'd better try it now . . . and discover for yourself why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier . . . her make-up should be Evening in Paris!"

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# WORK GOES TWICE AS FAST WITH RINSO'S TWIN* ADVANTAGES




Mrs. John Lally

* GETS WHITES GLEAMING **WHITE**
* KEEPS WASHABLE COLORS SPARKLING **BRIGHT**




**THE LALLY TWINS** love to play store. They live in a comfortable home and their mother does all her own housework. With active twins, there is plenty of washing. Mrs. Lally has "used Rinso for years."




**THE TWINS** are very helpful about the house and enjoy their tasks. They keep their room in order, and they often wash out daddy's socks and their dolls' dresses.




These are the Lally twins, Joanne and Janet, of the Bronx, New York. They are just 8 years old and in Grade 3-A, the advance group, at their school. They sing, dance and swim—and have a beloved pet kitten named "Ginger."




**IN THE COURSE** of his work, Mr. Lally, the twins' father, gets his clothes pretty dirty. But Mrs. Lally says, "Rinso gets out that stubborn dirt—FAST!"




*Remember—*

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(PATENTED PROCESS)

**—the only granulated soap 98% free of irritating sneezy soap-dust**



**AMOS:** Avoid soap waste. Just use enough Rinso to keep 2 or 3 inches of suds...and do a full load of wash.

**ANDY:** And, folks, tune in our radio program every Tuesday night—on the NBC Network.

(Continued from Page 113)

"And now what?"

"That's harder," said Crandall. He got up and went to lean against the mantelpiece. "The only thing I know is that when people get well into the thirties—like us—they've got to have something to hang on to. It can be a family, or a house, or work or a cause, or even a good sure feeling between two people. But there's got to be something. I guess it's what the novelists have always called roots."

"What do you recommend?"

"I don't recommend. I just point out," said Crandall.

After he had gone, Kitty thought for a long time of all he had said. She arrived at no conclusions whatsoever. At last she got up and emptied the ash tray Crandall had used. Then she stopped and addressed Crandall's chair as though he still were in it.

"For a parasite, I'm a very good housekeeper," she said.

When Johnnie came home that night, and had had his dinner, and was drinking his coffee, Kitty said:

"Johnnie, are you bored?"

"Me?" said Johnnie. "Why should I be?"

"Oh, nothing. But when Crandall was here today we were talking about the way things used to be." She was silent a moment, then she said, "Johnnie, whatever happened to that book of yours? Did you ever finish it?"

Johnnie stared at her. "What on earth brought that up?"

"Well, did you?"

"No."

Kitty thought to herself, *What a cold blue eye you can have, Johnnie Bates.* But she persevered. "Johnnie, why don't we just buy that place in the country we're always talking about? Couldn't we have a mortgage and pay it off quick?"

"Don't you think the time is past for that?" said Johnnie.

"Why?"

"Baby, don't you know we're going to be in this war pretty quick now?"

"Do you think so, really?" Kitty asked.

"I know. And there's a lot of things I want to get settled before then without taking on a house." There was a light in his eye.

*Why, he'll go,* Kitty thought. *He'll escape again into a man's world, the way he did that time in Bank Street, so long ago. And nothing's right. Or am I absurd? Am I just imagining things? Is Crandall?*

She couldn't say any of it. She said, "We never went to Paris, did we?" Suddenly she began to laugh.

"What have we now?" said Johnnie.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing. It's just that you can't go back and I don't seem to know how to go forward."

ALL this was in the spring of 1941. It was in November that Kitty found out, late one very gay evening, that Johnnie was having an affair.

The party had dwindled till no one was left except the hosts, and Johnnie and Kitty, and a single girl named Delia Fuller. Delia was about twenty-eight and, without being actually pretty, she managed to be very attractive. She had a charming little pug face, a lovely figure and a very ready wit. Johnnie and Kitty had first met her during the summer in Connecticut when she had week-ended frequently with friends of theirs. She had turned out to have advertising ambitions, and eventually Johnnie had given her a job. Since then, she had been around a good deal. Kitty liked her in a mild, amused sort of way.

That November night, when Delia got up to go, Kitty was deep in discussion with her host.

Johnnie said, "You stay here, Kitty. I'll run Delia home and come back for you."

"Oh, I'll go now," Kitty said.

"Nonsense. You and Edmund must have that talk out. I'll be right back."

He wasn't.

Kitty, in a burst of laughter, conclusively lost her argument. Talk began to fail and time began to lengthen. Still no Johnnie.

Kitty's hostess got up and began to wander about the room. "You don't mind if I empty ash trays, do you?" she said.

Still no Johnnie.

"I can't imagine what's keeping him," said Kitty.

THEN, because they were both slightly behind her and because she turned at the precise moment, she saw the look that ran between Edmund and his wife. She saw the raised eyebrow, the pitying eye, the amused mouth and the slight shake of the head.

*Oh,* Kitty thought, *oh.* In that instant it all was clear. Feints and subterfuges and contrived meetings all were suddenly clear, and she remembered looks and words that had seemed to have no meaning. She could remember Johnnie helping Delia onto the Monday-morning train after the summer's week ends, and she thought of the long hot summer nights in New York. *I must get out of here.*

"Do you know," she said, "I'm sure something has happened to the car. I'll just get in a taxi and leave word with the doorman for Johnnie to follow me." Lightly, she kissed her hostess good night and, lightly, fashionably, she kissed her host.

"Good night," they said. "Good night, Kitty dear."

In the taxi, she began to shake. Stock phrases kept flashing into her mind. *I'm betrayed,* she thought. *A woman betrayed.* Then she thought, *The reason they're stock is because they're the right ones. They fit. Only I never thought I'd feel like this. As though half of me were gone.* She dropped her change all over the floor of the taxi.

Once in the house, she gathered her night things together and carried them into the guest room. *This is stock, too,* she thought.

When she heard Johnnie come in, she sat down at the foot of the guest-room bed. She heard him go into their bedroom, and presently she heard him cross the landing. He opened the door.

"Hullo, what are you in here for?"

"I'm going to bed," she said.

"Why in here?"

"Johnnie, is Delia fun?"

His shoulder slid down a little way along the doorframe. At last he said, "How did you know?"

"I've been very stupid. Everyone else has known for ages. It's obvious enough. But the wife is always the last to know." She bit her lip.

"Kitty, you must know that this means nothing. It has nothing to do with you and me."

She was shaking again. "How can you say that?" she cried. "How can you stand there and say that? Unless you've had other mistresses of whom I've known nothing."

She saw his face change. "Shut up," he told her.

"Don't speak to me like that."

"How about you? How about Jack Rugg?"

## *Still Me With Caresses*

**By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith**

**This way you have to silence me is pleasant,**
**A trick which keeps me tractable and meek.**
**When I would talk I find my lips quiescent**
**Beneath your kiss, and so I do not speak.**

**By all means, lover, still me with caresses.**
**Pour kisses on my mouth like wine to drink,**
**And drown the rush of syllables and phrases . . .**
**Lest I should tell you what I really think.**




1. Careful, Mother, *careful!* 2 inches from where you washed that lettuce



2. your sink drain is teeming with foul, dirty SEWER GERMS!

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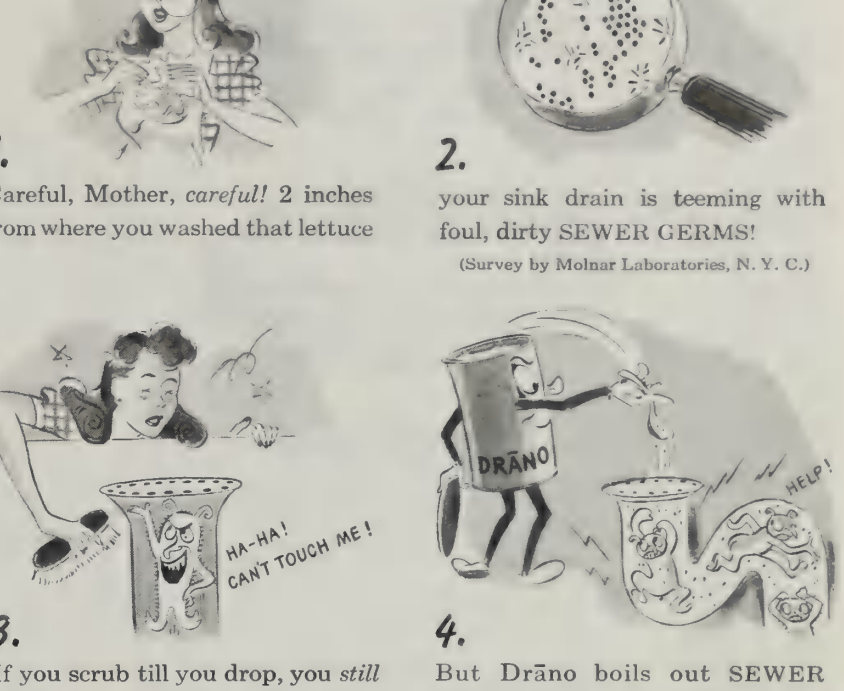

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**OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS**

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**Harmless to Septic tanks: Makes them work better — cuts down odors**

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**ORGANDIE CURTAINS**

*Look for this Trade-Mark*

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**SAYLERIZED*** curtain organdies keep crisply beautiful in damp weather — fresh and new looking after countless washings — throughout the useful service of your curtains.

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**SAYLERIZED*** *finish makes good fabrics better.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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Your sense of touch tells you Scott's new Soft-Weve is the perfect toilet tissue. It combines cleansing tissue softness and practical firmness. I'll never be without it!

A SCOTT TISSUE
Soft-Weve
White-Facial Quality

*Cleansing tissue soft... toilet tissue firm*


She looked at him incredulously. She said, "I didn't sleep with Jack Rugg. He wanted to marry me."

"Why didn't you?"

"Perhaps I should have," she said.

His blue eyes were wild. "Better you than the floozie he married."

"Get out," said Kitty. "Get out of here."

He turned on his heel and slammed the door.

"Never come back," shouted Kitty. "Never come back. Never come back."

She finally slept that night, and awoke early the next morning with doom suspended over her head.

When she rang for her breakfast, David, all ready for school, burst into the room.

"You woke up early," he said. "Why are you sleeping in here?"

"I have a cold," said Kitty.

"Do you know something?" said David. "Daddy went off without his breakfast."

"I guess he wasn't hungry," Kitty said. *Oh!* she thought to herself. *Lies.*

Vera came in, then, with breakfast and a curious eye.

David said, "Mummy has a cold, Vera."

"Oh, Mrs. Bates, I'm sorry," Vera said. Then she said, "Mr. Bates went off without his breakfast."

"He was in a hurry to get to work," Kitty said.

"And not hungry," said David.

When he had gone to school, she poured out a cup of coffee, and sat looking at it for a long time. Then she pushed the tray away and, turning her face into the pillows, she cried. When she was calmer, she still lay there, too spent to move.

*I've got to get away from here*, she thought. *I've got to go where no one will ask me any questions. I've got to think this out.*

Suddenly, she got out of bed. "I'm going home," she said aloud. "I've got to go where people love me."

She ran across the landing into her own room, and began to pull down the luggage from the shelf in Johnnie's closet. Tears blinded her again and, as she tugged, all the suitcases came down at once with a clatter. With them came a brown-paper package which burst as it landed. Typewritten manuscript spilled out.

"Why, it's the novel," Kitty said.

She sat down on the floor and began to read. After a while she began to skip. Finally she stopped. *But it's not good*, she thought. *It's young and immature, and there's no real talent.*

She thought of Bank Street and of the happiness and laughter and eagerness that she and Johnnie had known there. Bitterly she thought:

*That's how we were—just young and immature. And no real talent.*

She tied the manuscript up again and shoved it far back on the shelf. "That's where you belong," she said to it.

When she had dressed and packed she sat down and wrote this letter:

*Dear Johnnie:* If you and I can speak to each other as we did last night, I think we'd better be apart for a while. So I'm going to Decatur now. I plan to stay a week or so. When I come back we can decide what we want to do. Or if you want to you can always get in touch with me before then.

I'll stop at David's school to say good-by to him. He's better here, in his regular routine, than with me just now.

I've telegraphed mother, so she will be expecting me. I've said I was run-down.

KITTY.

She folded the letter and wrote Johnnie's name on it. Then she put it under his hairbrushes.

When she got off the train in Decatur the next morning, Evelyn and Lawford Paige and her mother were on the platform. Her mother kissed her, and then Evelyn did, and then her mother held her off.

"You do look peaked," she said. "Dark under the eyes."

"No. Just the same Kitty," said Lawford. He smiled at her. Then, as though it followed, he said, "I've got you some quail."

*He's fine*, thought Kitty. *And so is Evelyn. They're happy.*

"How is my grandson?" her mother asked. "And my son-in-law?"

"Both very busy," Kitty said. "It was a good time for me to come, so I took it." *But no one's asked me that*, she thought. *No one's going to.*

Evelyn drew her behind the others. "I want to tell you before anyone else does, Kitty. I'm having a baby. I meant to write."

"Oh, Evelyn, I hope it's a boy."

Evelyn smiled.

*Why, she's in love*, Kitty thought — *all gently and sweetly in love the way she would want to be.* Then, irrepressibly, she thought, *But what about Lawford? I could have had Lawford. He wouldn't have been gently in love with me.* She smiled a little. *Absurd.*

But she was still faintly smiling when, some minutes later, the car stopped in front of her mother's house.

"Lawford and Evelyn are staying for dinner," her mother said.

"Oh, dinner in the middle of the day," said Kitty.

She watched her mother and Evelyn go into the house. She stopped on the steps, and looked down at Lawford on the step below her. He put down her bags, and looked back at her. She drew in a breath.

"Lawford, it's so good to see you. It's so good to be back," she said.

"It's very nice to have you."

"Lawford, will you take me hunting one morning? I haven't been since I was a girl."

"Kitty, you're still the most fascinating woman I know, but I'm not going to take anyone hunting till my wife can go."

Their eyes met and hers fell. She lifted them again. "You're a very nice man."

"You can be very nice too."

She went into the house and, on the landing, she stopped and looked at her flushed face in the mirror. *I've been put in my place*, she thought. *I've been told off. And so I should have been. What was I doing? Just to prove myself. Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie.*

She joined her mother and Evelyn in the sitting room and there, in their unconcerned faces, she found an ironic comfort.

*It could never occur to them*, she thought, *that I could do what I have just done. If they had seen me and heard me, they still wouldn't have known.*

The incident stayed with her all day and, in her agitated mind, assumed an importance out of all proportion to what had actually happened. While she talked to her mother about David and to Evelyn about clothes, her thoughts kept going around and around: *But I'm worse than Johnnie. I could have*

*(Continued on Page 118)*

## *Rendezvous With Spring*

**By Eunice Mildred Lon Coske**

How many shimmering springs
have come?
How many springs have gone
Since I first ran the emerald path
At break of dawn?

Oh, I shall walk again this lane
Before it is too late;
For brisk important things of life
Can always wait.

And though my heart is wiser now,
And it shall never know
The youthful heartbreak that it did
Long years ago,

With this late meeting in the woods
With spring—white flame on
flame—
I shall fling caution to the winds
And call your name!



# Will you enjoy these comforts in YOUR NEXT NEW MATTRESS?

**1. Down below . . . you'll read many reasons** why it's *wiser* to wait for a Beautyrest.

When you read them, we think you'll agree. For a mattress is something it *pays* to buy *wisely*. And a Beautyrest is so much *more* than merely a mattress—it's actually years of *rest* and *relaxation*. Years of *comfort, well-being* to you.

That's why we think *wise* mattress-buying means *waiting for Beautyrest!*




**Compare the coil springs!** Comfort comes from the *heart* of the mattress—*the coil springs*. In the ordi-ry inner-spring mattress, coils are joined *together*, down together, forming *slopes* and *hollows*. But Beautyrest's 837 coil springs are independent—*tied together!* Each *separately* cushions your hips, oulders, legs. That's the secret of Beautyrest's glori-s, *buoyant* comfort. *Wiser to wait for, isn't it?*



**3. Another thing to consider, too:** Some mattresses "look good" in the showroom, "*let down*" later. But Beautyrest is built to *last* and *last*.

Its patented "sag-proof" border stays *neat, firm, resilient*. Its 8 side-ventilators *inhale* clean air, *expel* stale air, help keep it *fresh* and *sanitary*.

Beautyrest needs turning *only 4 or 5 times a year*—practically cares for itself. *Wiser to wait for, isn't it?*




**4. Look at the label!** Beautyrest, *the world's most comfortable mattress*—made by Simmons, world's *most reliable name in bedding*.

Yes, your Beautyrest's *10-year guarantee of "Luxury comfort"* will be something to think about when you shop for that new mattress soon.

*Makes it worth while to wait a little longer for your Beautyrest, doesn't it?*

here again soon—**BEAUTYREST**—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

Made by **SIMMONS COMPANY**

Real
Cream of
Tomato Soup

-as a dish by itself
it's delicious

-used as a sauce
it's superb

Heinz
Condensed*
Cream of Tomato
Soup

* One tin of soup, plus one tin of milk or water makes four portions of delicious soup




As a Sauce Base

for meatloaf and spaghetti Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup gives a flavor folks simply can't resist.

(Continued from Page 116)

*hurt more people. If Lawford hadn't always been on to me, if he hadn't been Lawford, I could have hurt them all. Without a moment's thought. Just to make myself feel attractive again. What have I come to? What have I lost? Where am I going?*

In the afternoon she went to Evelyn and Lawford's house to see her nieces. It was a charming place and the children were pretty and natural. *They're much more relaxed than David*, she thought. *That's because of New York. Or me. Perhaps it's me.*

Presently Lawford came in and the room took on life and depth.

*The man has come home*, Kitty thought. *Why, this is marriage. It used to be like this in our house. When did it stop?* All the years of her marriage were suddenly upon her. She felt the ardor, the delight, the pain and even the indifference that had filled them. *I can't leave it behind. It's part of me.*

Evelyn, soft and blooming at last, was watching Lawford and listening to him.

*She's interested*, Kitty thought. *Everyone here is interested in everyone else, and is kind to them and respects them. I haven't been interested in what Johnnie did, for years. I just was pleased that he was a success and made lots of money for us to spend.* Suddenly she thought, *Delia was interested.* She sat upright. Passionately she thought, *I don't want this quiet affection. I love Johnnie with all my heart. I want Johnnie back.*

Lawford got up from his chair and went to the radio. "We'll get the news."

Evelyn turned her dark eyes on her sister. They were frightened. "If there's a war, he'll go," she whispered.

"Oh, no," said Kitty.

"He's a doctor," Evelyn said.

The tears came into Kitty's eyes. "Oh, Evelyn, oh, Evelyn." But the tears weren't really for Lawford.

That night, Kitty lay sleepless in her high, narrow bed. All night long she thought of her life with Johnnie. She went over it bit by bit and in detail and if, sometimes, unknown to herself, she dozed, she woke again with the place where she had left off fresh in her mind. Sometimes a half-forgotten word or incident would come back to her, and then she would put her finger on it, and think. After a while she was no longer half hysterical, but calm.

**Every human being is born as an original and dies as a copy.**

When it was light, she got up and dressed and went downstairs. She took up a coat, and went out on the steps. The early-morning air was sweet. Kitty pressed her hands to her heart. *I wish this weren't so physical. I wish it would just crack and be done with it.*

A taxi rounded the square and stopped in front of the house.

Johnnie got out. He stood at the bottom of the steps. "Hullo, Kitty," he said.

"I couldn't sleep," Kitty said.

"No," said Johnnie.

"Come in, won't you?"

"No. Come out in the square."

They crossed the street, and went into the square, and sat down on a bench.

"I didn't go home till yesterday," Johnn said. "Then I couldn't stand it and I wer home in the middle of the day. I found yo letter. So I came." He made himself loc at her. "Kitty, will you take me back?"

"I was going home today to ask you."

"To ask me?" he said.

"Something happened to me yesterda I saw myself as I've grown to be, and didn't like it. Delia is my fault as well yours. She's a result, not a cause. I haven been a good wife to you, Johnnie."

"You're the only wife I want."

"I've found something out. When w shook the dust of Decatur from our feet, w shook all the good away with the bad. Or we took it with us, we forgot it on the wa I mean being good people, and kind to eac other, and all those things that you lear when you're small. We got all mixed u in just having things and being bright."

"I've been thinking all that," sai Johnnie, "from my side." He paused a littl "And of course we aren't quite the wonde we thought ourselves."

She remembered the manuscript, far bac in his closet, and she put her hand into hi

"I love you so much," Johnnie said. "I'm so married to you. I never knew."

"So am I," said Kitty.

"Shall we try again, Kitty?"

"I think I'd die without you."

He kissed her. "That's the second time i this square. Do you remember? We coul do anything. We could face anything."

"Well, we can," said Kitty.

It was the beginning of December of 194

(THE END)

## UNDER-COVER STUFF

(Continued from Page 5)

*by **Angela Thirkell**, for those who enjoy the lighthearted doings of English countryside, this time concerned with an ex-governess in charge of a seventeen-year-old girl; and* THE REASONABLE SHORES, *by **G. B. Stern**, the more vigorous story of a seventeen-year-old girl's rebellion against her temperamental family. . . . Likewise English is* NIGHT AND THE CITY, *by the much-talked-about new writer,* GERALD KERSH, *a darkly dramatic tale of great intensity. . . . There are three interesting American novels:* NEVER SO YOUNG AGAIN, *the touching story of a bewildered American flier, by **Dan Brennan**;* AND THE HUNTER HOME, *by **Joan Charles**, who writes of the neuroses of two returned soldiers; and* HER HUSBAND'S HOUSE, *by **Katherine Pomeroy Stewart**, a novel of international marriage—an American woman wed to an Italian nobleman, with the complications of Fascism and war to face. . . . While* GREAT AMERICAN SHORT NOVELS, *edited by **William Phillips**, a collection of eight outstanding novelettes, is an excellent book to have beside the bed.*

• • •

It's not only the new books that people are talking about. There's the comeback of ***Anthony Trollope***, for instance. That's really literary news. He died in 1882, after writing some forty-one novels, and promptly his novels died too. For over fifty years Trollope was nu more than a name in ■ Nineteenth-Century English Lit. course. During the years there were occasional stirrings. Someone prowling on dusty shelves would rediscover him. In 1940 ■ publishing house in New York brought out THE AMERICAN SENATOR. But the public remained indifferent. Then came the war, and with the war Trollope suddenly materialized out of the literary ether, and after half a century became again ■ best seller. Reprints of his novels came out in cheap editions: BARCHESTER TOWERS is now out with full handsome illustrations: IS HE POPENJOY?—one of his less known works—was completely sold out on publication, and the libraries and bookstores from Boston to San Francisco have been unable to satisfy the demand.

Trollope was one of those writers who do not take themselves seriously. If there are any such in these days, we'd be interested to hear. Nowadays writers are writers. They autograph their books, they go on exhibition at fairs and bookstores, they get part rent and household expenses tax-free, they crouch over their typewriters, and when at large go about town getting copy out of their friends' domestic situations and out of their own importunities. Not so Mr. Trollope. He never claimed to write for posterity. He wrote for the day, the moment. But that is the kind of writer, as Henry James said, whom "posterity is apt to put into its pocket." Authorship with Trollope was only a means to an end.

He was a post-office clerk, and liked it. When the post office sent him to Ireland and he had to make his inspections on horseback, he discovered fox hunting. And he liked fox hunting even more than post-office clerking. But it required money. So, to eke out the extra pounds, he tried his hand at writing novels on the side. He used to get up at five-thirty in the morning and write until breakfast, two hundred and fifty words to every fifteen minutes. In odd moments, then, and in fifteen-minute lots, during the course of thirty years, he wrote his forty-one novels and amassed a fortune of seventy thousand pounds—just about enough to cover his fox-hunting bills. And he did not stop his post-office work. As positions became better, he took to traveling on a train instead of a horse, and had extra time for writing—on a portable desk with lamp attached.

Trollope claimed with ■ certain amount of pride that he wrote more words than any other man of his time. And it was the time, you'll remember, of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, none of them what you'd call terse themselves. Likewise, Trollope's mother wrote (some one hundred and fourteen volumes), and his brother Tom—neither of whom considered Anthony a writing man at all. (Among them the Trollopes got out more books than any other family in history.)

What Anthony wrote about was the solid Victorian life around him, peers and squires and shopkeepers and beautiful moral young women—normal, average, secure people, living in the most completely self-confident period of the whole world's history. Which is beyond a doubt what makes him so popular now. Where the Victorians had to read melodrama for excitement, we read Barchester Towers to get back a little of that wonderful old feeling of safety—remember?

*Historical novels, that always used to be th last word in so-called respectable reading, a now branching out into the adventures of th heroine, rather than confining themselves t the swashbuckling hero, with the effect of a enormous rise in sales. Scarlett O'Hara prob ably started the run of self-willed devil-may care wenches. Amber went a whole lot farthe The Black Rose herself, veiled though sh should have been, found her way across a con tinent as no Trollope girl would have done And Honor Harris, in **Daphne du Maurier's*** THE KING'S GENERAL, *is no be ter than she should be, scandalizing the aristo crats of Cornwall with her carryings on.*

But MY LADY OF CLEVES, an outstanding new historical novel, has returned to the old-fashioned good heroine. Just t look at the fine honest face of Anne o Cleves as Holbein painted her makes yo feel good—the unsophisticated twenty-four year-old girl from the little Duchy of Cleves that Henry VIII thought maybe he'd b willing to marry. But that was befor he saw her. When they met face to face Henry couldn't take it. "No better than Flanders mare," groaned the old rou monarch, so de pendent on th fripperies and side long glances o ladies in waitin as to be inured t dignity. But h lived to see his er ror. And the funn thing was tha Anne lived too— in a court wher heads were neve safe, particularl wives' heads.



*Holbein's "Anne of Cleves"*

The author o My Lady o Cleves is ***Mar garet Campbell Barnes***, an intrepi Englishwoman. All through the war sh was writing—and against what misery and anguish! An earlier book, THE PAS SIONATE BROOD, about the period of th Crusades, she had dedicated to "my elde son Michael, who has gone crusading i

(Continued on Page 120)

# EXCITING LENTEN DINNER!

## *Extra-tasty fish feast for 6... only $2.31**



**MENU**

Chilled Prunes and Pears
Delicious Fish Casserole‡
Green Beans Baked Potatoes
Red Beet Egg Salad Spread
Bread Lemon Meringue Pie
Coffee, Tea or Milk

**‡DELICIOUS FISH CASSEROLE**

1 pound fish, cooked and flaked
½ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup chopped onion
1 cup finely cut celery
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup salad dressing
2 cups cornflakes, crushed
2 tablespoons butter, melted
Paprika

Combine all ingredients except cornflakes and butter. Place in casserole. Top with buttered cornflakes. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven, 375° F., for 30 minutes. 6 servings.

NOTE: *Fish for casserole: Halibut, Haddock, Mackerel and Cod. Cost of menu is estimated on price of whole dressed halibut. Fillets or steaks also may be used, and menu price will change commensurate with cost and type of fish used.*

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*Cost based on prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*




*(Continued from Page 118)*

modern armour." He was a tank officer of the Royal Armoured Corps, and he was burned to ashes in his tank getting the 51st Highland Division through to avenge St. Valery in the Battle of Normandy. My Lady of Cleves was half written when the telegram came. The younger son was in the navy—in Scapa Flow, the Arctic, Spitsbergen, Norway. And Mrs. Barnes herself was an ambulance driver. She had met the wounded from Dunkirk. She drove at night in blackouts packing a gas mask, around bomb holes, through shrapnel. They were just the things that Anne of Cleves would probably have done had she been living through the holocaust. For Anne became more Tudor than the Tudors, more English than the English, in her devotion to their country.

• • •

**And speaking of GONE WITH THE WIND, as we were indirectly, we're reminded of *Dr. Arturo Castiglione.* He is the Italian doctor who wrote the definitive history of medicine, and whose current book, THE ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, is a scholarly work on the mental and psychic contagions and epidemics which he believes to be quite as prevalent and acute as the physical ones. When he first came to this country (he is now on the Yale Medical School faculty) he heard about the fabulous sales of Gone With the Wind. When he was told that *Margaret Mitchell* had made over a million dollars on that one book, he was dumfounded. "That," said Doctor Castiglione when he got his breath, "is more than all Italian authors put together have made from all their works, from Dante on!"**

• • •

***The publishers of Bruce Marshall's engaging novel,* THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH, *are constantly having title troubles on incoming orders. One person wrote in for The Fleshy Father Smith, another for Heaven, Hell and Father Brown, and still another for Life, Laughter and Father Smith.***

• • •

**Spy stories are on the up and up, publishers tell us. One house has started what it calls the "European Espionage Novel Series," the first four volumes containing such gems as ROGUE MALE, by *Geoffrey Household;* ESCAPE, by *Ethel Vance;* NO SURRENDER, by *Martha Albrand;* and ABOVE SUSPICION, by *Helen MacInnes.* (Such a series ought to include sometime the two great *Manning Coles* stories, DRINK TO YESTERDAY and TOAST TO TOMORROW, and the dark shadowy reaches of *Eric Ambler*—especially A COFFIN FOR DIMITRIOS and JOURNEY INTO FEAR.) Another publisher has started a series of yearly collections of crime, mystery and detective stories culled from the pulps, the first collection called RUE MORGUE, 1945, edited by *Louis Greenfield* and *Rex Stout,* creator of *Nero Wolfe*—who certainly ought to know how to pick them. Though why we need detective stories these days, it's hard to say, what with the stories of real crime that fill the papers.**

Apparently crime waves follow always upon the heels of war. Way back someone came out in print about "the state of morals, so much depressed by the American Revolution." Then, after the War of 1812, the New York State prison was overflowing with convicts. "The present number is 722," the Recorder wrote, "though the prison was calculated for 500." The same complaints and statistics followed the Civil, Spanish-American and the First World wars. Now crime seems to have spread over the world. Even in a country so thoroughly policed as we always assumed Soviet Russia to be, we hear that a Cossack division had to be sent to Moscow to stem the rising tide of juvenile delinquency. And in good old law-abiding England there is great concern. London reports for last summer 500 cases of beatings and robberies with violence (where our gangsters shoot, the cockney equivalent apparently pounds up his victim). But on the whole we needn't worry too much abo England's law enforcement. Not when hear of a fish-and-chips dealer who was fused a license because he fled the country the 1940 blitz!

• • •

**Now that the boys are pretty well hor and most of us are at last recognizing t fact that they aren't the same boys w went away three or four years ago—*not* when we could do with some war bool It's hard to get the boys to talk, much they probably really want to, but ther no question that it's terribly important t us to know something about what they been going through. There are half-dozen short novels that give remarkal graphic pictures of what went on. A WA IN THE SUN, by *Harry Brown,* one: a thin little book about a squad boys landed in Italy that is as sharp the whirr of a bullet past your ear, a full of good soldier wisecracking. . . THE PERSIAN GULF COMMAND, by *Je***



*Book jacket from "The Persian Gulf Command"*

***Sayre,* shouldn't be missed: a thorough exciting hour's reading, like something another planet—a hot planet, we mig add. . . . BEACHHEAD ON THE WIND, *Carl Jonas,* is not nearly well enou known: also a short novel, about a lan ing in the Aleutians, as cold as the Persi Gulf was hot. . . . Then there's STRONG THAN FEAR, the little novel by *Richa Tregaskis,* about street fighting in German city. . . . And AMERICAN GUE RILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES, by *I Wolfert,* for those of us whose boys w down in the South Pacific. . . . It's n only important for us to know what they been through, but it goes without sayi that the boys themselves will fall on th books—just as they will buttonhole eve buddy who has shared the agony and t comradeship with them.**

• • •

***Some time back the Sunday papers w filled with lists made out by well-kno writers of their three favorite books. No we observed chose his own. But apart fr that discrepancy, the choices probal gave a pretty good line on each one's tas It was like that old game: each pers writes, in parallel columns, what he lik most and what he dislikes most, in each a set of categories—his favorite book a his unfavorite book, actor, dessert, style architecture, smell, color, animal, and on and on. The lists are collected, choices read anonymously, and everyo guesses the identity of the author.***

***And if the literary-minded see fit to lo down their noses at games, let them r member the great Turgenev playing ch rades. That was in the years when he w living in France and was hopelessly in lo with Paulina Garcia. Probably becau Paulina was an actress, she loved charad and a common sight at her parties was t big white-haired shaggy-bearded Russi down on the floor trying to be one of t boys.***

***Chopin, also, according to Franc Winwar,* in her book about George Sand THE LIFE OF THE HEART—*Chopi after hours of brilliant composing, would come out into the family living room dressed up like a governess or a jester or what not. He, too, was trying to keep alive the spark. But like poor old Turgenev, he got nowhere. Mme. Sand's big eyes were already beginning to stray.***



*George Sand*

DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

*We think you're lucky . . . to be so lovely yourself . . . and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.*

*Yours,*
TANGEE



# *Mrs. Joseph Cotten* says:

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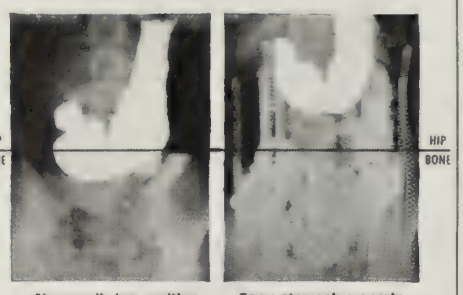

1 I guess I've been "funny" about people who called at my house on business. But from now on I'm putting out a big WELCOME mat for *one* business woman anytime she wants to call! Why? Because this woman is in business for herself, just like any storekeeper except she doesn't have a store. She brings her service to your house instead. And she brought me more than service. She brought me a new feeling of being young and alive again—


PRESS DOWN


LIFT UP

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4 Then she adjusted the patented Spirella Modeling Garment on me to get accurate measurements for my new Spirella. And when she delivered my new Spirella it fitted perfectly. Now I feel and look years younger. Even my husband has noticed—and that's saying something! So you see now why I've got my welcome mat out for the Spirella Corsetiere. Invite her in when she calls at your house and you'll feel the way I do about this business woman who helps you to be young and alive again!

*P. S.* If we can help by giving you the name of your local Spirella Retailer, write Dept. J-26.

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## YOU'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU THINK

*(Continued from Page 45)*

A world organized for peace, free from the vile curse of racial prejudice, free from the arrogance of master races and imperialistic nations, free from the fear of war, and moving out toward a day of co-operation for the good of all—such ideas have started, they are on the way, and they are mankind's hope. To say simply that their realization depends on a united world organization will not do. Of course it depends on that! But that, in turn, depends on enough people, ordinary, average folk, who tirelessly, undiscourageably believe in those ideas and stand for them.

We say that the ancient Greeks condemned Socrates to death, but it was not so simple as that. On the jury that condemned Socrates were 500 men; 280 of them voted for his death, 220 for his acquittal. There, in the small, is a true parable of history's public crises. If only a few individuals had changed their minds, what crimes could have been avoided and what gains made! So one of the least sentimental of writers on social questions, Albert Edward Wiggam, put it: "If hope and courage go out of the lives of common men it is all up with social and political civilization."

**Never tell a young person that something cannot be done. God may have been waiting for centuries for somebody ignorant enough of the impossible to do that thing.**

—DR. J. A. HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses. (University Pub. Co.)

The intimate, private reasons for lost morale are so shattering that anyone, pleading for sustained faith and courage, must think of some people, standing in whose shoes he would find faith and courage desperately difficult. Many have lost in the war everything that made life most dear to them.

Nevertheless, that very fact can issue, not in cynicism but in resolution. If infantile paralysis kills my child, all the more I should count infantile paralysis a public enemy, and with aroused faith and determination should back efforts to prevent it, for the sake of other children.

THAT kind of personal response to tragedy is one of the most hopeful factors in our time—men and women, namely, seeing with open eyes and feeling, it may be, with broken hearts the intolerable horror of war, aroused to such strength of resolution and morale as they never experienced before.

We had better make such response. That atomic bomb haunts us all. Henceforth this is what war means—the indiscriminate massacre of entire civilian populations. The idea that atomic energy can now be made illegitimate in war is a lame reliance. Humanitarians have habitually protested against every new agency of destruction used in war, as Luther protested against gunpowder, calling firearms that used it "cruel and damnable machines . . . the direct suggestion of the devil," and as British philanthropists wanted the automatic machine gun used by Kitchener against the Mad Mullah in the Sudan, outlawed because it was so terrible. War, however, always has gone grimly on, employing any destructive agency available to defeat an enemy; and that Mars, now having atomic energy at his disposal, will use it is a foregone conclusion.

Once wars were fought by champions, as the ancient hosts of Israel and the Philistines sat on the side lines and watched David and Goliath fight it out. Then, entering a new phase, wars were fought by professional mercenaries; the very word "soldier" comes from the Latin *solidus*, meaning a coin. Then, as centuries passed, citizen armies





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rose; war reached its hands deep into a nation's homes and gathered up, first by volunteering and then by drafting, the nation's youth for battle.

And now total war has come, from which no one is exempt, and, implemented with air power and atomic energy, it means the obliteration of entire civilian populations.

The situation is appalling. Not idealism alone now motivates our desire to end war, but, as well, all the elemental motives of self-preservation. General Douglas MacArthur, in his speech at the Japanese surrender, said it:

"We have had our last chance. If we do not now devise some greater and more equitable system, Armageddon will be at our door."

In this, the most critical era in history, one decisive factor is the kind of personal response that millions of individuals around the world will make.

If enough of them collapse into cynical disillusionment, then the game is up. If enough are aroused to creative faith in decent possibilities and determined resolution to achieve them, then this may turn out to be one of mankind's greatest centuries.

In its essential nature ours is an old situation, reproduced age after age in mankind's story—the cynics and the great believers, two diverse groups, each appealing to individuals for their personal allegiance, with the fate of the future in the balance. In the eighteenth century Edmund Burke called slavery a fearful but incurable evil and thought there was no hope that the slave trade could ever be wiped out. Over against him, however, and his fellow disbelievers, stood another group, the great believers—Wilberforce, for instance, with his faith that the slave trade could be, and his determination that it should be, wiped out—and in that case the great believers won. On his deathbed they brought Wilberforce assurance that by act of Parliament the slave trade would be wiped out, as it was a month afterward. If ever in history that kind of event needed to be reduplicated, it is now.

Today, once more, the cynics and the men of faith and courage are appealing to the individual for his response. Which party shall we join?

## THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

*(Continued from Page 49)*

Amalie and her daughter were returning to America after a few months in Europe. They had attended the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

"I want Mary to acquire a feeling of stability, of the firm integration of history," said Jerome. "She is seventeen now, and has a mind. When she returns, she wishes to go to Cornell University. I hardly thought I'd live to see the day of coeducation in America!"

"Mary has a great soul," Philip answered. He looked away. "I only hope she will marry as good a man."

"Oh, I have plans for her." Jerome's expression was bright with pride and love. "But there's my boy too. He's to go to Groton soon. Will has the makings of a rousing businessman."

Philip departed for his father's bank. Alfred, as usual, appeared happy to see his son.

Philip told him, "I've been talking with Jerome of what we discussed last night, father. I think he will endow a few scholarships. With yours and mine, the thing ought to be impressive."

"You didn't mention my name, I hope?" Alfred asked.

"No," lied Philip.

Alfred said, "I haven't hated Jerome for years. Of course we could never be friends. We couldn't even be speaking acquaintances. I have never forgotten Amalie. I haven't forgotten Jerome's blackguardly way of managing the situation. But I don't blame





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THRIFTY, TOO: Deep, rich, emollient – one drop covers both hands.

either of them now." He added, "I have a feeling that one of these days Jerome and I will meet, and—things—will be cleared up."

"Yes," said Philip, "I think they will."

Alfred went on almost mournfully, "You know, Philip, it seems vindictive of Jerome that he never allowed Mary to visit us again. I quite loved the child, and Dorothea did too."

"But you met her often in the road, quite accidentally," Philip reminded his father with a smile. "And at the homes of discreet and mutual friends. Mary can be quite subtle."

"I never thought that quite honorable," said Alfred uneasily. "If her father forbade it, perhaps she should have obeyed not only the letter of the law, but its spirit."

"Mary has a lot of sense, and she is a creature of reason," replied Philip. He told his father of Mary's impending return. "I had a letter from her this morning," he went on. "And a photograph."

He took an envelope from his pocket, and Alfred seized the photograph eagerly. He saw that fine and delicately carved face, haughty in its youth and beauty, the wide fringed eyes full of spiritual light and resolution. The pale hair was coiled in a thick, glistening chignon on the nape of her neck.

"What a lovely chin, so high and valorous," said Alfred. "Her nose is exactly like Uncle William's. She has his look too. What a sweet child."

"She is seventeen," said Philip. "Not a child. Not even in years, and certainly not in character."

Alfred put on his spectacles to read the inscription on the photograph which was written, in the sharpest, smallest script: "To my darling Philip with all my love, Mary."

"How touching. She is much attached to you, Philip."

Philip took the photograph. "And I love Mary too."

There had been a rain and the soft evening was all lilac and silver. Mary and Philip had gone for a stroll after the dinner hour. They walked down the road from Hilltop, reached a stretch of fragrant pines and spruce. Overhead the sky had deepened to a soft heliotrope, wide and calm. The moon was a white face in the sky, as she slowly climbed through tinted mists.

THE pine woods were very quiet as Philip and Mary walked, hand in hand. Her head was above his, and lifted with that prideful grace which he loved so much. There was such a tranquillity about the girl, such an integrity! They reached a small clearing in the little woods. There stood their favorite flat stone. They sat on it, still hand in hand, and did not speak for a time.

Then Mary said softly, "In February I shall be eighteen." She tossed her head, as if her silvery mane still lay upon her shoulders instead of being coiled in its shimmering knot on her neck.

"Yes. I know, my dear."

"I have decided not to go to Cornell, Philip. I thought I would, at first, and papa was pleased. But I want something else now."

Philip was silent. He lifted Mary's hand and smoothed each finger separately. She watched his bent head. Her lip trembled.

"You'll never ask me, Philip," she said, and her voice was low. "I don't know why. But I'll have to ask you, it seems. Will you marry me, Philip?"

He looked up, too moved for speech. Then, very simply, he said, "Mary, look at me."

She obeyed slowly and acutely. She did not answer, but only smiled, as if he had said something very foolish.

"Well, what did you see?" he asked.

"I see you."

Philip sighed.

"I think," she added, "that you are being stupid, Philip. You wanted me to see your back, didn't you? You wanted me to see the way your neck is set deep in your shoulders. Yes, I saw all this. But I see your face too. I see all of you. I didn't think you were so silly, Philip."

"I am nearly fifteen years older than you."

"What are fifteen years? I'm not a child. I don't think I ever was. And I don't like young people."

His heart was beating with great pain. He put aside her hand gently. "Mary, I want you. I think I always did. If I can't have you, I won't have any other woman. But you are very young. How can I know that when you are twenty, twenty-five, thirty, you won't want someone else?"

She looked at him with clear openness. "You are thinking of mamma and papa, and Uncle Alfred, aren't you? Philip, I know a lot of things now. I know that mamma married your father because he had what she wanted. I know all about her life. She told me everything when we were in Europe together. I know that I was born scarcely six months after she married papa. Mamma and I have grown very close. We never were, you know, until I was almost fourteen. Then we understood each other. Mamma held back nothing. When we were in Europe, I told her I was going to marry you. She was glad. She said she had begun to hope it. She loves you. She thinks that you and I are very much alike, and that we'll be happy. All my life," said the girl, with touching simplicity, "since I have known you, I have loved you, Philip. Mamma understood, and that is why she took me to Europe. She wanted me to see what there was to be seen of men. It was as if I had an—an armor over my heart. I thought of nothing but you."

She waited. His dark eyes were fixed on her face, amazed, not daring to believe.

"You'll have to trust me, Philip." She held out her hands and he took them. But still he looked at her almost fearfully.

"How can I take you, Mary? You are so young, so beautiful. It would be wrong."

"Oh, why!" she cried impatiently. "You are insulting me, Philip. Philip, my darling! Look at me, really look at me!" She laughed. "Are you going to marry me, dearest?"

She waited. He had become flushed and breathless as he stared at her. Then, sighing impatiently, and with indulgence, she put her young soft arms about his neck, bent her head and kissed him full on the lips. It was not for several minutes that he held her to him. It was as if he had waited for surety, for conviction.

*(Continued on Page 126)*

## *Second Love*

**BY MARJORIE LEDERER**

Nothing as bright as daylight can
be hidden
Back in the shaded cell that
memory bars;
And night will come as always—
wild, unbidden,
Filling your open hands with
wanton stars;
And April is April as in every season,
Budded and young and prideful of
her voice,
Singing her trembling odes for the
sole reason
That you alone may hear them and
rejoice.
There is no road but that awaits your
turning,
Winding its leafy way with special
grace;
Nowhere a hill that will not soon be
learning
To match the height of wonder in
your face.
No, nothing of love shall be
withheld from you—
Save for the fact that none of it is
new.



# What is your EYE Q?

MONEY by the trainload couldn't buy your eyes from you. You know they're priceless. But what else do you know about them? You'll be far above average if you can answer the questions below. For despite the preciousness of our eyes, most people know alarmingly little about them or their care. Let's see how you do on the questions:

**1** ***Do your eyes help you walk?***

Just close them, and see how few steps you dare take! Eyes control 80% of all our motions, influence 83% of all our learning.

**2** ***How many people have normal vision . . . 80%, 60%, 30%?***

The lowest figure—30%—is correct. Seventy people out of a hundred are handicapped by faulty vision.

**3** ***What is an Ophthalmologist?—An Optometrist?—An Ophthalmic Dispenser?***

An Ophthalmologist is a medically-trained professional specialist who diagnoses and prescribes for eye and visual troubles, and performs surgery if necessary.

An Optometrist is an ophthalmically trained professional specialist who diagnoses and prescribes for visual troubles and who renders a complete service when glasses are necessary.

An Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician) is a professional specialist trained to interpret prescriptions and to fashion, fit, and adjust glasses; and in conjunction with the Ophthalmologist to render a complete eye care service.

**4** ***How fast do your eyes change?***

Age, use and abuse change seeing power constantly. At age twenty, 23% of all eyes are faulty; at thirty, 39%; at forty, 48%; at fifty, 71%; and at sixty, 82%.

**That's why it's wise to look to your eyes regularly. For your only pair of eyes must last your lifetime, and their need for care increases every day you live. See that they benefit from the best scientific services, skills, and training of competent experts.**

**5** ***When were YOUR eyes last examined?***

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*(Continued from Page 126)*

no preliminary warning, except that Dorothea, who rarely complained, remarked to Alfred, the day before she died, that she was extraordinarily tired. It had been the holidays, she had said, as if in apology. Besides, she was not as young as she had been, and when a woman has lived fifty-four years she can be pardoned for feeling her age.

Alfred repeated after her, "Fifty-four years!" He was slightly older than Dorothea, and had not thought of time in relation to himself. He had been somewhat shocked and sobered.

He slept fitfully that night. When he awoke in the morning he was very tired. Feeling his age! He and Philip went down to breakfast and were informed by a maid that Miss Dorothea was not feeling well, and that she had requested a tray in her room.

Alfred and Philip prepared to leave for the bank. The sleigh was waiting, heaped with its furry robes. Alfred suddenly discovered that he had left his dispatch case on the hall table. Philip was already in the sleigh. Alfred's first impulse was to send the coachman for his case. Then he turned and went back himself.

The bleak hall was only duskily lighted by the radiance outside. Alfred's case was on the stiff oaken chair near the door. He lifted it. Then a strange thing happened. He felt that someone was with him in the hall.

He stood and listened. He heard nothing but the mysteriously accelerated beat of his heart. It sounded like a quickening drum. An odd tremor passed over Alfred's flesh. He looked about him searchingly. He felt the closeness of some unseen personality. Alfred involuntarily stepped back toward the door, his hand clutching his case. Then he could not move. Some other sense held him waiting, listening, feeling with an intensity he had never experienced before.

He said, aloud, "Uncle William!" He was no longer afraid. He was almost happy, almost excited. He exclaimed, "Uncle William! What is it?"

Was that a sigh, a murmur he had heard? He strained his ears. The personality was retreating from him. Alfred moved, too, as if hypnotized. Suddenly the personality had gone. Alfred reached the stairway, peered up into its dim height. Then something impelled him to race up the stairs.

A maid, her arms filled with sheets, turned and stared at Alfred with astonishment.

"Miss Dorothea!" he exclaimed. "How is Miss Dorothea?"

The girl, taken aback, stammered, "Miss Dorothea? I took away her tray just a while ago, sir. She was sleeping. She hadn't touched her breakfast."

Alfred opened the door of Dorothea's bedroom. Dorothea lay upon her pillows, very still, her eyes closed. There was no sound of her breathing.

ALFRED stood beside the bed and looked down upon her. A long time passed. He could feel nothing but numbness and quietness. At last he became aware that Philip was beside him, his hand on his arm, speaking softly. Alfred turned.

"Uncle William was here," he said. "He came for Dorothea."

"You are surely going to the funeral, Jerome?" said Amalie.

"No, I am not. Why should I?"

Amalie glanced at Mary, who sat at her mother's right at the breakfast table. But the girl was looking steadily at her father. She was quite pale, and her crimson wool frock enhanced that paleness.

"Aunt Dorothea was your sister, papa," she murmured.

Jerome, unperturbed, drank his coffee. But Amalie knew he was angry. He put down his cup. "Look here," he said roughly. "Let's not be sentimental. I haven't seen 'Aunt Dorothea' for over eighteen years. I don't care to see her now that she is dead. I'm no sanctimonious fool. Moreover, I want no member of my family going down there either."

Mary said quietly, "She is Philip's aunt, by adoption. We owe something to Philip. He was very fond of her."

Jerome struck his thin brown hand on the table. "Philip's fondness has nothing to do with us. He isn't a fool. He understands. Let that end it." He stood up. "I want to hear no more of this, do you understand?"

MARY rose silently and went out of the room. Jerome watched her go. Then he swung upon Amalie savagely.

"So you've finally succeeded in turning my daughter against me, haven't you? You've misrepresented me to her for years, done all you could to separate us. I presume you are happy at last."

Amalie stood up also, and leaned against the table. "How can you say that, Jerome? How can you be so cruel?"

But Jerome was enraged. "You deny it? You deny that you have poisoned my daughter's mind against me? I've seen it for years."

Amalie was paler, but she said steadily, "Your father would want you to go to your sister's funeral."

"Don't talk like a fool!"

Amalie drew in a deep breath. "There is another thing. You can offend a community's morals and be forgiven. But you can't offend its etiquette, its good manners."

"'Morals!'" ejaculated Jerome viciously. "You are an excellent one to talk of morals. If you had the slightest moral sense, you would not have gone behind my back and turned my daughter against me."

"You are wrong," said Amalie. She was trembling. "I did not turn Mary against you. If she is not what she was to you, that is your own fault, not mine."

She was stupefied, incredulous. Was this Jerome, her husband, the man she loved? Was this actually hatred which she saw in his eyes—a leaping and merciless hatred? How had she not known that he was cruel? Surely she had known! But she had crushed down the knowledge. She could keep it down no longer.

Her voice was steadier now. "You are a cruel man, Jerome. I don't think I ever acknowledged it before, even to myself. I can forgive everything but cruelty. Anything."

"So I am cruel, am I?" said Jerome in a pent voice. "So that is what you have been telling Mary all these years?"

Amalie could not speak. There was a pain in her breast that was almost past enduring. There was a sickness in her throat. She thought, *How naive I am. How little I have ever known about the deviousness of any human soul! I don't know anything.*

"No doubt," Jerome went on, "you are thinking regretfully of the tender first husband you so easily betrayed and abandoned. Why not tell him? It would give him a great deal of satisfaction, I am sure." His manner, his face, his glinting eyes were filled with ugliness.

Then a sudden great illumination came to Amalie, so that tears rushed to her eyelids. Why, all these years Jerome had been bedeviled by insecurity, by fear! No man, confident of himself, possessing a deep inner peace, could be cruel! When a man struck furiously at those he loved, it was from some inner torment, some terrible unease, some sleepless distress.

During all these years Amalie had believed that Alfred had been the one beset by a secret knowledge of inferiority and insecurity. Now she understood that she had been wrong. Alfred's insecurity had arisen from

*(Continued on Page 130)*

**Two women sat one day on a wind-swept ocean pier. The first woman had three beautiful children, the other was childless. The latter, gazing wistfully out over the tumbling water, said, "I'd give ten years of my life to have three such children as yours!"**

**"Well, three children cost about that," the other woman answered gravely.**

—TOM MASSON: The Best Stories in the World (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

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*(Continued from Page 128)*

his sense of gratitude to his uncle, from his devotion to William Lindsey. Otherwise, he had been strong. He had acquired wisdom. This she had learned from Philip.

But Jerome would never be wise. He would always be at odds with the world. He hated, because he feared. He hated, because he could never trust.

Compassion rolled over Amalie like a smothering wave. She held out her hands to Jerome. "Oh, please don't, darling!" she cried softly. "I am so sorry."

But Jerome could not be moved. He gave her another malevolent look. Then he turned and went out of the room.

Dorothea was buried in the family plot on January seventh. The day was all crystal and white and fiery blue. The black pines of the cemetery blazed with icicles. The grave was a raw black gash in the earth. Scores of Dorothea's friends had come here. She had never inspired much love, but she had inspired respect.

Some whispered that Alfred seemed very calm and resigned. He looked at the grave, at the heaps of ferns and hothouse flowers waiting on the brink. Some said he was stunned, inconsolable.

Philip stood beside him. *Poor misshapen creature!* thought the friends. Poor Alfred. He had little to comfort him. His first wife had died, his second wife had betrayed him. He had no strong sons, no pretty daughters to give him consolation or hope.

The minister had concluded his prayers. He threw a handful of mud and snow onto the coffin that lay in the grave. Suddenly there was a murmur of surprise and a stir. A tall young girl in a sealskin jacket and a round sealskin hat was moving toward the grave. Her arms were filled with hothouse lilies and roses. Mary Lindsey! She came directly to Alfred and Philip. She smiled as if there were no one there but herself and these two.

"Mary," murmured Alfred.

"My dear," whispered Philip. They gazed at her with open love.

She inclined her head graciously, then gently dropped the flowers upon the coffin. "Good-by, Aunt Dorothea," she said clearly. Then, with great simplicity, she kissed Alfred, then kissed Philip.

QUARRELS between Jerome and Amalie were usually hot and brief, ending in reconciliation and laughter. But this quarrel, though apparently passing, did not end in laughter. It ended in a kind of silent truce.

Amalie, with her profound understanding, knew that she had struck deeply at Jerome with her accusation of cruelty. He could not forgive her, because he knew that she had spoken the truth. She had made a breach between them which could never be filled.

The long days of January and February were wretched ones. Jerome went to New York on business. He did not invite Amalie this time. On this journey, he also took his young son away to school.

"At least," he said to Amalie, "you won't have much opportunity to turn William against me."

Amalie did not reply. She was very weary these days, sunken into despondency and silence. She missed her boy. But she missed something else more urgently. She missed what she had believed was Jerome. It did not matter that the man of her imagination had never existed. She felt the loss as intensely as if he had died, and a stranger had taken his place.

Mary was her comfort now, sweet, cool young Mary with her neutral voice and eyes that never clouded for very long. Amalie would watch Mary and Philip together with a content she had not known for years.

**The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, look around cheerfully, and act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. To feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and courage will very likely replace fear. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, whereas if we act as if from some better feeling, the bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab, and silently steals away.**

—WILLIAM JAMES: The Gospel of Relaxation (H. Holt & Co.)

Within a few days Jerome would return. Mary and Philip had decided that they must tell him now of their plans.

On the last night before Jerome's return, Amalie said to Mary, "Let us get it over with, child. I confess that I can't stand this much longer."

Mary smiled. "There is nothing to be afraid of. I am just going to tell papa that I am to marry Philip. That is all."

*That is all.* It was not so simple. Nearly half a century of hatred and animosity stood behind the girl's unworried words. What could she understand of that?

Jerome returned in better spirits than when he left Riversend. He had brought Amalie a beautiful cameo brooch. He had brought Mary an ermine jacket, a muff and a round hat to match. He brought messages from young William. He told of his visit to Jay Regan, and his other friends. He had dined with the governor. His women listened politely and with interest.

"There is something which Philip wished me to do in New York," said Jerome. "I thought he might be here tonight. I wrote him."

MARY said, "He couldn't come tonight." She paused, glanced at her mother. "Papa, may I talk to you alone, in my sitting room, later?"

Jerome was pleased. "Why, my darling, of course." He gave Amalie a look which was compounded of smugness and satisfaction and almost childish triumph. Jerome leaned forward to pinch Mary's ear. "One of my New York friends has a fine boy," he said. "I think I persuaded him to pay us a visit sometime this summer. That was when I showed him the pretty miniature of you that I carry in my watch."

Mary's smile did not change. She rose. "Now, papa?" she asked.

Amalie sat in her room, waiting. The house was very quiet. She could hear the notes of the grandfather clock as it struck the quarter hour, the half hour. She could hear the snapping of the trees outside in the intense cold. The curve of a brilliant crescent moon shone through the window. She listened. There was still no sound, no movement. A wind rose briefly, shook the windows, made the fire roar up, then passed.

Jerome and Mary had been together for an hour. What was taking place there? Amalie had not heard a raised voice or an exclamation. The clock chimed again.

Then the door opened. Jerome stood on the threshold, looking at her. When she saw his face she rose involuntarily. He spoke very softly. "You did this. I ought to have known that a woman like you, without honor or decency, would do a thing like this, behind my back. Well, you can't do it!"

Amalie straightened until she was very tall. She looked at Jerome unmovingly. Then, without hurry, she went to Mary. She found the girl sitting before her fire, motionless, very white and very still.

Mary stood up when her mother entered. "Don't worry, mamma," said Mary gently. "I am going to marry Philip. Nothing can stop me." She came to Amalie and put her arms about her. Amalie did not move. She had no tears. She had only this appalling suffering in her heart.

The cold broke during the night. It was followed by a wild storm, a blizzard that roared in on white wings from the north. By daylight, the world was one vast movement of wind and snow. Roads were swept bare in some spots, heaped high in others. The hills were blotted out behind an immense and agitated veil of gray. Riversend

*(Continued on Page 132)*

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*(Continued from Page 130)*

huddled under the fury; at midday it was dark enough to light lamps. The gas lamps on the streets flared with a wan and yellow light. But the streets were empty.

Philip and Alfred were sitting together in the latter's office. They had been talking for an hour, and their conversation was not about the bank.

"Yes," said Alfred, "go to his bank about three o'clock. Of course there is the possibility that he did not leave Hilltop this morning. This is the worst storm I have seen for nearly twenty years."

"I should have gone there last night," said Philip. "But Amalie and Mary especially requested me not to. It seems cowardly to let them face it alone."

Alfred turned to his son. His pale eyes were suddenly stern. "Philip, it appears to me that I should be the one to object—not Jerome."

Philip said nothing.

Alfred sighed. "Jerome, however, was always a vindictive and passionate man. From what I hear, he has not changed."

"It is hard enough for a man to give up a daughter he adores, even if—if everything else is satisfactory," said Philip with sadness. "I am relying, however, on our years of friendship. Jerome can't forget all that, surely."

"You would be surprised at what a man can forget under the stress of emotion," said Alfred grimly. "He can do and say things which can never be forgiven. Never." He waited a little, then said, "To many Dorothea might have appeared hard and unrelenting. But she wasn't, really. During her last years, especially, she became gentler. I only wish she had lived to see you and Mary married. It would have made her happy."

"You ought to have married Dorothea, sir."

Alfred moved restlessly. He flushed. "Well, I thought of it a few times, I confess. There was a deep affection between us. But it would not have been fair to her. You see, my dear boy, I couldn't forget Amalie." He looked again at the storm. "I still love Amalie, Philip. I think I always will." He said, as if speaking aloud to himself, "I have seen Amalie a few times, at a distance. I've never spoken to you of this before, Philip. But now I must ask you outright: Is she really happy with Jerome?"

**The average person spends one tenth of life:**

| | |
|---|---|
| **Waiting for meals** | **2½ years** |
| **Answering the door** | **1 year** |
| **Standing in line** | **6 months** |
| **Traveling to work** | **1½ years** |
| **In useless repetition** | **2 months** |
| **Answering the telephone** | **1 month** |
| **In making up his mind** | **1½ years** |

—SEUMAS BRADY: Hibernia (Irish Digest).

Philip hesitated. "I don't know if Amalie has the capacity to be truly happy. Perhaps it isn't Jerome's fault."

Alfred quickened. "You say she is unhappy, Philip?"

"If she is, I don't think it is Jerome's fault."

"He doesn't understand her, then," said Alfred, greatly moved and urgent. "I didn't—long ago. But the years have made me understand. Amalie needs a sense of permanence, of safety. She never had it. Neither of us—Jerome or I—could give it to her. I don't know why. I think I might have, if things had been different." He said huskily, "Yes, I am sure I could have given it to her. Eventually. When I finally realized I didn't have to justify myself. But I didn't have time then."

Philip stared at his father incredulously, and knew the truth with a sort of blinding clairvoyance. Yes, Alfred could have made Amalie happy, happy as she had never been. A few years, only a few years, had been needed. Alfred would have gained in wisdom, in quietness, in peace, under the happiness of being married to Amalie, just as he had gained them under unhappiness. There were some who were slow in maturing, and some who would never mature. Alfred was the first, Jerome the second. If Jerome had never returned to Hilltop, there would have been peace there, and contentment, in a few years.

Philip's heart ached. Then he said to himself, *But if that had happened, then Mary would have been my sister!* Could he, Philip, be sorry? Something expanded in him. If he had the choice, would he wish things might have been different? *Perhaps*, he thought. *Perhaps not.*

The door opened, and an excited clerk appeared. "Mr. Jerome Lindsey is here, sir, and wishes to see you and Mr. Philip!"

"Jerome!" exclaimed Alfred, starting up. Then he paused, turned to Philip. "Send him in," he said.

The clerk went out. Philip put his hand on his father's arm. "Please," he said. "Let us be as calm as possible. I can rely on you to keep your temper, father?"

Alfred bent his head. He sat down again. Philip, standing, waited.

THE door opened again and Jerome appeared on the threshold, his hat brim, his shoulders white with snow. He did not look at Philip. He looked at Alfred. He closed the door behind him.

Over the space of dark warm carpet, over the space of years of hatred and madness and bitterness and hostility, the two men regarded each other in silence. Philip, always so adequate in emergencies, could not speak. His voice was stopped in his throat. For never had he seen such a face, nor could he have imagined it. Jerome was looking at his cousin with features that were black and distorted, with eyes from which all sanity and reason had been burned away.

And Alfred was returning that look very quietly. His own face was gray and rigid. Then Philip saw that his father was gazing at the bright red scars on Jerome's face. His shock seemed to increase. His lips jerked. One of his hands half rose as if to shut out the sight of those scars. Then it fell heavily to the table again.

Jerome was leaning against the door. His breath came sharply. He said, "I have only a few words to say. And they are all 'no.' No. No. That is all."

Philip moved. Jerome saw that movement and he turned like a cat on the younger man.

"You disgusting, miserable cripple," said Jerome. "Don't cross my path again. Don't ever let me see you. If you do, I will kill you. How dare you look at my daughter? How dare you think of her? You!"

Alfred saw Philip shrink back. For the first time in Philip's life he saw the light go out of his eyes. Alfred forgot everything but that this was his son who was being so hideously attacked. He stood up, walked around his desk and faced Jerome, so that there was only a yard or so between them.

"Listen, Jerome Lindsey," he said. "I, too, have only a few words to say. And I want to tell you that I forbid my son to marry your daughter. I want no blood of yours in my house." He turned to Philip, said sternly, "I forbid you to marry this man's daughter. Are you going to obey me?"

Philip pressed his hand against his father's desk. He said, "Yes, I will obey you."

Jerome looked from one to the other. Then he burst out laughing. There was no other sound in the room but the sound of that brutal and vehement laughter. "So," he said almost genially, "it is all settled then. I always like to see people being reasonable." He stared at them gloatingly. "This gives me much pleasure. I've waited for it for a long time." He concentrated his attention on Alfred. "You thought to worm your way into Hilltop, didn't you, through your deformed son? You thought that you would have full run of that house again. It was a nice plot, but it didn't turn out the way you thought it would. Yes, it was a nice plot, but it was a stupid one."

Alfred was incredulous. "There was no plot. That is just in your mind. I never want to see Hilltop again. I never wanted to see you again, either, or anyone who belongs to



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you." He paused, then he said, "I don't think we have anything more to say to each other. Except one thing: I beg of you not to be too harsh to that lovely child. She is young. This was a—mistake. Let her forget."

Jerome said nothing. Alfred looked into his eyes; he could see nothing there that he could read. Again he shook his head, and sighed. Jerome turned away, opened the door, shut it softly behind him.

Philip had sat down. He was leaning his elbows on his father's desk; his face was covered with his hands. Alfred studied him, and he thought to himself that this was the greatest pain that he had ever had to bear.

Jim was waiting in the sleigh for Jerome, huddled in the robes. The little old man was wretched. There was no standing this beastly weather, he thought. It was like the night that Mr. Jerome had come 'ome. It was still day, but the storm had so darkened the sky that it might have been seven o'clock. Jim was frightened too. Why had Mr. Jerome gone to that bank? He had not spoken from the time they had left Hilltop. He had just sat there like a graven image. Sat there, he had, in the sleigh, looking straight ahead with eyes like marbles. Something was wrong.

Then Jim heard Jerome climbing into the sleigh again. "We'll go home," he was saying. He pulled the robes up to his chin.

"Yes, sir," said Jim thankfully. "It's a bad day, and it'll be a worse night."

Jim turned the horses about. They floundered through piling drifts. The gas lamps flickered. The wind tore at the men's faces, at their hats, at the tight warm robes. Jim's nose was numb with cold; he sniffled, blinking reddened eyes.

It was almost impossible to see. Jim gave the horses their heads. The devils could find their own way home. The runners of the sleigh crunched through the snow; the vehicle rocked and swayed. Now Jim began to gasp for breath as the wind struck his face. Jerome, sitting far down in the sleigh, sat without moving or speaking.

THE yellow street lamps wavered by them like faint moons seen through fog. The snow hissed in the burning gale. Once a horse stumbled, and the sleigh jerked aside violently.

*Amalie. Mary. Mary, Amalie.* Jerome wiped the snow from his face. He roused himself a little. "Can't you make them go a little faster?" he asked.

"No, sir, it's beyond me, this storm," said Jim fearfully. "They're doin' the best they can."

"I must get home soon," said Jerome.

Jim slapped the reins futilely. Bells jingled. The horses, apprehensive, struggled up the slope from the valley.

*I must get home,* thought Jerome. *Amalie, Mary. I must go to Amalie. I must tell her—what? What can I say to her? I can only ask her to forgive me. Mary. My darling, my dear. I have always been a fool, Mary. Your father is a fool. A cruel one.*

"What's the matter now?" he cried aloud, as the sleigh stopped abruptly.

Jim's voice, muffled by wind, blew back to him: "Feels like a bad drift, sir. Horses havin' trouble, like. There. They're clear now."

The house would be warm and bright and snug. The grandfather clock would be chiming. There would be a fire in his room. He would call Amalie in, and he would say, "Forgive me, if you can. Forgive me for all these years, and all my folly and stupidity." Then Amalie would kiss him and say—what would she say? But he knew Amalie. Her face had been tired so long, and it was his fault. Would it brighten a little when he spoke to her? He saw the purple shining of her eyes before him.

They would talk together in the firelight, he and Amalie and Mary. And he would say, "Mary, if you want Philip, you have my blessing."

*Philip.* He saw Philip cringing away from him, turning away. Philip, who had been his

*(Continued on Page 135)*


DON'T SUFFER FROM SORE, CHAPPED HANDS!



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Nurses were among the first to discover this wonderful relief for chapped hands. Hundreds have written to tell us their experiences. These letters are typical:

*"Have you ever washed your hands a hundred times a day? We nurses in contagion do—and Noxzema is my only relief from rough, red hands."*

Another writes: *"My hands and arms were so irritated from scrubbing for operations that I couldn't be comfortable anywhere till I tried Noxzema. I got immediate relief and I've never been without Noxzema since."*

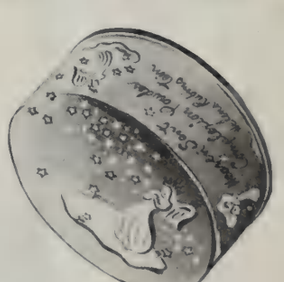
**Actual tests show chapped hands heal faster—*this medicated way!***

• Actual clinical tests with Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream on scores of men and women with both mildly and badly chapped hands show that this soothing, *greaseless* cream helps heal faster—improvement in many cases being seen *overnight!*

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*(Continued from Page 133)*

friend. Philip, who was so like Jerome's father. *How could I have said that to Philip? What possessed me? I must have been mad. Tomorrow I will write to Alfred. There can be nothing between us, of course. There never can be, as long as we live. But I can write him: "Try to forget what I have said, and what I have done. And send your son to me, please, as soon as possible."*

His cheeks were numb, and his feet and hands. The sleigh was rocking violently. He heard Jim cursing. From the tilting of the sleigh, he knew that they were rising rapidly. He looked up. Was that a light in the far window at Hilltop? It was just a faint yellow glow, lost in the snow and the wind.

*Wait for me,* he said to the light. *I am coming, my dears.*

Then he had the most curious thought. His father was waiting for him, up there at Hilltop. He would find his father in the library. He would be sitting there, smoking. He would look up with a smile, laying aside his book. What would he quote now? Jerome smiled in answer. Addison? Thoreau? Whittier? Emerson? It would probably be Emerson, the young Emerson.

Amalie heard the door open below. She heard a hoarse cry. She ran out of her room, and met servants running also. And then there was Mary. She ran downstairs.

Jim, bleeding from a dreadful gash on his cheek, stood below, shaking violently, his clothes covered with snow. He saw Amalie on the stairs, lifting her hand to her mouth. He screamed hoarsely, "Help! The ditch! He's down there, in the ditch!"

Philip came downstairs somewhat late this autumn morning. Alfred complained that his son was working too hard. But he was proud of Philip, proud of all that he had accomplished and was accomplishing.

Breakfast was waiting for Philip in the small narrow room overlooking the gardens. Alfred had gone to the bank. Philip ate his breakfast without appetite. There were letters for him. He ran through them quickly, then caught up one with an eagerness he could not control. It was from Mary, written from New York.

"Darling Philip," she wrote, "you will doubtless be surprised that mamma and I are now in New York. We had to leave New Orleans to bring William back to his school. But that was not the only reason. Mamma suddenly decided that she wished to return to Hilltop. She is not looking well, and I am very anxious about her. But she does not appear so numb and listless as she did during the first months after papa's death."

Philip's eye ran swiftly over that sharp small script with its clear legibility.

He continued to read: "Perhaps I imagine it, but your letters are so short and distant. Is it because you are working too hard? If that is so, then mamma and I will feel conscience-stricken. But we are also proud. How wise it was of papa to appoint you executor of his will and his estate, and to name you as president of his bank! He knew that you and General Tayntor were good friends, and that he, as vice-president, would have no quarrel with you."

Philip paused and looked before him. *I can't go on with it,* he thought. But he knew he must. He could not abandon Amalie and Mary. Love for them, and duty, as his father had pointed out, must keep him in Jerome's bank, as president, until young William had attained his majority. Even then, according to the terms of the will, Philip was to be chairman. The years stretched before Philip as a great weary desert is spread before exhausted eyes.

Mary's letter continued: "It has been so long since we have seen you. Eight months! But, as you know, I had to take mamma away. I was afraid that she would die during those weeks of illness after papa's death. She has become so thin you would hardly know her, and it breaks my heart. She smiled for the first time, about a month ago, when William said something very ridiculous. Now she even reads occasionally.

"Dear Philip, I am counting the days until I see you again. How wonderful it will be! I do not know the exact day, but it will be soon."

Philip slowly laid aside the letter. Again he looked through the narrow window at the garden. Mary. Someday she would be grateful that she had not married him; she would be grateful to Philip himself. The dull stone that always lived in his chest became heavier. He rubbed his tired eyes.

*Mary. Mary.* But when he thought of Mary he thought of Jerome.

What had Alfred said pleadingly? "Philip, you are too imaginative, too sensitive. If Jerome had truly meant those wicked things he said to you, he would not have written his will like this. He reveals all the trust and affection he ever had for you in every line. Poor Jerome. You see yourself how he trusted you."

*But he never dreamed of me marrying his daughter,* thought Philip. *I was his friend, his confidant, his adviser. But he never saw me as the husband of his daughter.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Drawing-Room Scene*

**By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee**

**We were discussing love, treating it lightly,**
**Tossing sophistries with an easy grace,**
**Disguising our emotions as unsightly.**
**There was a mask like lacquer on your face.**
**"Love doesn't hurt," you smiled. "I know. I've tried it."**
**Your eyes were twin flames under your smooth hair.**
**"As for a scar, who would trouble to hide it?**
**Let any passing idler stop and stare."**
**Then suddenly you cried, "It isn't so!**
**Love never knew me, but I have known him. . . ."**
**Your stricken, sobbing breaths were like the slow**
**Seeping of wounds. And in the interim**
**Like Peter, I sensed the sound as one who hears**
**The impotent tribute of repentant tears.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

He went out of the house. The weight in his heart extended to his body. He walked like an old man.

He stood in the road and looked far up the hill at Mary's home. His feet carried him up the hill. The warm October morning lay in shining wideness about him. Leaves scurried ahead of him, like small gay creatures. He turned once and looked at the valley below, floating in a silvery morning mist.

He was approaching Hilltop now. The house stood above him, strong and gray against the cobalt sky. He saw that the windows were wide open, that smoke was blowing from a chimney or two. They were preparing for the family's return.

He moved silently along the side of the house toward the gardens. The wall of trees was a tapestry of dark and pale green mingled with the blaze of maple, the yellow of elms, the crimson of oaks. The grass was high and thick, and deeper than it had been in the very heart of August. The faint wind had a hint of chill, but it was fresh under the warmth of the sun.

A deep and tender comfort came to Philip, a comfort as rich and full as the October day. He bent and picked a yellow blossom. He looked about him with contentment. He would always remember this garden.

He felt the lightest touch on his arm. He had heard no one approaching him. He turned quickly, to see Mary. She stood there, her silvery head bare to the sun, her clear face smiling, her blue eyes full of tears. She waited for him to speak; there was a breathlessness about her, a gentle and valiant glory.

"Mary," he murmured. "Mary, my dear."

She laughed a little then. "Oh, Philip. We came home last night! How did you know?"

*I did not know,* he thought. *But did I know, instinctively?*

She saw that he was looking at her gravely, almost somberly, his dark eyes steady and withdrawn. She took his hand. "Philip," she said, "when we found papa that night, in that terrible ditch, he wasn't dead. We brought him home. He—died late, at midnight. But before he died, he whispered to me, 'Send for Philip. I want to see Philip. I want to see you together, you and Philip.'" Her eyes widened. "You didn't know, did you! But I thought you did!" She held his hand in both of hers, and he felt the sweetness of her flesh, the strength, the sadness. She cried, "Is that why your letters were so strange?"

"I didn't know," he said. And then again: "I didn't know!" The brilliant air brightened so that it blinded him. He kissed her hands and her wrists. "Mary!"

Alfred exclaimed, out of his pain, "No, Amalie must not do that! She cannot do that! Leave Hilltop? That's impossible. There is plenty of room there for you and Mary and Amalie."

"That is what I told her," said Philip. "But it is no use. She said that the house had never 'accepted' her, that there was no peace for her inside its walls. She will live in a little house somewhere in Riversend, she says. You would hardly know Amalie," continued Philip. "She is so thin and white. It is more than grief for Jerome, I feel. Poor Amalie. I cannot remember when I saw her happy. Was she ever happy?"

"But she cannot leave Hilltop," said Alfred. He added with pathetic simplicity, "I couldn't bear to think of Hilltop, and Amalie not there." He waited, and his voice trembled when he spoke next. "Philip, tell me: is she grieving for Jerome?"

Philip sighed over and over. "I don't know. Of course she is grieved. But I think it is something else too. I don't know what it is."

Alfred was silent. He could feel, rather than see, his son in the dusk. He felt Philip's happiness, which was like a glow, and his renewed strength and life. God be thanked for that! God bless that sweet girl! She and Philip would live at Hilltop together. He, Alfred, might see them there occasionally. At this thought something lifted and brightened in Alfred.

He stood up. By straining his eyes, he could see a glimmer of light up on the hill. Hilltop! In a way, it was home again for him.

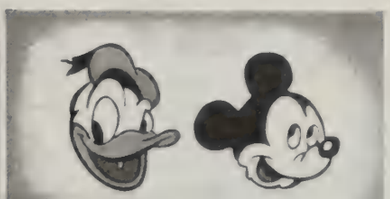
Then he stood very still, his hands at his sides, his heart hammering. He said abruptly, "I must go out for a while, Philip. Wait here for me."

There was no moon, but the stars were so bright that a long spectral shadow of frail silver lay over the earth and the hill. Alfred climbed slowly. He had to pause, to rest a heart that persisted in pounding and fluttering. He went on. The windows of Hilltop glimmered more clearly. How often he had seen them like this, full of golden light!

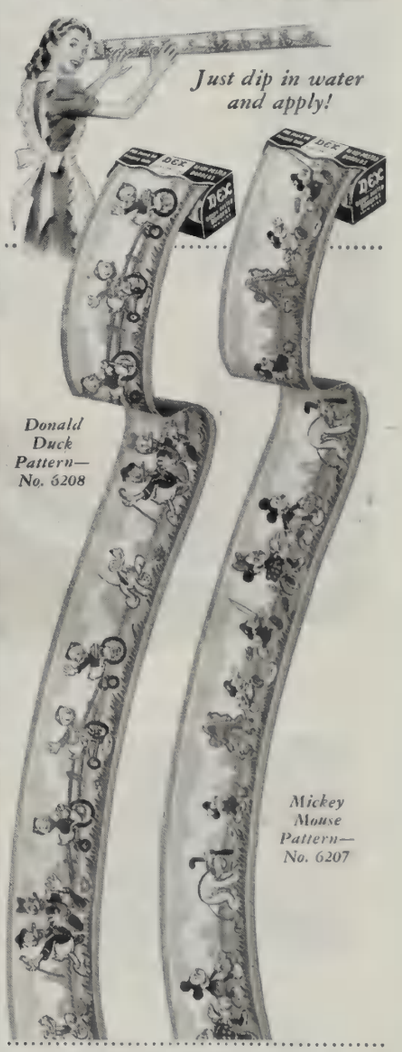
The night was cool, but Alfred's face was damp, and there was a prolonged trembling in him. When he reached the gates, he did not go in immediately. He stood and looked at the house. He saw the old familiar brass lamp shining softly in one of the library windows. Surely Uncle William was sitting under that lamp, reading.

When he lifted the brass knocker on the oak door, the sound came back to him across the years. He touched the gray stones on either side of the door as he waited. They

*(Continued on Page 137)*

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# Here's more than meets the eye!

Good eating means more than a feast for the eyes. It means fine flavors, and good nutrition, as well! That might seem like a large order—when you consider how easy it is for flavors and certain vitamins to be "cooked away" in the home preparation of foods.

Also, these precious qualities are often impaired by long transit from farm to table.

One good way to guard against such losses, say food authorities,* *is to trust foods in cans.* Below you'll read why.

*For example, see August 10, 1944 "Journal of Nutrition"

**Good eating . . . mushroom soup, baked beans and frankfurters, brown bread, grapefruit segments for salad, apple sauce, cookies, coffee . . . "and they all came out of a can!"**



**AIR AND SUNLIGHT** are fine for fruits and vegetables while they're *growing*. But once they're *picked*, prolonged exposure can rob them of flavors and vitamins! Of course, that doesn't happen with foods grown for *canning*—because they're rushed from the farm, quickly prepared, and cooked right in the can. Each can is really a miniature "pressure cooker"!



**YOU'D BE AMAZED** to see the many tests given foods in modern canneries. Fruits are scientifically tested for ripeness, flavor, color, nutritional values. Finished products are tested to make sure they *retain* their good qualities in the steel-and-tin can. No wonder you serve modern canned foods proudly! And when *you* open a can, you know it's never been opened before!

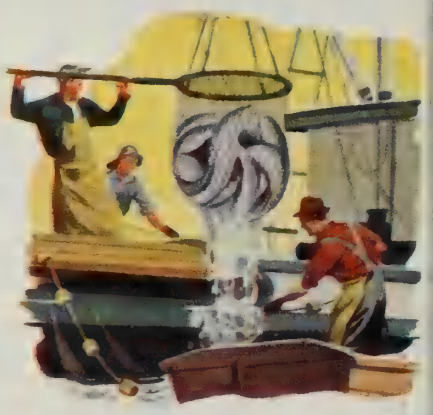
**FOODS IN CANS ARE**

**SAFE** from dirt, germs, odors.

**SAFE** from air, light, moisture.

**SAFE** even after a can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

*No other container protects like the Can*



**FISH PRODUCTS** exemplify the efficiency of modern canning. Salmon, for instance, is canned the day it's caught! And how convenient and economical it is always to have on hand a wide variety of tasty sea-food products and meat specialties! Processed canned foods do not have to be stored under refrigeration before opening.

**CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK**

(Continued from Page 135)

were warm and old and strong against his hand.

The door opened and a maid admitted him to the big hall. A fire was burning on the hearth. The grandfather clock struck nine, with its old resonant notes. Firelight and lamplight gleamed on the paneled walls. Why, he had been here only yesterday, only this morning! The clock was his friend, the fire welcomed him.

He was conducted to the library. He stood before the hearth, and saw the brass andirons. Nothing had changed. But why should it? He had never left this house. It was home.

He heard a faint rustling sound, and again his heart began that strong sure beating. He turned slowly. Amalie was near him. But it was an Amalie grown thin and white and withdrawn. It was an Amalie with a snowy lock of hair running from her forehead to her nape.

They looked at each other in silence. Amalie was holding out her hand to him.

"Alfred," she said.

He took her hand. He felt dazed, stricken, overcome with love and compassion. "Amalie," he murmured.

She withdrew her hand. "Please sit down, Alfred." Her voice sounded faint and without its old rich timbre. She sat down across from him, and they looked at each other without speaking.

At first her eyes remained dull and empty. Then they began to see him. She saw his strength, she saw his maturity, she saw the peace that had finally come to him across years of pain and suffering comprehension. Wonder touched her face.

She said dimly, "You have changed, Alfred."

"Yes. I think I have, Amalie." It was intolerable to him, to see her like this. He wanted to go to her, to press that stark face into his shoulder, to hold her to him and comfort her. "You see, Amalie, I know so many things I never knew—before."

She twisted her hands together on her knee, and he remembered that old gesture of restlessness.

"Alfred, I think I know why you came here. It was to say that you do not approve of Philip marrying Mary?"

He was so astounded that he could not speak.

Now she was leaning toward him, her eyes full of desperate pleading. "Don't say it, Alfred! Let them be happy! They love each other."

His voice trembled when he replied, "My dear, I didn't come to say that. I am glad about Philip and Mary. I hope you are glad too."

"I am, I am, Alfred," she said softly. She turned aside her head. "And I know that Jerome is glad too."

"Yes, I know he is," said Alfred.

Again there was silence between them. The low fire crackled. The old elm branch scraped along the eave. Alfred started. It was like the knock of a friend on an old, forgotten door.

Alfred spoke: "Amalie, I came here tonight to persuade you not to leave Hilltop."

She turned, dimly startled. "I must, Alfred. I really must. You see, it was never really my home. It is Philip's home. And Mary's." She paused, then she cried faintly, "It is yours, too, Alfred! I have no right here!"

He went to her then, and took her hand. It was cold and damp. "It is your home, Amalie. I can't bear to think of you not being here. Will you stay here, for my sake? Will you let me continue to think of you in this room, and in those gardens, and looking through these windows?" His voice began to fail him, so that it was almost a whisper. "You don't know how it had comforted me, all these years, to imagine you here, Amalie," he told her.

His hand was warm and firm as it held hers, and its strength was good to her. She clung to that hand; tears were spilling over her face. She was trying to smile again. But she shook her head a little.

"Alfred, you are only trying to be kind ——"

"No," he said. "No. I am trying to keep my memory of you, Amalie. That is all."

Full of wonder, incredulous, she looked up at him. Their eyes held together. Now there was only the sound of the fire and the scraping of the elm branch in the quiet.

He bent his head. "Yes, Amalie," he murmured.

She got to her feet, still clinging to his hand. She could not look away from him. She tried to speak, but her lips shook. She could only whisper, "Alfred, you ——"

He said, "Amalie, will you let me come again? Someday soon? You will let me see you? Amalie?"

Had she really moved? Had she come a little closer to him? He could see the wet purple of her eyes, and the brilliant iris.

She was saying, "Yes. You may come again. And soon. You must come again, Alfred. You must always come."

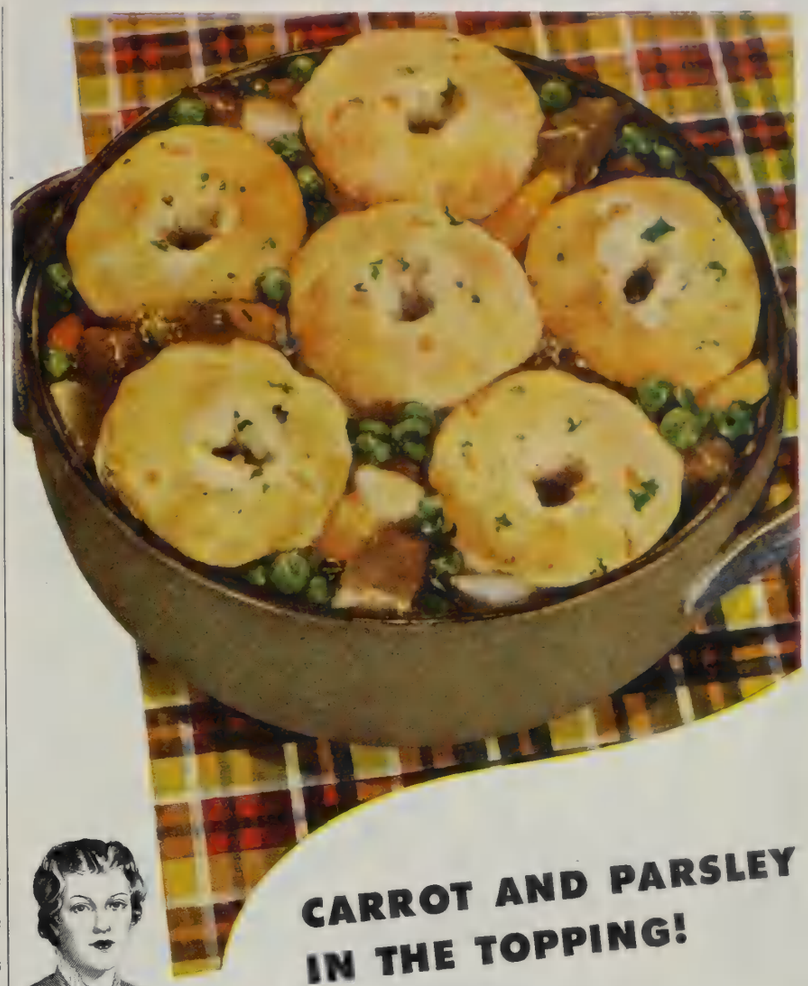
(THE END)

*The complete novel, This Side of Innocence, is soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

## LITTLE GUY



*"Gee, I wonder what it is we're missing!"*



CARROT AND PARSLEY IN THE TOPPING!

BY Betty Crocker

● **HOT MEAT PIE** with new Spring bonnet! Crusty biscuit rings, gayly flecked with carrot and parsley. So quick, too, with Bisquick (a handy blend of six ingredients).

Add ½ cup grated raw Carrot
2 tbsp. finely minced Parsley
to 2 cups Bisquick
Stir in ½ to ⅔ cup Milk

That's all! Mix according to directions for biscuits on Bisquick package. Cut with doughnut cutter. Place on *hot* pie filling. Bake about 25 minutes in hot oven, 450°. Try this new Bisquick topping.

• • •

● **SO HOMEY TASTING!** I'm referring to all Bisquick bakings. They have that home-made goodness—because those Bisquick ingredients are the quality you would choose yourself. They're skilfully proportioned and blended, too. And each batch of Bisquick is tested by our General Mills foods staff. Grand to know you're baking a *sure* way, isn't it? So sure, and so easy.

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*Baby Cereals, pre-cooked, rich in iron*

Serve Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at alternate feedings to give variety, and help baby's appetite. Both cereals are rich in added iron and B-complex vitamins *needed by most babies* over three months old. Serve by adding milk or formula, hot or cold.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor



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*Wheezes and sneezes are no laughing matter—specially in childhood. This little girl fights back with lots of rest, a tissue-building diet.*

# Treat the Common Cold With Respect

**BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN**

*President, Chicago Board of Health*

SCARLET fever, diphtheria, meningitis, infantile paralysis—these are the diseases mothers fear most, the names that cause panic. Yet it is a fact that the lowly cold, which many mothers regard as nothing more than a temporary nuisance, is responsible for more sickness, more time lost from school and play than any other disease.

Doctors still do not know the whole truth about colds. But many facts are known—so many that if mothers would only take the steps in preventing and treating colds that are known to be worth while, most colds could be limited to mild infections lasting only a few days, and many could be prevented altogether.

Although a specific "cold germ" has never been positively identified, most doctors agree that colds are caused by a filterable virus—a living organism so tiny that it slips unseen through the pores of the finest earthenware filter. Easily, swiftly the virus passes from one person to another, often carried on the almost invisible droplets of moisture that are sprayed into the air when a child with a cold sneezes or coughs, and sometimes when he just talks. Most children, too, put their fingers in their mouths many times during the day; thus cold germs are frequently deposited on towels, doorknobs and other objects—to be picked up by someone else in the well-known "hand-to-mouth" chain of infection. These facts suggest one simple way for mother to cut down on colds: *Banish playmates who show any signs of a cold!* Use strict precautions in contacts with your child when you have a cold yourself; remember, a little cold in a big person may become a big cold in a little person. To avoid infecting others, keep the child home by himself when *he* has a cold. Carelessness in these rudimentary disciplines is the most powerful ally of the cold virus.

Many children who seem to have frequent "colds" are known today to be suffering from allergic symptoms rather than true colds, and allergy will be investigated and ruled out by the careful doctor who is treating a child for constant cold symptoms. But there are also wide variations in susceptibility to actual colds; some children are continually catching cold, while others rarely seem to be afflicted. The generally accepted explanation for this is that some of the germs which cause colds are present most of the time, but certain children withstand them more successfully than others, either because their general health is more robust or because the mucous membrane lining the nose and throat is more resistant to the invaders. So here is another cue for mother: To build resistance against colds, see that your child gets plenty of sleep and rest; give him nourishing, well-balanced meals, stressing fresh fruits and vegetables, which are rich in the vitamins that help build healthy membranes.

Sudden changes in temperature and exposure to cold, with chilling and dampening of the skin, are widely recognized as factors which predispose children to catching colds; in some way, these conditions lower the body's effectiveness in fighting off infection. Children who spend long hours in dry, overheated homes and schoolrooms, too, are especially prone to colds; their membranes become dried out and lifeless—easy prey for

*(Continued on Page 140)*

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor's Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.







For nearest Poll-Parrot dealer, Classified Phone Directory, or write us.




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# How to keep a high chair sanitary

**You don't** have to set fire to baby's high chair to keep the tray perfectly clean and germ-free! Of course, it's hard to keep food particles out of crevices and corners of a wooden tray, but the answer to that problem is simple.

**It's the handsome new** THAYER HI-CHAIR with THA-LITE, the enduring *Plastic* Tray. The tray is permanently chip-proof, acid-resistant, and washable with boiling water for perfect cleansing. Tiny hands banging with a spoon cannot pound food particles into its enduring super-hard surface. And plastic adds gleaming beauty to the tray and fittings.

**That's just one** of the unequaled advantages of a THAYER HI-CHAIR. Its low center of gravity and rugged, square-faced joints make it *safer* for baby. It's a fine piece of furniture, too, with Velva-sheen wood finish in Maple, Waxed Birch, or Bone White, luxuriously upholstered in red, pink, or blue.



**Most models** are instantly convertible to a low play-chair-and-table. With a chair that's high for meals and low for play, baby never gets bored.

**Thayer Hi-Chairs** are made by the makers of the famous Thayer Folding Coach. See them at your favorite store —and write to us for your free copy of the amusing and helpful "PRIMER FOR PARENTS." Thayer Company, Dept. LH-611, Gardner, Mass.




FOLDING COACHES • STROLLERS • TODDLERS • HI-CHAIRS

*(Continued from Page 138)*

attackers. Mothers should see to it that room temperatures at home are kept at 68 to 72 degrees, and that there is enough moisture (humidity from 40 to 60 per cent). Also, it is a good idea to find out whether or not the schoolroom air is healthful. If it isn't, get together with other mothers and go to the school authorities with a request for improvement.

In spite of these general measures, some children continue to get colds. For such children, many more specific preventive steps may be suggested. Vaccines made from germs commonly found in the nose and throat are recommended by some doctors; these may be taken in capsule form or as "shots." They are not successful in many children, but for an occasional child the vaccines do seem to diminish the duration and severity of colds, if not the number of infections. When vaccines are used, the doctor starts treatment well in advance of the "fall cold" season, which usually comes in October. While it cannot be demonstrated that taking supplementary vitamins will help prevent colds, many doctors think that the addition of vitamin preparations to the child's diet is good insurance that nourishment is adequate. However, special conditioning programs, such as cold showers or the practice of going barelegged or bareheaded in the coldest weather, are valueless in preventing colds and may even be harmful if indulged in too freely.

When, no matter what has been done to forestall it, a cold threatens or strikes, the old rules for treatment are still the best rules:

**Whenever a friend of Sydney Smith was tempted to give way to anger, the wise and witty clergyman had a sure-fire method of restoring him to good humor. "My friend," the great divine would counsel, "never lose your good temper. It is one of your most agreeable qualities."** —Lyre: Quoted in Quote.

Put your child to bed and keep him warm and quiet. Give plenty of water (half a glass every hour) and citrus-fruit juices. If he has a fever, a sponge bath with lukewarm water will make him more comfortable. Aspirin or other medicine—the kind and amount your family doctor suggests—may be given for added relief. A full, nourishing diet is needed, but feeding should not be forced; mother needs to use her ingenuity to make the meals appetizing and attractive, so the child will eat well. There is no truth in the old adage about "starving a fever"; actually, fever speeds the rate of tissue combustion, so that more, not less, food is required.

Steam vapor may be used to relieve stoppage of the nasal passages, but nose sprays and medicated inhalants should not be used unless the doctor specifically advises them; these act by drying up the nasal fluids and shrinking the blood vessels in the nasal area, and while they unquestionably bring temporary relief, they may also have harmful aftereffects if they are used excessively or improperly. It is wise to discourage nose blowing as much as possible; let the nose run and "blot" with a disposable tissue instead of the harsher, germ-ridden handkerchief. Above all, teach the child never to blow his nose with the nostrils held shut; this may force infected mucus back into the sinuses and into the Eustachian tube leading into the middle ear.

So far, science has not discovered any drug which kills the cold virus or the germs, believed to be similar in nature, that cause influenza. But while no purpose would be served by giving sulphonamide drugs to the child with a simple cold, these and other drugs are effective against other organisms, such as pneumonia germs, which often attack when a cold has lowered the body's guard. The constant threat that these other, more powerful infections will strike makes every cold potentially dangerous. The mother who treats colds with respect will never have cause for regret.




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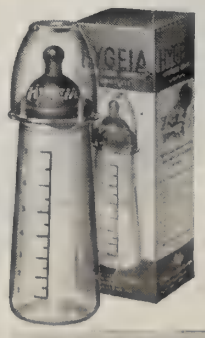
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Musterole *instantly* starts to relieve coughs, sore throat and aching muscles of colds. It actually helps break up painful local congestion. Makes breathing easier. Great for grown-ups, too!

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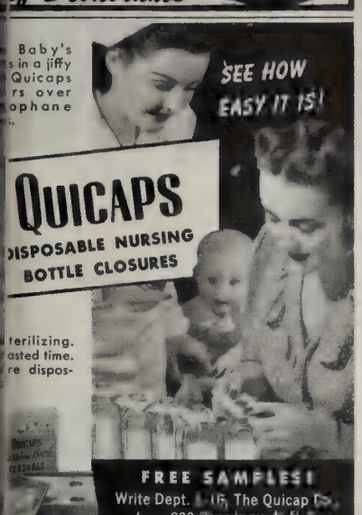


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## ELFINE AND THE THREE-FOOT FORK

*(Continued from Page 46)*

a three-foot fork strapped to his right arm. So of course they couldn't get the food to their mouths. Then the scientist went up to heaven. And there he found that the food was just the same—very good, lots of it—and everybody was well nourished, fat and happy. But"—he paused—"the queer thing was that everybody in heaven had a three-foot fork strapped to his right arm too. . . . Now"—he looked around him—"can you explain it?"

There was puzzled silence. Then Mrs. Goodwin said uncertainly, "Ambrosia. I mean, it was supernatural."

Her husband shook his head. "Nothing supernatural about it." He looked hopefully at Candy.

"I love it, daddy, but I can't imagine ——"

"Fred?"

Mr. Fancher's small blue eyes were very bright. "What's the trick?"

Mr. Goodwin shook his head. "No trick. I've given you all the facts."

Bill spoke quietly. "I think I see," he said. "In heaven they helped each other."

"Ha!" Mr. Goodwin slapped the table delightedly. "He got it! Good work, Bill!"

"Why, Bill, dear!" His mother-in-law was enchanted. "How terribly smart of you!"

"Clever answer," said Mr. Fancher. "Ha, ha."

"I don't think it's cleverness," Mr. Goodwin assured them. "Watson says very high I.Q.'s often don't get it at all. Just depends on your approach to things—so he says. The best integrated personalities are always the ones who guess it."

"Is that so?" Mr. Fancher looked with speculative approach at Bill. "Very interesting. I must remember that."

Soon after dinner, Mrs. Goodwin was called to the telephone by a committee chairman. The three men had embarked on a political discussion, and Candy, knitting quietly in one corner of the sofa, had time to think. What she thought about was Elfine. Elfine Marie Fancher: underneath her father's boasting, one could imagine the sensitive, eager child, too aware for her years, excited by her first glimpse of a fairy-tale city—and sickeningly disappointed because after only a day or two of it, she was to be packed off home for a funeral. Candy's heart ached for little Elfine Marie, who was the daughter of a flour king and who loved to study.

*I wish there were something I could do*, she thought.

Bill laughed and she glanced over at him. He had said, "In heaven they helped each other." How exactly like Bill.

And in a flash of perception, Candy saw just what she could do for Elfine—just what she *must* do. She got up from the sofa and crossed the room.

Her father looked up. "Get lonely, Candace?"

Candy smiled at Mr. Fancher. "I just came over to make a suggestion. Mr. Fancher—would you let Elfine come and stay with us instead of going back to Minneapolis? We'd take very good care of her, and we'd love to have her—wouldn't we, Bill?"

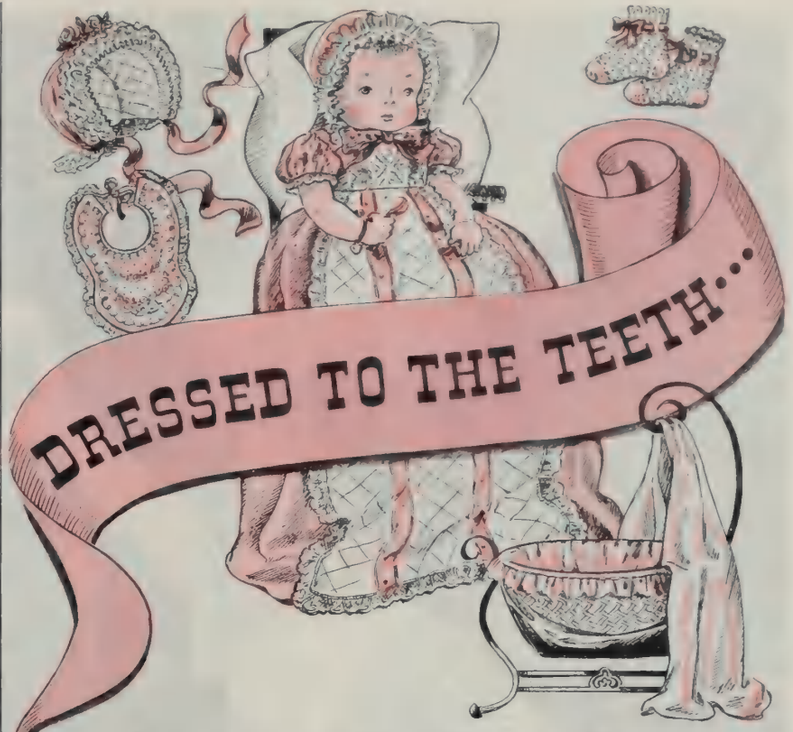
She was rather taken aback at the expression on Bill's face—but perhaps it was only surprise. Certainly he was cordial when he agreed that of course they would love having Elfine.

Mrs. Goodwin, returning from the telephone, was told of the plan and smiled upon her daughter warmly. "Candy is really very good with children, Mr. Fancher. She has a darling baby. My grandson, David. He's two and really, he's the most ——"

"Now, Cornelia," said Mr. Goodwin.

"My husband," said Mrs. Goodwin, "is just as silly as I am. He comes to see me

*(Continued on Page 143)*




**That was baby in 1860** — beribboned, beruffled . . . beyutiful! But fashion isn't *everything*. And even an 1860 baby wanted to kick and twist and squirm and couldn't!

No, fashion isn't everything. But the Vanta baby is smartly turned out, too—in cute 'n cuddly Vanta styles.

The difference, then, between 1860 baby and happy Vanta baby? Just this — Vanta baby clothes are *scientifically* designed *for* babies. Vanta baby clothes are designed by baby experts for *active* babies—*healthy* babies. Designed to give babies just the right amount of protection—plus real birthday-suit *freedom of action*.

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# *The time of their life they need you most*

So carefree, your blessed little ones! So dependent on *you* to build the foundations of their well-being! These are the years, while they're growing, when your care for their diet counts so much.

Never forget that a spread for bread is one of the seven basic kinds of food children should have *every day*. It does more than make other foods taste good—it is an important source of food energy and Vitamin A needed for normal, sturdy growth.

So no wonder mothers are thankful for delicious, nutritious Nucoa! Nucoa supplies as much food energy as the costliest churned spread for bread. And no spread can be counted on as a finer source of Vitamin A. For in every pound of Nucoa, winter and summer, at least 15,000 U.S.P. units of Vitamin A are *guaranteed*. Two ounces (about three generous table servings) supply 62% of a child's minimum daily requirement of Vitamin A!



Nucoa's chief ingredients—pure vegetable oils and fresh pasteurized, cultured skim milk—are riches from America's own farms. But the making of Nucoa is laboratory controlled, so that Nucoa's quality is always the same. And there's no "storage" Nucoa. Freshly made the year round, on order only, Nucoa tastes sweet and fresh on the children's bread, on your breakfast toast, in all your cooking. It's so good it fairly "melts in your mouth."

## *Appetizing Tricks with Nucoa*



***Nucoa-d New Potatoes:*** Season boiled new potatoes with melted Nucoa generously laced with chopped parsley. It's a spring lyric!

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***Nucoa in ■ Mold:*** Nucoa's texture is so lusciously smooth that it is easy to soften and tint it yellow with the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package. Pack in small gelatine mold, chill and turn out for pretty table serving. (For cooking, use Nucoa as it comes—pure white.)






# *Nutritious* NUCOA

*(Continued from Page 141)*

nce a week and he eats his supper all by imself without spilling a drop. He's per-ctly adorable."

"Fred has just had the pleasure of watch-ig me eat my supper all by myself without pilling a drop. Wasn't I perfectly adorable, red?" Mr. Goodwin inquired.

"You know perfectly well what I mean," Mrs. Goodwin said calmly. "Well, I think hat's lovely, Mr. Fancher. Candy will have uch fun with your little girl."

"It'll be lovely for Elfine," said Mr. ancher; and it was on this note of anticipa-on and mutual esteem that Mr. Fancher ft, to go back to his hotel and put Mrs. ancher on the train for Minneapolis.

Later that evening, Candy was brushing er hair with her head hanging down, the ay the articles on beauty told you to.

"Bill!" she said. He emerged from the athroom, toothbrush in hand, foaming at he mouth, his eyebrows inquiring. Candy ooked at him anxiously, upside down. "You on't *mind* about Elfine?"

Bill made an indeterminate sound and aved his toothbrush. Then he went back nd finished his teeth. Candy followed im—right side up.

"It's just that Mr. Fancher is from Min-esota, that's all," she told him. "In New ork we're all so complex and highly strung, e forget what simple, hearty people are ke. They scare us."

Bill, who was now able to speak, said with me decision, "I've met a lot of people from Minnesota. Also from Visconsin, Idaho, In-iana and even Colo-ado, and they weren't bit hearty. In fact hey were, without ex-eption, complex and trung up to quite a ormal pitch." He ent and sat on the dge of the bed.

"I thought you'd *ike* me to ask her," Candy said sadly. "Do ou think I was too mpulsive, Bill?"

He grinned at her. "I think you're crazy ut sweet."

"You used to think I was sweet but razy."

"It's the effect of years of marriage. It lulls the fine edge of affection. You know ow it is. Gosh, this bed feels good."

Some minutes later, Candy said sleepily, 'I hope Elfine will like our guest beds. They aren't nearly as nice as mother's."

Bill grunted and said thickly, "Don't worry. In Minnesota they're simple. They sleep standing up."

LATE the following afternoon, Candy whipped open the front door and called out gaily, "Well, hello! You're here at last!"

Bill and Elfine walked sedately up the front steps, hand in hand, and into the hall.

Elfine said politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Stewart?" and stood pulling off her mittens while Bill carried her suitcase up-stairs.

Candy had an instantaneous impression of exactly the sort of child she had expected: long, thin legs; fragile, nervous hands; a rose tweed coat, rather too lavishly trimmed with fur, a little round hat to match, and under it a small pale face that would someday be pretty. Elfine's eyes were enormous, bright hazel in color, and alarmingly intelligent. Her dark hair hung to her shoulders and was cut in a heavy bang across her forehead. Candy suggested that they go upstairs so that Elfine could see her room.

Elfine smiled. "Thank you," she said. "I suppose that would make me feel more at home. Not that I don't already." She climbed the stairs behind Candy, talking easily. "Mr. Stewart was awfully nice to me. He gave me lunch. I always order a lot in a restaurant and then I can't seem to eat it all, but I tried not to do that today because I know you aren't awfully rich. I mean, I realize your family has a lot of money, but Mr. Stewart hasn't. I guess you married for love, didn't you? What a lovely room." She looked carefully about.

"Thank you," said Candy weakly.

"You must be awfully clever. I imagine you did all this on very little." She got out of her coat. "Shall I help you with the baby? Or are you going to get dinner?"

Candy said suddenly, in a voice which surprised her by its volume, "In a few minutes Ellen will give us tea. Ellen is our cook. She was once my mother's kitchenmaid, and then she helped Cobb, the butler, so she is very well trained and she doesn't need any help. In fact, she doesn't very much like to be helped. But it was nice of you to offer."

"Oh, that's all right," said Elfine graciously. "I just love to help people, don't you, Mrs. Stewart?"

"Er—yes," said Candy. "Yes, I do. Shall we go downstairs?"

THE rest of the afternoon was pleasantly uneventful. Elfine loved David, and David, although discriminating in his choice of companions, not to say captious, also loved Elfine. Bill's suggestion that they go to the Peggy Ann Garner film was greeted by Elfine with enthusiasm.

It was when they had come back from the movies and were taking their things off in the hall that Elfine said, "I just *love* it here, Mrs. Stewart. I'd like to stay a long time. And thank you for the movies—but I wish you'd let me pay."

Candy smiled. "Oh, I guess we can manage that, Elfie," she told her guest.

**There are few of the great philosophers who have made a greater contribution to the science of happiness than the hard-working Negro woman who had a thoroughly lazy but likable husband. When she was asked why she put up with him, she answered: "Well, it's this way; I makes the livin', and he makes the livin' worth while."**

—OLIVER HERFORD: Quoted in Modern Humor for Effective Speaking: Edward Frank Allen (Citadel Press).

Elfie looked up at her earnestly, her eyes brilliant. "When Mr. Stewart goes to work for my father, you'll have a *lot* more money."

From the hall closet, where Bill was hanging up his coat, there issued a thick silence which had the quality of an explosion.

Candy laughed nervously. "Where did you get that idea, darling?"

"Oh, daddy told mummy he was going to offer Mr. Stewart so much salary that he wouldn't be *able* to turn it down. Will you braid my hair, please, Mrs. Stewart? It gets all awful if it's not braided at night."

"I'd love to braid your hair," Candy said numbly. "Come up to your room, dear."

Halfway up, Elfine paused and peered through the banisters at Bill. "He said he didn't know what that place you were working at was thinking about, Mr. Stewart. That's what he *said*. It'll be nice when you're living in Minneapolis. I can come and see you practically every day."

Bill said, "I don't think I'd count on it if I were you, Elfine. I don't believe we'll be living in Minneapolis."

"Well, maybe St. Paul is better," said Elfine. "There's not quite so much money there. Good night, Mr. Stewart."

Half an hour later, Candy shut the door of her bedroom with a certain amount of apprehension, which was not soothed by the sight of Bill's face. He was sitting up in bed, smoking a cigarette.

"That," he said, "is an awesome child. If you can call her a child. How old did you say she was?"

"Ten," Candy replied meekly. "But she's very bright in school."

Bill put out his cigarette. "No, no. Oh, no. That child hasn't been in school. She's been down in Oak Ridge, personally attending to the atomic bomb. You must ask her for the formula in the morning. I can think of a nice way to use it."

Candy lay awake for rather a long time. *She's just a little girl who's listened to too many grownups*, she told herself sensibly. *She's pathetic, because she so obviously needs affection and a normal life. We only have a week, but perhaps, even in that time —— And if Mr. Fancher should offer Bill a new job—well, it might be very exciting. And it would be partly due to me, because I helped.* And she fell romantically asleep.


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She woke on Sunday morning to the sound of high-pitched childish chatter, and turned over with a relieved sigh. Elfine was talking to Ellen in the kitchen; and as Candy well remembered, any kitchen over which Ellen presided was an enchanted place, full of batter and raisins and endless gossip about Ellen's fascinating family. But fifteen minutes later she was startled to full wakefulness by the pounding of Ellen's feet on the stairs. Ellen marched in and put Candy's breakfast tray on her knees. Her Irish blue eyes were hot, but when she spoke it was in a hoarse whisper, out of respect for himself, who was still inert.

"That one!" she said. "Her! She says Chamberlain brung on the war! I says he was a great man even if he was an Englishman, God help him, and he tried the soul out of him to get peace for us all—and she says that he did just what Hitler wanted him to! I wish I'd the handling of her. I'd Hitler her."

"Oh, don't pay any attention to her, Ellen," Candy soothed. "She's only ten. I'd like to get her to behave more like a normal little girl."

Ellen shot her a fiery glance. "Ten, is it? That one will never be normal—and the sooner she goes back to whoever is responsible for her, the safer we'll all be." And she pounded off, breathing steam.

Bill stretched luxuriously. "Hello, angel. Nice day." He threw back the covers—and the door flew open to admit the bouncing figure of Elfine, her little face shining with good will and her great hazel eyes sparkling. Bill froze on the edge of the bed.

"Good morning!" she said. "Hello, Mr. Stewart. I've come to help you shave and take a shower and get dressed."

Bill stared at her in undisguised horror. "Thank you, Elfine," he said hoarsely, "but I learned some years ago to do all those things for myself, and I think I'll just go on that way." He rose to his feet and hastily wrapped his dressing gown round him.

Elfine looked up at him earnestly. "Oh, Mr. Stewart, when you have a little girl of your own, you'll have to let her help you. It's more healthy. That's why I help daddy. You'll get used to it. He did."

Bill threw one wild look at his wife, collected his clothes and vanished into the bathroom. Elfine, always a graceful loser, settled down violently on the end of Candy's bed. The coffee in Candy's cup shot into her eggs, and Elfine said:

"My daddy cuts his toenails all over the floor and when I step on them they hurt. What do you think of MacArthur?"

By late afternoon, Candy felt that the week stretched before her like a black abyss which she must cross on a narrow plank. Elfine, however, had a very pleasant Sunday. She was sympathetic about Candy's best pearl choker which had somehow got broken while she was entertaining David with it; but all the pearls had been found except the two big ones. And it had been only eager willingness which had caused her to spray perfume on Candy's beaver cap with so generous a hand that the beaver would probably never quite recover; besides which, Candy arrived at the Bunnells' party in an aura of lily of the valley which Bill—struggling for breath—said was rather like a general anesthetic, except that it took longer.

Candy realized, to her dismay, that it was a heavenly relief to be in a house where Elfine was not: she and Bill stayed at the party until well after seven. When they reached home, they found that Elfine had improved the time by tenderly spreading bread crumbs all over the lawn for the poor, cold little birds—and there would be no French toast for supper, as planned. Ellen was inflamed beyond speech.

As they were going to bed that night, Bill remarked contemplatively, "It's a very funny thing about that child. She isn't violent, she isn't bad—she's just ubiquitous."

"I never know exactly what that means," Candy said apologetically. "I always think it means stingy, but I know it doesn't."

"In Elfine's case, it definitely doesn't. Elfine is, in her quiet way, everywhere.



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"I HAVE LOTS TO SA

about time-and-trouble-saving DISPOSIE Imagine having no diapers to bother wit and no tiresome daily diaper-wash." Oth laundry is cut down, too. The well-fittin waterproof holders take the place of ru ber panties and won't rub or chafe. Inser and holders both come in two ample siz —give baby comfortable, complete diap protection.

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She's like total war: even if you're neutral, you can't escape the effects. It's almost a gift. I hope she's spent herself today."

When Bill came home on Monday evening, he wore an expression which caused Candy to drop her mending and follow him upstairs to their room. He looked up and down the hall. Then he asked warily, "Where is she?"

"In the kitchen with Ellen. Why?"

Bill shut the door. Then he sat down on Candy's chaise longue and ran a hand through his black hair.

"Candy, that child was right. Fancher took me to lunch and practically offered me a job."

Candy's mouth opened slowly. "He didn't!"

"He most certainly did."

"What job?"

"Sales manager of Fancher's Flawless Flour."

Candy sat down unexpectedly on the end of the bed because her knees were buckling. "Bill! What—what are we going to do?"

Bill said, "The salary he mentioned is just exactly twice what I'm getting."

"Bill! My *goodness!* But you can't just turn down an offer like that, can you?"

"Elfine said I couldn't." Bill got up and walked over to the window, where he stood staring out at the dark garden and rattling his keys. "I don't know, Candy. It's a good job—it's a wonderful job, of course. But I've been with International Airways for ten years. I've never worked anyplace else." He turned toward her. "What do *you* think?"

Candy hesitated. Bill valued her common sense; even more, he valued her happiness. He would listen to her, for both reasons—and what she said now might well affect their whole future. She thought hard. If Bill accepted Mr. Fancher's offer, it would mean leaving their little house and all their friends, moving away from the part of the world she knew and loved best; and yet if she urged him to stay, it would be from cowardice and nothing more.

**In our choice of friends some special virtue ought to attract us; we should not examine as to whether they are rich or poor; but if we are persuaded that we could follow them into adversity, then we may boldly cultivate their friendship in their greatest prosperity.** —JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

"Darling," she said slowly, "is it true what Elfie said? I mean what her father said? That you should have gotten a promotion from International before this? That they aren't paying you what they should?"

He moved restlessly across the room. "Gosh, Candy—I don't know. I nearly spoke to you about it a couple of times. I sort of wondered about it myself. I mean, after Henderson went and they gave me all the traffic work, and called me in on the conferences and everything. But Mr. Denstone has been swell to me. You know that. I figured he'd give me a raise when he thinks I'm worth it."

Candy swallowed and stiffened her spine. "I don't think that's good enough," she said bravely. "Bill, maybe they're sort of taking you for granted. Maybe it's time to make a change. A new experience—new problems—it's a sort of challenge, isn't it?"

He looked at her for a long moment and then he smiled, in the way that was Bill's own. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe you're right. You're a good sport, Candy."

She felt her cheeks color with pride. "Have you—have you spoken to Mr. Denstone about it?"

His smile faded. "That's the catch. He's in Washington, and he won't be back before the end of the week. Fancher wants to talk to me again on Thursday or Friday; he'll want to decide—and he'll want me to decide—before he goes West again next Monday. That means putting pressure on Mr. Denstone—and I hate to do that." He rattled his keys again. "But what else can I do?"

Candy got up decisively. "Nothing. Come along down to dinner, darling, and stop worrying. I think you're wonderful."

"Wait," said Bill. "I want to wash and put on my moccasins. What did Fancher's Flawless Flower do today?"

"Hardly anything," said Candy. "She just helped Ellen by cleaning her own room and spilling a bottle of ink on that nice gray carpet that Aunt Ella gave us."

"Ink! But ——"

"Oh, she thought very quickly," Candy assured him wearily. "She poured David's special milk on it. It only took me forty-five minutes to go down and get some more. And the ink is still on the rug."

Bill took a package of razor blades out of the bathroom cupboard and looked at them with affection. "Anything else?"

"Oh, nothing much. She just informed Ellen that the entire Irish nation were weak, unreliable and bad-tempered. Ellen gave notice. But I didn't hear her, so it doesn't count. Come down to dinner, darling."

"I suppose she's too intelligent to eat rat poison?" he asked.

"Hush. It's only five days more."

Tuesday was comparatively uneventful. Elfine broke one of a pair of Wedgwood vases, blew a fuse and went off to play with little Amy Bunnell. Some time later Candy got a telephone call from Amy's mother to say that Elfine was on her way home, having just made a short but cogent speech on the inferiority of the public-school system, with especial attention to New York State. She herself, it seemed, attended Miss Mann's School for Girls in Minneapolis (Tuition, $1400); Amy Bunnell, who was a prominent member of the fifth grade of P.S. 12 in Mustard Hill, had proceeded to violence, in the course of which her spectacles had become irrevocably bent. Candy offered to pay for the spectacles; Amy's mother rather coolly declined. Elfine, on her return, observed that the Bunnell child was dumb. The incident was closed.

It was on Wednesday that the climax came.

Elfine had spent a quiet morning, putting Ellen's Sunday gardenia into boiling water to preserve its freshness, and taking David for a brief stroll up Main Street while Candy did the marketing. A policeman returned them an hour later. They had been watching the installation of a sewer down by the water front, because, as Elfine reasonably explained, that was the sort of thing boys liked. Whether David had enjoyed the sewer or not, he was unable to say; he went to sleep on the way home from sheer exhaustion, and Candy's knees continued to shake until after lunch.

In the middle of the afternoon it began to rain, and Candy settled Elfine firmly by the living-room fire with a pile of old magazines and a pair of blunt scissors. She herself retired to her own room.

At five o'clock she was deep in a particularly satisfactory spy story, curled up on her chaise longue, when the sharp demand of the doorbell snatched her out of Middle Europe and brought her back to Mustard Hill. She heard Ellen cross the hall and open the front door; heard a man's deep voice and Ellen's respectful murmur, and then her hasty feet on the stairs.

"Sure, it's Mr. Denstone!" Ellen hissed, beckoning wildly.

If Candy had gone at once, the whole thing would never have happened. But she caught a glimpse of her ruffled hair in the mirror, and then took an extra moment for lipstick and powder. After all, Mr. Denstone had never just dropped in like this in all his life; and to have him come this afternoon, at just exactly the right time—well, it couldn't have been arranged better. Bill would be home very soon. Candy gave one last glance at her reflection. You didn't have to sparkle demurely at Mr. Denstone; you could just be yourself, Bill Stewart's wife.

She was halfway down the stairs when she heard Elfine's high, clear voice: "So my daddy is going to pay Mr. Stewart an awful


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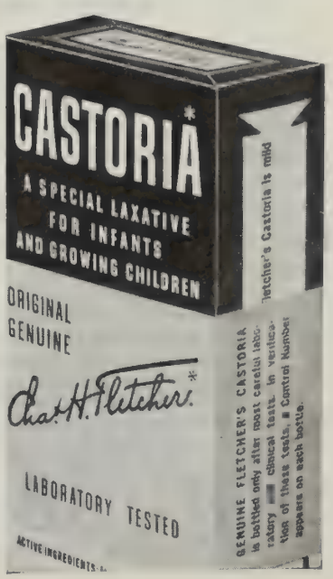
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*What serious thing*

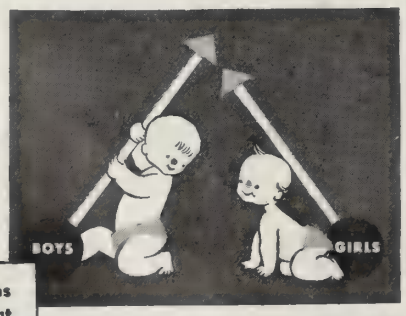
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# *Small Girl's Bedtime*

**BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO**

In the mother-daughter hour
upstairs,
Between the bathing and hearing
prayers,
Elizabeth's chatter always sped,
Like a homing bird, to a boy named
Fred.

His name was a well-known third-
grade thing
That stood for mischief and
whispering,
But even when it was sharply flung
She liked its sound on the teacher's
tongue.

His looks weren't much—with his
hair bright red
And stiff as wires around his head,
He was freckle-faced and thin and tall,
But she didn't mind his looks at all.

And she knew, she *knew,* he liked
her, too,
By his valentine, scrawled with
"Guess who?"
By the way he noticed she was there
And called her "chubby" and pulled
her hair.

And often the mother had to pause
To wonder a bit just what it was:
A child's light prattle, a child's
chitchat
Or something beyond the bounds of
that,

And wondering, wished she might
be sped
To a day some dozen years ahead,
To know if truth or a child's brief whim
Was saying, "Someday I'll marry
him."

lot of money and I guess they'll live in St. Paul. At least that's what they said. Won't that be nice? It's too bad you didn't pay Mr. Stewart enough, isn't it? Couldn't you afford to?"

Candy walked into the living room, absolutely cold from heels to head. "Mr. Denstone," she began, "I——"

But Mr. Denstone, who had got to his feet, interrupted her with a kind of ruthless courtesy. "I think, Candace, you'll understand if I run along, won't you? There doesn't seem to be much point in waiting for Bill, and under the circumstances——"

Candy said, "Mr. Denstone—please—I don't think you understand the circumstances at all."

He bowed a funny little old-fashioned bow. "Oh, I think I do. It's a good thing, Candace, that child was here. Good-by."

Candy turned slowly from the thud of the front door, and confronted Elfine.

"He was mad, wasn't he?" Elfine observed, with obvious pleasure.

"Go to your room," Candace told her levelly. "In the morning you are going back to your father."

Elfine's little face emptied of all expression except that of shock; and then it gradually crumpled. For one instant, Candy's heart felt the pinch of remorse. *You can't be brutal to a child of ten. It's not her fault. Suppose it were David,* Candy thought fiercely; *I'd spank him. If she's so terribly clever, then she must know what she's done—and if she doesn't, she ought to. Elfine needs a hairbrush, and never mind about child psychology!*

"Go upstairs," she said.

Elfine went, her shoulders quivering under her sobs. Candy stood at the foot of the stairs and watched her disappear.

"What's going on here?"

She whirled around to meet Bill. "Everything," she said grimly. "Everything you can think of. The absolute worst."

Bill stood very still, and his face looked queerly white. "David?"

CANDY drew a shaky breath. "No, darling—David is all right. This may take a little while. Would you like to wash first?"

The color returned slowly to his face. He sat down on the hall chair and took out a cigarette. "It hardly seems worth while, since I shall probably be committing suicide before dinner. Go on, angel. Tell me."

Candy told him. Before she had finished, Bill had ground out his cigarette and was sitting quietly, his hands in his pockets. Always, in a crisis, he shut his feelings closely within himself, so that she was quite unable to guess what he was thinking. His face now was without expression, his eyes unreadable.

"Well—that's all," Candy said at last.

"You didn't tell Mr. Denstone that I hadn't accepted Fancher's offer? That I was waiting for him to come back from Washington?"

"I never had the chance," Candy told him miserably. "He just—— What are you going to do?"

Bill had gone into the living room and was sitting down at the desk. He pulled out a sheet of paper. "Write my resignation from International Airways," he said.

A cold hand clutched Candy's heart. "But, Bill, I'm sure if you explained——"

"If Denstone can't trust me to behave decently and honestly toward the company, he can get somebody else he does trust," said Bill. "He's going to get this resignation in the morning mail."

"Oh," said Candy.

"AND another thing," Bill added, over his shoulder. "Elfine is not going back tomorrow. She's going back tonight."

"Oh," said Candy. "All right."

Dinner was a ghastly meal, punctuated by Ellen's triumphant breathing. But it was not until they were actually on their way up to Mr. Fancher's room in the hotel elevator that panic hit Candy like a high wind.

"Bill," she whispered, "Bill—what did he say when you telephoned?"

Bill glanced at Elfine's pallid little face and swollen eyes. "Nothing. Just that he'd be here."

Mr. Fancher opened the door at once. Elfine hurled herself upon him, bursting into fresh and penetrating sobs. "Maybe you'd better come in," said Mr. Fancher. "Now, what's this all about?"

Candy and Bill stood just inside the door, while Mr. Fancher sat down and took Elfine on his lap.

"I didn't do a thing!" she cried wildly. "I was just helping, daddy. You did say you'd pay him a lot of money to work for you, didn't you? You did! It wasn't my fault if that man got mad!"

Mr. Fancher looked at Bill over Elfie's head. "Perhaps you'd better explain, Stewart."

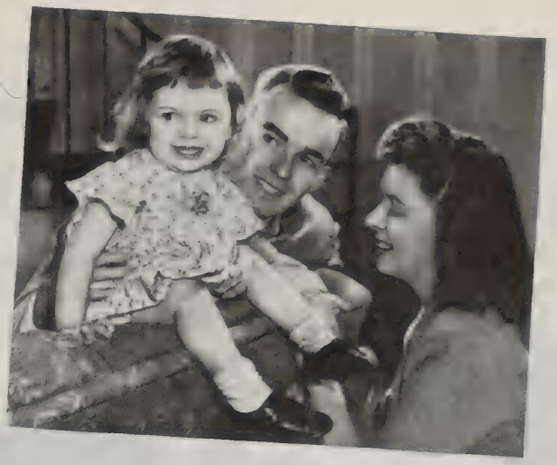
"Certainly, sir," Bill said quietly. "Elfine has caused us a good deal of trouble and inconvenience. We thought she'd be happier here with you than with us."

"I certainly would!" Elfine wailed.

But Mr. Fancher stood up abruptly; he was a very angry man. "I'm sorry to hear that," he said.

*(Continued on Page 148)*

# "We were raised on Clapp's – and look what it's doing for our baby now!"



**"I guess** there's nothing very unusual in babies being raised on Clapp's and doing fine.

"But I wonder if there are many babies eating Clapp's today whose mothers *and* fathers ate Clapp's when *they* were babies the way Susan's father and *I* did," writes Mrs. Walter Williams, Jr., of Irondequoit, New York.



**eeing our daughter** Susan now, you'd never guess e's been a 'problem' baby. But indeed she was! The st few weeks she cried continually, and was such a inny little thing, we thought we were in for real ouble . . .



**"But at 6 weeks** the doctor put her on Clapp's cereal —and she started to pick right up. Soon afterward she got Clapp's strained foods, and we could hardly believe our eyes when we read the scales. At 1 year she weighed 22½ lbs.—more than triple her birth weight.



**"Here's what** I really wanted to tell you, though . . . About the time Susan started on Clapp's, and our feeding problems were really over, my husband and I were comparing notes about what our families had mentioned about *our* babyhood . . .



**And we realized** that both of us had been Clapped babies, back in the days when Clapp's made the ery first baby foods! So that makes *two* generations in ur family brought up on your wonderful foods. And e've all thrived!



**"Our Susan** is 22 months old now. She started walking at 10 months, and sometimes it seems as if she hasn't sat down since! I know her well-rounded diet has a lot to do with her good health and bounding vitality. So you can see why I'm so grateful to Clapp's!"

## Why your baby will thrive on Clapp's!

- Ever since Clapp's *originated* baby foods 25 years ago, we've made all our foods to fill doctors' requirements.



- We've constantly improved our formulas, added new foods, according to doctors' suggestions. Now we offer "*the world's largest baby menu.*"
- We make every test we can, because we *want* to.
- We discard many fruits and vegetables that would be perfectly acceptable for adults, but not, in our judgment, for Clapp-fed babies.



- All our foods are *pressure-cooked* – to help retain vitamins and minerals, fresh color and flavor.
- We have seen two generations of babies raised on Clapp's. Our business, we believe, is the most important business in the world. It is our *sole* business, not a side line.



- Perhaps this is why so many doctors prescribe Clapp's regularly.

CLAPP'S
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# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

*25 YEARS OF THRIVING BABIES!*

PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

Little Broadway Actress
DIANE WOODS
says "Here's the reason milk makes a big hit with me!"



DIANE WOODS, in the cast of "Song of Norway," New York stage success

Diane's joined up with that fast-growing young set—Bosco's "public"! She's found out nothing makes milk taste so "yummy" as delicious chocolate-flavored Bosco. And Diane drinks *lots* of Bosco-and-milk—for eight shows a week keep her stepping! Bosco will make milk a "big hit" with your children, too—so get some soon!




**Bosco adds Iron and Vitamin D, too!**

Yes, Bosco is *more* than a chocolate-flavored syrup to turn milk to "glamour stuff" for your youngster! Just four teaspoons in the "daily quart" supply *both* the Iron and Vitamin D a normal child must get *every day*. Because Bosco is a syrup, it takes only a jiffy to mix . . . blends *smoothly* with milk. Bosco is economical, too! Treat your child to Bosco!

*Today's Bosco is the same high quality product as ever. You may not find it at your grocer's at all times, due to sugar shortage, but when you do—what a satisfaction to know you're getting the best!*

*(Continued from Page 146)*

"I'm sorry to have to tell you," Bill answered, still quietly.

"But I don't consider it an explanation, by a long shot," went on Mr. Fancher. "You people take this child for as long as it suits you and then come in here, late at night, with some cock-and-bull story about her causing trouble—a child of ten."

Quite suddenly Candy's temper snapped. She tossed her hair back over her shoulder in a gesture which her brother Johnny would have recognized at once. Johnny would have departed swiftly. Mr. Fancher did not.

"I can give you an explanation, Mr. Fancher," she said icily. "I think it's high time someone did. Elfine is a very spoiled little girl. She can't keep out of other people's affairs, she repeats everything she hears—and she hears everything. Elfine," said Candy, her cheeks burning, "isn't nearly so clever as you and Mrs. Fancher have let her believe."

"I have an I.Q. of a hundred and thirty-six!" Elfine shouted.

Candy looked at her with cold distaste. "I don't care if you have an I.Q. of a hundred and sixty—and that's genius. You don't know how to make other people happy. You break their things and spill them and boil gardenias and you *talk!*"

"Boil gardenias? Talk?" Mr. Fancher looked stunned.

Candy felt Bill's hand under her arm, and she subsided, shaking but silent.

"Mr. Fancher," Bill said, "I don't think you'd understand if we could tell you."

"I guess not," Mr. Fancher agreed heavily. "I guess not. I don't know what to say to you, Stewart."

"You don't have to say anything, sir."

Mr. Fancher glanced at him sharply. "I don't want you to think there's anything personal in this. I'm not often wrong in my judgment, but sometimes I make a mistake like any ——"

Bill spoke brusquely. "Nonsense, Mr. Fancher—of course it's personal! You're not going to hire a man who maltreats y child."

Mr. Fancher turned unexpectedly on daughter. "Stop that sniffling, Elfie! You home now. Daddy'll take care of you." turned to Bill again. "I'm mighty sorry t had to happen. But as I see it ——"

Bill opened the door abruptly. "Let's j say we both made a mistake. Good nig Mr. Fancher."

Candy could hardly keep up with him he strode through the hotel lobby. To sp to him was quite impossible: every facu was concentrated on keeping her emoti under decent control until they could inside their own front door. Once there, pulled off her hat and collapsed on the h chair. Slow tears rolled down her face, an silly, irrelevant thought wandered miserab through her mind: *When I first got marrie used to bawl like Elfine when things got aw Now I just sort of drip tears. I suppose growing old.*

Bill put his arm around her. "All rig baby, go ahead and cry. I don't blame yo

Candy drew a long, painful breath. "I not crying because of what happened. I crying because it's all my fault."

"Oh, don't be silly," said Bill, and mopp her face with his handkerchief. It was traordinarily comforting—so comforting t Candy wanted desperately to throw her on his shoulder and give way to grief co pletely. Instead, she forced herself to sit right on the stiff chair; she made the te stop crawling down her cheeks. She sw lowed hard and said:

"It was all because of heaven and hell the three-foot fork."

Bill stared at her in anxiety. "Co you—er—clarify that a little?"

"Don't you remember? That story daddy's—people in heaven helping e other. I was just trying to help."

Bill grinned suddenly. "Oh, I see. Y were being kind to Elfine."

Candy clutched his arm. "But you *d* see. I wasn't being kind to Elfine—tha



*Mrs. Eva Johnson, Akron, Ohio, with baby son her soldier husband has not yet seen*

Getting Big For Daddy!

With Evenflo's efficient valve-action nipple, mothers know their babies will nurse in comfort, finish their bottles better and gain more weight. And they appreciate Evenflo's handy nipple, bottle, cap all-in-one unit that's easier to use and saves time. Evenflo Nursers 25c at baby shops, drug, dept. stores. Separate nipple, bottle or cap 10c each.




Evenflo
America's Most Popular Nurser

GIVE THIS FAMOUS BABY BOOK
The GIFT New Mothers Love!



"OUR BABY'S FIRST SEVEN YEARS"

A PRICELESS RECORD of a child's growth, and a beautiful gift—with valuable scientific records and guides for child care. Filled with charming illustrations in full colors—just the gift for new mothers!

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e whole point. I was being kind to El-ıe—*for a reason.* I was really trying to ease Mr. Fancher."

Bill glanced at her, and away. "Tell me mething, Candy. Did you know he was ›ing to offer me a job?"

"No—no, of course not. But I sort of—ıessed. And I thought if we took care of his ttle girl ——"

Bill grinned again. "You mean you ran to a little trouble with mixed motives?" andy nodded miserably. Bill laughed out-ght. "Don't you know you'd have taken ıre of Elfine anyway—whether there was a ›b for me attached to it or not? Your mo-ves are less mixed than anyone's I know."

"But I've ruined every-ıing! You haven't got a ›b!"

Bill said with unaccus-›med fervor, "You're rong, woman. I haven't ot two jobs."

"But what will happen › us, Bill?"

"We'll starve to death," Bill said cheer-ılly. "So let's go have some of Ellen's hocolate cake now."

"I couldn't eat," Candy moaned.

"This isn't the way to behave when your usband's fresh out of work." Bill was stern. You're supposed to be quietly heroic."

She took a deep breath and stood up. "All ight, I'll *be* heroic. It's the least I can do."

But it was all very well to laugh with the ›roper degree of gaiety while they ate cake nd drank milk and Bill suggested slogans or Fancher's Famous Flour. (You've Made Your Bread, Now Lie on It. . . . Say It With Flour. . . . And So to Bread.) To keep it up was another matter. Candy was rightened. Bill only knew airways—he had ıever worked at anything else. It wasn't a question of having no faith in Bill—it was he future itself she doubted. Always it had ›een a clear panorama, stretching peacefully ›efore them. And now there was no future ıt all—just a curtain of fog.

She thought, with an aching sympathy, of other women whose men were jobless, who had not one baby but two or three, and no parents to fall back upon. (But Bill would die before he accepted help from Mr. Goodwin.)

In the morning she was dressing to go to town. She and Bill were having lunch together.

In the mirror she met her own eyes. Just a few days ago she and Bill had been completely happy. And now —— Candy decided to put on bright red fingernail polish. *Something* had to be done.

When the telephone rang, she answered, and heard Bill's voice; and there was something in it that made her nerves tingle in response.

"Darling," he said, "are you wearing your best hat? The beaver one?"

"No. Why?"

"You better."

"But *why*, Bill?"

He cleared his throat and her heart seemed to have risen in her chest. "Mr. Denstone," he said, "is taking us out to lunch."

Candy screamed, "*What?*"

"Ouch, stop it! I can't talk now." His voice sank to a murmur. "He—he apologized. He came in last night to tell me ——"

"To tell you *what?*" Candy shouted.

"A—well, a promotion. I can't talk."

There was a silence on the telephone for several seconds.

Then Candy said, "I'm coming, darling. Right away. Bill!"

"Yes?"

"I've just thought of something. My helping was sort of like Elfine's, wasn't it?"

"What? What are you talking about?"

"Elfine," said Candy, feeling suddenly drunk with happiness, "wore a three-foot fork too."

"Sure," said Bill. "Only hers was a pitchfork. Put on your hat, and *come!*"

**A hospital is a place where they wake you up at 5:30 to tell you breakfast will be ready at 7:30.**

—J. POPE CLUGSTON.


# Don't try to blow that cold away

When those nostrils are clogged with thick mucus, and breathing through that cold-sick nose is almost impossible—don't try to blow the congested passages open! Hard blowing makes tender membranes sore, may even increase the stopped-up discomfort!

No cure for a head cold has yet been found, but that tormenting, smothering stuffiness, that smarting irritation around nose and mouth *can* be relieved quickly. See how Mentholatum helps.

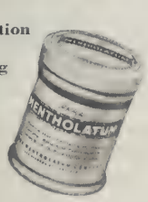
***Easy Way To Open Stuffy Nostrils...Soothe Irritation***

Applied right in the nose and snuffed well back, Mentholatum strikes promptly at nasal discomforts with 4 vital actions:

1. **Helps thin out thick mucus—your nose starts to clear.**
2. **Soothes cold-inflamed membranes—nose soreness eases up.**
3. **Helps reduce swelling, congestion—soon you can *breathe* again.**
4. **Helps Nature heal by increasing circulation in "sick" area.**

Don't go on "suffering" right through a heavy cold. At any stage, use soothing, cooling Mentholatum for quick relief!






**SEND FOR FREE TRIAL SIZE**

The Mentholatum Co.
Dept. L-23, Wilmington 99, Del.

At no expense to me, please send a free sample, so I can prove what comfort Mentholatum can bring.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

**Get MENTHOLATUM!**



# "I'm tellin ya, honey... No Double Trouble for us!!"



**JACK:** I'm givin' ya the real lowdown . . . every Mommy who wants her baby to have the smoothest, healthiest skin should be sure to give baby these *twin blessings* of Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil . . .

**JILL:** Works *double!* One: bein' *antiseptic*, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, lotsa other skin troubles . . .

**JACK:** Two: Good-bye roughness an' dryness; Mennen Baby Oil helps keep skin soft an' smooth. Follow the advice of most doctors and hospitals, *double-bless* your baby with Mennen!

**JILL:** Us Mennen babies *smell so sweet.* Get Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder *now* to have on hand for baby's first day home!

4 TIMES AS MANY DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL AS ANY OTHER.*

MORE BABY SPECIALISTS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER THAN ANY OTHER.*

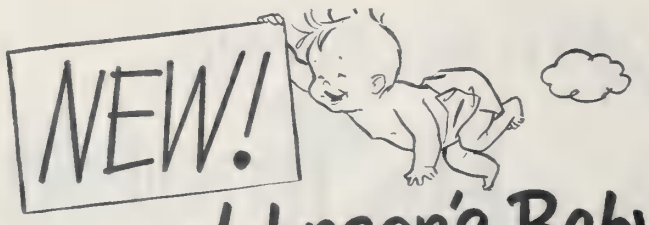
*Twin Blessings for Baby—*

**MENNEN**




*Nationwide surveys

**BE SURE TO USE MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER** to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth! New scent makes baby smell sweet. 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be *antiseptic*, and MENNEN *is!**




Johnson's Baby Lotion
ANTISEPTIC



★ **So great an advance in baby skin care that it's replaced old methods in hundreds of hospitals!**

★ **So much pleasanter that mothers are saying good-by forever to sticky, messy preparations!**



Glorious day for mamas and babies!

Meet Johnson's Baby Lotion—a most wonderful, hospital-tested lotion that does every job of baby skin care *and does it better!*

So smooth and white that nursery tasks are worlds *pleasanter!* So scientifically *right* that baby skin irritations are cut down to a new low!

Protect *your* baby's skin this modern lotion way. Quick, mother—a bottle of Johnson's Baby Lotion!

**Hospital Tests Show Far Fewer Irritations!**

When tested in hospitals on newborn babies, Johnson's Baby Lotion reduced incidence of common skin irritations by sensational percentages!

Records prove far fewer cases of prickly heat, urine irritation, etc. than with old-style preparations.

Johnson's Baby Lotion *lets baby's skin breathe!* It's a homogenized emulsion of specially selected mineral oil, lanolin, and water, with an antiseptic added. Leaves a network film on baby's skin—not a solid layer. Perspiration can escape. Yet urine can't get in to irritate!

No wonder hundreds of hospitals have switched to Johnson's Baby Lotion!

**Good-by to Sticky, Messy, Old-Style Preparations!**

Now—find new pleasantness in caring for baby's skin!

Forget those messy, heavy, oily preparations. Instead—at bath time, at diaper changes, whenever baby's skin needs protection—smooth on this white, clean-smelling *lotion!* Nicer for you—nicer for baby!

No wonder mothers everywhere are switching to Johnson's Baby Lotion!






Johnson's Baby Lotion

Johnson & Johnson






H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

*It's two-way devotion. The puppy waits for his young master to romp and play. And Junior turns to his pet when the adult world becomes too demanding.*

# A Pet is Part of Growing Up

*By Evelyn Sager*

RECENTLY a small boy in Little Rock, Arkansas, heard a radio commentator report that the Philadelphia zoo was seeking a foster home for three orphaned lion cubs. The youngster promptly sent the following letter to the zoo:

I will take the cubs and give them a good home. I can get enough for them to eat. Please send them as soon as possible. I am enclosing $1.00 postage.

A lion cub may not be *your* idea of a suitable animal companion for your child. Or you may raise an eyebrow at the thought of widening your domestic circle to include a trained cockroach, a one-eyed mule or a deskunked skunk. You may even balk at having your ordered existence cluttered up with the more conventional pets—the prolific rabbit, the doubtful alley cat or the hard-to-care-for pedigreed pup. But if your child has his heart set on a pet—and if there is no hardship involved—let him have it. He will be missing an integral part of childhood if you refuse. A pet is part of growing up—and a functional part too.

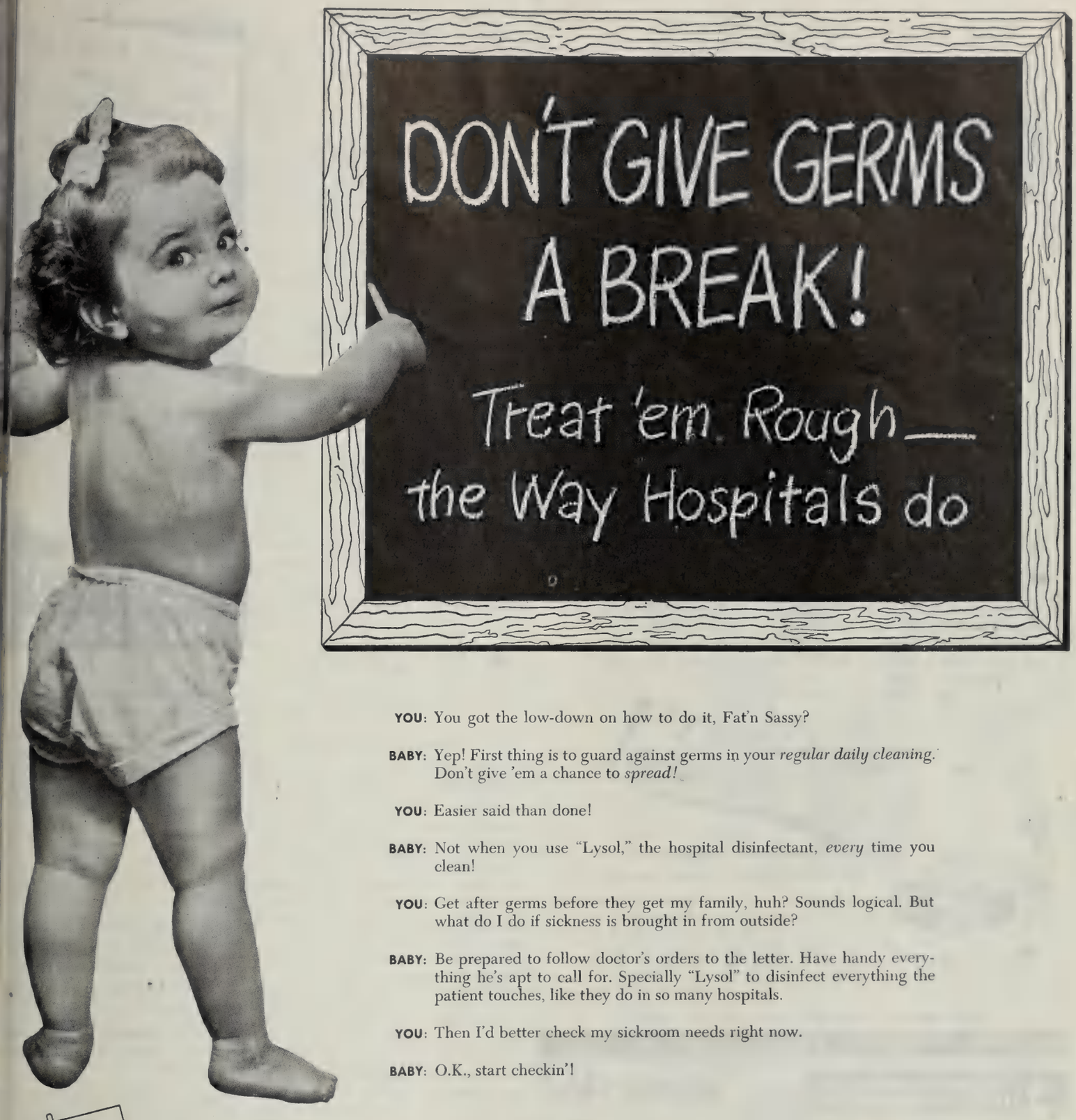
That underslung guinea pig your son is boarding in the back yard can be as vital to him as milk, orange juice and carrots at mealtime. The pig is stimulating the growth of something in Johnny that cannot be checked with weekly pencil marks on the nursery wall. It is building your child's ego.

First and foremost, a pet satisfies a child's need for an uncritical, undemanding playmate—a friend. No matter how sharply Johnny has been scolded for his latest fall from grace, his puppy still greets him with adoring recognition. His puppy does not issue a constant staccato of orders—as grown-ups are wont to do—or designate himself "boss" like the bigger boy next door. A puppy will take orders. And a puppy belongs to and depends upon its young master for fun and affection.

Boys' Clubs of America have recognized that "puppy love" can be a powerful force for buttressing an insecure ego. Rusty is a case in point. Rusty wasn't a problem child. He was more of a thorn in the flesh for the tolerant club workers. Rusty's sullen, I-don't-care attitude was steadily wearing away their patience—until the afternoon he appeared in the director's office with a flea-ridden mongrel and traces of fresh tears smudging his cheek. Please, sir, Rusty asked, could he keep his dog at the club? His mother would not allow the animal in the small, overcrowded apartment. The director consented—not without deep misgivings—to Rusty's request. But within a few months the director's moment of weakness paid large dividends. Rusty had become an active, affable club member. The warmth and pride he derived from his new friend supplied the emotional support he had been missing in an overcrowded, overworked household.

Your youngster's pet may be more than his first love. It may be a safety valve for a too-muchness of energy and feeling. It may provide what psychologists learnedly term "an outlet for aggression." They remind us that countless times a day a small child is subjected to a succession of adult do's and don'ts. Necessary restrictions, it is granted. But the child's suppressed energies are bound to find outlets elsewhere. That is one reason why tiny tots will pull a dog's tail or tweak a cat's whiskers—until the animal rebels. Under wise guidance a youngster can divert this aggression into more constructive bypaths: into teaching his dog a new trick, renovating the rabbit hutch or merely taking a companionable walk with his pet to the corner grocery store for "something for supper."

If you are a social-minded parent, eager to encourage the traits that will mold your offspring into a solid citizen of the future, you may discover an unexpected ally in a pet. Responsibility is one of the primary social traits a pet can foster. *(Continued on Page 152)*




**YOU:** You got the low-down on how to do it, Fat'n Sassy?

**BABY:** Yep! First thing is to guard against germs in your *regular daily cleaning.* Don't give 'em a chance to *spread!*

**YOU:** Easier said than done!

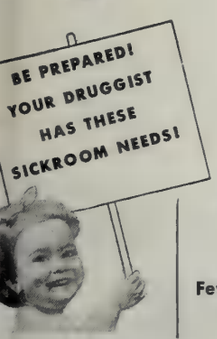
**BABY:** Not when you use "Lysol," the hospital disinfectant, *every* time you clean!

**YOU:** Get after germs before they get my family, huh? Sounds logical. But what do I do if sickness is brought in from outside?

**BABY:** Be prepared to follow doctor's orders to the letter. Have handy everything he's apt to call for. Specially "Lysol" to disinfect everything the patient touches, like they do in so many hospitals.

**YOU:** Then I'd better check my sickroom needs right now.

**BABY:** O.K., start checkin'!

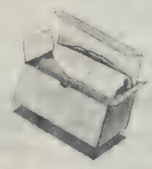




Fever Thermometer


Hot Water Bottle

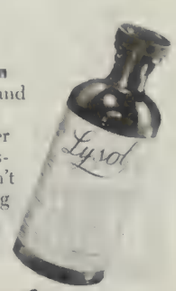

Bedpan


Absorbent Cotton



First Aid Kit

More women use "Lysol" brand disinfectant than any other household disinfectant! Don't ever risk being without it!




**MORAL: Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"LYSOL" is the registered trade-mark of Lehn & Fink Products Corporation and any use thereof in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.

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**childhood posture**

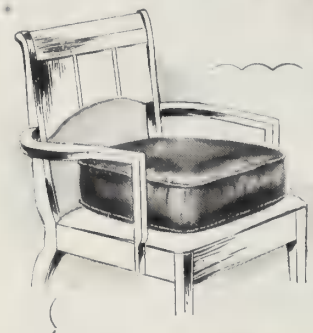



Your doctor will tell you tender baby bones need every care. Just as proper diet makes them grow strong, so can the proper mattress help them grow straight. The Kantwet crib mattress is especially made for this. Its *firm level* design means baby will be supported where support is needed. There's extra filling where the weight is greatest. The patented sealed tufting means the support will last as long as the mattress. And being wetproof, Kantwet saves work for Mother. Just wipe it clean in the crib.

*For a straight, sturdy back*

**KANTWET*** *Innerspring Crib* **MATTRESS**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**FOR THE OLDER CHILD**

**RITE-HITE, JR. SEAT**

It lifts little chins comfortably over the table when babies graduate from high chairs. And (confidentially, Mother) you and Dad will find it handy for roadside picnics, boating, watching outdoor sports, or a dozen and one other uses. It's waterproof, washable.

*Avoid substitutes—insist on products labeled "Kantwet"*

**Nursery Furniture Pads for all Purposes**



**Design Smart Fashions**
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Fascinating field. Design own wardrobe at considerable saving. Gain experience designing for others. It may lead to thrilling career—even a shop of your own some day. Basic "learn-by-doing" course under guidance of qualified teachers provides excellent starting point for a career. Send for free booklet, "A Career in Dress Designing."

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**Is yours an Allergic Skin?**



In cosmetics, too, physicians know best. Ask your doctor about AR-EX Cosmetics. *At leading drug stores.* Write for **FREE BOOKLET:** "New Facts on Skin Care."

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**The smartest looking youngsters wear**

**DE LIS *fashions!***

Outfit your Infants and Children the DE LIS way by Mail . . . It's as convenient and simple as sitting in an arm-chair!

Our brand new Spring and Summer catalog is out . . . with a gay, charming selection of modestly priced clothes for the crib-crowd to the roller-skating gang . . . and so beautifully illustrated that you and the young fry will read it like a book!

For your free copy, write to: DE LIS FASHIONS, 218 Chartres, New Orleans 16, Louisiana. Dept. M86



**KEEP BABY SNUG AND SAFE with *Ducky Blanket Fasteners***




FEDERAL TOOL CORP.
CHICAGO 12, ILLINOIS


*(Continued from Page 150)*

As one psychologist explains, there are almost no genuine chores left for a youngster to perform in a household under our mass-production, mechanized way of life. Bringing in the milk bottles in the morning is merely a token task—harking back to the days when a young boy would have milked the cows or carried the brimming milk pails up from the barn. But taking care of a pet—the regular and sometimes irksome jobs of feeding, exercising and grooming—these are tangible rather than token responsibilities for a young person. He can learn and grow in performing his routine assignments. Of course the tasks have to be graded according to size. A child can start at three by putting out the cat's saucer of milk; by the time he is eleven or twelve, he is able to take on the entire job of feeding his pet.

The most faithful of youngsters may slip up occasionally. One mother we know has developed an effective reminder system for young and short memories. When her son forgets to feed his voiceless white rabbits, the mother "forgets" her son's lunch. A healthy, hungry youngster soon realizes how unhappy his rabbits are—because he is experiencing the same gnawing emptiness in his own innards.

Even highly observant parents may not realize that a youngster's absorption with his pets—which can be both a bore and a bother to grownups—is leading him along the road to other commendable traits such as perseverance, patience and concentration. The child doesn't know his character is being shaped when he is caring for his animals. He's just having fun!

There are also lessons to be learned in the social niceties and necessities. Following in the unpredictable wake of his pet, a child may stub his toe on such solemn adult precepts as privacy and property. The study door is closed to a noisy dog and his young master when daddy is working. And Junior is called down when his puppy chews the cook's day-out shoes, when his *enceinte* cat injudiciously selects the guest-room bed for her lying-in, when his rabbits nibble carrot tops in the neighbor's garden. He may stumble on the do's and don'ts of the world outside his home too. These are called city ordinances, and are concerned with leashes, licenses and laws against keeping guinea pigs in city cellars.

**Of the ten million things which a discreet married man should not do, the most dangerous of all is to attempt to surprise his wife.**

—EVAN R. CHESTERMAN: Things Mundane. (Neale Pub. Co.)

When your child steps beyond the accustomed safety and security of his house and garden, a pet may be his passport to the society of other children—as it was for young Bobby. Bobby was a shy, backward seven-year-old, who always stood on the outside of the group. But after a spindly-legged police puppy loped into his life, a new note of assurance was evident in Bobby's voice and bearing. He was soon demonstrating his protégé as the "smartest and best dog in the whole world." With ungrudging admiration, the boys admitted Bobby to the group.

There is still another door through which any pet—be it fish, fowl or feline—can take your child and lead him far beyond the nursery, the corner sand lot or the complex city around him. An animal will introduce your child to the limitless world of Nature. Your youngster may strike up an acquaintance with a chattering squirrel or a hungry robin in the back yard and wonder why these friends will not share his house—like the canary, the kitten and the collie. Or when he's older, he will collect cocoons that miraculously become caterpillars—caterpillars that surprise him by becoming butterflies.

With the aid of an unself-conscious and helpfully explaining parent, a child can learn about reproduction through his pet. In fact, Mary T. Penshaw, of the educational





OLD-FASHIONED diaper scrubbing—so hard on hands and back—is gone forever when your baby wears surgical-weave Curity Diapers. These diapers are not only washed easier and faster, they have other important features, too.

**1. Faster drying** speeds diaper laundering, indoors or out.

**2. Highly absorbent** — surgical weave absorbs more thoroughly.

**3. Foldline,** woven permanently in to fabric, makes it easy to adjust the fold to growing babies.

**4. Have no hems** to irritate baby's tender skin.

**5. Easier to wash** — open weave speedily cleansed with pure Ivory Flakes.

Mothers, medical authorities, and leading hospitals use and endorse Curity Diapers. Buy Curity Diapers at your favorite infants' store.

KENDALL MILLS, Walpole, Massachusetts

A KENDALL PRODUCT




**NURSERY PADS · BIBS · MASKS · COTTON**

*Curity Surgical Dressings at drug stores*

division of the A.S.P.C.A., suggests that parents make a point of getting a pet that will have offspring about the time they're planning to explain a few things to a curious child. But psychiatrists sound a warning note here: too many children, they say, grow into and out of adolescence unable to make the logical connection between sex in rabbits and sex in human beings—a failure stemming directly from an embarrassed adult attitude and an avoidance of facts.

Parents are not spectators in the child-pet relationship. They have an important behind-the-scenes role to play. Most of them began to play the part when they gave their infant his first pink velvet bunny, guided him through his first barnyard picture book, took him on his first tour of the zoo. Hollywood helped with this superb public-relations job by making such pictures as Bambi, Mickey Mouse and Lassie Come Home. Thus when a child meets his own puppy or panda for the first time he is prepared for an affectionate and loyal playmate.

A note of caution or precaution would not be amiss in arranging that first meeting between the youngster and his new friend. They will probably be soul mates from the first moment. But it is helpful, in introducing a small child to his new pet, to choose an auspiciously pleasant moment. If a child loves his bath, have the puppy make a debut when the youngster is sloshing around in his tub. A kitten-ice cream tie-up might do the trick. Make the first meeting short, successive meetings longer. Be careful that the puppy does not overpower a toddling tot with an uninhibited display of affection and energy. But even more important, do not be afraid *for* the child. If he is momentarily frightened, remember his experience will last but briefly in his childish memory. Adult fears, on the other hand, may prove more consistent and more contagious, and may lay the groundwork in a child for a lifelong fear of animals.

When the question of a pet comes up in your household, think a bit beyond such inconveniences as trained mice in your cupboards, puppies underfoot and canaries in your hair. If you put up with this merry menagerie—with a mixture of long-suffering tolerance and long-lasting amusement—you will be giving your child an important part of childhood. A pet is an integral part of growing up—and fun too.

## OUR READERS WRITE US

*(Continued from Page 13)*

South that Cid Ricketts Sumner shows in *Quality*, there would be no problem. . . . I, the daughter of a Civil War veteran and slave owner, feel personally grateful for her story. Sincerely,

JANE N. BARKER.

### More Boxes for Babies

*Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.*

*Dear Mr. Gould:* You may be interested to know that between 75 and 100 apparatuses ("Baby in a Box") are now in course of construction by your readers. I have been sending out mimeographed material giving details of the apparatus I built to those who asked for them. How many of these will be actually completed I cannot say, but the letters still coming in certainly indicate a desperate need for some such device.

Sincerely yours,

B. F. SKINNER,
*Chairman, Psychology Dept.*

### Music to Our Ears:

*Glen Ellyn, Illinois.*

*Gentlemen:* I consider "Making Music Fun" the finest article on a subject dealing with music education, to appear in a leading "lay" magazine in many years.

Sincerely yours,

RAYMOND N. CARR,
*Chairman Press Relations Committee, Music Educators National Conference.*

We don't think it that good, but do enjoy hearing our readers exaggerate. ED.

### Try to Find Babies for Adoption!

*New York, New York.*

*Gentlemen:* During the last six months I have been making the rounds, here and in the District of Columbia, in the attempt to find a baby or young child for adoption. Babies have become so involved in bureaucracy, and procedures so rigid, that both children for adoption and would-be parents are going to suffer very seriously. My own experience would not, of course, be significant it it were unique. But other people hunting for babies, as well as some doctors and officials, feel that while the new laws undoubtedly correct an obvious evil, they have already created other and perhaps more serious evils.

Sincerely,

MARJORIE CLARK EGLOFF.

The woman who, wanting babies, cannot bear them herself, will find that there are more aspiring parents than adoptable babies and that, in a legitimate effort to protect babies from exploitation, social workers tend to strangle both parents and children with red tape. ED.

### Jobs are a Living Memorial

*Mechanicsville, Iowa.*

*Dear Editors:* Two years ago the American Legion Post of Mechanicsville was left $20,000 by the late Henry Siever. Teams of men and women canvassed the town of 600 and the surrounding countryside raising $30,000, which, added to the $20,000 bequest, will build a community recreation center as a living war memorial dedicated to our veterans.

We also hope to provide jobs for some returning veterans by employing them in the building of our memorial.

Sincerely,

MRS. HAROLD L. GIBEAUT.

### Free Lots for Veterans

*Cody, Wyoming.*

*Dear Editors:* The Buffalo Bill Memorial Association of Cody (pop. 3000) has started a fund for the construction of a War Memorial Building. There will be a large central room for housing records, pictures and trophies of heroes from this area. A wing will house the geology exhibit and library; other wings will be meeting places for veterans and a place for art exhibits.

Also Mr. Charles Henson is offering to war veterans fifty free lots desirable for building homes. Yours sincerely,

MRS. GLENN E. LIVINGSTON.

### Brahms "Hot Licks"

*Toronto, Canada.*

*Dear Sirs:* A cheer for Rachel Kemper! I, too, am a teen-ager who has yet to find a modern that can beat out "hot licks" equal to Brahms' Hungarian Dances. I'd give almost my last cent for *any* record of Glenn Miller's, but those hashes of Chopin's "Polonaise" make me want to throw things. Yours sincerely,

"JACKY" THOMPSON.

### No Mood for Wagner

*Seattle, Washington.*

*Dear Editors:* Miss Kemper makes me angry. We have certain moods which neither Pinza nor Wagner would fit.

Popular music fits in with the temper of the days; classical, with that of the years. But we seem to need tunes that make our fingers snap and our feet tap. That's part of being young. Sincerely,

JACKIE EVANSON.

### Parents Can Help Teachers

*Willoughby, Ohio.*

*Dear Editors:* If Mr. McIntire ("Check List for Parents: II") wants the schools to be completely responsible for the physical and mental health of the next generations, he must persuade the public to

*(Continued on Page 155)*




Cinderella's
"MAGIC TOUCH"
is the Touch of Beauty in Dresses for your Child!

Let your own eyes discover why Cinderella Frocks are the *most popular* of all children's dresses! Simply compare with any dress at *any* price. See the beauty—the clearcut superiority of Cinderella Frocks in . . .

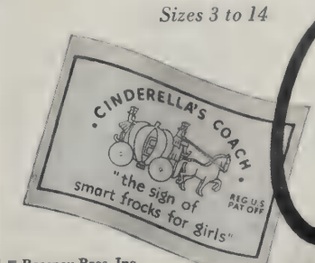
**STYLE!** Observe how authentic and original these colorful styles are. And notice Cinderella's "smart style details" in applique-work, embroidery, etc.
**WORKMANSHIP!** Notice finishing of hems, seams, buttonholes, sleeve and neck-bindings. Compare size of stitches . . . see how much *finer* Cinderella's are.
**MATERIAL!** See how much *better* quality you get for your money! (Cinderella's fabrics are guaranteed fast color—including the striking, colorful Dan River Fabrics illustrated above.)



Next time you buy children's dresses, look for the famous Cinderella label—your guarantee of Cinderella's "Magic Touch" in design, detail, durability. You cannot *make or buy* a better child's dress at this price!

*Sizes 3 to 14*

*About $3 in leading stores*




Cinderella
FROCKS FOR GIRLS
FEATURING THE FAMOUS DAN RIVER FABRICS

Rosenau Bros. Inc., Philadelphia



*Beautiful Hair*

# B R E C K



Beautiful Hair always seems to add to the beauty of a little child. The care of your children's hair, whether in the home or at your beauty shop, is much more important than mothers may sometimes realize. Your Beauty Shop owner or one of her assistants will be glad to help you with the care of your children's hair. She will also be glad to tell you about a complete line of preparations made for the care of the hair – the Breck Preparations – Shampoos, Hair Lotions, Hair Creams and Specialty Preparations. These Breck Preparations are used in the Breck Method Hair and Scalp Treatments. Your Beauty Shop owner will not only help you with her skill when you are in her Beauty Shop, but she will also be glad to suggest the right shampoo, hair creams and hair lotions for you to use when you care for your hair in your home.

*Breck Preparations are available in Beauty Shops, Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada*

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
CANADIAN ADDRESS 47 CLARENCE STREET · OTTAWA

(Continued from Page 153)

spend the money to provide the necessary facilities. We all know that teachers are underpaid. Not only that, they are expected to live in a manner suitable to their professional standing. Is this the fault of the school systems, or of the community which votes the tax levies?

We all know schools where the children think it is "smart never to crack a book." In my experience those schools have existed in communities where parents criticized and even ridiculed the teachers and the educational systems, in front of the children.

There is a great deal that parents can do to improve a school system, not by castigating it for its "viciousness" or by refusing to support "the tyrants, the teachers." They can do a better job of bringing up their children: give them good work habits, firm yet understanding discipline and a healthy mental and emotional attitude—at home. They can get acquainted with the teachers, and integrate the home and school treatment of each child's difficulty. Beyond that, they can attend school-board meetings, work for better pay for teachers, and, above all, be sure that their school system has the money and facilities to carry on the comprehensive program which Mr. McIntire, among others, feels our children need and deserve. Very sincerely,

LOIS RAEGE WASELKOV.

### When Dreams Come True

*Worcestershire, England.*

*Dear Sirs:* Several of the typists at a factory here were looking through your JOURNAL during lunch hour.

One girl said: "Fancy trying to make some of the recipes with one ounce of fat"—our weekly ration—"it's enough to break a girl's heart."

Another said that to buy a pair of shoes (provided one has the coupons) it was necessary to catch a train at 7:30 A.M. to the nearest shopping centre and form a queue by 9 o'clock. At 9:30 A.M. you're told, "Our monthly allocation has been sold."

The general opinion seemed to be that such delights even on paper were like fairyland. However, they all agreed the JOURNAL gives a good idea of "things to come." Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR J. OAKLEY.

### About Those French Girls

*Coronado, California.*

*Dear Editors:* Major Merrill Panitt definitely underrated the French women.

I was born in France and have been happily married to a Yank since 1919. I think and live as Americans do, but I know the French girls, and, Major, your article shows that you did not meet the right ones at the right places.

It is true that the French woman needs more than *one* "I love you." Who doesn't? Sincerely yours,

MARIE TICHARD ISRAEL.

### It's Straight From the Feed Box

*Los Angeles, California.*

*Dear Sirs:* Ruth Mills Teague brings out several points too often overlooked.

One: the hostess must at all times let the left hand know what the right hand is doing! Every detail planned. Salad greens turn up chilled. French bread warm.

Another: the importance of the hostess appearing at her most glamorous and casual self. We all know that takes a bit of doing. But here is a writer who explains *how* to do it. And *why!*

Very sincerely,

MRS. L. B. DILBECK.

### Are Bullies Human Too?

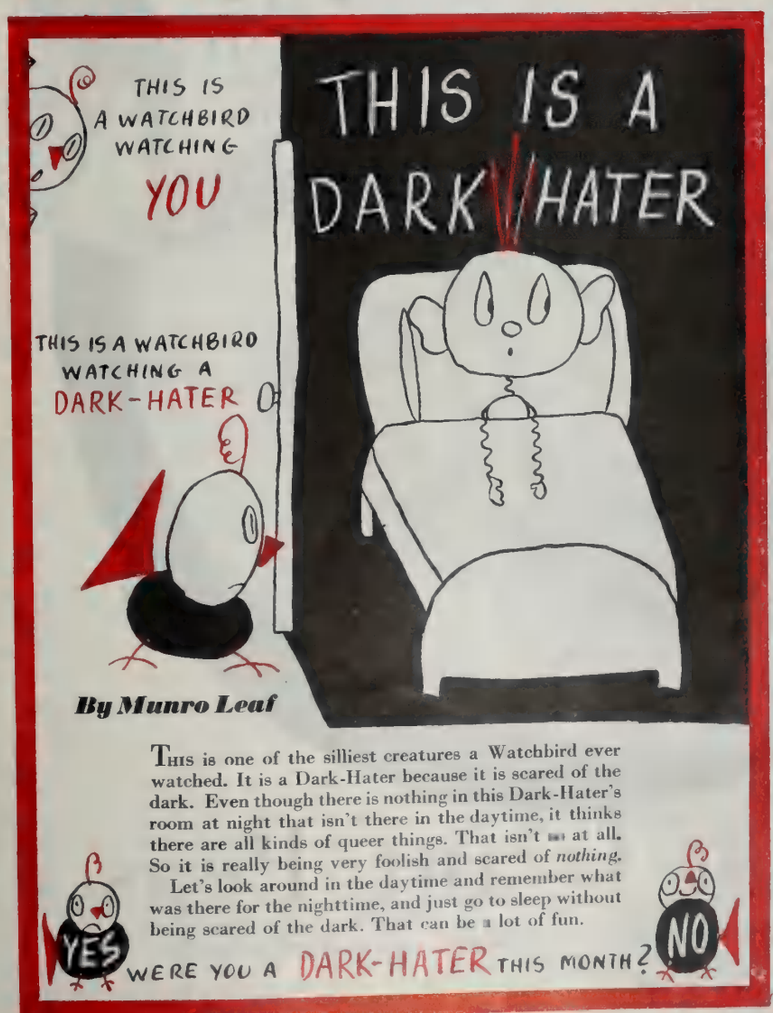
*Strathmore, California.*

*Dear Editors:* Margaret Weymouth Jackson, in "Big Shot," settled the problems of the timid boy, but those of the bully were only intensified.

Bullies are human beings. Society has to put up with them, their problems, and possible cure. Sincerely,

L. STOLTENBERG.

▶ How different the world if, forty years ago, someone had straightened out a little bully named Adolf. ED.




THIS is one of the silliest creatures a Watchbird ever watched. It is a Dark-Hater because it is scared of the dark. Even though there is nothing in this Dark-Hater's room at night that isn't there in the daytime, it thinks there are all kinds of queer things. That isn't so at all. So it is really being very foolish and scared of *nothing.*

Let's look around in the daytime and remember what was there for the nighttime, and just go to sleep without being scared of the dark. That can be a lot of fun.


# TIME-SAVING DRESS FOR A BUDDING FAMILY




What could be sweeter than a bouquet of babies dressed in Carter's? Those patented → Nevabind* underarms with seamless Jiffon* shoulders make dressing quick and fussless . . . prevent binding and chafing. All Carter fabrics tub so beautifully, too . . . stay soft and in shape. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Reading from tree-top to happy bear)

Jiffon-Nevabind shirt. Birth to 3 yrs. . . . . 50¢ to 75¢

Panti-dress Twosome for creepers. Pink, blue, or buttercup. 6 mos. to 2 yrs. . . . . Set, about $1.65

Jiffon-Nevabind gowns. Designed with open or closed backs. Birth to 1 yr. . . . . $1.15 to $1.25

Tyke and Tyke Top training sets. Note Carter's new "no-droop" pant†. 1 to 8 yrs. Each garment, . . . . . 55¢ to $1.

Knitted kimonos. Pink, blue, white. . . . Birth to 1 yr., $1.15



GOOD-BYE DROOPY DRAWERS

*See Carter's New Tyke Pant.† It's shorter . . . trimmer . . . has more action room. Here's why. Crotch-section "give" is up-and-down as the body bends. Side sections give around the body. It's a brand new Carter idea. Ask for it soon.* † Pat. Applied for

*Write for Carter's* **DRESS FACTS** *baby booklet.*
*The William Carter Company*
*Needham Heights 94, Mass.*





**Uninviting color**
Here's a good combination of flavors, but it's not good, hunger-making color. Too much brown and sameness—no bright contrasts.

# Color spurs appetite

***The tender green of Green Giant Brand Peas* promises *good eating . . . and then delivers it with unique flavor and tenderness.***

Yes, that Green Giant is a symbol of flavor and tenderness. But he's a symbol, too, of a scientific farmer. Special seed (S-537, exclusive with us). Scientific soil feeding and crop growing. Precision timing of harvest and canning to get Green Giant Brand peas from vine to can in less than three hours—
*at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.*






**"Eat-me" color**
Isn't this happy color? See the appetite promise in the red of catsup, the yellow of turnips, and the fresh, sweet green of those good Green Giant Brand peas.

## Green Giant Peas
BRAND

*Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*

*Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of the following brands: Niblets Whole Kernel Corn, Niblets Mexicorn whole kernel corn and peppers, Del Maiz Cream Style Corn and Niblets Asparagus.*

"GREEN GIANT" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©MVCCO.

## MINORITIES

*(Continued from Page 6)*

persecution mania. And paranoiacs can ery dangerous people; paranoiacs, and cruel and unscrupulous and evil dema- es, not paranoiacs themselves, who take intage of the paranoid tendencies in all s. For all sensible men and women, of se, have to a greater or lesser degree in- rity complexes; a sense, that is, of their inadequacy in the face of life and its lands, a humbleness. And on how they le their inferiority complexes depends ther they join the congenital paranoiacs ot. So watch yourself—especially where orities are concerned. Minorities, being ser than majorities, have always been favorite and traditional victims of or- zed paranoiacs, born or self-made. It's . The especial sport of cowards is attack- the weak.

he study of minorities is a strange, inating study, anyhow. A minority is e more, as a rule, than roup of human beings, and women like our- es, which, being a mi- ty, does things a little erently. Minorities are er the same. They de- d on the longitude and ude. They have no es- ial meaning. In Egypt, ericans are a minority; in America, Egyp- s. North of Mason and Dixon's Line nocrats, in many places, are suspect; south Mason and Dixon's Line the same things, ctly, are said about Republicans. On the st Coast it is the citizens of Japanese cent, no matter what wonderful Amer- is they have proved themselves to be. In ffalo, it is the Poles. In Minnesota, the edes. In New York, the Jews. Along the Mexican border, the Mexicans. And once upon a time it was the Irish. And then the Italians. And so on endlessly. And all these people are very much like ourselves, and most of them are first-class Americans. Left alone, not insulted, not thrust back into their minorities, pretty soon they become indistinguishable.

This is a strong country, with a strong tradition. Look at our Army and Navy!

There are two things it is well to remember. First, that every one of us, every man or woman, belongs to something that at one time or another was persecuted. Protestant, Catholic, Democrat; the rich and aristocratic, the poor, the quiet middle class—at one time or another they have been persecuted. Second, which one of us is not in some relationship to life, often in several, in a minority of one? Merely as individuals each one of us is in a minority of one. And what about the lonely minority of death? All alone, each man and woman must come to it, with no companions but the memory of good and gentleness done, or of cruelty and evil.

> **The nation who loses her liberty is not aware of her misfortune at the time, any more than the patient is, who receives a paralytic stroke.**
> —PETRARCH.

Prejudice is a wart; rub it and it grows. Prejudice is a black mole; as it spreads it becomes a cancer. Prejudice is a prairie fire; a spark can make a conflagration.

When the present king of Denmark was asked if Denmark had "a Jewish problem," he smiled. "We have no minority problems in Denmark," he said, "because no Dane considers himself inferior to anyone."

Nor does any sensible American.

AND THAT CAN BE AMERICA.

## WANTED: LEADERSHIP

*(Continued from Page 6)*

sistent philosophy, many leaders arise in h revolutionary times with contradictory bitions and aims, to split society into ir- oncilable camps which make any unifying ional leadership impossible. Then, in- ad of being masters of events, the people come their victims.

Despite all revolutionary changes and im- cations, leadership in all countries, unless posed by force, must offer continuity with dition. This does not mean reactionism— type of mind that flees from present re- ies. But true progress never commands human race to start over again from atch. Civilization is an accumulation of ing values, an organic thing. Without inge there can be no growth; but without dition there can be no civilization. The st radical of our early revolutionary lead- , Thomas Jefferson, the great friend of ance, though he sympathized with the ob- tives of the French Revolution, was dis- sted by its excesses, did not want it dupli- ed on American soil, had no patience with agents here, and recognized that violent erturns are social catastrophes.

Whatever changes come must be new anches on the ancient stem, if they are to ve deep roots in the American mind and t be destructive. It is never so necessary in epochs of great change to rediscover hat it is a nation really lives by, in order construct a bridge, and not blast a chasm, tween the past and the future.

Americans, for instance, and the most volutionary Americans at that, have al- ys feared the overweening power of the ate, knowing that the power to levy trib- e, conscript to arms, judge, punish and lice is already an immense delegation of wer from the people, and have realized at if to these powers were added any ap- eciable ownership and control of the onomy or the cultural life, the people uld stand to lose their freedom.

The American revolutionary spirit has ways disputed the concept of classes. Historically without an aristocracy, and originally with private productive property very generally distributed in an agrarian economy, the American dream of free men in a free society never envisioned either an economy where a minority would own and control the chief instruments of production while the rest sold their labor for wages, which is what capitalism has brought us; nor a society in which no one would own anything, which socialism promises us.

There is an authentic American radicalism whose object has been to make men *both* secure and free, and which has recognized that economic freedom consists of access to and use of productive property, and that the basis of all relations must be free contract. Thus, if we should rediscover Jefferson, instead of Marx, as our theorist and guide in these challenging times, we would devise programs leading, not toward socialism, but toward a co-operative commonwealth.

We would continue further to prevent, by taxation, inheritance of great fortunes; we would devise taxation to favor the producer over the *rentier* and speculator; we would make laws to protect the farmer and homestead owner against foreclosure; we would have banking practices to make credit as easy to co-operative groups of worker-producers as to great corporations; and we would insist that the worker, in addition to his wages, share in the profits and responsibilities of ownership.

We would equalize educational opportunities in all states, by grants in aid to the poorer ones, and make higher education available to every American youth with a scholastic record warranting it. We would, at the same time, make it stiffer, in order to weed out those who profit from college degrees through their parents' income instead of their own capacities and efforts.

We would encourage home construction and cheaper rents, by taking real-estate taxes off improvements and raising them from ground rentals bearing heaviest on


Wonderful for Waffles!




WEST OF THE ROCKIES IT'S DURKEE'S TROCO

So Mild... So Sweet... So Country-fresh in Flavor!

Meals seem more gala Margie's economical way! You can spread delicious Durkee's Margarine liberally on breads and griddle treats—without being extravagant. Ideal for cooking and baking, too. It's so mild, so sweet, so country-fresh in flavor. Unusually smooth because it's a modern margarine made by Durkee's own scientific process which churns the pure, nutritious vegetable oils right in with the fresh pasteurized skim milk. Important as an energy food and enriched with Vitamin A.

*Now—try Durkee's Margarine in these Sunshine Waffles*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 1 tablespoon sugar | 2 eggs, separated |
| 4 teaspoons baking powder | 1 cup milk | ½ cup melted |
| ½ teaspoon salt | ½ c. evap. milk or cream | Durkee's Margarine |

Sift together twice the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add milk slowly, beating until blended after each addition. Add evaporated milk or cream. Beat mixture only until smooth. Separate eggs. Add well-beaten egg yolks to the batter. Add Durkee's Margarine which has been melted and cooled. Stir until thoroughly blended. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Bake in preheated waffle iron until crisp and golden brown. Makes 4 or 5 four-section waffles.

Something really extra special—
DEVILED EGGS
with DURKEE'S DRESSING!




Canapes and hors d'oeuvres taste better made with Durkee's Dressing. Try this easy recipe. Mash 6 hard-cooked egg yolks, mix in 2 generous teaspoons Durkee's Dressing slightly thinned with cream. Refill whites, garnish with Durkee's Paprika. Chill before serving. Write for EASY-TO-DO RECIPES, Durkee's, Dept. LJ3, Elmhurst, L. I.

Durkee Famous Foods . . . Division of the Glidden Company
*Other Durkee Favorites:* Durkee's Spices . . . Cocoanut . . . Worcestershire Sauce




She puts navy sleeves in a red sweater, knits one side of her cardigan green, the other beige. She sprinkles sequins on a pastel for evening, has at least one vivid sweater in her collection. Why not do the same? And do your color tricks with famous Bear Brand Quali-Tested Yarns because they're always color-right, proven sunfast and tubfast...so lively...so long-wearing. You'll see the difference when you knit.

Instructions for Knitting This Sweater may be gotten by sending 5c in coin to Bear Brand Yarns, 230 Fifth Ave., New York 1, Dept. JY-3.

**Bear Brand** *QUALI-TESTED Yarns*

230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N.Y.




**Washed in WOOLFOAM**

Nothing washes sweaters so clean—leaves them so soft and fluffy as **WOOLFOAM**—since there is nothing quite like it! This *soapless* powder makes the ideal beauty bath for sweaters, sox, blankets and baby things because it is so gentle—so kind to woolens. Colors stay bright—fibers stay alive!

**QUICK! EASY TO USE!** **WOOLFOAM** not only saves woolens—it saves time and money, too! One 25¢ box washes as many as 16 sweaters or woolen equivalent. Sold at Dept., Drug and Grocery Stores. Buy a box of **WOOLFOAM** today. **25c**

Economy Size **50c**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping




***Made for Wool by a Wool Firm***

WOOLFOAM CORP., New York 11, N. Y.

slums and unused land. We would support social securities by taxes on machines, not on workers, in order to encourage the employment of men.

Instead of hoping for reform by increased regulation of private lives, we would give every encouragement to people to *have* private lives and opportunities to acquire modest properties, and our aim would be neither the superstate nor superconcentration of wealth, but a superpeople.

And the quicker we would get atomic energy into productive use, the less we would fear it for war.

Success in foreign affairs can only be the reflection of our inner strength, and the greatest source of inner strength is the security and happiness of the people, and their unified enthusiasm for a practical and realizable goal.

No nation can exercise world leadership except from the base of a domestic life rooted in a clear social philosophy. American leadership abroad wavers because the American philosophy, once so clear, has become confused at home. Yet our national life aim, though more clearly articulated here than elsewhere, was always the expression of a universal yearning, particularly by the western peoples.

Because Western Europe and America belong to each other in an exceptionally intimate way, we must aid and encourage European reconstruction, in harmony, there also, with new facts and forces implying change, and with deep traditions as well.

Traditional Europe is the expression of both unity and diversity. In the last century of national differentiation, the diversity destroyed much of an older, and again necessary, unity.

We should energetically support everything that leads in the direction of reunifying European life and economy, such as the Europeanizing of the great industrial basin of the Rhine and Ruhr, by a distribution of shares to France, Britain and all the European states. Germany cannot fight another war without the Ruhr industry, nor recover as a going concern if cut off from it. But there is no reason why she should have exclusive ownership and control. It is actually the center from which a new and unified European economy can be built.

Equality of right for colonial peoples should be a clearly announced and honestly intended aim of American policy. This does not mean that every agitator who rises as an independence leader, to challenge the existing trustees by force, should be supported. Domestic tyrannies can be as onerous as foreign controls. It does mean that liberti rights, education and responsibilities shou be methodically extended, looking towa complete liberation and self-government of certain dates. Wild rebellions are t products of distrust, fear, lack of faith a uncertainty of goal. Unity and calm d velopment can exist only when peoples c clearly envision the future.

Toward the Soviet Union, our great rival for men's enthusiasms, we should ma tain the greatest respect compatible w our own self-respect, realizing the infle bility of the Russian and Communist wo philosophy. Safe and friendly relations b tween nations, as between persons, can p ceed only out of reciprocity and mutu respect for each other's rights. We shou not concede something one day and try take it back the next. But we should be ve hesitant to concede anything that affe the lives and societies of other peoples. A we should never concede to the idea that c concession invites another.

We should not concede within our borde to the nationals or agents of any nation wh they will not concede to us within their ow War is less often the outcome of clarity th of confusion.

Weakness breeds contempt, and contem of others leads nations to overreach the selves, in the speculation that where mu has gone unresisted, nothing ever will resisted. But unless a people are complete decadent, without any commonly held p losophy or aim of life, resistance will alwa occur at some point. It is better that concerned should clearly know, and in a vance, at what point.

Leadership of a free people consists in d cerning what is necessary, possible and d sirable, taking all facts and forces into a count, articulating for the people, or overwhelming numbers of them, what is ready present in their own minds, and e bodying a social goal in a coherent progra It does not contemplate the striking of ave ages between basically incompatible int ests, but the fusing of interests in a new sy thesis. The unifying force of war is conce tration on a clear objective. Peace deman clear objectives no less than war. The obje tive is that vision without which, the propl foretold, the people perish. They perish b cause each individual and each organiz group, blindly pursuing its own limited go smashes head-on into other individuals a groups going in opposite directions. Wh that happens, especially in a world of clas ing ideologies, the nation, as a people and culture, is in danger of its life.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Names in a Tree*

**By Robert P. Tristram Coffin**

No one had told the boy. Somehow he knew,
Since he had a mind bright as a honeybee,
That he was doing a deeper thing than carve
His name and a girl's name in a tree.

The freckles on his face were close to the beech's,
The tree's warmth and his own were one whole thing;
He cut the names deep and put a heart
Around the names together like a ring.

It was forever. The girl might hope to change
As often as the moon or tides of the air,
But he had bound her with a living rope.
This was for keeps. She was forever there.

The girl would grow; but the tree she lived in now
Would grow, the chain would never come apart,
Would widen alive. The swallows would quit their young
Easier than she could go free from his heart.

He had put his deep secret in the deep
Secret of a tree; these joined names should
Grow into a wildness and one circling strength
Like the rings of white years in beech wood.

He had the sun and stars upon his side
Now he had asked a live tree to attend him;
Spring that brings the lambs would swell his love,
All rainbows, winds and showers would befriend him.

It was for keeps. She never could escape,
The long roots of the beech would bring up powers;
He had planted himself like seeds in her
Their sons would come as surely as the flowers.



# "WON'T DADDY BE SURPRISED?"

The big new Norge probably *could* clean Daddy's hat, at that . . . for the big new Norge not only *washes*—it *rinses* and *dries for the line* as well! Oceans of sudsy water are set in motion by the action of the exclusive, feather-light Ro-ta-tor . . . garments are rolled down and around, time after time after time. And there are other advantages too: the roll-rim, non-splash tub; the steam-sealed, heat-hoarding cover; the non-clog drain; the final gentle "pressure cleansing"—advantages which result in far happier washdays and far brighter washes! Look in the classified section of your phone book for your nearest Norge dealer. He is waiting to tell you more about this washer, and about the other new Norge products too—all of them *products of experience*, precision-built and practical.



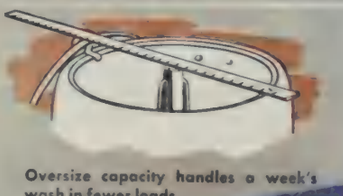
Steam-Seal Cover—holds heat longer for whiter washing.



Damp Dryer with eight-position safety interlock—can't swing while wringing



Featherweight plastic Ro-ta-tor—with the "roll-around" wash-action.



Oversize capacity handles a week's wash in fewer loads.

**A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY**

Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Mich. In Canada: Addison Industries, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



**SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY**

# "I *refused* to look old at 23!"

*—says Mrs. Kathryn Folts of Tuscaloosa, Alabama.*

**Young mother takes DuBarry Success Course at her doctor's suggestion—loses 53 pounds, learns how to stay lovely.**

TO SEE Kathryn Folts now—a slim, tiny, typical Southern beauty—it's hard to realize that only a few months ago she weighed 175.

"I looked old and felt old at 23," she says, "and had to struggle to get into a size 38 dress. Too often it was a 40. For three years I had tried, without success, to lose weight. Then my doctor recommended the DuBarry Success Course." Three months after starting, Mrs. Folts had lost 45 pounds and was wearing a size 15. Now she is down to 122 and slips into a size 14.

"What a thrill it is," she says, "to wear short sleeves and snug skirts and to *know* you have the figure for them. The Success Course has shown me how to have good posture, a radiant complexion, a becoming hair-do. Most important of all, I feel better than ever before.

"My doctor told me the DuBarry Success Course was exactly what he would prescribe, but that the Course is written in a manner that makes you like it.

"How right he was! I'm not ever going to stop it—it is wonderful."



*This snapshot of Mrs. Folts was taken in the spring of 1945 on her little boy's first birthday. Shortly after, she started the DuBarry Success Course and in 3 months reduced her weight from 175 to 130.*

Before

HEIGHT (AFTER) 5' 4½"
LOST 53 POUNDS
BUST 6" LESS
WAIST 7" LESS
ABDOMEN 12½" LESS
HIPS 11" LESS



After

*At right, the slim, lovely Kathryn Folts of today, radiant with vitality.*

**HOW ABOUT YOU?** Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? Then send the coupon or a letter or postal at once and find out, without the slightest obligation, what the DuBarry Success Course can do for you.

The plan is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to achieve your ideal weight, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—look better, feel better, be at your best. You follow right at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

**First Step toward Success —mail this coupon *now*.**

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



**DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!**

*With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations selected for you.*

*DuBarry Success Course*
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON, Dept. SC-2
693 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN

Miss
Mrs. _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. if any _____ State _____




# The Ideal Husband and The Ideal Wife



**BY JUDITH CHASE**

DIFFERENCE of opinion makes life interesting, and it differs most when it comes to speculation as to the ideal mate. For no one agrees on marital perfection. Some set their sights for success and security, some for domesticity and docility. Others are convinced that the ideal mate is always the one who got away. To pry into their personal thoughts on the subject we asked these 40 celebrities—some married, some single—for their conceptions of the perfect spouse. All their answers are pretty definite—yet no two are alike. And we'll wager your own ideal is something else again.

"The ideal husband may be any old goop I happen to fall in love with. He'll be physically attractive to me, not necessarily handsome, but not so peculiar that we'd have cross-eyed children. He's going to be tolerant—not rough with waiters is what I mean—and fond of people . . . the type who likes to talk with taxi drivers, but not for too long."
**—Charlotte H. Fitch.**
*Red Cross Recreation Worker*

"A lover as well as a husband. I think they can keep the affections of a woman forever."
**—Myra Kingsley.**

"The ideal husband will be perfectly understanding and trusting. He'll make plans for the future, be a good companion, and even if he doesn't agree, he'll be tolerant of my point of view."
**—Virginia Cusworth.**
*PhM 3/c, WAVES*

"An ideal husband should have a keen sense of humor, be ambitious, sincere and have a super amount of love for his wife."
**—Shirley Temple.**

"The ideal husband? Any man who believes he has the ideal wife."
**—Helen MacInnes.**

"The ideal husband, like the prize fish, is the one who got away. The ideal husband is the man you did not marry."
**—Betty Smith.**

"The ideal mate is the man who remembers all those little nice things he did during courtship time." **—Dorothy Lamour.**

"I'm in the market for my fourth husband. My idea of the ideal husband would be one who is in business for himself (apart from mine), who would give me the comfort and companionship every woman desires. To date—'A good man is still hard to find.'"
**—Sophie Tucker.**



"The ideal husband? How about this combination: Clark Gable's features, Johnny Weismuller's body. Frank Sinatra's voice. Van Johnson's smile. Charles Boyer's savoir-faire. Plus Rockefeller's mazuma."
**—Judy Canova.**

"A man whose shoes are shined, whose clothes are brushed and who is presentable at all times is what every woman feels she wants in a husband." **—Louella O. Parsons.**

"The ideal husband is one who recognizes that his wife should be a personality in her own right." **—Estelle M. Sternberger.**

"The only thing I'm sure about is that he always seems to be married to another woman." **—Vicki Baum.**

"The ideal husband is no husband at all."
**—Rachel Crothers.**

"He should be the sort of human being you'd like a lot even if you hadn't happened to love him." **—Margaret Widdemer.**




"The ideal husband must be considerate and must have a sense of humor. He has to like the things I like, but he'd better not always agree with me."
**—Frances Baldinger.**
*Sp (S) 3/c, WAVES*

"He's the fella who makes the little woman feel, even in an apron peeling carrots, that she's still the kid that's all the candy, the queen of the summer prom."
**—Ruth Hussey.**

"The ideal husband is someone you like, as well as love." **—Bidu Sayao.**

"The ideal husband has character. Dress and good looks aren't important, but a sense of humor is, and mutual trust and thoughtfulness." **—Clara Peterson.**
*Ens. (NC) USNR*

"The ideal husband must have:

1. Firm religious beliefs, but at the same time must be very tolerant toward other religions.

2. An understanding of and sympathy for modern social problems—especially the problem of minority groups.

3. Education (formal or informal) to equal mine.

4. Desire for six children.

5. Good position and money enough to support, comfortably, a family of eight.

*(Continued on Page 163)*

*(Continued from Page 160)*

6. Cheerful personality.

Desirable but not necessary:

7. Good looks."

**—T/3 Eileen F. Daly.**
*(WAC)*

"My ideal husband—what a question! My own, of course."

**—Ruth Adams Knight.**

"In emergencies, he is there."

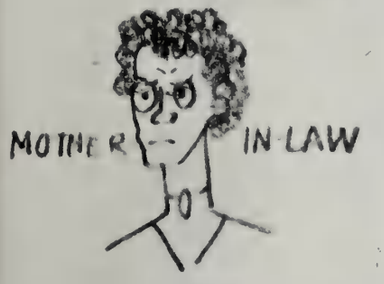
**—Emily Hahn.**

"My idea of the ideal husband is—my husband. When I first saw him, in December, 1924, and was assigned to him as his stenographer, I made up my mind that I was going to marry him. It took me several years to convince him that I was his dream girl, but I finally did. Then he thought it was his idea all the time. That shows how much brighter we women are than men. He is my ideal because he encouraged me to continue writing, when I had about given up in despair. He gave me, in full measure, encouragement, belief in my ability and a never-failing conviction that someday I would 'arrive.' If I have really arrived, then he is responsible."

**—Taylor Caldwell.**

"The ideal husband must possess intelligence, leadership, thoughtfulness, fear of God, love of sports, good looks and self assurance enough to keep me constantly aware that I've someone possessing such outstanding qualities that it's not only duty but a genuine pleasure to keep fit mentally, physically."

**—T/3 Helen "Gig" Smith.**
*(WAC)*




"Were I ever to embark *pour Cythère* I would take a good look at mother-in-law, not for fear of her but as a forecast of what I would have to live with thirty years on—for my vista would be a long one, without a hotel in Reno in it. You can't find the ideal wife in public places showing off. The ideal wife unhappily does not blossom in the showcase. She lies tucked away on the bargain counter and must be looked for."

**—Cecil Roberts.**

"I would say that the ideal wife would never make a man feel that he *is* married—but make him fully realize how fully wonderful it is to be married to her. You might say she is a combination of wife, sweetheart, mistress."

**—Paul Henreid.**

"The ideal wife is a woman married to some other fellow—and he, poor dolt, never knows it."

**—Eugene Lyons.**

"As far as I am concerned, the ideal wife doesn't exist, because once she's married she changes."

**—Bob Hawk.**

"The type of woman I like is whatever type is with me at the moment."

**—Gildersleeve.**

"Above all else, she must have a sense of humor and the ability to laugh at oneself. That is the most important single virtue that any woman can possess."

**—Edward Everett Horton.**

"The ideal wife is the one who is smart enough to find the ideal man."

**—George Abbott.**

"My idea of an ideal wife is a woman who sees no evil, hears no evil and speaks no evil about her husband."

**—Phil Baker.**

"The ideal wife must be:

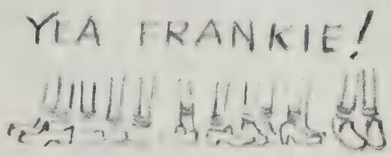
1. A good listener. The only time the average wife listens to what her husband has to say is when he talks in his sleep.

2. One who isn't two-faced: one for home and one for street wear.

3. Unaffected. One who doesn't grow old before her time trying to look young after her time.

4. Economical dresser—not one who never has a thing to wear but still has to have three closets to put it in!"

**—Phil Cook.**




"The ideal mate is one who will never wear bobby socks."

**—Bing Crosby.**

"The ideal wife is the Oriental because she obeys her husband, never quarrels with him and brings up her children to respect their parents. In so doing, she achieves the sublime social relationship. In the Orient they have no domestic problems. All a Mohammedan has to do to divorce his wife is to tell her to 'Go home' three times, but he never does it."

**—Robert Ripley.**

"The Chinese sage who said that 'a wife, like a gong, should be beaten regularly' had the wrong slant. He was a misogynist. Probably because he was poorly mated. Marriage is a partnership, and the thing I look for in such a relationship, just as in a business, is compatibility (see Webster). Find a compatible woman and you'll find marital happiness."

**—Alexander Knox.**

"The ideal wife has got to have a sense of humor. She needs a little understanding, tolerance, and she'd better be a good cook."

**—Michael J. Ryan.**
*BM 1/c USNR*

"The ideal wife is pleasing to look at and intelligent, but not any brighter than I. She's a good dresser, has a good sense of humor, and we have mutual interests."

**—Robert L. Crawford.**
*Pvt. USMCR*




"My idea of the ideal wife is my own."

**—Cole Porter.**

"It's difficult to describe the ideal wife, for the simple reason that there isn't any such thing. The ideal wife is the one you happen to be married to that you get along with. In other words, marriage is wonderful. If you're married to the right girl, there's nothing like it; and if you're married to the wrong girl, there's nothing like it!"

**—Galen Drake.**

"It seems to me that the ideal wife would be honest, intelligent, attractive and, above all, bright and cheerful with a rollicking sense of humor."

**—Gregory Peck.**




# No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Romance in the air! Dates in the making! And you . . . looking irresistible with shining-smooth hair. There's something about Drene-lovely hair that goes straight to a man's heart. "Change your hair-do to match the moods of many wonderful evenings," says famous Cover Girl Madelon Mason. She shows you these alluring hair-dos that you can try yourself at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate. Your hair is so easy to fix, so smooth and manageable when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning Action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



IF HE'S A SOPHISTICATE and loves you to look glamorous, try this brilliant upsweep. "I use Drene," says Madelon, "because it leaves my hair far more lustrous than any soap." Actually as much as 33⅓% more lustre! Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do. The dramatic neckline of this Ceil Chapman gown sets off this striking hair-do, that you can arrange by gathering all hair to side-top, tie and divide into twin swirls.





IF HE PREFERS SPORTS like bowling, he'll admire a tailored hair-do like this sleek shining braid. "I like to wear a scarf for active games," says Madelon, "but still show plenty of hair." Of course you'll want to show your hair too, when it's so lovely. All the natural brilliance is revealed by Drene with your first shampoo!

IF HE THE FIRESIDE TYPE who enjoys records? Then your hair must be ever so lovely for close inspection. No unsightly dandruff to spoil your smartly groomed look . . . no wisps when you're a Drene girl! For this simple, graceful hair-do criss-cross your hair in back and hold with bobbed clips.




Drene

**Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action**

*John and Kitty Quinn were in their early twenties, very much in love, and $100 in debt when they were married twelve years ago. Rock bottom, Kitty recalls, came in 1936 when there were two babies and a third on the way—on a total income of $12 a week.*



PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

# Family with Nine Kids

**...AND LOTS OF FUN! PRETTY KITTY QUINN CAN PROVE IT. WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE SHE PRESENTS HER NINE ENGAGING YOUNGSTERS AND A HANDSOME HUSBAND AS EVIDENCE.**



BY KAY BOYLE

FOR a great many Americans, reconversion from wartime to peacetime jobs isn't the happy thing it ought to be. For far too many it means less money, or even a period of unemployment during which bills will pile up, or War Bonds will have to be sold to meet the needs of daily living. But for Mr. and Mrs. John T. Quinn, of Wilmington, Delaware, this isn't true.

You might have the luck to see them facing each other across the table of one of the dining booths in the brightly illuminated lunchroom on Market Street where they occasionally drop in after a movie or after John's overtime at night is done. It may be around eleven o'clock, and the ceiling lights glare mercilessly down on them, on as attractive a young couple as you could wish to see. He is broad-shouldered, black-haired—handsomely, extravagantly Irish, but with something more sober than blarney on his tongue when he speaks to Kitty, who sits opposite, and a sterner look than a cocky Irishman is supposed to have in his blue-gray eye.

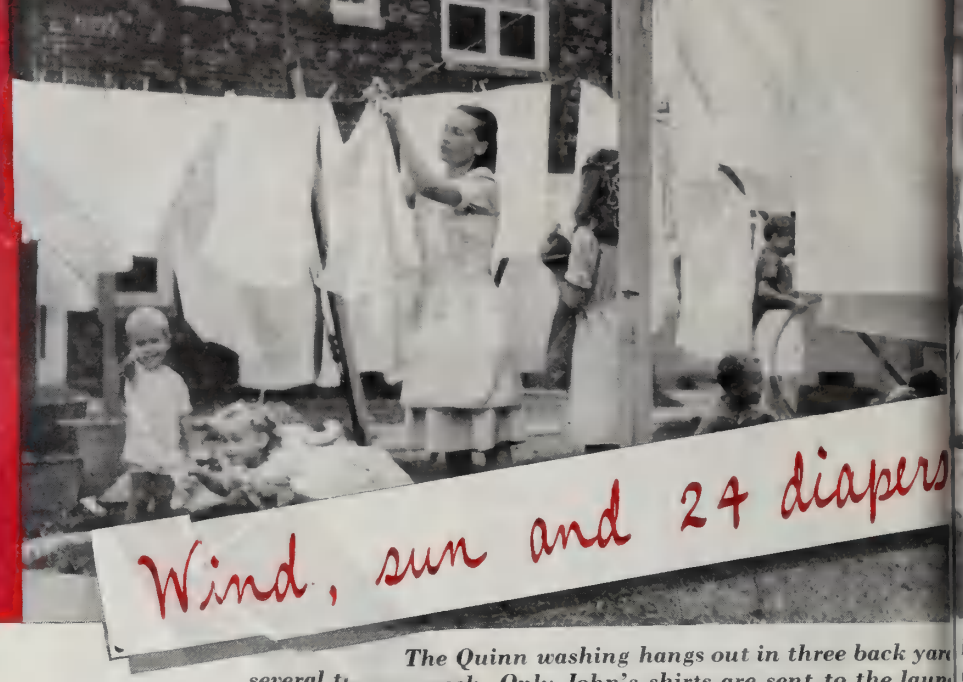
"Is the sandwich all right?" he may say to her, concerned about her even if she is sitting up straight and

**6.3% of American families have incomes of $3500 to $4000 a year.**



## The night shift

*There's one bathroom, and not much dawdling in the tub at the Quinns'. Baths come before supper; every day in summer, every other day in colder weather. Kitty bathes the youngest children by hand, but can always call on husband John or eldest daughter 'Stasia for some expert assistance.*



## Wind, sun and 24 diapers

*The Quinn washing hangs out in three back yard several times a week. Only John's shirts are sent to the laund Kitty uses veteran washing machine, would love new, silent one so she could hear u Kathy and Michael are doing upstairs. Leftover ironing is Kitty's constant nightm "because there it is on Monday when the next batch of dirty wash is facing yo*

**KITTY QUINN KEEPS HER CURTAINS WHITE, HER CHILDREN NEAT AS NINEPINS, AND HER SENSE OF HUMOR IN WORKING ORDER—ALL ON $75 A WEEK AND TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.**



game-looking in her aqua wool dress—the first new dress in two years. "
white meat, Kitty?" he'll say.

She is slender (wears a size eleven), and her eyes, beneath the wisp of f
black veil which drifts across her hair and brow, are alert, quick, humor
There is a little lip rouge on her mouth, but nothing else of artifice. Everyt
about her is somehow forthright, undaunted, bespeaking at the same time
stanchness of character and Irish love of raillery.

"Of course it's white meat, John," she'll say as she puts the top sli
toasted bread back quickly on the sandwich so that he needn't see. He
be dropping a nickel into the juke-box dial on the wall just then, so he w
have noticed. "It's absolutely delicious," she'll tell him with the first bit
in her cheek, and now he can sit back and relax on the leather bench and
for Bing Crosby to begin to sing. Kitty is like that; things aren't going t
wrong, ever, because she's isn't going to let them.

It's been a good evening: John is out of his war job as supervisor of mat
control at the Davo shipyards, and he's back in the automobile business ag
on the salesman end of it. He's had a long day; he's been down at the showr
since nine that morning, and then two prospective customers to call on
supper. One of them placed an order; the other one seems pretty sure to.
is wearing his feather-striped gray suit, and is feeling good about thi
Kitty's not going to spoil all that by any question about the kind of meat
chicken sandwich.

"Bing Crosby," John says, and the music and the sight of each other m
a little pool of peace and quiet in the clamor of the crowded place. "Poo
Bing's got only four sons," he says, saying the name with affection, as if sp
ing of someone he knows well.

"But he's got a voice, Bing has," says Kitty, making a smart little grim



## Off to school



"How do I keep the peace?" Kitty echoes frequent question. "When they get too noisy, I just sit on them." There'll be more room for rumpus in new home Quinns hope to build.

## Quiet before the storm

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI AND MINKER

***Kitty draws deep breath, is ready to serve John his bacon-and-egg breakfast once five older children are off to school. 'Stasia helps younger ones with buttons and shoelaces before rushing to catch up with Mary-Ellen and the boys on mile walk to Christ Our King parochial school.***

## ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

***"No favorites" is Quinn formula. Ice cream, after-dinner chores and nicknames are handed round on equal basis. Kitty calls little ones "puddin' head," is not demonstrative with older children, says "I prefer to show my love by doing things for them." Large proportion of family finances must go into food, rent and thirty pairs of shoes a year. Kitty has trim figure, loves clothes; before marriage put every cent she earned as file clerk "on her back"; in past eighteen months spent thirteen dollars on herself.***

"All right," says John, "all right." He offers her a cigarette across the le, and she takes one from the packet, and he strikes the match and ds it for her in his well-shaped hand. (Cigarettes—not quite a pack a —and soft drinks are her two relaxations.) All her gestures are vous, quick, alert. His are calculated, steady, slow. "Bing Crosby's only four sons," he says, saying it stubbornly but with humor. "And asn't got a single daughter." And then they look at each other and laugh. t's easy enough to see that they are two people in love; perhaps two ple who haven't been married very long, not long enough for the fun eing together to have gone stale. What no one could possibly guess is t they have been married since 1934, and now, in 1946, they are the ents of nine children—five boys, four girls.

There are fewer than two children in the average American family ay, but, according to a Gallup Poll report, 68% of Americans think "ideal" family is one with three or more children. One hundred and ty years ago the average American wife bore eight children.)

When Kitty, aged thirty-three, has finished her sandwich, and John, d thirty-eight, his second cup of coffee, they will drive back to East e, in the automobile the Wilmington Auto Sales Company provides him , to their trim little home in the Government housing development re their nine children are asleep upstairs. Perhaps one of Kitty's ty younger sisters (both are married to servicemen and have no chil- of their own) will be sitting up to watch the children while Kitty and n stay out late together for a change; or perhaps the high-school girl across the open courtyard will be waiting in the tidy, attractive living m when they come in. The nine children will be safely asleep upstairs: vin, the baby, in the crib in Kitty's and John's room; Mary-Ellen,





## For our kids, a better break

nine years old, and Rose Ann, five, in the double bed in the bedroom next to Kitty's and John's, with Anastasia, eleven, on a cot beside her sisters; Michael, four, and Kathy Jane, two, sleep in two white cribs in the room next to that; Timothy, ten, Jimmy, seven, and Leonard, six, sleep in the "boys' room" on the front.

The moment you step into the house you know that an orderly and active hand is at the helm. The floor linoleum in the two downstairs rooms is waxed, there are white net curtains at the cottage windows, blue cotton curtains in the kitchen-closet doorway and concealing the shelves beneath the gleaming sink. The electric refrigerator and the gas stove are immaculate. The drainboard beside the sink is scrubbed clean. In the closet, behind the blue curtain, canned goods are stacked as neatly and orderly as in a grocer's window. The electric washing machine is pushed out of sight into this closet, and rolled into the kitchen when in use. It is used three times a week. Sometimes there are as many as eighteen sheets on the line at a time, all washed by Kitty; the only things she doesn't wash are John's shirts. There are twenty or more diapers every other day; the curtains in every room are changed once a month. The bedspreads are all white and, although not new, they are spotless. The laundry is hung out in the sun to dry, in three back yards of the housing row. Ironing is done at night, three times a week. Kitty will start in at seven, after the dinner dishes are done, and never finishes before eleven-thirty, and sometimes not before one.

In the football season, however, if a Notre Dame game is being broadcast, she'll put off one batch of ironing to do on Saturday afternoon while she listens to the game. "When Notre Dame makes a touchdown," she says, "I start yelling with the crowd, and all the kids yell with me, even the ones who are too young to know what it's about." 'Stasia can iron, too, but Kitty won't have that. "I started ironing at her age," she says, "and I've never stopped since." But, at eleven, 'Stasia can bake a good cake, she is a model student at school, and she has a remarkable talent for painting landscapes in oils.

It is not only the house which has a happy, well-scrubbed look; the children have it as well. The house is small—six rooms—the children many, and discipline is strict. No climbing up on chairs or sofas. (But Kathy Jane has perfected her own method of climbing; she climbs to the top of any crib she is put in, carefully lets herself down to the floor, makes a dash for the doll she wants, whether it be a treasured one in 'Stasia's preciously kept doll carriage, or a goggle-eyed one on the dresser, and climbs expertly back into the crib with the doll in her arms.) There is no secret to this happy look: everything functions to the tempo of a good-humored, efficient routine; everything in the house, from the sprays of green ivy which have been planted up high on shelves and tops of cupboards to mask the look of water or drain pipes down to the brightest blond curl on the children's heads, is looked on with devotion.

Of course, there are moments when Kitty says, "Now just let me get a cigarette. I *must*, for just one second, get a breathing space." That is when all nine of them are in the small kitchen all at once, with nine different demands to be filled. But there is a look of humor in her eye, a her mouth is ready to smile. When the bedlam of voi around her is too great, she will say, "Now, we'd bet get this question answered and out of the way, beca Michael (or Leonard, or Rose Ann, or Kathy Jane, whoever it may be) won't stop asking it until it is." one by one the questions are answered, the issues dispo of, with spirit, with understanding and with discipline.

But perhaps this is beginning at the wrong end of t story. Perhaps it should begin with Kitty as a girl, t eldest of six children herself. Her father, now fifty-five James C. Riley, a Wilmington detective in her childho and now police inspector. When she speaks of what s likes to read, Kitty says, "No serials, no mystery stori nothing like that. I had enough of that at home in r life with dad!" Kitty's mother worked hard to bring her lively, good-looking family, and Kitty learned t ropes from her. Eleven years older than one brother w is in the service, Kitty says, with sentiment, of him, brought him up by hand." She mothered all the young ones, just as 'Stasia is doing now, and she grew up wanti babies of her own, and even now, with nine under the ro she wants "as many as God will send."

Kitty Riley met John Quinn at Kate McCafferty Dancing Academy when she was seventeen. John sa that when he started taking her out, he felt he was "ro bing the cradle." He was twenty-two. His mother h died when he was eighteen months old; only two of l eight brothers and sisters grew to maturity. His chil hood had not been a particularly happy one on his fathe



PHOTOS BY MUNKA



## All seats reserved

*Supper is social hour, often ends with family sing. Even youngest learn two musts in manners—must eat everything on the plate, must not leave the table till everyone's finished. Favorite dish, spaghetti and meat balls. "No onion in mine," requests John.*

*"She's not as angelic as she looks," is Kitty's wry comment about blond, blue-eyed, five-year-old Rose Ann. "She used to say she'd run away, but she dropped that idea when I threatened to leave home." Leonard, dark, quiet, and a year older, is Rose Ann's buddy; he's teaching her to write.*

farm, and Kitty's "real qualities," John says, were what drew him to her from the beginning. She was employed as a file clerk in the duPont offices; he, a young man off a Galena, Maryland, farm—"a cocky Irishman," as he puts it, "who had been to Philadelphia and New York"—had no steady job, but he was God-fearing, self-respecting, ambitious, and he saw in Kitty the stanch, loving things he had always wanted and never had.

"I wanted to have kids for John's sake more than anything else," Kitty says, and she says it in an undertone so that John may not be embarrassed by the sound of tenderness in it. "He didn't have much care or loving when he was growing up," she says.

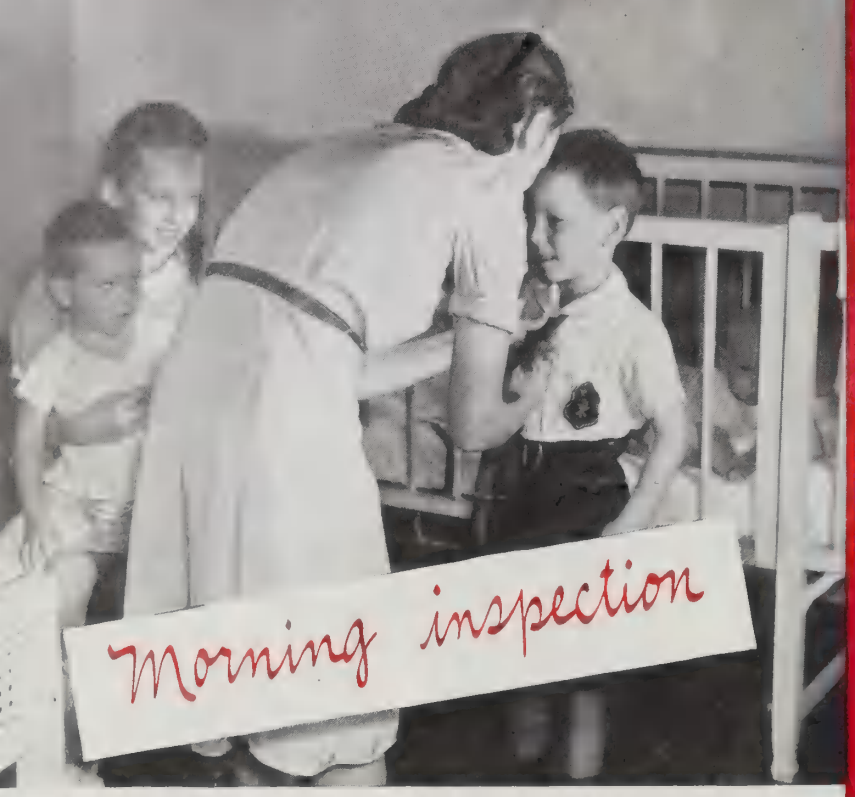
They were married in Christ Our King Church in 1934, the two of them alone. She wore a royal-blue crepe dress and a "bellhop-red hat," and lizardskin shoes. She remembers how she worried about whether or not the button was undone on the back of her dress. They were in debt when they married, about a hundred dollars, and they bought everything "on the cuff" for the first four years. There were times when John brought home only fifteen dollars a week from the various jobs he held; after the first two children were born, and another on the way,

## Angels for two minutes

*'Stasia's second in command, accepts responsibility on her own; stays home from school when mother is ill, cooks competent dinner, keeps Kevin on bottle schedule. Kitty points out 'Stasia's oil paintings to visitors. "She doesn't get her artistic streak from me. I guess children are my art."*

## "Yes, sir, he's my baby"

**THERE ARE STACKS OF DISHES TO BE WASHED, BEDS TO BE MADE, AND ALL THE CHORES AND CHORTLES THAT COME WITH WORKING AND PLAYING TOGETHER.**




*There's method in the morning. Mother prepares hot-oatmeal breakfast, 'Stasia puts up school lunches, Mary-Ellen makes beds, John keeps order in the bathroom. No one leaves the house without Kitty's stamp of approval.*

## How The Quinns Spend Their Money

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rent ($45 per month) | $ 540.00 | Cleaners | 80.00 |
| Insurance (all kinds) | 360.00 | Haircuts | 80.00 |
| Food | 1020.00 | Church Contributions | 75.00 |
| Milk | 420.00 | Fuel | 64.00 |
| Bread | 120.00 | Magazines, Newspapers | 50.00 |
| Telephone | 31.20 | Doctor, Dentist, Medical Supplies | 240.00 |
| *Clothing | 300.00 | Recreation | 100.00 |
| Shoe Repair | 48.00 | Miscellaneous | 71.80 |
| | | | $3600.00 |

*Mrs. Quinn explains: "My clothing budget may seem a little low for a big family, but we make out nicely because we have quite a few generous gift-giving relatives and friends. Also, some of the clothing is still good when an older child outgrows it and it can be passed on to the next in line. A large family does have many advantages."




PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI AND MINIKER

*"I don't expect to see John at all when the cars start coming in," Kitty forecasts. John often stays "on the floor" till ten at night, wishes he had time for bigger share in raising children. Kitty takes a bath, puts on fresh dress and lipstick before John gets home, wants to look her best "even if I am thoroughly married and very much a mother."*




*John "dates" Kitty on Saturday at favorite downtown grill, they dance and almost forget to worry about whether children are asleep, warmly covered. Kitty won't dance with anyone but John, says she's*

the family income was as low as twelve dollars a week for a time. "But we managed," says Kitty. "We had to." And then, after some preliminary sales experience, John got the job with the Wilmington Auto Sales Company. He was making seventy-five dollars a week until the war put a stop to the selling of new cars.

"When John went back to selling cars in September," Kitty says, leaning over Kevin's crib to change his diapers, "all the kids—even Kevin here—seemed to know that things were picking up again. John loves buying toys for them—little things, you know, just to show he's been thinking of them when he comes home at night. At the shipyards, it wasn't easy. He put in a lot of overtime in order to average seventy-five a week."

Or perhaps even that isn't the right beginning for the story of the Quinns. Perhaps it should begin with a flourish at seven o'clock in the morning when, as Kitty says with a twinkle in her eye, "John gets up first and lets me snooze a few minutes longer." (It is John, too, who insists on getting up to attend to any disturbance during the night—Kevin needing another change of diapers, for instance.) While John shaves in the tidy, efficient little bathroom (Kitty has stenciled the wainscoting with a bright nursery frieze), 'Stasia, small-boned and slender, with a delicate, heart-shaped face like mother's, helps mother get breakfast and pack lunches of sandwiches, cookies and fruit for the five who go to the parochial school. Timmy, ten years, strong and handsome and the football player of the family, makes the beds in the "boys' room" (one double bed, one single); Mary-Ellen, nine, who looks like daddy and excels at spelling, makes the beds in her room (one double bed, one single). The five big ones dress themselves, but Kitty must braid 'Stasia's and Mary-Ellen's hair. At eight-thirty, John and five children leave the house, and with the closing of the freshly curtained little front door, comparative peace settles on the nearly empty rooms. There are only four children left: Rose Ann, five, a blond, curlyheaded beauty; Michael, four, trusting and sensitive, consoling himself with two fingers in his mouth because he would like a little more attention for himself alone; Kathy Jane, two, silky, light curls and soft green eyes, who would like to sit in Kitty's lap most of the time; and Kevin. Kevin's day is divided between his spacious crib and his baby coach on the patch of grass outside the door. He is sturdy and blond and looks as husky as a football player, but ever since birth his health has been a great worry—an enlarged thymus gland slowly improving under X-ray treatment.

In the first months after Kevin's birth, Kitty was in such a state about him that she would never leave him alone in a room, but kept him in a basket close to her wherever she happened to be working. "It almost got me down," she says. And then one evening, after a day on which Kevin's wheezing seemed particularly bad, John came home and even without her saying a word he knew that the done-in look in her face was something new to Kitty—Kitty the undaunted, the gallant, the boss of the whole show. "Look, Kitty," John said, and he put his arm around her. "We've had nine of them. God has been good to us. But you've got to treat Kevin like a baby in normal good health, the way you treated the others." And now he's getting better. "It must have been the accumulation of illnesses that got me down for a while," she says apologetically. "You see, there was Kevin's birth, and since Christmas we'd had five cases of mumps, one bronchitis, two cases of tonsillitis, three of them had their tonsils out, one pneumonia, one bad case of grippe." She had the visiting nurse in during that bad period, for the baths and alcohol rubs. "John, with the grippe, was the worst patient of them all," she says, making the humorous grimace.

The days and the evenings are so full that Kitty has little time for reading. But she likes women's magazines, and she buys them when she knows she'll have a chance to read them. She tries to arrange her day—and usually succeeds—so that there is a space for relaxation between one-thirty and the time the children return from school at half past three. Then the rush begins again: out *(Continued on Page 191)*

# When Travel

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# BEHAVIOR CHART FO



**JOHN and Kitty Quinn with their nine children have about all the problems with children that every or any family can muster. They have already learned that problems which once concerned them about some of the older children have disappeared by the time they have grown up as much as they have, and that other problems continue to increase and show no signs of disappearing. Kitty and John are both disturbed, for example, by the at-times lack of family affection that seems to exist among the children. There is so much fussing and spatting, and the older children seem to be doing more and more fighting as they grow older and the brood expands in size. It's hard for John and Kitty to understand this because they themselves practically never quarrel, and the children at times are so devoted to each other. Kitty hopes that close quarters—only six rooms for eleven people—explains the difficulty and that a proposed larger house will solve this problem.**

**I suggested to the Quinns that since it was impossible to record all the virtues of so desirable a clan of youngsters, it would be equally unfair to single out for discussion any of the problems of any particular child. I suggested that it might be helpful to the Quinns, and to other parents, if I drew up a kind of chart of a few of the commonest problems that puzzle, worry and distress parents. It could help parents to evaluate the seriousness of any of these difficulties at different age levels, and I could at the same time offer some suggestions for solution of these particular trying problems.**

**Any such chart must have the defect of any oversimplification; it cannot hope to cover the cases of unusual children in unusual circumstances. Every child is an individual, and his problems can be judged best and most accurately by evaluating him individually. The chart presented is prepared only as a guide by which a parent can measure and judge whether his child's problem is off the beaten track and needs special consideration and perhaps more expert advice.**

**It must be insisted that the time to handle *any* problem is in the *now*. Time, because it often corrects, cannot be counted on, alone, to eradicate difficulties. Childhood is so complicated and its problems so manifold that it is valuable to have some general simplified yardstick to help decide if the problem requires drastic action, or whether the parent can afford to wait while other more urgent and perhaps more constructive training is being done. A simple example would be the problem of thumb or finger sucking. A psychiatrist would inform the parent that the average child, if he starts finger sucking, will stop it in the ordinary course of events by the age of three. It need be a matter of some concern in the rarer case if it is continued up to the time the child starts to school. Until that time the problem should not warrant any great stress or the neglect of other more important habit training. I have selected Quarrelsomeness, Lying, Stealing, Shyness and Temper Tantrums—five problems—for this chart. I have included questions for parents to ask themselves and have suggested some corrective advice which follows from these questions.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## QUARRELSOMENESS

Within the home it is almost abnormal if there isn't some quarreling among brothers and sisters even after the age of 14. The larger the family and the smaller the house, the more quarreling there is likely to be. Quarreling *frequently* outside the home with other children is not normal after the age of 10 or 11. Quarreling in the home is abnormal after 12 if it goes into feuds or long-drawn-out battles. Quick fights that terminate as quickly are part of learning how to get along with one's own desires and the desires of other people. It is a kind of learning to adjust in the place—the home—where you have little social disapproval, little shame and few or no inhibitions. After 10 or 11, if the child is constantly quarreling with his outside playmates he is in need of special training.

Parents should ask themselves the following questions:

Do the children see and hear quarreling between their father and mother? If they don't see or hear it, do they sense it in silent tension and because there are no signs of affection? If the parents, like the Quinns, can say they almost never quarrel and that the children constantly see marital happiness, then they have no cause for ultimate alarm.

Do I stop my children's quarreling quickly enough to prevent its becoming fixed and habitual?

Do I expend too much energy and interest trying to decide who is right and who is wrong instead of disapproving and punishing both or all the children involved?

Do I permit tattling or informing, or do I rightly assume that I can find out better who is right and who is wrong?

Do I tend to overprotect one child against the other and thereby give the impression of favoritism and unfairness?

Do I ignore some of the quarreling so that children can learn by themselves how to settle issues and conflicts?

Do I distinguish quarreling from meanness as thoroughly as it deserves?

Do I put irritable children to bed or to rest instead of allowing them to quarrel?

Parents, in answering these questi can obtain a guide to their handling quarreling and can discover if they n have any fears about the seriousness of problem. If quarreling gets long drawn-out, if it goes into meanness or liberate hurting or injury, if it persists long on the outside of the home, then it behavior problem. It should be hand as any other bad behavior: Never le pay! Concrete advice about reducing amount of quarreling: Break it up quic if it begins to get out of hand. Don't to apportion guilt, punish everybody. nore minor short-lived fussing. Don't m any issue of it when the children do r It's unpleasant to listen to, but most o disappears of its own weight when child get to high school. You need have li fear about family affection when you f children defending their brothers and ters against strangers, even if they co home to fight among themselves.

## LYING

Not serious up to the age of 5. A gr deal of prekindergarten lying is due fantasy and dramatic exaggerations, make events more interesting. The ly which is far removed from reality, such imaginary playmates, clearly fanta stories and obvious exaggerations, is serious and can be handled jokingly without too serious a manner. It doe hurt to let a child blow up a balloon imagination if you are certain playfully put a pin in it finally.

Lying which is used by the child to cape consequences is more serious even fore 5 years of age and is a cause for ala after the age of 9. Lying after five t gets others into trouble, whether it other children or adults, is very seri and should be handled as a major proble No other problem should take preceder

Much of lying is unwittingly sponso by parents. Parents should ask themsel these questions:

Do I give the child a chance to lie demanding confession when I alre know or can easily suspect that the c is guilty?

Are my punishments so severe tha force the child to try to escape by lyi

Am I making lying successful for child by not punishing when he de guilt and finds me gullible and himself warded for lying because he escapes j punishment?

Do I find it difficult to believe that child could be lying?

Do I take up children's quarrels w other children or neighbors and mak profitable for my child to exaggerate throw me off the trail of the true facts

Am I always careful to tell the truth that the child doesn't catch me lying?

The average child will give up ly when it clearly is demonstrated that doesn't pay. Much of lying starts a means of avoiding punishment. Do ask a child to confess a "crime" when know he's guilty, because you are likely have in the end to punish not only for misbehavior but for the lying as w (Tattling, which is ugly reporting of others' misdeeds, easily goes over into lying and should





# CHILDREN

BY COMDR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, MC, USNR
Assistant Professor of Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins Medical School

be thoroughly discouraged.) If you can be sure you are not being oversevere in punishment, you can safely punish when you suspect lying misbehavior and you won't be wrong many times in a hundred.

## STEALING

(It is the same whether you or your child call it "pilfering" or "swiping" or "snitching.")

From the age of 2 until school age of 6 or 7, stealing is not a serious matter, although it needs prompt correction so that the child gets early training in distinguishing what is his and what is not his personal property, and to teach the child general respect for ownership. From 7 to 11 or 12, stealing is a more serious problem. Theft from his own home and from his own parents is much less serious than theft outside his home. Theft from other children is less serious than theft from individual adults. Certain types of "social" theft, as from the ten-cent stores or corner grocery store, are serious and reprehensible, but do not need to cause too serious alarm, because it may be fear of failing to follow the group leader in his false cleverness and bravado. After 12, any type of stealing warrants serious and sustained attention.

Stealing always needs searching parental questioning and evaluation. Ask: Is the child stealing to get attention? Then the problem is to correct undue need for the center of the stage, or else to furnish good attention and stop parental neglect. Does the child steal because the parent is careless in furnishing proper example of whose property is whose? For example, does one parent borrow or take money from the other or the children without proper explanation?

Is the child stealing willfully or without point? If so, it is in more urgent need of correction.

Is the child following the lead of admired playmates in order to gain social approval? Then it's less serious, but there is need for changing companions.

Is the object stolen more valuable in my eye than it is in the child's? Then the stealing should not be regarded as more serious than what it means to the child. A valuable piece of china may ruin your neighbor's prize set of dishes, but it's only a sand-box toy to the small boy.

Do I permit stealing (of food or my tools) at one time without correction and suddenly demand a rigid standard of property rights at other times when I am angered by the loss of some needed objects? Stealing in such circumstances is less serious.

Did the stealing have some elements of misguided generosity? For example, buying candy for other children. If so, it's less serious than if purely for selfish reasons.

To correct stealing, never let stealing net the child a gain, either in keeping the stolen possession or by getting attention. Exact a penalty more than commensurate with the seriousness of the theft. Depriving a child of one week's allowance of 25 cents is not sufficient penalty for the theft of 25 cents which has already been spent on buying ice-cream cones. A wise parent insisted that a 25-cent theft from a church poor box be replaced by a hard-earned 50 cents. Stop association with children who have the habit of stealing as soon as you've seen your child is not the ringleader. Be sure you are sufficiently generous so that a child is not driven to take what you should give. Try to find any indirect or hidden motive for stealing, and correct motive, but never excuse any real theft.

## SHYNESS

Natural in preschool years, especially the initial shyness on first meeting strangers. After age of 3 or 4, should not last longer than a few minutes. Not natural after child starts grade school.

But shyness at 3 to 7 should be a source of anxiety to the parent if it represents unfriendliness in the child, overattachment to the mother, jealousy of the mother, or is the result of a habit of fear.

Reappears naturally in adolescent period when social contacts between boys and girls develop with parties and dating. Undesirable if it lasts more than a few months and if it interferes with normal social adjustments. Parents must remember that this social adjustment requires many new kinds of behavior and attitudes, as the handling of sex awareness, learning new lines of talk, changes in cleanliness and dress, new manners, and so on.

Parents should recognize that undue shyness is not desirable and not to be sympathetically accepted as a fine sensitive quality. Parents should ask themselves:

Do I accept and understand shyness in my child, but I myself have been shy?

Do I permit my child to hide unfriendliness behind the guise of shyness?

Do I grant the child too much of my company and time because shyness prevents contacts with others?

Am I being flattered by the child's devotion to me to the exclusion of other people?

Am I letting abnormal fear of new people grow up by excusing shyness?

If the answers to these questions are searching and honest, the solution of the problem is not difficult. Although the shyness may be part of the child's personality to start with, its continuance is almost invariably the result of unwitting secondary rewarding of the shyness. The child gets more and too much parental attention and companionship. The child is likely to get sympathy from the parents because of the child's obvious unhappiness when being forced; and/or the child may succeed in maintaining unfriendliness because the parent thinks the child is merely shy. Shyness should be handled as an undesirable trait not to be rewarded or "understood." Treat it as you would stubbornness or a temper tantrum.

Adolescent shyness requires much tact and patience. Helping the boy or girl overcome shyness, helping to select and advise about proper clothes, inviting boys or girls to picnics or supper so that social contacts can be bridged by adult contacts, use activities in the home or church or school that are not totally different from what the boy or girl feels accustomed to—for example, cultivation of clubs which have a focal point of interest such as bird tours, current topics, dramatics, and so on. Cultivate boy-and-girl contacts which make them see and understand each other as people and not only as members of the opposite sex.

## TEMPER TANTRUMS

Temper tantrums and temperish aggressiveness are undesirable at any age, and universally the result of poor training. Red light definitely if tantrums continue after the child reaches the age of 6. If aggressive temperishness goes into cruelty after the age of 3½ or 4, there is genuine cause for alarm, whether the cruelty is directed toward animals, other children or adults.

Overtiredness and sleepiness are partial excuses for temperishness. The parent should excuse it only *in part* because it is easy to learn to use the same pattern of getting its way when the child is *not* overtired.

Tantrums are less serious in the somewhat volatile, excitable child. This does not mean that they are not serious. A really great general can almost destroy his usefulness by loss of temper.

The parent should ask himself these questions in the problems of tantrums:

Do I let the child win the stick of candy or get a cooky by lying on the floor and screaming?

Does the child finally get to go to the movie or the circus after he has put on a scene?

Do I always make tantrums fail?

Do I supervise the child's play sufficiently so that when he mistreats another child or bullies other children with anger outbursts, he doesn't get away with it?

Do I never excuse my child on the ground that he is too young to understand? (Tiny babies stop screaming if they're not sick if they don't get picked up.)

Am I losing my own temper or having tantrums myself from which the child can pick up the example?

Am I nagging and unreasonable to the point that I stir up anger in the child?

Am I making issues which the child is unable to solve because I am whimsical in my orders? For example, letting my child stay up late one night after I've told him to go to bed, and insisting upon obedience the next night.

I have never known a well child who continued to have tantrums if the parent saw to it that the child lost any battle that he tried to win with a tantrum. The pattern of tantrums melts into nothingness in an extraordinarily short time if this rule is followed. Parents should avoid making issues when the child is tired, and they should avoid confusing and lax directions especially after the evening meal, because the whole family is apt to be most tired and on edge at that time.

Angry threats are particularly to be avoided. The child may respond to anger with anger, and may have a personal sense of justification because the angry threat is likely to be unjust.

If the parent is temperish and can't control himself, he can make the effort not to let the child see it. I have no prescription for the parent who loses his temper except to put a policeman with a club behind every door.



PHOTOS BY MINKER, MUNKACSI




*"The trip she ought to take is a trip to her Singer Sewing Center!"*

New faces, new scenes are all very well, but a little new scenery on Susan wouldn't hurt.

A crisp jabot for that old suit, a make-over job on last year's wool, a new print frock—that's the ticket for Susan! And where else can you find so much help, so many ideas as at your Singer Sewing Center? In fact, all women get a lift from this famous series of shops-within-a-shop, full of pretties and practical advice.

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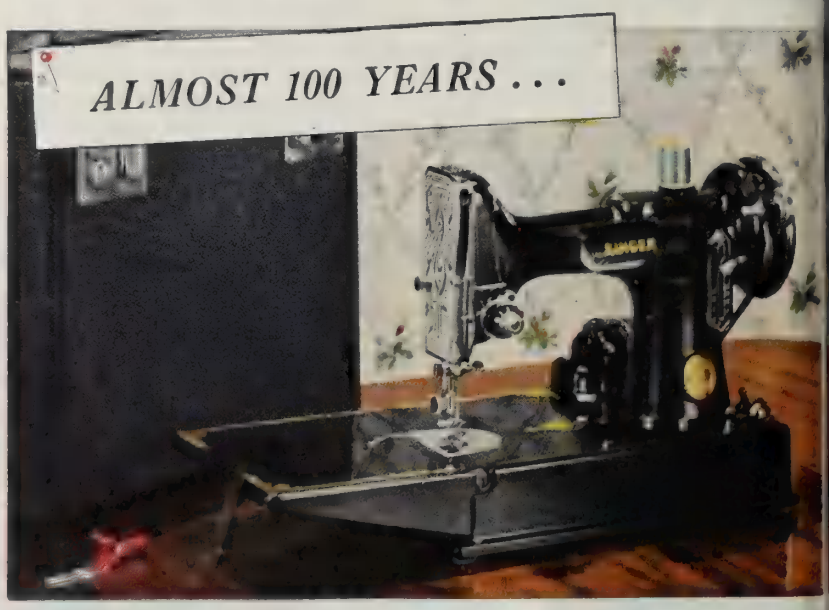
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**We don't know** how many wedding dresses and baby clothes have been lovingly stitched on Singer sewing machines. It was back in 1851 that the first Singer appeared, and ever since then, Singer has endlessly striver improve its product. Shown above is Featherweight Portable—the sewing wo that weighs only 11 pounds.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

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# IRS. QUINN TALKS ABOUT CLOTHES...

*"I love to change from simple tailored clothes to a pretty feminine hat with my afternoon dress."*



*suit and coat must be practi-classic—to last several years."*



PHOTOGRAPH BY LESLIE GILL

*Slim as a twenty-one-year-old in her black dress with fitted midriff and soft skirt. Mrs. Quinn will wear it the year round, with many changes.*





*"I touch up my suit with bright scarfs or blouses, white gloves."*



*"I slip into something bright and pretty for dinner at home." A rayon shantung, $10.95.*





**"If I have a gray suit and topcoat and a black dress, everything else in my wardrobe falls neatly into place. Every color goes with gray, and a good black dress is right for any afternoon, or a small evening party."**

**Mrs. Quinn, amazingly young mother of nine children, always looks fresh and well dressed. This spring, she chooses a simple gray woolen suit and topcoat to last several years; a shantung dress in turquoise blue; and all-important house cottons. "I buy good ones," she adds, "because they wash more successfully, wear longer, and are nice enough for me to wear out to market."** ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**

*"A good cotton dress saves money in the long*

*"Washable rayons are pretty and practical,*

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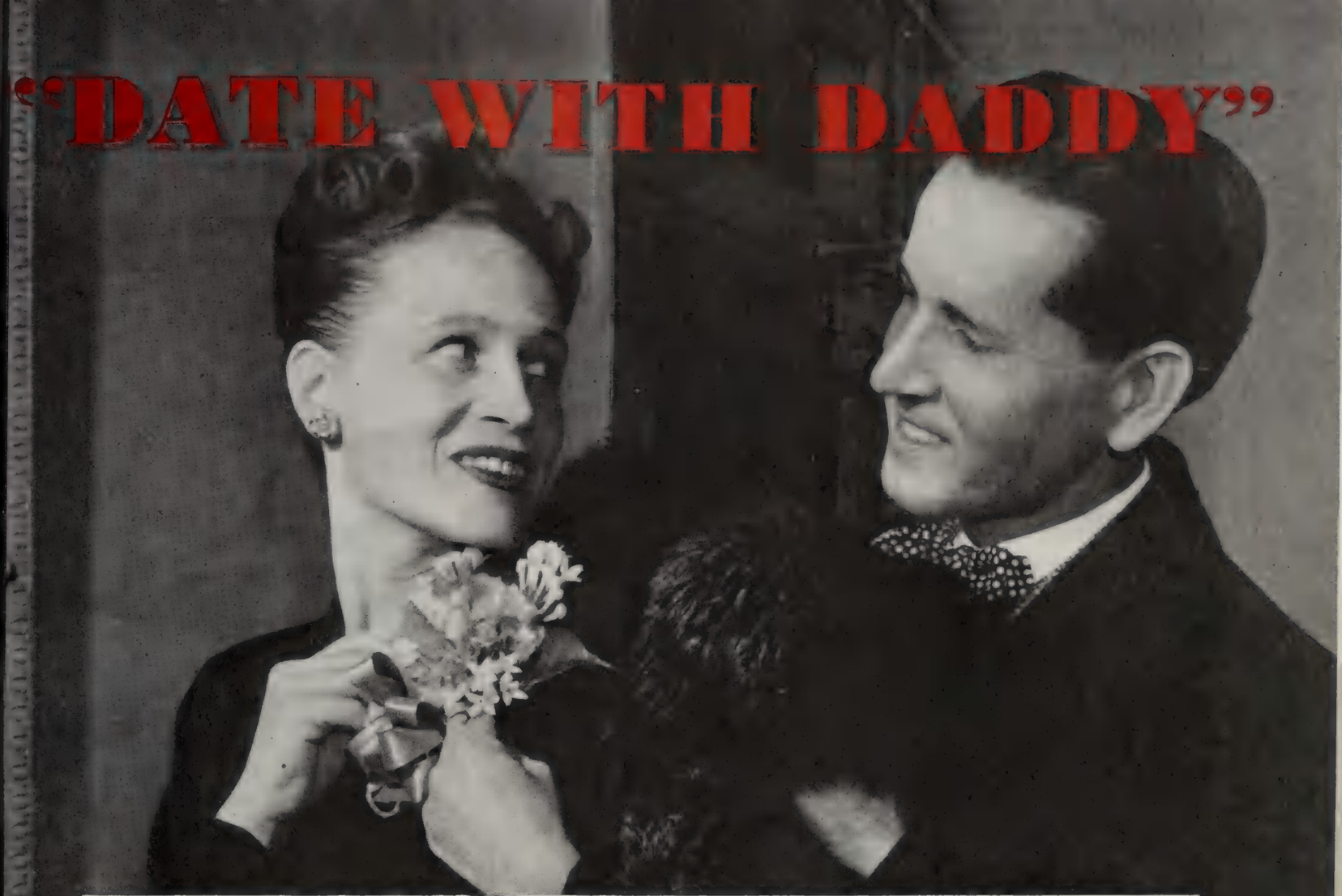
SCHIAPARELLI






**LOOK OUT**—you're courting romance . . . wearing daring Cutex "Young Red." Such a spellbinder . . . Schiaparelli chose it for her bonn with the roses on it. Flaunt it on your taper-long nails. **P. S.** To match—keep your cuticle divinely smooth with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remov

# "DATE WITH DADDY"



STUART

***Big date ahead.*** **John and Kitty Quinn step out on Saturday night as enthusiastically as a courting couple—and have just as much fun. Their nine children at home give added zest to the occasion!**

**BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN**

*Beauty Editor of the Journal*

IF ever there was a couple who proved that where there's a will there's a way, it is John and Kitty Quinn. With a large family, a small house and a medium-size income, they have to be expert managers of time and temperament, as well as money, to make a go of it.

And they *are*—and they *do*. Their nine small fry are well cared for and happy. Their house is neat and friendly. Best of all, the parent Quinns have maintained between themselves the spirited companionship which is too often lost when marriage brings a succession of children, and inevitable bills and illnesses. John and Kitty still think of themselves as people as well as parents. Their devotion to their children has been an added value in their lives, not a substitution for their own early love, which still burns with enviable brightness. After twelve years of marriage they are still the best of friends as well as sweethearts. As Kitty says, they have such a good time "just talking" they don't know where the time goes! They are still each other's favorite "dates." To them, a real marriage means a sharing of work and worry, but it also means a wholehearted sharing of play.

When Saturday night comes, the children are whisked off to early bed, after a simple cereal supper. A schoolgirl comes in as a sitter, and daddy and mother shed their fireside responsibilities for a few hours and go dancing, or to the movies, or just to sit quietly in a near-by grill, enjoying inexpensive refreshments and making comments on the passing scene.

Naturally, they put on their best clothes and manners. What other audience is as important as each other? Kitty pins up her hair in accordance with the latest fashion illustrations, and wears her new lipstick. She would have made that much effort for her handsome John while he was courting. Why should she do less now? His open adoration is rich reward. A husband isn't so different from any other male. He responds in kind to the treatment he gets.

There should be more Johns and Kittys, contriving gay dates away from their families from time to time, and each making the same genuine effort to be attractive and likable that they did in honeymoon days.

Why *aren't* there more? No time? No money? No one to mind the children?

Those are the familiar defenses. But if you have been making them, *take heed*. A trained psychologist may catch you and tell you some surprising things about yourself, revealed by these excuses. Your protests may be simply cover-ups for a deeper lack in your marriage, which may in turn be directly traceable to a lack in *you*. If you have been feeling sorry for yourself because your married life seems to be developing into an all-work-and-no-play proposition, don't confess it publicly, at least not until you have taken a careful look at your own conscience. Your bid for pity may be prompted by a less-than-lovable trait in your own character, which you could—and should—do something about.

Here, for instance, are some of the reasons most often advanced by women complaining they are bogged down by marriage, or that they "never go any place" any more. Here, too, are some questions to ask yourself if you by chance have been feeling the same way, even secretly!

### "I NEVER HAVE ENOUGH TIME."

Well, time is what you make of it. People make time for the things they want to do most. History has proved that humans, including housewives, insist on doing whatever is of primary importance to them. Hard-driven men and women have always managed to study, read, invent and do creative work around the edges of their crowded days. Harriet Beecher Stowe was busier than most present-day housewives. She had seven children and no modern kitchen equipment, yet she *made* time to write Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Maybe you spend too much time on your house and are one of those overexacting housekeepers with an insistence on perfection that tires everyone around you. Or you may give your children too much attention. Excessive maternalism is a thoroughly selfish indulgence, since youngsters, like all growing things, cannot develop properly if they are smothered.

Worst of all, it is possible that you deliberately throw yourself into an orgy of work because you have a martyr complex and want to be able to tell everybody about the miracles of effort you are required to perform.

*(Continued on Page 202)*



★ For America Lives ★

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART

There's more to this than meets the eye! The big refrigerator, placed strategically just inside the delivery door, has for its nearest neighbor deep storage drawers where extra cans of fruit juices, bottles of cola and such await their turn at being chilled. Above the counter, bowls and all the fixings for crisp salads. . . . Surprise corners, where pots and pans below, cups and glasses above, come to meet you with no more effort than a twirl of their turntable shelves! When you want them out of sight, solid panels form a corner closing. . . . Next to the sink, everything for vegetable preparation—knives sheathed safely yet ready, a man-sized pullout chopping board sturdy enough to hold a meat grinder. And bliss indeed, all topside cupboard doors roll up.



Sweet and varied are the uses of such a little "breathing space" as this! How we wish every woman might have one! Wouldn't it be heavenly to have a comfortable couch where a tired back could rest while cake was baking, where a housebound child could be tucked up with books or paper dolls, within talking distance of mother as she hustled round the kitchen? Here, too, in this cheerful room, we've placed the electric ironer, along the wall opposite the sewing machine. It's just the place for such quiet "afternoon jobs" as ironing, mending, account keeping or cookbook reading. Wide drawers beneath the built-in couch are for storing toys or extra blankets.

# Plenty of Help in the Kitchen

BY JUDY BARRY

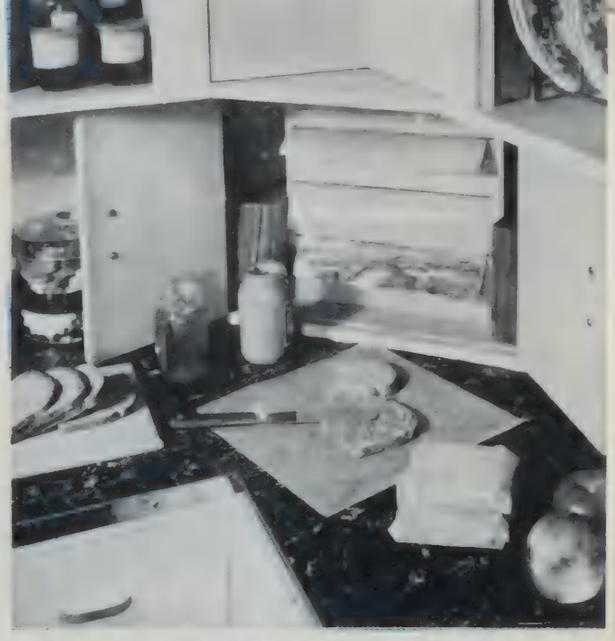
NINE lively children, one pint-sized mother to cook, clean and care for them and for one busy husband, solo! Mrs. Quinn needs plenty of help from her kitchen. That's the sterling quality this kitchen has—it helps! It's like a capable, efficient friend, the kind who'll roll up her sleeves, pitch right in and really work when there's a job to be done! There's not a lazy spot in all its sun-warmed space—every inch is planned to help toward some definite purpose. Even its red, white and blue-sky beauty is helpful. After all, think of the hours a mother spends in her kitchen, and woman cannot live by bread alone.

Most important is the way it's laid out in self-sufficient little work islands for "finger-tip control" so that everything which contributes to a certain task is get-at-able without taking an extra step.

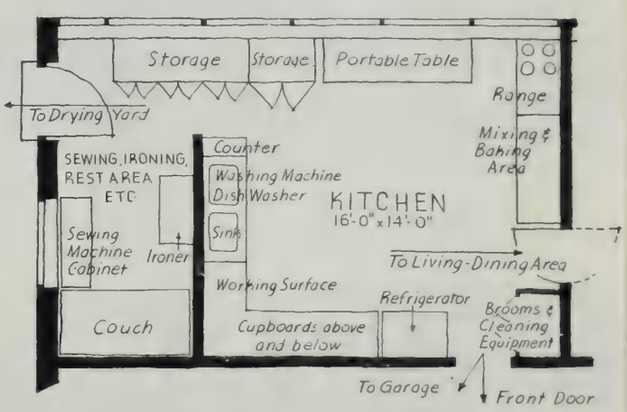
Baking, for example, could be a pretty formidable job for a family that size, in a helter-skelter kitchen. Think of the birthday cakes alone! But when everything that's part of the art of mixing them is gathered together in one well-lighted spot, baking bread and pies and cakes is fun because it's so creative. It's the "step 'n' fetchit" flurry in most kitchens that makes it seem hard to face. (Our bakery isn't pictured, but you may see it on the floor plan. Notice, too, the family-size portable table, placed at the window wall so mealtimes will be bright and sunny.)

Job planning like this is why, even though this kitchen is big enough for the Quinns and their nine little Quinnlets, it's all as hard-working, as thrifty with its mistress' steps and energy as the snuggest kitchenette. Lots more considerate of her back and temper, however, for wearisome bending and stooping, maddening search for places to store extras are almost completely eliminated.

Plan it well, and you needn't fear, if you, too, yearn for a kitchen big enough to match your family, that you'd need roller skates for transportation!



*Close-up of the sandwich shop, inspired by the fact that Mrs. Quinn has five lunches to pack each morning! Behind the doors of a catercorner cupboard, waxed paper, aluminum foil and wrapping paper speed the morning getaway. An adjacent shelf offers tempting sandwich spreads. Above, the turntable shelves are shown as they look when closed. In the cupboard within easiest reach of the dishwasher, china stands in racks.*




*Where there are children, there also is mending. This easily made modern cabinet keeps all its ways and means conveniently together. The sewing machine wears a plastic dust cover during rest periods. There's a rack for scissors inside one door, ditto for spools inside the other. The bottom drawer is divided file fashion for patterns; the center one holds "to be mendeds"; the top drawer provides patches and mending tapes.*

*Here's one double feature you'd enjoy! A brand-new duet of electric dishwasher and automatic washing machine, made in combination with a big, deep sink, in one trim casing. Here it's hard at work doing dishes, while the laundry unit waits beneath the sink for washday.*





*On laundry day, the washing unit, which weighs only fourteen pounds, settles into place to deal with the family wash and spin it damp-dry. The dishwasher rests up beneath the sink. Each is a complete separate unit, but both are driven by one motor for space and money saving.*



# New Design for Living

MRS. QUINN gave us the prescription for a new kind of room in which to bring up children. "Large and sunny," she said, "a huge place where children can play games, study, read and have neighborhood parties. It is important that they all be together when indoors, so the mother can keep an eye on them without running about like the old woman in a shoe. Not a nursery, of course, for parents would want to use such a room along with the children." Finally she summed up, "I should want this to be just a huge room for a family such as ours to grow up in, without being restricted by the decorations." Then she added wistfully, "Of course I should like to have a really decorated living room with a heavenly scheme so John and I could express our own personalities occasionally. I've never liked to see parents hand over the home entirely to their children, but with the youngsters still so young I suppose that will have to wait."

***The Idea.*** Out of Mrs. Quinn's yearning for both the practical and the beautiful came this new design for living: a big room with sturdy furnishings for family use; the small decorated traditional room for parents and their friends. The small room to be attractive, well groomed and orderly for visitors at all times; the big room to be a club, a place where interesting things happen, where children play or read without interruption, and the emphasis to be on the family instead of the furnishings.

***The Traditional Room.*** First, let's look at the traditional room of Mrs. Quinn's dreams, for there are two features which make it decoration news of first importance. One is the all-over use of a basic color—walls, ceiling, draperies, upholstery and carpet—to create a feeling of space. The other is strict adherence to scale, using furniture pieces of exactly the right size for the particular spots they occupy. The room is quite small, measuring 11′ 6″ by 14′ 6″, yet looks much larger because of these two features.

A color used in this way must always be a "space" color: soft gray-green, dusty pink, aqua, powder blue, mimosa yellow or Persian lilac. These are grayed tints, made by toning down clear, bold pastels. Buy your fabric first, mix your paint to match, if you want to be sure of a perfect job. Don't be afraid of using too much of the same color, for that is the particular magic of such a scheme. Actually you are trying to create unbroken areas by not stopping the eye at any point in the background.

Accent colors and bits of decoration and design become increasingly important in such a scheme. We used dusty pink and grayed chartreuse as our accent colors, as they were prettiest with the big areas of aqua. Over the mantel is a painted mirror which "ties in" all the scheme colors, and both the design and colors of the painted mirror are repeated in the screen, sketched right from the mirror design. This is an idea you can use in any room, picking up the colors in a painting, rug or other treasure and repeating them in your draperies, upholstery or specially designed spot, such as a screen. And, in case you are wondering, the lamps with dusty pink shades are mirror glass, hand painted. This is an old craft revived which manages to look as charmingly modern as tomorrow.

Since much of the new furniture will be smaller in scale than for some years past— it's original eighteenth-century size, by the way—you won't find it hard to select pieces to suit your particular needs. The smaller scale adds comfort rather than sacrifices it, and you can have more pieces in your room. Oversized furniture, roundly padded, was a style, a vogue now on its way out.

If you have a small room which is a decoration problem, use this little traditional room as a pattern and follow the plan of an all-over basic color and smaller pieces of furniture.

***The Family Room.*** Now for the new kind of family room as suggested by Mrs. Quinn's idea. We made a scale model of such a room designed by a sympathetic architect, in order to become acquainted with the idea and to find out if such a *(Continued on Page 237)*

*This is the parents' private room, decorated in traditional style around Mrs. Quinn's favorite color scheme. Small, 11′ 6″ x 14′ 6″, it looks spacious because all areas are the same color, furniture is in perfect scale but comfortable and will not date the room. The painted mirror and screen are luxury touches.*



*Here is a new-type room for the modern family. Planned especially for children, it has space for play, study, recreation and other activities. The furniture slides, reassembles to suit an occasion. Floors are linoleum for hard use and streamlined housekeeping.*

# A BIG FUNCTIONAL ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN AND A HIDE-AWAY FOR PARENTS IS THE MODERN SOLUTION TO COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY LIVING.

*By Henrietta Murdock*

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



*The dining end of the room has a sectional table to be used for games or study between meals. The end wall is planned as an interest spot which changes now and then to keep pace with family enthusiasms.*



*Mr. Quinn and Henrietta Murdock study the model Mrs. Quinn experiments with arrangements.*



# Rhapsody in WHITE

*"When I unwrapped it—it smelled so good—I thought I must try it right away." . . .*

*"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs.". . .*

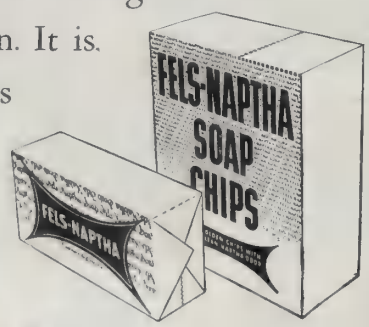
*"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things." . . .*

*"Everything came out shining white and with half the work." . . .*

*"My neighbors all ask what I use that makes my clothes so white." . . .*

*"I could not keep house without Fels-Naptha Soap and Chips." . . .*

In these and in thousands of similar phrases, American women write the Story of Fels-Naptha Soap—a never-ending tale of praise and appreciation. It is, in simple truth, a nation's Rhapsody in White.




**Fels-Naptha Soap**

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"




*It takes $1500 a year to feed the eleven Quinns. Here's $25 worth at a cr*

# 'Tis a Big Orde

## By Louella G. Shouer

A PEEK at Kitty Quinn's pantry shelves and you think she's bought o the grocery store. She keeps this abundant supply going on just o shopping trip a week. "You *have* to make your head save your heels," s says, "with a gang like mine to feed."

The shelves of the cash-and-carry where she shops are her reminders as s goes up and down the aisles with a carrier buggy—she fills several. The we we followed her around she had three big cartons loaded into the car. Hor again, it takes her a good hour to put the week's purchases away. That's a other reason she's able to keep things going so well. She's a great believer a place for everything—everything in its place.

Milk comes to the back door by the case. They get away with eight to t quarts a day. Bread—three loaves a day—is delivered too. In the summe vegetables and fruits are bought from a vender.

It's quite a trick to run this show. How well could you do under simil circumstances? I'd call Kitty Quinn manager first-class. She deserves honest American blue ribbon, if not the *cordon bleu.*

***Seven times eleven.*** Meals on her mind seven days a week for the eleven of them. It seems no burden for Kitty. Her success in getting through this three-a-day routine so admirably she attributes to the fact that the children are trained to eat what's put on the table—no monkey business allowed. Her meals consist of hearty food the family likes and is accustomed to. She sticks to the specials she's made so often she never needs a recipe.

***To buy a fat pig.*** Meat isn't the biggest item in the Quinns' budget. It can't be. Kitty allows about $6 to $7 weekly for meat. One week Kitty bought a 4-pound pot roast. She had hoped it would provide slicings for sandwiches or a starter for a stew. It didn't. The youngsters polished it off at one sitting. In addition, she purchased 1 pound of bacon, 1½ pounds of round steak, ground; 1½ pounds of frankfurters; 4 pork chops, plus 2 thin steaks (all s could get—wonder who got which? Fish figures in once a week; a chicke when she can find one; and once month half a ham is the meal of t month. Kathy and the baby, of cours don't eat meat.

***Rush hour.*** 'Stasia is Kitty's rig hand. She helps get the breakfast fruit juice, toast, milk and a big bow of cereal for all. Eggs are omitted. Yo can't eat your egg and have it to Kitty saves them for the main dish f dinner or a sandwich filling for t lunch box. The small children, how ever, get an egg for breakfast once week. When the breakfast rush is ov this kitchen team gets to work on th sandwiches that will go to school wit store-bought cookies (no time to bak them) and some sort of fruit—usuall apples and oranges. This goes like clock work, for Kitty keeps everythin

d right at her elbow. Stasia's on her side to wrap and pack. They'd am and peanut-butter sandwiches day in the week—but that's just g. What goes between the slices re apt to be just peanut butter, na, jelly, egg salad or cheese—times lettuce and tomato.

***top flight till dinner.*** Be- the day's dawning and dinner, goes from one chore to another she were equipped with a motor. never get through if I didn't." htime comes too soon. Then it's y sandwiches and milk or soup and ers for the young stay-at-homes. to start dinner catches up with t 4:15. It's back to the range for . The children have come home school by then, rosy-cheeked and ry. From 5:30 to 6 the main ess is eating.

***ee-ring circus.*** All the Quinns n't possibly squeeze around the linette table. Kathy gets the high Kevin the crib. The four next young- have a small table to themselves. overflow sit at the grownups' table. n everyone has a different tale to talking and eating get all mixed up. y and Stasia help the little ones and o keep the show going. Serving is from the big table. Mary-Ellen and thy take turns at being maid or r, call themselves "Sadie and Alf." really makes the racket a little ear-splitting, and the children beg lay this game. When a child wants her serving, he must ask the server harge. Shouting brings an empty . Kitty says it's really working their manners have much im- ed. On occasions when the hulla- o gets out of hand and Kitty can that the youngsters are just tense need loosening up, she starts a g." This smooths out the "mads" he "hurts" and the children quiet n as they should before going to bed. Whew! By this time Kitty's ready some peace and quiet, and often she John dine alone after the house is . When John must be back at the e at 5:30, she eats early with him le the children play. But when the ily all eat together the calm comes r.

***rybody loves stew but father.*** now and then dad has to give in at's the bill of fare. Menu planning sn't take much of Kitty's time. She a main dish, vegetable, a salad or vegetable. The children love raw ots—even raw Lima beans. Des- is a treat. About three times a week makes a simple pudding. Their main n depends on what she can get and at they can afford—something to fill m up. The Quinns don't mind fre- nt repetition of their favorite main es—meat loaf, roast pork, macaroni cheese, spaghetti with meat balls, becued "hot dogs," Swiss steak and aked beans—canned baked beans ssed up with Kitty's own special sea- ings. The youngsters eat and like ny dishes with mustard or catchup the seasoner. Whether you choose to d these dishes to your small fry or t, they are all hearty and good for eryday meals, mostly quick and easy prepare.

### KITTY'S BAKED BEANS

**pty 4 cans baked beans, either riety—Boston baked or those packed tomato sauce—into a casserole. d 1 cup dark corn sirup, 1 cup tchup, 2 teaspoons prepared mus- rd. Mix well. Slice 2 medium or 3 all onions and lay on top. Bake in oderate oven, 350° F., about one our. Twelve average servings—nine you have a Quinn appetite.**

### REBBUTED "HOT DOGS"

**First make the sauce: Add ½ cup vinegar, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon sugar to 1 14-ounce bottle catchup. Brown ½ cup chopped onions in 2 tablespoons shortening and add to the sauce. Split 1½ pounds of "hot dogs" (9—12) and pour the sauce over them. Simmer together about thirty to forty minutes. Serves ten. The Quinn children love this gravy on their mashed potatoes.**

### CHEESE MEAT BALLS

**To 1½ pounds beef round steak, ground twice, add 1 large onion, chopped, 3 beaten eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ cup dry bread crumbs (Kitty buys the packaged ones to save time) and ½ cup grated hard Italian cheese. Mix thoroughly and season well with salt and pepper (1½ teaspoons salt and a little pepper). Shape into small balls. It makes about 38. Melt 4 tablespoons shortening in skillet with a clove of garlic. Add the meat balls and fry until brown, turning frequently so they will brown evenly. Remove garlic and drain off all the fat. To this Kitty adds canned spaghetti sauce and water to make a good gravy, simmers the meat in the sauce and serves with spaghetti and extra cheese. After the meat is browned, she sometimes makes a pan gravy instead of adding sauce. This is good with boiled potatoes. Serves ten to twelve.**

***Cake on Sunday.*** When she can spare the sugar, Kitty bakes a cake on Sunday. Not a crumb left by Monday. Homemade cookies, biscuits, pies and rolls don't figure in her life at all—too much time and bother. She buys cookies for the lunch snacks and lets it go at that.

Kitty has her own system and sticks to it—finds it's perfect for the Quinns. Here are some hints that will help you develop a marketing system of your own.

### MARKETING MEMOS

1. If a price is low, be sure that it doesn't indicate low quality.
2. Buy in quantity what and when you can. If you can use half a bushel of potatoes in a week, by all means buy them that way. One large can of fruit juice is sometimes cheaper than the equivalent in smaller ones.
3. You can usually buy at lower prices at a cash-and-carry, but count up your time and gasoline. Be sure that they still leave you a good margin of saving.
4. Though Kitty may plan in her head from long practice, a paper and pencil will save the average person extra trips for forgotten items. It's a good idea to keep a pad handy to jot down staples that are getting low on the kitchen shelf.
5. If you shop in a cash-and-carry regularly, it's a good idea to arrange the items on your list in the order they are displayed in the store—aisle 1, aisle 2, and so on. This way, you can go up one aisle and down the other without making detours for the baking powder or canned peaches.
6. Carry a pencil when shopping—mark the prices on your list as you go along. When you get to the adding machine, you can keep up with the quick calculation and will be prepared for what your bill is to be.
7. Whether you keep your menus in your head or on paper, some sort of skeleton grocery list is essential in order that all the nutritional qualities are well represented in your market basket. When money must stretch, this has a plus importance.
8. While "make it yourself" saves money, the ready-mades save time. There are going to be more and more quick-to-serve items on your grocer's shelves. Choose what best suits your way of life.





HE WRESTLED
the wind...*and won!*

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**INK-O-GRAPH $2**

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## GOLD RUSH

*(Continued from Page 25)*

This roused me. The instinct of self-preservation is strong. "Look, I'm too young to die. Isn't there somebody who will take me in—even for one night?"

All three of us got the same idea at the same time. I felt Valerie wriggle with annoyance, but she did not actually register her vote to drop me in a snowdrift. I figured all I had to do was sit tight too. I did. We coasted a couple of miles in complete silence. The heater, as advertised, had gone dead.

"You're a hard man, Timothy Kyle," I said finally, and added in a very small voice, "Gee."

"Maybe Cousin Mary can fix you up someway at the farm for tonight," said Tim, as calm as if I wasn't practically crawling all over the floor boards clutching at his knees.

Toward dawn I had a horrible dream I was dying of cold in the middle of a vast frozen wilderness. Then I realized I was awake and *not* dreaming. I was in Vermont. I sprang out of bed and my feet, numb as they were, touched bare floor that seared their soles like dry ice. I emitted one faint squeak. But with teeth chattering and my breath going in highly visible short gasps, I reached for my clothes. The gray light would be morning. I was in Tim Kyle's house. Tim Kyle and Valerie Fletcher and me. And "me" was Minks Randall, the girl who always gets her picture.

When I stumbled down the back stairs to the kitchen, there were lights, a hot stove and Cousin Mary Kyle.

"There now! You're blue," said Cousin Mary. "I saw it was thirty-four below this morning and I said, 'There now, that poor skinny little thing had ought to have had another quilt.' What's that around your neck?"

I showed her the camera. She was pleased, but not optimistic.

"What are you going to take pictures of around here?"

It was a good question. I scratched frost off a kitchen window and peered out. There was snow. I don't mean there was some snow around on things. I mean there was snow, period. Cousin Mary said, however, that a barn could be found outside somewhere and Tim was in it.

"You aren't going out like that?" she said.

First I thought she was cracking my last year's but genuine karakul jacket. Then I saw her eye was on my nether parts. "Look," I said, "you and your Cousin Timothy make like I'm a kewpie dressed in a fireman's hat. Sure I'm going like this. If the cows don't like it, it's time they learned."

I swept out the back door, stepped onto ice and sat down. What I busted was not my camera. For the benefit of sportsmen who may follow in my crumbling footsteps, I'll announce that the need of boots is for traction, not waterproofing. There's no water anywhere at thirty below.

THE light was brightening, and by good luck I found Tim, squatted under a cow to hook on his permanent-wave machine, where light from a window struck down. It was a honey. Dramatic.

"How's about lifting your face this way?" I said.

He glanced up. I clicked. Fortunately, the shutter was closed before he saw who it was. His face went definitely sour.

"Quite a hobby," he said. "Pictures."

"I wouldn't know," I said, and told him who I worked for.

For the first time in my experience the magic name backfired. People often say they don't want publicity. Tim didn't say. He looked. And he meant it. I shriveled, who don't shrivel easily.

"Oh, now," I objected, "this hurts me worse than it does you. I don't palpitate to candid shots of boy milks cow, but if the editor sticks a pin in a map and says, 'Minks, go shoot Sims River,' I go. Cousin Mary says I'm a skinny little thing; and remember, I have to buy that stuff you're pumping. In bottles. At eighteen cents per."

"Sure." Tim was busy under the cow again and his voice had no expression except meaning what it said. "I'll run you in to the village as soon as we get this milk out. Eat some breakfast if you haven't, and get your bag ready."

This interview was over. I hung around and wistfully snapped one combination shot of Tim's and the cow's rear ends, then drifted back to the house—if "drifted" is the word for me on glare ice. Things didn't look so good.

Val Fletcher was in the kitchen, and I hereby admit I've never seen anything cuter-looking, with her tailored ski pants and flannel shirt and big blue eyes—fixed on my camera.

"Uh-huh," I nodded, "I'm a reporter."

Her eyes didn't go any wider, because they couldn't, but her stare all of a sudden wasn't ignoring me this morning.

### *Return*

**BY BERNICE SLOTE**

Past the neon street, melting through
The picket fences, coming here to stand
Without a shadow in the doorways—*(Do*
*You see the green vine reaching for my hand?)*

The men return who now are
dreams, made whole
In dreaming only. Lonesome is
no word
For what they are, yet here the dark
will roll
A little way apart when they have
heard

Our voices speak a name, have seen
us turn
A moment, listening, to the door
where
They might come. . . . For all the
shadows, burn
A welcome in your eyes. *(Who*
*touched my hair?)*

Cousin Mary was rattling pans in the pantry. I said in the same low voice, "I'm in sort of a spot. Why couldn't we slip into another room and talk a minute?"

The kitchen was the warm room on the Kyle farm. In the sitting room Val and I could see our breath, but neither of us wasted much.

"I'm afraid Timothy doesn't like me," I said.

"He could hardly like or dislike you, could he? And what difference ——"

"Only that I want to board here for a day or so."

"The Kyles don't take—well, of course I'm a boarder, but I mean I'm also an old friend."

"That's it. So maybe you could persuade them to let me stay here."

"Why ——"

I interrupted with a headshake. "I'm a reporter. My job is to get information, not give it—to you or Tim Kyle or anybody. I mean, I wouldn't break a news story. Unless I had to. What I'd like best is to keep my mouth shut. I'll do that as long as I'm left alone to get my pictures."

It was a raw proposition. If she'd keep me in the house, I wouldn't tell Tim about his money. She couldn't help understanding. But I looked into those wide, innocent baby eyes and I felt my flesh crawl and I had to give the pretty kid an out. I managed a genial smile.

"Help the poor working girl. I'm sent to Sims River to get pictures. By all accounts nobody wants a boarder. Can you persuade the Kyles to keep me?"

"I'll speak to Miss Kyle," said Vale.

Cousin Mary had the normal reaction about a member of the staff of our well advertised weekly magazine. She was all at "And don't you worry about Tim," she assured me. "He always says he runs the ba and I run the house."

WHEN Tim came in and got the tremendous news he neither looked at me nor said word. Both were fine by me. I wasn't at posed portraits. I got four good candi shots of the gangling frozen-puss doing chores. Then Valerie went to work on h to take her skiing. "Frozen-puss" is ju by way of handy insult. Valerie thawed hi all right. When she dimpled up at him, smiled.

"I thought farmers had to work," I sa to Cousin Mary when Tim and Valerie dro off in the station wagon to some alpine s lift miles and miles away.

Mary laughed. "I don't guess Tim wou go off mornings for anybody but Valer He's had a soft spot for her since she wa little tyke."

"Yeah, so I see. And she looks pretty w ing herself."

Mary peered at me sharply. "There no did you notice it too? Seemed to me she w different this time someway. It's how s smiles at him."

"Ah, the dawn of love. Very sweet."

Cousin Mary didn't answer my grin. "( course you didn't know—but Valerie's f ther is rich. A millionaire, I guess. The couldn't be anything between Tim and V Fletcher."

"Well, Valerie may feel ——"

"Oh, I'm not talking about her feelings. mean Tim wouldn't have anything to do wit her that way. He's funny about money. rich man came over here from York Stat Tim breeds Jerseys and this man wanted buy the whole herd. When he got up to offe ing twice what they were worth, Tim sai 'Mister, I don't want to sell my herd for wha it's worth, and I don't want money for noth ing, either.'" Cousin Mary laughed. "'Cours that didn't stop Tim next day from makin a hard trade on George Forstman at th Depot. But that's different. That's busines Tim's got no use for anybody after eas money."

"Um," I said, and dropped it. Friend Tim was going to find himself hooked and the have a lifetime to wonder if the gal had bee after easy money. Which, I reminded mysel was absolutely no skin off my nose.

I phoned New York. "This is Mink Randall," I told Mr. Cobb. "How's every body's health?"

"He's the same this morning. That mean worse. I'll be phoning in a few hours at most What ——"

"My number here is Sims River five-two ring two-two. A girl named Valerie Fletche and I are boarding at the Timothy Kyl farm ——"

Mr. Cobb began a sort of strangled whoop so I cut in firmly: "Remember, this is a party line, so we mustn't talk too long."

He got it. "Well, I'm glad you found some shelter from the weather."

"If you'd cared a hoot about me and weather you'd never have sent me."

"Don't pretend you aren't having a wonderful time, Minks. Now you go right or having a lovely holiday. I'll phone."

I hung up full of dark thoughts. I could see that lug Cobb, lolling in his steam-heated office and rubbing his hands in glee. He'd caught the Valerie angle quick enough. Disappointed heiress pursues elusive fortune under the camera's eye. Very funny. But I

*(Continued on Page 186)*

# Did you ever see a Woman Standing in a Doorway ... reading a Letter?



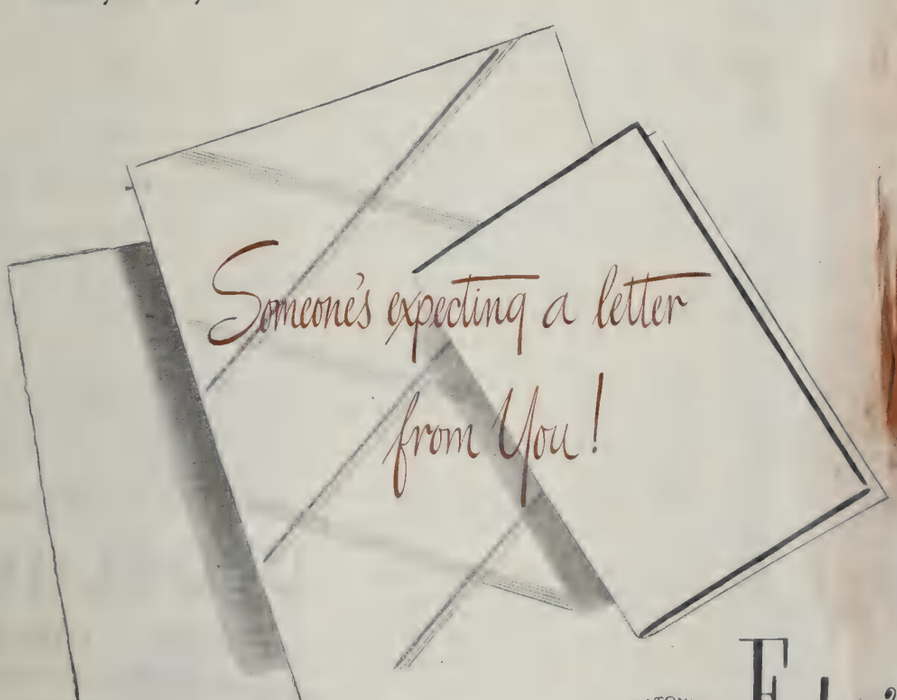
We're not trying to say that you should write more frequently to someone you love. You *know* that.

We're not trying to say that you should write home. You know that, too.

We're saying that you, of all people, know exactly what a letter means. Because you like to get letters yourself. Because the war taught you, and so many others, that without letters there is an emptiness which nothing else can fill.

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* *The DuBarry Success School at the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon, where so many women have been helped to greater loveliness, offers you a free DuBarry Success-O-Plan. Ask for this guide to the most effective beauty care, for you at your favorite cosmetic counter.*

DU BARRY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
BY Richard Hudnut NEW YORK

*(Continued from Page 184)*

was where the people were real, not pictures. Sure, Valerie was mad at her pa, but old Albert Fletcher *was* her pa, and he was dying in New York while she chased his money in Vermont. And that was the baby-faced angel who came riding into the kitchen that evening pickaback on the unsuspecting boob Tim Kyle.

"Timmee! Put me down, you," she squealed, keeping a strangle hold to make sure he didn't put her down till Cousin Mary and I had got the picture and sort of made the union legal.

Mind you, I wasn't jealous—except as any stunning girl like me knows a man's a fool if he doesn't even *see* her.

Tim was late for the evening milking, of course, and I followed him out to the barn, while Val went upstairs to change for supper.

"You haven't mentioned my new trousers," I said.

"I figured that was the kindest way," Tim answered solemnly.

"Gee. And I paid six-fifty for these iceman's delight and walked a half mile to the village and a half mile back to get 'em."

Tim nodded. "Aya. I stopped by the store on the way home and Harlan said you'd been in. He gave you a nice easy fit."

My massive woolen pants were gathered in a bold sweep at the waist and more or less held up by a belt from a kid's soldier suit.

"They're big," I admitted. "I thought maybe they made me look tiny and, you know, appealing."

Tim happened to get up to move a milking machine. So he gave me a full two seconds of his undivided attention. Then he shook his head and reached for his machine. "There's padding enough, but someway you still don't look soft."

I went back to the house grinning. You could say it wasn't much of a talkfest, but I was beginning to learn about these Vermonters. They can drawl out a couple of insults and you've really got something.

VALERIE gave me a careful look as I came in. Maybe she didn't quite trust me to keep my mouth shut, or maybe she figured the way I did—that even a little side diversion might delay her game. She couldn't afford much delay.

Or so I thought. But the phone didn't ring that evening, nor all the next day. To be more exact, the blasted thing rang continually—for everybody else on the line except the Kyles—and every time it tinkled I lost six breaths. I suppose Valerie did too. She didn't let it slow her down though. I came into the sitting room where Tim had built a fire in the stove and found her racing down the homestretch.

"But, Tim," she was saying, "that's so silly. If I loved a boy, I wouldn't spoil everything just because *he* happened to have money."

Cousin Mary and I had been doing dishes and she was right behind me in the doorway and I heard her give a little grunt.

Tim didn't answer. His eyes stayed on Val as though Mary and I hadn't appeared. Val was cross-legged on a cushion on the floor, not really at his feet but sort of suggesting it.

And Val was smart. The more witnesses the quicker it was "understood how things were." She did a long liquid gaze into Tim's eyes, then tore her look away to smile wistfully at Mary Kyle and say in a forlorn little voice:

"Cousin Mary, do you believe Tim would be stubborn and cruel? Oh, as if a little money made any difference compared to—to loving somebody!"

It was too much for me. I'd promised to hold my tongue and I don't break promises. Neither did I have any notion I was a match for Val Fletcher in the clinches. The most I could hope for was to stall Tim Kyle till the big news came. Then he could clasp her to his manly bosom and to heck with him. But Val Fletcher wasn't going to shoot the guy in the back while I had my fair white body to fling in the bullet's path. At least I hoped she wasn't.

Val had Tim's household leisure sewed up, so I took over the barn for my operations.

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# the most surprising thing...



# about Tampax

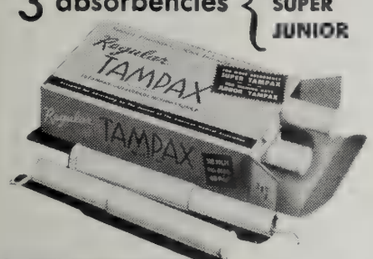
TAMPAX holds many surprises for the woman accustomed to all the external rigging of belts, pins and pads during "those certain days" every month. Probably the most impressive discovery is the fact that you need not give up your daily shower if you use Tampax. For Tampax is *worn internally* and cannot interfere with your regular bath in either shower or tub.

But Tampax brings other benefits too. For instance, no odor can form and there is no chafing. When you wear tight-fitting slacks or a dress of sheer material, you can be absolutely sure no ridge-lines or edge-lines can show through, because with internal Tampax, *edges and ridges do not exist!* Millions of women have switched over to Tampax in recent years and are now enjoying new freedom from this embarrassment.

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A barn was probably better suited to my dainty technique. Also, Tim had to spend a lot of time there. Of course he never stood still. When I say I pursued him, I *mean* pursued. My soft cooings had to be panted out on the dead run from pig shed to silo to milk room.

The cows didn't mind, though. And I was an absolute natural with Abdullah Bulbul Ameer, Tim's prize Jersey bull. Ab adored me.

"You've got the right approach," Tim said pleasantly. "Direct."

As far as Tim himself was concerned, there wasn't a flicker. Not only did he refrain from licking my face all over, in Abdullah's forthright manner. His look at me, when he looked at all, was precisely the same as on the first evening at Porter Depot, when he'd said, "Guess you haven't got much on from the middle down." "Bland" is the kindest word. That is, he didn't actually scowl at me.

I had one single encouragement. He took to watching me out of the corner of his eye when I made with my camera, which is definitely little Minks at her best. My best, but doggone it, no allure.

No. It was Valerie who peddled the allure. And, while I couldn't know all that went on between Val and Tim, I had to see that Cousin Mary considered the affair settled.

"'Tisn't as if Tim had nothing of his own," Cousin Mary told me excitedly. "And a body can see she's real set on him."

"A body can," I agreed.

Then it happened.

Okay, everybody but me would know it was happening. What I knew was being

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**The time to be careful of the end is at the beginning.**

**Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.**

---

waked up by the phone bell jangling two-two, two-two, two-two. There was a beginning of gray morning light. Four days I'd been waiting for the New York call. I lay stiff, hearing Mary Kyle answer. And when I heard Mary saying, "Why sure, Lena," and when my breath let out in a glad whoosh, the whole thing hit me. I *didn't* want that New York call. The call would come and the story would break and Tim could take care of himself. My excuse for chasing Tim Kyle ended when he knew the truth. That would end it, and I couldn't bear it!

I jackknifed out of bed to get away from myself. Still half asleep and rattling with cold, I poked legs into my cavernous wool pants. I just wanted to get to the barn. Without thinking. I just wanted to see Tim.

I don't know what I thought it was going to do for me. But I know what it did do. Tim heard the scrape of the big door and glanced over his shoulder. I said he was a frozen-puss, but he'd gotten to expect I would come, and he smiled, then turned back to the cow he was finishing. I leaned against the door and wanted to die. I loved him so I couldn't breathe and thought probably I *would* die. Sure. I know it never really happens all of a sudden like that. Leave it that I'm simple-minded or a case of arrested development. It was sudden as far as *I* knew.

I was hanging on to the door on account of my knees had come unstuck, and of course eventually Tim looked around again to see why I wasn't right in there pestering him as usual. That had to be the morning he smiled again. It was a record. Two grins in succession.

"Better get over here where I can keep an eye on you, Minks. Makes me jumpy, waiting to get hit from behind."

I don't suppose that sounds like "But soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun." But you see, he'd never called me Minks before. And it sounded so darling and different and nice in his flat drawl. And it wasn't quite accident, because Tim never said things by accident. And sure, yes, I was in an utterly liquid state anyway.




*Why*

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*Leaves hair with its silken sheen that lasts for days*



*Makes hair easier to set and arrange in any style*

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Well, I oozed backward out the crack behind me, pushed the big door closed from the outside and stumbled and skidded to the house. This time in my bedroom I was awake all right. I didn't wring my lily hands and moan about it was hooey, it didn't make sense, it couldn't happen to me. I packed, and fast.

I sneaked down the front stairs, pushed a little note with my board money under the kitchen hall door, let myself out the front door and headed for the village. Don't misunderstand. I wasn't casting myself for the lovesick maid, the blighted rose, this world all lost for love. I meant to square myself and keep my job someway. I meant to grab myself by the neck and tell myself what I really thought of gangling hicks and Vermont farms and mornings at thirty below. That would come later; safe in New York, I'd remember to loathe it all again—so help me, I'd remember if it took a lifetime.

But this morning if I had to watch Val Fletcher lay her paw on my gangling hick I knew I'd kill her with my bare hands. This morning if that gangling hick smiled at me once more I'd crawl inside his shirt and cling there till he beat me to a pulp. I had no rosy wistful doubts about the beating, as soon as he knew. "Tim's funny about money. Tim's got no use for anybody after easy money." Gold digger. I had even hoped Tim might get disgusted with Valerie—a girl he'd always known and liked who'd maybe never admit she'd known about his money who *maybe* even didn't know. But I knew. That's where little Minks came in. Minks knew which side the butter was on and there'd never be any question in anybody's mind about that.

With a good-sized suitcase I walked the half mile to the village without knowing I was walking at all. The mail, and passenger if any, truck always left the post office at eight and the post office was in the store. So the store was open when I got there at seven-forty. I put in a person-to-person call for Ellory Cobb to get him at his home.

"Sorry to wake you up," I said. "This is Minks Randall. Look, Mr. Cobb, I'm folding up on you. I—I wouldn't if I could help it. I—you'll have to send somebody ——"

"MINKS—well, say. I was going to phone when I got to the office. Fletcher died half an hour ago. But I was going to phone when I got downtown because—well, he regained consciousness, Minks. Reinstated the old will. There's no story. Your farm boy is out. But now don't take it too hard. Maybe we can use some of ——"

I'm not sure whether I hung up or not. I do remember Harlan Pease yelling something about didn't I want my suitcase as I shot through the store and went pelting off up the middle of the road. Never having trained for the half mile, I wouldn't naturally have done much thinking on the sprint home, but besides, it was my day for dashing places without deciding what for.

I banged through the front door I'd left unlocked and down the hall toward the kitchen. Cousin Mary's voice stopped me, in the kitchen doorway. Tim, with his back to me, stood on one leg like a wobbly stork, wrestling with a boot. But Cousin Mary's face was a study in befuddlement.

"But why?" she was squawking at him. "Why do you have to go after her? I tell you she's gone clean back to New York. See, here's what she wrote. She's gone ——"

"Maybe I can catch her! Got to get her back! I mean—well—well, we wouldn't want her just to go away ——"

"Tim, what's got into you? Why shouldn't she go if she ——" Mary saw me then.

And Tim must have seen her see me, because he dropped his boot and swung around. For a second he looked at me the way a kid looks at a Christmas tree. I guess I was looking at him the same way, except I'm not so cute with my mouth left open.

"Gosh, I thought you'd gone," said Tim. "Looked like you hadn't taken much of a shine to us around here."

SO I told him. Ah, that little Minks, so coy, so shy! I was still gasping like a winded fish, but by speaking on outgoing and incoming breaths I stood and delivered. "I love you, you swivel-jointed scarecrow. I love your stupid cows and your stinking barn and your freezing house. Oh, gosh, I—I love you so I'm a horrible ache all over. Tim, I guess I—I guess I've fallen in love with you."

"Have you really?" It was Valerie, from the bottom of the back stairs. I swear, with her sweet loud voice and wide blue eyes, she looked perfectly darling that minute. There was no murder in her eye. "Tim, perhaps I better tell you about this before you say anything."

Tim wasn't within a mile of uttering a word, but his face had a sheepish look and Val must have understood it.

"This—this reporter," said Val, "is here because somehow she has found out that my father has left his money to you."

"To Tim?" squeaked Cousin Mary. "Left his—is old Mr. Fletcher dead?"

"He died this morning," I gulped.

Val never even winced as she turned on me. "So you couldn't waste any more time with your little games out in the barn, could you? You had to grab Timothy any way you could."

"Look, but ——" I flapped my hands idiotically. "Look, it's all right. Your father fixed his will again. You get the money. That's why I came back. I mean, it's all right ——" The phone in the front hall tinkled two-two, two-two, and I beamed like a pleased child. "There, I'll bet they're calling you about the money now!"

I honest Injun didn't intend any dirty dig, and Val herself started for the phone right on Cousin Mary's heels. But Val paused and looked back at Tim. I realized later why his calm eye turned her face an unbecoming magenta hue. She gave a sort of snort and went after Mary.

"Gosh," I said to Tim, "I don't suppose all this makes much sense to you."

"Well, now, I thought that was a pretty comprehensive statement you made right at the beginning when you came in."

I saw he was going to grin and I really realized what I'd said to the lug, and I turned hot from the neck up and down. "Listen," I said desperately, "I just realized. It's not so good for you not to get all that money. I'm sorry. I ——"

"I expect maybe we'll have enough to get you some long wool underdrawers. That fit."

I got it. Even in my then semiconscious state, I got it. "Oh Tim!" I squealed. "Oh Tim, oh Tim, oh Tim."

And I did crawl inside his shirt and he didn't beat me. I mean, he hasn't so far.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Questioner*

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Little girls shouldn't ask questions—
Not a hundred times an hour!
*Why is a weed a thistle?*
*Why is a rose a flower?*

Little girls are all eyes
And *"why's?"*
*Why* are bugs
With crawly legs?
*Why* do frogs
Lay pollywog eggs?
*Why* is a rainbow?
*Why* can't I fly?
*Why* am I?
*Why?*

Little girls shouldn't ask questions—
It isn't the thing to do!
At least, not questions that mothers
Don't know the answers to.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★




*Laden with the "forbidden" fragrance*

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## YOU NEED NOT FEAR THE MENOPAUSE

*(Continued from Page 33)*

it should be so. Many missing parts in the puzzle have to be found before the cause of the symptoms is clearly understood. It is known, however, that if the right amount of this hormone is administered, under the guidance of a physician, the balance is restored and the symptoms will disappear. This hormone provides a specific treatment which will give relief for almost every patient. It is this hormone that so many women have received by injection during the past fifteen years.

During the past three or four years new forms of this hormone have been discovered, all of them effective when taken in tablet or capsule form. Some are synthetic substances prepared in chemical laboratories, some are natural and all are inexpensive.

Some of the first orally given substances to be made available had a tendency to upset the stomach so that nausea and sometimes vomiting followed their use. Many of the more recent ones, however, rarely cause these symptoms, and this is particularly true of those of natural origin. It can truthfully be said that injections for the menopause are becoming a thing of the past.

If you are unfortunate enough to have menopausal difficulty, you may expect that it can be controlled by taking one or two tablets or capsules daily, and that for the most expensive of these the cost per day will not be more than that of a pack of cigarettes. There are a sufficient number of products available that your physician will be able to find the right one for you. If you don't like tablets or capsules, you will be able to get your medicine in palatable liquid form. Most doctors who have written about this

**Injuries we write in marble; kindnesses in dust.**

subject in recent years maintain that injections are practically never necessary—indeed, some never use them any more.

You will naturally ask, "How can I get such treatment if I need it?" The answer is, "Consult your physician." The preparations used do not lend themselves to self-medication. For this reason there is a statement on the label of each package to the effect that the medicine is to be used only on the prescription of a doctor. This is not a scheme devised to force you to pay a doctor's fee to get relief. It is a very wise safeguard of your health insisted upon by your Government, under the food-and-drug law. You can make trouble for yourself if you try to circumvent this rule. The dose you require can be arrived at only on the basis of your doctor's skill and experience. The amount given varies considerably from one individual to another, and may have to be adjusted to suit you.

Among the difficulties you can encounter if this advice is not taken is a recurrence of menstruation. This is not a normal menstruation, but is generally the result of too large a dose for you. However, if your physician has not examined you before treatment began and has not had an opportunity of seeing you from time to time, he will not be sure of the cause and an operation may be necessary to be certain it has not been caused by organic disease. No—don't try to treat yourself; you may not get away with it.

There is another advantage if you cooperate with your doctor: you may be able to shorten the period of treatment. Remember, if you had no treatment at all you would be free from symptoms in possibly a year or two, and treatment is usually designed to shorten rather than prolong this time. Further, if you are willing to put up with a few symptoms, physicians believe you will require less treatment than if you insist on having all your trouble relieved.

At some time or another you will have to stop taking the medicine, but you may not




MARIAN STEPHENSON

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Loaf IN 'EM



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be able to until the balance in gland function has been restored. Too much treatment can prolong this time. So your co-operation in reducing the dose when you are advised to do so is important. Give your doctor a chance and he will be able to help you.

One wonders why it is that nowadays when such wonderful relief is so readily available not all women take advantage of it. Perhaps it is in part related to the feeling that this is a disagreeable part of life and one is in duty bound to grin and bear it. It may be analagous to the history of the use of anesthetics during labor. Righteous women believed it wrong to blunt the pain of childbirth until, it is said, Queen Victoria altered things by taking chloroform for the birth of one of her children. You owe it to yourself and to the happiness of your family to take advantage of what medicine has to offer. So many people remember the tension that existed at home when mother was going through her change of life. Yes, it can almost be called a family disease. So don't wait if your symptoms are upsetting the even tenor of your home life; go to your doctor and you will be overjoyed at what he will be able to do for you.

## FAMILY WITH NINE KIDS

*(Continued from Page 170)*

of their school uniforms and into old clothes, then homework (Kitty is firm about not helping them with it, but she looks over all the written work when it is done), then out they go to the sunny courtyard to play. Supper begins at five-thirty, after seven children have been bathed and are in their pajamas. Kathy Jane eats in the high chair (from which she can climb just as agilely as from a crib); Rose Anne, Michael, Leonard and Jimmy sit on benches before the miniature table covered with red oilcloth. 'Stasia, Mary-Ellen and Timmy eat at the regular kitchen table; Kevin gets his bottle in his crib at seven, given him by 'Stasia or Mary-Ellen if Kitty hasn't time. Kitty and John eat together if and when John gets in. Frequently he has to rush off after supper to see a customer; sometimes he picks up something to eat in town and comes home late.

His work keeps him pretty steadily out of the house, so the family discipline is left to Kitty almost entirely. Recently, when John had an afternoon off, he took seven of them on board an aircraft carrier. He says the whole crew of the carrier had to pitch in and help him get the children over the gangplanks safely, and up and down the steep iron ladders. He doesn't think he'll try that again.

Stockings are not a problem in Kitty's life. She has trim, shapely legs, and she wears bobby socks (borrowed from 'Stasia) and brown-and-white saddle shoes around the house. She received three pairs of stockings for Christmas and they will see her through the year. This is true of nightgowns and underwear, too; gifts at Christmastime make it unnecessary for her to have to spend a penny on them.

The answer to a low clothes budget, she says, is to keep everything in good condition. She didn't have to use all their shoe stamps during rationing because she has all the shoes in the family regularly resoled and reheeled. She doesn't let dirty clothes lie around the house; it's bad for the clothes and makes the place untidy. And although mending is one of her big headaches, because there isn't enough time to sit down and do it, she manages to keep things in repair. She's proud, for instance, of how through careful washing she has made the children's pajamas last year after year.

Anything spent for clothing must be for the children or John. John has to be well dressed; a salesman has to make a good appearance—and, besides, he loves good clothes. Kitty has spent thirteen dollars on herself in the past eighteen months, and she doesn't expect to have to spend anything in the near future. She has a pair of brown high-heeled shoes which she wears when she




*To a Woman of Vision*

*Dr. Margaret Mead, Anthropologist of the American Museum of Natural History, has been awarded the Avon Medallion of Honor for Women of Achievement.*

Margaret Mead, noted scientist, author and lecturer, traveled for many years in such outposts of civilization as Bali, New Guinea and Samoa. Her original research has increased greatly our knowledge of other races and their customs. Understanding the needs of other peoples, her work has been of greatest importance to our country.

Well-informed women regard beauty as a private affair . . . to be guarded and cherished in the seclusion of the home. This is the desirable beauty service Avon sends *you* through the friendly Avon Representative who calls directly *at your home* with exquisite Avon cosmetics. Welcome her. Seek her advice in selecting Avon's costume-correlated makeup to make you a vision of loveliness!

Avon Medallion of Honor awarded to women of achievement chosen by the following committee of prominent women:

C. MILDRED THOMPSON
*Dean of Vassar College*
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*distinguished novelist*
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
*Metropolitan Opera star*

*BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS*



Avon COSMETICS

AT RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

goes out to dance at the duPont Grill (perhaps once a month), or to her fortnightly bridge club. She wears them to church on Sunday morning, too, when she goes to the eleven-fifteen Mass with John and sometimes four children, sometimes six. 'Stasia will have already been to the eight-thirty Mass and stays at home with the babies when Kitty and John set off for Christ Our King.

But it would be a mistake to think that Kitty, with a twenty-six-inch waistline, a size-thirty-four bust and hips measuring thirty-five and a half inches, doesn't like clothes. She loves them, and the three or four wash dresses (all smartly cut) which she wears around the house, with bright aprons over them, are sufficient to demonstrate her flair for dress. She loves gray—dreams (if ever there is a moment to dream) of having a gray chesterfield coat. She doesn't want jewelry, and no fur until she can afford sheared beaver. Her black fitted winter coat is now on its eighth season. She hates that coat, but she doesn't waste time or energy thinking about it. She prefers tiny hats—a curl of ostrich and a veil—and borrows 'Stasia's brown felt when she does the once-a-week marketing at the chain store.

But perhaps the real story of the Quinns should begin somewhere else entirely, in another century even, and not in Wilmington, Delaware, at all. Perhaps it should begin when America was still little more than a wilderness, when covered wagons moved across the prairies, with women sitting erect, steady-eyed, intrepid in the driver's seat, holding the reins. Their children rode in the wagons behind them, and their husbands, with rifle and whip, rode just ahead. They were setting out, as Kitty and John are setting out today, to make real those things they want for their children, those advantages which they themselves had missed when they were young.

Kitty wants a piano so that the girls can learn music; John wants a college education for the boys. "We came up the hard way," Kitty says, "but it was wonderful. Only we don't want it to be quite so hard for them."

There's only one thing that Kitty and John Quinn would do differently if they had their lives to live again. They would not have waited three years before getting married. They would have done it the year they met so as not to have missed two years of being together, and two years of little Quinns.

## Living in a Hurry

Versatile, effervescent Georgiana Feeney has thrived on *her* four and a half years of marriage to chemical engineer Bob Feeney, but she warns the less hardy of what's ahead: "We've lived in thirteen houses—including one trailer; set our clocks to Eastern, Western and Central Standard Time; have cooked on wood, coal, gas and electric stoves. We've had seven refrigerators and four iceboxes—but never a bathtub. Our son was born in California, christened in Nevada, celebrated his first birthday in Tennessee and his second Christmas in Pennsylvania. See what I mean?" And she loves it.

The JOURNAL invites you to take a deep breath and

**Meet the Feeneys**

**HOW AMERICA LIVES, in the April issue.**




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2½-oz. jar — 65¢ (plus Fed. Tax)




ARTRA Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. U. S. PAT. NO. 2352524

# A SUB-DEB KNITS FOR SPRING

*(Continued from Page 43)*





***Left:** V-neck cap-sleeved sweater. Knit in color to harmonize with dresses and skirts. 2248. Above: Multicolored yarn braided for gay sash. 2249.*

PHOTO BY LESLIE GILL

DESIGNS BY BEATTIE



***Red-and-white-striped cardigan with white back and sleeves. Ties at neck with matching yarn. Slim and pretty with tailored skirts or dresses. 2250.***





***Above: Colorful cummerbund to crochet for yourself or as a gift. Directions 2251. Right: Knitted sweater to wear with full skirts for spring. 2252.***


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*Filled with "chewy" bits of fresh roasted peanuts.*

Packed only by
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Brooklyn . Cleveland . Kansas City
Milwaukee . Albany, Ga.




# A TIME OF LEARNING

*(Continued from Page 27)*

"That your horse and rig by the bridge?"

"Yes," said Emmett.

"I'll help you carry your paints."

Emmett handed him a bucket. "Watch your step," he advised. "That's valuable."

The boy planted his bare feet as carefully as if walking through nettles. He looked over the amount of material in the back of the buckboard. "Takes an awful lot of paint to paint signs," he said.

"I paint houses, too," Emmett told him.

"Barns?" asked the boy.

"Sure," Emmett said.

"We got a barn to be painted."

"Who's we?"

"Us. My father. He wanted the other man to do it, but Ivy said his paint looked like scum on a frog pond."

"Who's Ivy?" Emmett asked, thinking she'd picked the right word for it.

"My sister. But ma said, 'There's things worse than scum, Miss Ivy.'"

"Don't your mother want the barn painted?"

"Oh, sure."

"I'll apply for the job," Emmett said. "You want to ride on home with me?"

They went by the river road. Red dust clung to the lush green growth that arched above their heads, and Old Clay methodically lifted more of it to their faces. Even in the gloom of red dust and green shadows the boy bent over the catalogue, reading. Emmett himself was rehearsing a sales talk; reassuring himself, before he tried to convince others, that he was the man for the job.

WHEN they turned away from the river, made for the open, rolling farm lands, Emmett asked the boy his name.

"Oral," he said, not looking up from his reading.

"'Oral,'" Emmett repeated. "How do you spell that?"

Oral spelled it. "I'm named for a bird," he said, keeping his place in the catalogue with one finger. "A yellow, singing bird that sang where my mother used to live."

Emmett looked at the cannon-ball boy, his black eyes and white hair. "You're not very yellow, Oral," he said. "Can you sing?"

The boy didn't smile and he closed his catalogue. "No," he said, "nor lay eggs, neither."

"Excuse me, Oral," Emmett said.

There was no more talk for a time. Finally Oral said, "You're not very big for a man."

"Big enough," said Emmett.

"You ain't bad-looking, though."

Emmett grunted and nodded his thanks.

"You got a girl?" Oral asked.

"No girl," Emmett said. "I'm off girls."

"Not me," said Oral. "I got two."

"You don't look very old to be having girls," Emmett told him.

"Old enough," said Oral and went back to his reading.

He roused to point out his home before they got there. It and its outbuildings were planted on a gentle rise of land—a substantial brick house and a big weather-beaten, two-story barn. Three-story, it proved to be when they arrived, the hillside on the back having been scooped away to make room for stalls for the animals.

Oral's father, who was Oral expanded and coated with hoarfrost, heartily welcomed Emmett.

"I'm C. B. Lish," he said, after Emmett had stated his own name and business, "and I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. The barn needs painting the worst way."

Emmett then delivered the rehearsed speech, speaking of the quality of his paints, of his own work, skillful, experienced, painstaking. But C. B. Lish was reading.

"'Candle Powder'?" he said wonderingly. "Now the way I always heard that was candle *power*."

"This is something different," Emmett explained, wishing the catalogue had never fallen into Lish hands. "This is a powder."

"Now how," said C. B. Lish, "do you reckon they go about getting a candle powder? Grind 'em up?"

"I don't know," Emmett said. "I just paint the signs."

"'Bible Boquet Oil,'" C. B. Lish said, reading on and sniffing as he read. "There's a concoction ought to be mighty sweet. You sell this, boy?"

"No, sir," Emmett said. "I'm a painter. I'd like to get the job painting your barn."

C. B. Lish was turning the pages. "'Jinxers. Four inches tall.'"

"I don't sell that stuff," Emmett reminded him. "I paint."

C. B. Lish nodded, but didn't look up. "That's what you told me before. You walk on up to the house and talk to Emma and Ivy. They're the ones to decide."

Emmett never forgot the room he stepped into. After the summer dust and heat it was as if he had plunged into water, shadowed and cool. He closed his eyes once or twice as he would have done under water, to feel the coolness on his eyelids. The bricks, he supposed, were what made the room cool; the pulled blinds kept it dim.

The room was a kitchen, because it had a stove in it: unlit, cool-looking even, black and shiny like a stoat fresh from a shady wallow. But beside the kitchen furniture, the safe, the cabinet, the set table, there was much else in the room. There were a sofa, a small bird in a big wooden cage, a secretary, its space about evenly divided between books and dishes. Beneath one of the pulled blinds, Emmett guessed, a prism was hanging, for onto the bleached floor boards fell shafts of multicolored lights.

And there was a girl in the room. Emmett saw her last of all. She stood in the darkest corner of the room, leaning against the sink, grating nutmeg onto the top of a pudding. Emmett could smell the vanilla, above the sweet muskiness of the nutmeg.

The girl looked up at Emmett, then grated away, not saying a word. Emmett prepared to speak, but could not for a minute. He knew what a beautiful girl should look like; he had often thought about it—he knew exactly what it took. So far as he could see, nothing was missing.

The girl had on a white dress. She curved in and she curved out. Her waist went in to a span as narrow and supple as a grapevine; elsewhere she had the fullness of the clusters. Her hair was like Oral's, but her eyes when she looked up at Emmett were like the best milk agates he had ever owned.

*O God*, Emmett prayed, *I thank Thee for not letting me stay home and study mules.*

She was a calm-looking girl, but seeing Emmett, she dropped the nutmeg, and the sound it made rolling along the bare floor boards brought him back to speech.

"Your nutmeg, miss," said Emmett, getting it before it stopped rolling. "I'm Emmett Maguire, house painter."

"I'm pleased to meet you," said the girl. "I'm Miss Ivy Lish."

THAT night in the south upstairs chamber, a hot little room where a full-leafed chinaberry tree shut all the air from the single window, Emmett lay in a kind of trance. Sometimes he slept, but more often he was awake, and every time he awakened he rejoiced as though he were Lazarus newly come to life. Sleeping, he dreamed of Ivy, but awake he thought of her. And since he reckoned thinking to be one step nearer reality than dreaming, he hated to lose time in anything so secondhand as sleep.

He would awaken, wonder for a minute where he was, hear the leaves of the chinaberry tree, moving outside his window with a watery ripple, say, "Ivy, Ivy." Inside himself he would feel a happiness so great it made him a little sick: a feeling like that he had tobogganing each winter on Sugar Slide, when at the final curve he always thought, *I'll die, this is so wonderful*; joy and pain being at that point so delicately balanced.

Once he got out of his bed, laid the palms of both hands first against the west wall of his room, then against the east, telling himself, as he did so, *One inch of wood may be all that separates us.* But all he heard as he stood, hands pressed to either wall, was a serene snoring: too delicate for Oral, probably C. B. Lish himself.

He had been in love before but always unlucky, and never able to do much but suffer. Once with a girl who was engaged, who had bent down and kissed him twice on the eyelids but would have no more to do with him; once with a girl whose father had promised to shoot any man or boy who came on the place, and Emmett had never been able to feel the same about her again after hearing the first load of buckshot whistle past his legs; the last time had been with a girl in Mercer, but before he had a horse of his own, and in the weeks when he had not been able to see her she had met and married a coffee salesman.

But now he was lucky: in love and beneath the same roof with the girl he loved. And going to be beneath the same roof with her for two more weeks at the least. For the barn painting, if he did a good job, would take that long; and he intended doing not only a good job, but a job so wonderful people for miles around would marvel at it.

The last time he awakened the summer night had ended. The air in the room had cooled and outside in the chinaberry tree the awakening birds were whetting their bills and stretching their throats.

*I could paint her*, Emmett thought. *I see just how to do it, where she should stand, how she would turn her head. I would paint her in her white dress, full length, a shadow at the base of her throat;* and in his hand he already felt the brush and the strokes it would make so that Ivy would stand curving in, curving out, alive upon cardboard. Alive with a reality beyond life, because to her store of realness he would add all of his own.

There was nothing in the next week he did not do well. He was so filled with power and sureness he walked

*(Continued on Page 196)*




***"But I don't believe in getting engaged, Horace. I've lost so many good friends that way!"***

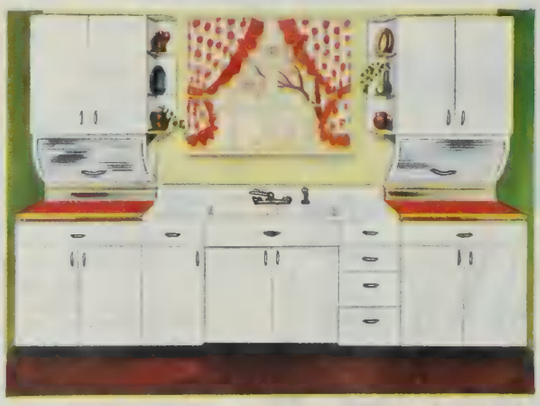
# This thrilling kitchen can be yours and it's well within your budget



**Change your** kitchen into this attractive, convenient room, at small cost and *without expensive remodeling.* You can do it easily with Youngstown equipment, and you buy only as many units as you need. The beautiful Youngstown Kitchen shown here, fitted with spotless enameled steel units including a modern twin-bowl sink, convenient wall cabinets, and roomy floor cabinets, can be installed quickly and easily in your present kitchen, or in a new home, *for less than $12 a month* on F. H. A. payments.



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*All prices subject to tax*



Dorothy Gray

AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

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*(Continued from Page 194)*

about his scaffolding as if gravity were a force from which he was exempt. He laid the brush against the barn each day in strokes so solid that the barn rose up clear and bright again, rebuilt, it almost seemed, as well as repainted. At night he washed, first in turpentine, then in water, and talked with the family.

Privately, he said to C. B. Lish, "I'll paint the tool shed free if I can borrow your buggy, Sunday."

"What you want of the buggy?"

"I want to take Ivy to church."

Mr. Lish whistled. "So that's the way the wind blows."

"Yes, sir," said Emmett, "it is."

"Ivy's no churchgoer," Mr. Lish told him.

Emmett was taken aback. He had supposed all nice girls were churchgoers. He had no idea where else he could take a girl on Sunday, or what other entertainment she could want. Though he would never have denied that for himself coming and going would be the best part of it. Still, this was Bucklin County, not home, and he hated a man who was set in his ways.

"Wherever she wants to go, I'll take her."

"The novelty of it," her father admitted. "might appeal to her."

Ivy said yes when he asked her, as if the novelty of it had nothing to do with it.

UPON himself, upon Old Clay and the buggy Emmett had done an amount of polishing just short of abrasion. A stroke or two more and varnish and hide, human and horse alike, would have given way. Tender and glittering, they drove churchward.

There was nothing Emmett could think of to say which did not seem too personal for words. His mind was filled with Ivy: her sweet, flowery smell, which it was wrong, probably, even to notice, let alone mention; the blue vein in her forehead; the way a fold of her full skirt lay across his shinbone, where its lightness weighed upon him like a burning glass.

They drove through heat waves rippling like lake water. Already the leaves hung downward, giving the sun only their sharp edges to taste. Old Clay was discolored by sweat, and on the fence rails the birds rested with lifted wings.

"Ivy," said Emmett, "will you let me paint your picture?"

"Can you paint people too?" Ivy asked. "Besides barns, I mean?"

"Yes," said Emmett, with sudden knowledge, "I can," and he used the word he had forbidden his father. "I'm an artist."

"Perhaps you would make me look funny."

"Funny," repeated Emmett. "What do you mean, funny?"

"Queer," Ivy told him. "Not pretty. Maybe you would make my eyes look funny. Eyes are very hard to paint."

"I know how to paint eyes," Emmett said. "I know how to paint all of a person. I would make you look the way you are, Ivy."

"How am I, Emmett?" asked Ivy.

"Beautiful," said Emmett, trembling with frankness.

The drive to church, from there on, went by in a flash; the church time, too, though Ivy was unable to attend the services with Emmett. In the churchyard Arod Johnson had awaited her. His mother was sick, pining to see Ivy, and with Emmett's permission he would drive Ivy to his place, have her back by the time church was over. He was considerably later than that and Emmett was sorry for Ivy, cooped up with a sick old woman while he sat in the shaded churchyard. Still, he had been so deep in thought about his painting of her that he had not had time for much pity.

"Let's go home the long way," Ivy said when she got back.

They went home the long way through the hot afternoon.

"Tell me about my picture," Ivy said.

"I will paint you," Emmett said, "in the parlor bay window. I will push the lace curtains back so that on each side of the picture will be just their ripple. You will stand in your white dress before the clear glass, and behind you will be the mock orange."


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"How will I look?" asked Ivy.

"You will look," Emmett said slowly, seeing her like a white column budding for flowers, "fine."

"We came home the long way," Ivy told Oral, who was in the barnyard when they drove in. "We came home the long way and had to go slow because of the heat." She gave Emmett both her hands when he helped her from the buggy and walked at once to the house.

Oral helped with the unhitching. "I reckon you seen old Arod," he said.

"Arod Johnson?" asked Emmett.

"You know any other Arods?"

"No," said Emmett, "I don't. His mother was sick."

"She seems to be a mighty weak old lady," Oral told him, leading Clay to the barn.

In the second week Emmett began work on the barn each morning at sunup. In that way he made time for his painting of Ivy. He had never supposed hand and brush could work so well together. It was as if the lines of Ivy's body flowed downward of themselves, through his arm and hand, and onto the cardboard; it was as if her colors stained his fingers and he had only to touch his brush for them to be left where and as they should be.

"What do you think of while you are painting?"

He thought of very little. Then he was lost in the work; in the brush strokes, in the leaf-shaped shadows on the white dress, on the way Ivy's roundness and solidness were transferred by means of his skill so that in thin paint, and upon a flat surface, still she was round and solid.

**A London newspaper offered a prize for the best definition of money and awarded it to the following: An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness.**

—JUDGE BUXTON ROBERTSON:
Gems of Truth.

Afterward, when he was not painting, he thought, *In later days the picture will hang in a special place in the house and I will say to visitors, "That is my beautiful wife, Ivy Lish Maguire"; and to the children I'll say, "That is the first picture I ever painted of your mother." And I will never part with it, no matter what I should be offered for it.*

"I would like my eyelashes made longer," said Ivy.

"No," said Emmett, "that would be wrong."

"Wrong," said Ivy. "They are longer."

"But not looking at you," Emmett told her, "this way against the light."

If someone had told him, "You have never said the word 'love,'" he would have been surprised. Everything he did said the word, every look, every tone, every gesture. He himself heard no other sound.

"Is it finished?" asked Ivy.

"One more day. Do you like it?"

"The eyelashes should be longer," said Ivy, but Emmett could tell by the way she stood looking at the picture, turning her head, smiling, that she liked it.

That night he worked until late on the barn and went early to bed. He lay in his upstairs bedroom listening to the chirr of summer insects, and thought, *Tomorrow night the picture will be finished and I will put, in one corner of the picture, my name; in the other, hers.*

He was still awake when Oral came in, noisy in his unaccustomed shoes, and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Well, Oral?" asked Emmett.

"I got me a date with one of my girls," said Oral, as if answering the question.

"Which one?" Emmett asked sleepily, not caring, thinking, *He's got no one else to talk about his girls.*

(Continued on Page 199)

the magnificent gesture . . .





Chivalry still lives in the gracious raising of your hat to a lady. This small, almost effortless gesture, means so much. ■ To her, it is a symbol of your respect and good breeding. To you, it is a way of saying hello with an extra measure of grace, self-assurance and flair. ■ Next time you raise your hat to a lady, be sure it is worthy of your magnificent gesture. Be sure it's the right hat . . . the right shade, the right shape, the right style, for you. ■ You can be sure you're getting the right hat when you consult a *Recognized Hatter*—wherever this plaque is featured.




This Plaque Identifies a Recognized Hatter

The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.

wear a hat . . . it gives you poise



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Firmtwist #31101 Beauvais #1727 Beauvais #1763 Doric #918



(Continued from Page 197)

The best one. Two's too many," Oral
., "if you've got one good girl."
One good girl's enough," Emmett agreed,
ling. "How's the other one taking it?"
She's down in the mouth," Oral admit-
"but she'll get over it."
Sure," Emmett echoed out of his drowsi-
s, "they all get over it."
Emmett," Oral asked, "who's that pic-
e belong to, you or Ivy?"
Ivy," Emmett said, wanting to say her
he, though he had thought of the picture
heirs together.
That's all right, then," Oral said, getting
the bed.
It's Ivy's and mine together."
She's given away your half, too, then,"
l told him. "Both halves together to Arod
nson."
Emmett sat up in bed. Oral was standing
ere the moonlight from the window fell
oss his broad and sorrowful face.
I could've told you," he said, "but there
sn't ever a time
en you'd hear to
It's gone," he
ured him, as
mett got out of
. "Wrapped in
cher paper and
en away."
Emmett sat down
in.
My girl's waiting
me," Oral said. At
door he turned
k. "Ivy's a born
-timer. You ain't
first."
For a long time after
l left, Emmett sat
the edge of his bed.
felt numbed, be-
nd feeling anything,
when he stood up
hands and face
re wet, and he saw
t without knowing
e had been crying.
*The thing to do,* he
ided, *is to get out,*
*k and leave. Get*
*e before I have to*
*k on any of their*
*es again.*
Outside, his carpet-
g in his hand, he
od for a time in
barnyard. He
ld see that it was
l early, a moonlit
mmer night, cool-
off now so that
river mists were
wing up into the
ws. He could hear
soft, slow move-
nts of the animals in their stalls. Old Clay
ne quietly to the fence, hung his head
oss the top rail, and with eyes glassy in
moonlight looked at Emmett.
"Let's get out of here," Emmett said. But
en he saw the ladder and scaffolding still
ainst the barn, and the unpainted section
ound the haymow door, he determined,
ibbornly, to finish the job. "I'll not go and
ve a stroke undone," he told Old Clay, as
is horse had argued with him about it.

NCE upon the scaffolding, brush in hand,
other idea came to him: *She took my pic-*
*e and gave it away. I'll leave another here*
*t can't be given away, and I'll paint her this*
*e as she really is, so no eye can miss it.*
He went down the ladder and brought up
other paints, and while he was doing this
was filled with hate and scorn, thinking,
*l put her on the barn so that everyone can see*
*at a slut looks like.* But he could not do it.
He did not know which way it was:
ether he was unable to paint and hate at
e same time, or whether actually he would
ver be able to hate Ivy, no matter what
e might do. Whichever way it was, the
ush strokes taking away his hate, or with-
t real hate to begin with, he was painting a
cture now much different from his first.
And better, too, he knew; though whether on that surface, with the paints he had, it would show as such, he couldn't tell. There would be no rippling lace curtains in this picture, because it would be Ivy herself unobscured by any of his imaginings. He remembered what he had thought: a tower of white, and budding; and remembering, spat with disgust over the edge of the scaffolding.

FROM below someone whispered, "Look out for me," and there in the moonlight, gazing upward, was Oral.

"What you doing out this time of night?"

"Getting home," Oral whispered, so that Emmett, answering, whispered too, though the house was far enough away to keep anyone from hearing.

"You better get on to bed. You'll catch a strapping, staying out all night this way."

"Strapping," Oral scoffed. "I'm not sleeping in the house anyway," he said. "I'm sleeping in the haymow." He stood, stocky legs far apart, head thrown back so that his white hair shone in the moonlight's glow like dandelion fuzz. "What you painting her again for?" he whispered scornfully. "Whyn't you paint something pretty up there? A big sunflower or a rooster?"

"Be quiet, can't you?" Emmett said. "This makes me feel better."

Oral went inside the barn and Emmett could hear him mounting the ladder into the haymow, then rustling about as he hollowed himself a place to sleep.

Long after Emmett had supposed him to be sleeping, he heard Oral's voice very near at hand as if he were speaking with his mouth close to a knothole or crack. "Emmett?"

"What you want now, Oral?"

"Whyn't you get some of them powders, Emmett?"

"Powders?"

"The ones from the catalogue. They work good, Emmett." Oral's voice was filled with kindness.

"I didn't know they'd come."

"Oh, sure, they came. They're strong and good. I wish you'd try some, Emmett."

"No," Emmett told him, "they wouldn't work for me. No powder'll do me any good. I've just got to learn."

"Don't waste any more time on her," urged Oral. "Paint something nice. Paint a picture of a field of punkins."

"When I finish this, I will."

The moon was still bright when he finished, but the stars had begun to dim and the sky's darkness was fading. He hitched and loaded his stuff into the buckboard, but before he drove away he stood looking up at his work.

"I can paint," he said, looking at his picture of Ivy, forgetting Ivy herself.

He had driven down the slope from the house and up the first little rise when he heard a clear but controlled hallooing behind him. Turning about, he saw that Oral had opened the door of the haymow so that his picture of Ivy was cut in two: a head, then, where the upper part of her body should have been, the empty space of the open door, and below that the swelling white skirt.

"Emmett," Oral hallooed quietly.

Emmett waved to show that he heard.

"You forgot your catalogue, Emmett."

"Keep it," Emmett called back. "You keep it, Oral. I can get another."

## *Betrothal*

**BY CATHERINE HAYDON JACOBS**

**I shall not say I have not loved before**
**Because today I pledge my troth to you.**
**I have loved much as other women do,**
**Nor have I suffered any less or more.**
**Whatever hurt I gave, whatever bore,**
**Today I know the boon of thinking through—**
**The older loves are mentors to the new.**
**There stands a closed gate—here an open door.**
**My love has learned the strength of little things;**
**If one small link is broken in a chain,**
**I shall remember how to mend the rings,**
**That it may bear its happiness again.**
**My love has woven with a lasting prayer**
**A pattern worthy of your heart to wear.**




*Craftspun Curtains*

**are back home again . . .**
**lovelier than ever!**

Here, at last are the beautiful Craftspun* Curtains your windows have been longing for! New designs are smarter than ever—many expressly made to harmonize with period furnishings. All are fashioned of 2- and 3-ply yarn with that same tied-in-place weave that kept prewar Craftspuns on duty while our looms were busy weaving camouflage nets.

If you're planning your first home you'll thrill at the gracious air these lovely net curtains give a room. They're correct, up-to-the-minute—yet so inexpensive. Many patterns come ready-to-hang in 6 standard lengths, with expertly tailored hems and headings. See them at your dealer's now.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SCRANTON

CRAFTSPUN *Curtains*

"THE NET OF THEM ALL"




Their gentle voices carried on the quiet morning air. The last stars had faded and the river smell was fresh and sharp.

"Good-by, Emmett," Oral called as Emmett, waving, drove on.

For as long as Emmett could be seen C stood in the open doorway, not himself w ing, but following the buckboard with eyes until finally it topped a distant rise dropped from sight.

## BLUEPRINT FOR A MEAL

*(Continued from Page 50)*

minutes a pound. For a medium cut—my choice—roast away at twenty-five minutes for each pound. And for the well done, which isn't done very often, I guess, plan on around thirty minutes a pound. These timetables ought to get you over any hurdles and produce the kind of roast of beef your family is mouth-watering for—that is, if it's that kind of roast in the beginning.

With the roast beef there must be potatoes. And to my mind, next to creamed potatoes (done my favorite way), the most delicious potato dish known to man is Franconia potatoes. Though when there is no roast beef, I'll settle for a perfectly baked potato any day.

### FRANCONIA POTATOES

**Peel as many potatoes as you need and bring them to a boil in salted water. Let them boil only two or three minutes. Drain them, season, and place in the roasting pan around the beef, about forty minutes before the roast is done. Take out the rack from under the beef first. Baste with the fat. Roast them until golden brown and tender, turning the potatoes now and then so they will brown evenly. They are delicious, and something about the roasting makes them extra mealy, extra fine and full of flavor, most divine.**

> **If one is really interested in the technique of giving pleasure to a patient (and why else should anybody wish to visit one?) he may remember first that the sweetest word in all the world to a sick person is "you." The second most delightful word, of course, is "your." With these two words to work with, one may build up a fine afternoon for an invalid.**
>
> —GERTRUDE WARNER: Pleasures and Palaces. Frances and Gertrude Warner (Houghton, Mifflin).

***Back to the beginning.*** I shall speak a few more words about the roaster and what goes into it, but I really ought to begin at the beginning and not get all het up over something that comes later. But when I have a roast of beef, I want to get it in the oven. Now that's done, let's get on to what really starts this meal on its way. And that, my dears, is mushroom consommé.

### MUSHROOM CONSOMMÉ

**For this you need a rich beef stock. You may use canned consommé, meat paste or cubes for your stock, but we made a good strong beef stock from the end of the ribs and added a good soup bone, put in 4 quarts of water, a handful of celery and parsley, a carrot, an onion, herbs, salt and pepper. Let simmer about five hours. Strain the stock. Do this the day before. Chill overnight. Take off the fat that will come to the top. (This overnight stand produces a well-jellied stock.) If stock has reduced too much, water or canned consommé may be added to make 1½ quarts. Heat stock to boiling. Add 2 unbeaten egg whites. Let boil several minutes until the whites are set. Let stand one hour to settle. Then strain through double thicknesses of cheesecloth. Chop 1 pound of peeled mushrooms very fine. Cook in just enough water to cover, season with salt and pepper. Add, without draining, to the consommé. When you heat and serve it, add slices of lemon.**

***One more breath of England.*** No Englishman (they don't go out in the midday sun, you know) and neither do they go in for roast beef without—guess what?—why, Yorkshire pudding, of course. Now Yorkshire pudding, having been translated to our shores, is really a popover idea. Looks like it, tastes like it and, once neatly set beside a generous thick slice of the aforesaid beef, somehow ties in as naturally as corn on the cob at a barbecue or lobsters at a clambake. Yorkshire pudding is usually baked in a square pan and cut into squares. We like ours baked in a muffin pan—the crust is crisper.

### YORKSHIRE PUDDING

**Sift 1 cup of flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Beat 2 eggs until light. Combine w 1 cup of milk. Stir into the dry mixtu Beat until smooth. Preheat muffin pa with 1 tablespoon of beef drippings in ea cup until very hot. Divide the batte filling the cups only about half full. Ba in a hot oven—450° F.—for fifteen minut then lower the temperature to 350° F. fifteen minutes more. (This means st ping up the oven for the first fifteen m utes of baking.) The roast itself can kept hot for fifteen minutes, either in warming oven or on top of the stove.**

***Tomatoes to end all tomatoes.*** Thi a dish that, as they say in the circles wher move, "can't be beat." One warning no don't be shocked at the sugar. It brings the richness and ripeness of the tomato holds the charm inta and makes of the d an unforgettable a unusual treble note the basso profundo the roast itself. (N why do I go musi all of a sudden? don't know, maybe do.)

### SCALLOPED TOMATOES

**Arrange 6 lar peeled ripe tomat in a baking dis Sprinkle with pe per and 1½ teaspoons of salt and ¾ cup sugar, and fill in around the tomat with 1 cup of bread crumbled from t center of the loaf. Mix with a fork 1 c of bread crumbs and ¼ cup of melted b ter or margarine. Sprinkle over the t Bake along with the roast for about hour.**

***From the shore of the Pacific.*** C fornia has about everything, from stars slacks to abalone shells in the moonlig And the fruit! Well, to walk throu the pungent orchards with their burd of fruit on every limb is something one dream of through the dreariest North winter, and see in the sunset on every miliar shore.

So here's to California. And here's a d sert that bespeaks some of her lavish c tributions to beauty and taste and sure light. A sunset-glow upside-down ca Serve it hot, serve it cold, but don't stingy; make the portions ample and sauce a complement to so much goodn And your success is complete.

### SUNSET UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

**Melt 3 tablespoons of butter or marg rine in a ten-inch skillet that has a remo ble handle. Of course an iron spider is ev better. Add 1 cup of brown sugar. He slowly until the sugar and butter or m garine blend well and begin to bubl Remove from the heat. Arrange half sli of pineapple around the edge, a whole sl in the center. In between lay apri halves, cut side up. Put maraschino ch ries here and there for that red that is red. Now make the batter, which is orange-cake batter and first-rate. Cre ½ cup of shortening and 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind. Add 1 cup of su gradually and continue creaming u light and fluffy. Add 2 eggs, beaten lig Sift together 1½ cups of cake flour, 2 t spoons of baking powder and ¼ teaspo of salt. Add alternately to the crea mixture with ½ cup of orange juice, be ing after each addition until smoo Pour the batter over the fruit. Bake i moderate oven, 350° F., for fifty minutes one hour, or until it springs back ligh**

*(Continued on Page 202)*

# Good Old *Bread and Gravy*

## WITH *Rich Brown Gravy*

## EVERY TIME



Good old bread and gravy a-coverin' up your plate . . . That, says Eddie Guest, is "just one bit of eatin' which I hold supremely great."*

So says "the poet of the people." And so says the whole nation, for March is National Bread and Gravy Month!

To do justice to those big thick slices of enriched bread, smother them with gravy (and *what* gravy!) made with Wilson's B-V. Ummm—gravy that's *smooth! rich! brown! good!*—you get it every time with my foolproof recipe, using B-V. No meat drippings are needed, but if you use them, trust B-V to add a bountiful amount of extra meat flavor.

To be sure of getting genuine B-V—America's favorite meat flavor—look for it in the orange and blue carton, or ask for it by name at your favorite dealer's. Get some today and have good old bread and B-V gravy tonight!

*George Rector*
Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

### B-V GRAVY RECIPE

2 tbsp. fat or drippings — 1 cup liquid (water, milk or vegetable water)
2 tbsp. flour — 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V

Melt fat, add flour and blend well. Add liquid and stir until smooth. When hot, add B-V which has been dissolved in a small amount of the hot mixture. Cook until thickened sufficiently. Serves 3 or 4.

---

*B-V is a delicious blend of concentrated meat extract and selected vegetable flavors. Use it whenever rich meat flavor is desired—in soups, stews, hot drinks, casseroles, meat loaves, etc.*

**See "Bread and Gravy" from SELECTED POEMS, by Edgar A. Guest (Reilly & Lee Co.). Quoted by permission of the copyright holders.*



MARCH IS NATIONAL BREAD & GRAVY MONTH







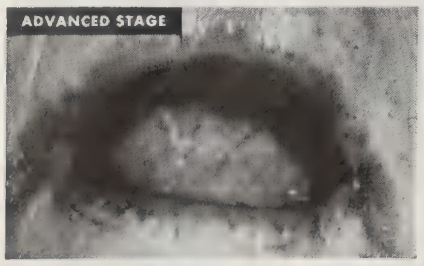
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With a handy shelf like this in your pantry, you'll save many steps—many hours—in the preparation of delicious meals. Start your own "quickie" shelf with these quality meat products—Wilson's MOR, Corned Beef Hash, Chili, Tamales, Deviled Ham and America's favorite meat flavor, Wilson's B-V. *All seasoned the Wilson way.*

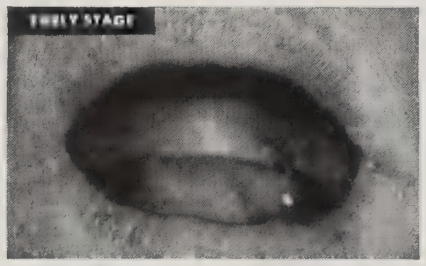
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*The Wilson label protects your table*

# LIPS CAN REVEAL
## Early and Advanced Signs of
# "TISSUE STARVATION"




MORBID CHANGES shown in mouth tissues above due to advanced "Tissue Starvation." This is a severe case, resulting from vitamin shortages over a period of years.




LIP LESIONS like these in the unretouched photograph above are relatively common where there is a chronic—even if comparatively mild—vitamin deficiency.



**"TISSUE STARVATION" is producible by a lack of vitamins in the living cells of your body— Its signs often appear first in Eyes, Skin and Mouth**

MILLIONS have missed the real point about vitamins. Vitamins are needed factors in the foods we eat, it's true. But more than that they're part and parcel of every body tissue. If you're short of vitamins, your shortage may show in those tissues themselves.

You can have a "Tissue Starvation" — producible by a vitamin deficiency — even though you are overweight. Advanced medical opinion confirms that thousands of Americans today DO show some sign of "Tissue Starvation"!

To insure accurate understanding — the "Advanced" photograph above shows a degree of "Tissue Starvation" quite rare in the United States. But the early condition pictured at the right is fairly frequently seen, and so are such signs as swollen gums . . . cloudy eye-whites . . . lesions of the tongue . . . roughened places on the skin of arms and thighs. These signs, of course, may result from such conditions as irritation, infection or other malnutrition, but "Tissue Starvation" due to vitamin deficiency is a frequent and *basic* cause. To help prevent this form of "Tissue Starvation," you should take *multiple* vitamins — take ALL the known needed vitamins, not just one or a few. One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamins bring you vitamins A, $B_1$, $B_2$, C and D, plus Niacin, Calcium Pantothenate and $B_6$—all in a single capsule.

**THE MILES PLAN**
**FOR HEALTH PROTECTION**

**1. PROPER DIET.** Vitamin deficiencies may accrue gradually in the body tissues throughout your entire life. So try to eat a balanced diet *every* day from now on.

**2. PROTECTIVE VITAMINS.** Take one capsule of Miles One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins every day.

**3. CONDITIONING FACTORS.** Certain conditions and habits (diarrhea, over-indulgence, etc.) increase vitamin needs. Protect yourself then by taking extra vitamins.

**4. SEE YOUR DOCTOR** — if you think you have lesions — as above — that indicate vitamin deficiency.




ONE A DAY BRAND
MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES
Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.


(Continued from Page 200)

**from a touch in the center. Turn out upside down. Serve warm or cold with or without the following sauce: Beat 2 eggs very light, thick and lemony. Add 1 cup of granulated sugar, part at a time, and beat hard. Then whip 1 cup of cream very stiff and fold in. Chill. Flavor to taste with vanilla or orange, or any choice you have.**

***The map is here.*** What is a blueprint but a map! Map for a meal. And now you have the compass and the path. The roast beef and the Yorkshire, the soup and the dessert. No matter if March winds blow and the last snowstorm sweeps by. There is good eating here. Let us enjoy it with fine appreciation. May your roast be the best ever—and I think it will be.

## "DATE WITH DADDY"

(Continued from Page 177)

If your conscience is absolutely clear on all these scores, your lack of time would seem to indicate that you are a poor organizer, who lets unimportant detail get in the way of jobs that count. Check your daily operations with a fresh eye, remembering that shared recreation with your husband ought to come ahead of fancy ironing, fancy cooking—or fancy anything!

***"It costs too much to go anywhere."***

Nonsense. In a country where there are more radios, automobiles and electrical gadgets than anywhere in the world, the cry of poverty so abject as to make mild outings unaffordable is rarely true. A trip to the local refreshment place for a soda and juke-box dancing, or to second-run movies, does not require a heavy investment. Besides, there are church and club festivities which often cost nothing; or what's the matter with a good old-fashioned picnic?

There have been many jokes about the proud, tightfisted farmer who bought more up-to-date equipment for his cows than he did for his wife. In reverse, there have also been wives who placed too much stress on showy worldly goods. No home is well furnished, however handsome the parlor carpet, if it contains a wife who would rather impress the neighbors with a look of prosperity than have a companionable time with her husband. Emotional misers acquire pinched personalities just as surely as those who hoard gold.

***"I am too tired."***

On the surface, this seems a legitimate excuse for a woman who does her own work, raises a family and copes with a hundred and one unexpected demands on her time and energy every day. Actually, tired women are the ones who particularly need the stimulation of an evening of stepping out. If their weariness has been aggravated by children's unceasing voices and activity, an adult twosome ought to be a welcome relief. A husbandly date, however, should be approached with something more than a spirit of relief, and should not be accompanied with a steady sighing and reviewing of the day's problems. Likely the gentleman you're married to has a few workaday worries of his own. By taking his mind off them, and being as much fun and as nice to look at as possible, you produce a kind of boomerang tonic that refreshes you as much as the one at whom it is aimed.

It is now an accepted fact that the cure for tiredness isn't necessarily closing your eyes, but may be, instead, opening your mind. Substitute a new activity—something you like to do—for whatever it is that has grown monotonous, and you're a new woman! And now do you still claim you are too tired to go out with your husband? Watch out, lady; in that case you're not tired, you're *bored*. That's bad, because the quickest way to become tiresome to others is to lose interest yourself. Maybe your husband is feeling just the least little bit tired too!

***"I can't leave the children."***

You mean you can't, or you don't want to? The high-school-girl "sitter" who does


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- *It is antiseptic and fights infection.*
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AUNT MARTHA'S Hot Iron TRANSFERS



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MISERIES . . . DUE TO
head colds




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her lessons in your home of an evening and earns pin money keeping an ear turned in the direction of your sleeping children, while you have a little diversion, has become a national boon. Or you can trade services with a neighbor and mind her brood one night if she will do the same for you, in turn. This is all presuming you have no handy relatives or a child who is old enough to take over.

You are probably not going far enough away to be unavailable in case of emergency, and the telephone can hunt you down if real need arises, which it seldom does.

If you are one of those overanxious mothers who feel that nothing is safe enough for their children except their actual presence in their near vicinity at all times, you are asking for trouble. You are weakening your children. You are teaching them that you expect to subordinate your life to theirs, which is hardly a healthy viewpoint or one that will win their respect. You are, moreover, in danger of alienating your husband, who may quite reasonably resent the fact that the children have usurped his place in your affections.

***"I have no pretty clothes — I am ashamed of the way I look."***

That sounds like the old overworked inferiority complex, doesn't it? You know, you don't *have* to treat yourself that way. A dress in a becoming color costs no more than any other kind. The editorial and advertising pages of magazines are full of free grooming advice. The counters in the chain stores are crowded with small sizes of excellent cosmetics. Trim clothes and clean good looks are almost as readily available in America as pure drinking water.

---

**No needle is sharp at both ends.**

---

The truth is, putting the blame on your looks is unfair. If you have consistently neglected your appearance, it is more than likely that you have a sore spot somewhere inside your mind or heart, and that your outward carelessness is a protest against something you don't like in your world. Think it over. And in the meantime, don't be mean to yourself. Give yourself a chance. A fresh-looking skin and a fair figure require very little more than soap, water and self-denial.

And if you really set your mind to it, you can fix up a dress. You know how we women are! What is more, the effort and imagination you expend in this labor of self-improvement may be the best possible medicine for your inner hurt.

***"My husband isn't interested."***

Why isn't he? You started out with a powerful mutual attraction. What has happened to it? Go back in your mind carefully over your relationship. When did it start to change? And—be very honest now—whose fault was it? These marital disappointments are rarely, if ever, all one-sided. How did you let your husband down? If there is a serious rift, you might consider talking to a family counselor. This sort of friendly, trained service is spreading over the country now. It has the advantage of being impersonal, and in no way resembles the heated advice usually given so freely by close friends and relatives which, in spite of best intentions, is unavoidably biased.

In most cases, however, there has been a gradual drifting into dull ways rather than downright dissension. It takes effort to pull out, and the work will devolve mostly on the wife, since hers is the more emotionally imaginative sex. Many a wife who is bemoaning the increasing stodginess and grumpiness of the man she married, and who finds outlet in secret dreams about romantic screen heroes, needs nothing so much as a new love affair. Why not? A love affair which she, best in all the world, could inaugurate, and foster, and bring to delightful perfection through her unique experience ■ love affair with her own husband.



THE MAJESTY OF ORGAN MUSIC, echoing in Gothic nave and choir . . . gentle tribute to one dearly loved. Departed.

It is in this hour that the heart seeks something fine to bestow. Perhaps that is why, through the years, the choice of so many has been the Clark Metal Grave Vault. *The finest tribute . . . the most trusted protection.*
Stately. Beautiful. Armored against the elements.
All metal. Nonporous. Noncracking.
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An enduring custodian.
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CLARK
GRAVE VAULTS



*When an inverted tumbler is submerged in water, the pressure of trapped air in the glass prevents water from rising inside. Placed over the casket, the Clark Grave Vault is designed to exclude water by this same scientific principle.* Copyrighted 1946. The Clark Grave Vault Co., Columbus, O.

# CONVERSATION PIECE

*By Ruth Mills Teague*

OUR forebears must have appreciated the virtues of soup far more than most of us do today: else why do all antique dinner sets include those immense tureens big enough to hold a complete dinner for eight? I have three such tureens and have discovered that it's delightful to use them in the way their capacity indicates—for meals that are practically soup, period.

There are few things more delicious than a soup that shrewdly blends the makings of a whole dinner, and nothing that lends itself more easily to the smart informality one wants in a Saturday or Sunday supper, or in a lunch before going on to a game or whatever.

Such a party is easy to prepare in advance, easy to serve and sure of success. What more could one ask? So let's work out the menu.

With cocktails we'll want something rather special—something that will combine the qualities of salad and hors d'oeuvres. The answer is a platter of shrimp, little tufts of raw cauliflower and strips of crisp red and green pepper, and in the center a bowl of highly seasoned mayonnaise to dip them in. The shrimp will be speared with colored picks and everyone will be supplied with small plates so that communal dunking—an awkward and often messy performance—will be eliminated.

For the cocktail you might try a combination of sauerkraut juice and tomato juice pepped up with Worcestershire sauce.

*(Continued on Page 206)*



*Supper of bread and soup—simple? But sensational, if you give it that just-right touch. Homemade bread, served hot from the oven, is easy and exactly what you need to go with borsch and sour cream.*

PHOTOS BY STUART



*For hors d'oeuvres, raw cauliflowerets, the ever-popular shrimp and sliced raw peppers, both red and green. With delicious mayonnaise to dip into—well, you'd better prepare plenty of all three!*

*Dessert must be pretty to look at, served at the table. Use chopped strawberries, fresh or frozen, as a bright red base for individual baked custards. Or substitute red raspberries or Bing cherries.*





*Few things are more delicious than a soup that shrewdly blends the makings of a whole dinner, and nothing lends itself more easily to smart informality. This time it's borsch, hearty and subtle too.*

# It's a Big Evening... Have a Coca-Cola



## ...time out for the friendly pause

"Snacks at our house" is an invitation that always rings the bell. No matter what the hour, when the young folks are out for a good time they can look forward to a real treat—when there's a bit of home cooking in the cupboard and frosty Coca-Cola in the icebox. *Have a Coke* says Sam to Sue, meaning, *This certainly is a date to remember.* The friendly pause, with ice-cold Coca-Cola, is the perfect way to climax a happy occasion—to make any occasion happier.



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### VEGETABLE VARIATIONS

Vegetables are full of delightful surprises! To prove it, just try this "second-bite" lemon taste test the next time you serve these vegetables:

| | |
|---|---|
| Carrots | Broccoli |
| Beets | Asparagus |
| String Beans | Spinach |

Try the first bite *without* lemon. Hmmm, pretty good—but a little flat. Now squeeze a few drops of fresh lemon juice on the *second* bite. Oh, what a difference those few drops make! Lemon really has a knack for bringing back that garden-fresh flavor.

### HOW TO GLAMORIZE A SQUASH



Yes, we mean *squash* (Hubbard or any winter variety), and don't go away, please. Here's the recipe, and you can tell just by reading it that *this* squash means second helpings—even from husbands!

**GLAZED SQUASH**

**4 cups squash cubes or pieces**
**1 teaspoon salt**
**1 tablespoon brown sugar**
**1 tablespoon honey**
**3 tablespoons lemon juice**
**1 teaspoon grated lemon peel**
**Butter or margarine**

Remove seeds and rind. Cut into one-inch cubes. Place in shallow, buttered casserole. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over squash. Dot with butter. Cover. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes or until squash is tender. Remove cover and continue baking until squash is glazed (about 10 minutes longer). Serves 6.

### FIXING FISH?

When you serve fish, of course you'll serve it with lemon, but have you tried *preparing* it with lemon? Takes away the odor entirely.

**Whether you bake, broil or fry fish, first rub well with fresh lemon juice, inside and out. Cook as usual. No odor, we promise, and fresher flavor.**

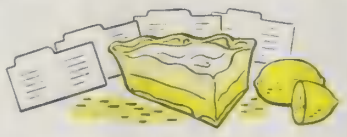
Bonus reasons for using fresh lemon juice: It's one of the richest sources of vitamins C, "P" and $B_1$. It aids digestion, alkalinizes. Adds health whenever used.

### SUGAR SAVER
### APPLESAUCE SUPREME

Here's an unusual way to make your sugar ration go further. Next time you serve canned peaches, or apricots, or pears, save some of the juice for making applesauce. Substitute it for the usual water and sugar, add a sprinkling of grated lemon peel and discover how truly delicious applesauce can be.

### PARTY DESSERT—ANY TIME

The dessert that makes any meal a party—that's lemon pie, of course. So popular that *10* lemon pie recipes—all wonderful—are listed in the famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book (see below for your *free* copy).



Here's a lemon surprise that makes *any* pie better: Use lemon juice in making the pie crust! (Quoted from Page 16, Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book.)

**SUNKIST PASTRY**

**3 cups sifted flour**

**1 teaspoon salt**

**Sift together**

**Cut in: 1 cup shortening**

**Add: 1 slightly beaten egg, combined with 3 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice**

**Add gradually: Ice water—just enough to bind dough together**

Roll pastry out thin and line pie plates. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) for 15 minutes. (Makes three 8-inch single pie shells. Keep unbaked dough in refrigerator until needed.)

### TEA MAGIC

You can *see* lemon work its magic with tea. Add a little lemon and watch the tea turn from brown to clear amber. And the taste? More magic. For that change in color means any bitterness is gone and the true *tea* flavor is released.



Of course, you can think of a dozen more ways lemons help, such as to sour fresh milk in a jiffy, keep cut-up fruits and vegetables from discoloring, remove stains, keep hands soft and white. The point is—lemons do so much so easily, to make foods better and housekeeping easier, you want to be sure to keep a supply on hand—and *use* them.

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P.S. For that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book, write Sunkist, Sec. 203, Los Angeles 55, California.

**Sunkist *California Lemons***



*(Continued from Page 204)*

The soup will be borsch, but not the usual delicate borsch that is served at the beginning of a meal. This is soup, vegetables and meat all in one, hearty enough to satisfy the most ravenous appetite and subtle enough to excite the most meticulous epicure. I was introduced to it by a Russian friend who had known it as the favorite family meal in her childhood home. Of course there must be plenty of sour cream for each bowl—borsch without sour cream isn't borsch at all.

With the soup we'll have homemade bread—the easy kind, and I promise you it *is* easy. It's a slap-dash method, but you'd never dream it when the hot crusty slices come to the table. Serve your favorite marmalade or preserves with the bread.

The dessert will be a bowl of chopped frozen or fresh strawberries with individual baked custards. And with it a heavenly sauce to pour over each serving. This combination is perfect in taste and texture, and it's a real dessert that is neither too rich nor too sweet. (If strawberries are unobtainable, red raspberries or bing cherries can be substituted.)

And so to recipes. We'll prepare for six—increase quantities if party is to be larger.

### HORS D'OEUVRES

*Shrimp.* Use large fresh, frozen or canned shrimp. If frozen or canned, clean and store in refrigerator until very cold.

To prepare fresh shrimp, wash thoroughly in cold water, let stand in cold water twenty minutes, drain and plunge into boiling water to which 1 bay leaf, 1 onion and 1 teaspoon lemon juice have been added. Boil ten minutes, cool in broth, peel, clean and store in refrigerator. It's rather a nuisance to prepare fresh shrimp, but it's worth the effort.

*Cauliflower.* The day before, separate a fine head of cauliflower into small tufts, wash thoroughly, cover with ice water and store in refrigerator.

*Peppers.* Select fine large red and green peppers. If they are extra large, one of each color will be enough. Cut them the long way into strips about three quarters of an inch wide, remove seeds and white membranes, cover with ice water and store for an hour or so in the refrigerator.

### MAYONNAISE

Measure 2⅔ cups salad oil, and be sure that it and the mixing bowl are cold. Into the bowl put 2 large egg yolks, ¼ teaspoon Nepaul or red pepper, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 scant teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons wine vinegar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Beat for half a minute with rotary or electric beater and begin adding the oil, a little at a time at first and later in a small but steady stream, beating constantly and fast. In four to five minutes you will have a bowl of stiff golden mayonnaise. Many people shy away from making mayonnaise because (1) they say it curdles, (2) they say it takes too long. But if you follow this recipe I can assure you success and a minimum of effort. Remember: bowl and oil cold; all other ingredients mixed before any oil is added. This recipe makes about a pint and a half. To 1 pint mayonnaise add 2 cloves garlic, cut in half, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a little more pepper. Stir and store in refrigerator at least overnight.

To serve the hors d'oeuvres, remove garlic and fill a small bowl with mayonnaise. Place the bowl in the center of a platter and make a beautiful arrangement of shrimp, cauliflower and peppers around it. Spear each shrimp with a colored pick and be sure everything is icy cold.

### BORSCH

The day before, make a rich broth by boiling together in 5 quarts water about 4 pounds boiling beef or soup meat and a lot of bones, the more the better. Use beef, veal, pork or lamb bones, or all four. Add 4 teaspoons salt, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 2 bay leaves, ½ teaspoon whole pepper and 3 cloves garlic. Cover and cook for at least five hours, adding water if liquid falls below one half, strain and set in cold place. When very cold the grease will congeal on top of broth and should be removed.

When you are ready to make the borsch, measure about 9 cups broth into a large pot and set it over a low flame. Cut 1 pound lean pork into thin slices approximately the size and twice the thickness of a silver dollar. The shapes and thickness are bound to vary, but the silver dollar is a lead. Cut ¾ pound Polish sausage or garlic-seasoned frankfurters into very thin rounds.

Into a skillet put 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups grated or finely chopped raw red cabbage, and 1 finely chopped large onion. Sauté for five minutes, stirring frequently. Empty this into broth and let it cook while you grate 1 large or 2 small cans whole red beets, reserving juice. Many borsch recipes insist on elaborate goings on with grated *raw* beets, but after much experimentation I've decided the only thing gained is a lot of work.

Put the grated beets and their juice into the pot, add 2 medium crystals sour salt and let the soup boil ten minutes. Now taste for seasoning and add more pepper and salt as needed. (Instead of sour salt you can use 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ordinary salt.)

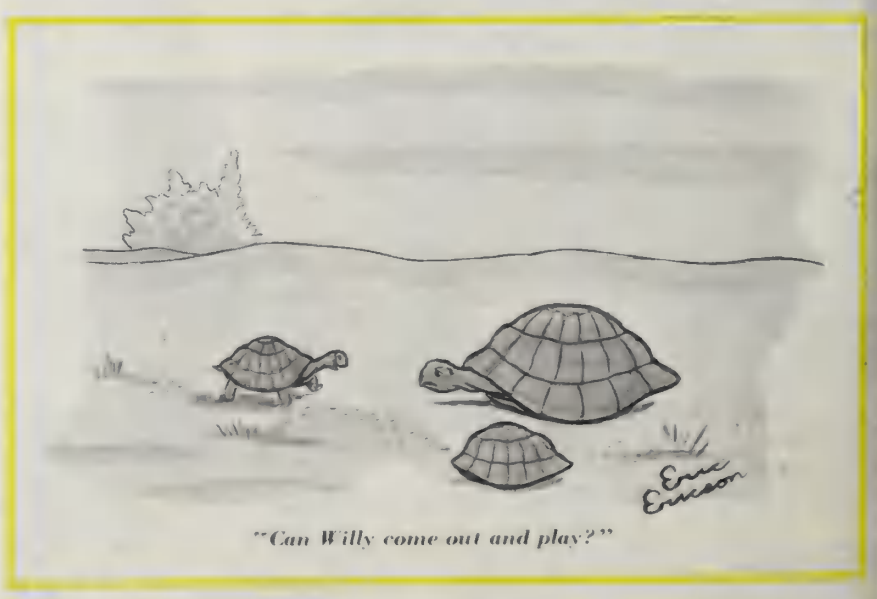
Lower the heat under soup and prepare the meat in this way: dredge the pork *very* lightly with flour and sauté in skillet with 2 tablespoons fat for five minutes. Add sausage slices. Pour in 1 cup water, and when it bubbles up, empty skillet into the soup pot. After this the soup should cook for twenty minutes, and fini.

This borsch can be made ahead of time, but be careful not to overcook it in reheating. If the soup is too thick, add more broth or water. Serve very hot from a tureen into large hot soup plates, and let each guest help himself to sour cream. I like a lot and so do many people, but others want only a spoonful.

### HOMEMADE BREAD

Scald, but do not boil, 2⅔ cups milk and ¼ pound butter. Cool to lukewarm and add 2 well-beaten eggs and 2 cakes yeast that have been dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water.

Sift together 8 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons salt and 1½ tablespoons sugar. Add liquids to flour and beat. You'll have to be pretty rugged about this, but it's the only real



*"Can Willy come out and play?"*



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work involved. Put the bowl on a chair so that you can bend over and give it all you've got. A wooden spoon is the best beating instrument. After five minutes of this, cover the bowl with cheesecloth and set it in a warm place to rise. My spot is the top of the oil-burning furnace, with a couple of mixing boards under the bowl.

When the dough has doubled in bulk—one and three quarters to two hours—transfer it to well-greased bread pans. Don't be gentle about this. Grease your hands, gouge out a hunk of dough, juggle it into an elongated shape and smack it into a pan. The dough will be sticky and will look like nothing remotely resembling a loaf of bread. Set the pans to rise, and when the dough has again doubled in bulk—about one hour—bake it in a preheated oven at 375° F. for from fifty minutes to an hour. When the bread is done, it will leave the sides of the pans. Turn it out upside down and cover it with a towel. Try to plan your schedule so that the bread is done a little before mealtime, to be served hot from the oven. If you can't manage that, reheat a few minutes before serving. Cut the bread into thick slices, put the slices back in loaf shape and serve in a napkin-lined basket.

### CUSTARD SABAYON

Beat together 4 large eggs, 6 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add gradually, beating all the while, 3 cups lukewarm milk. Pour into greased individual molds, place molds in a pan of cold water and bake from one and one half to one and three quarters hours in a slow oven—about 325° F. Test by inserting a silver knife in the custards. If the knife comes out clean, they are done. This is a little different from the usual basic recipe for baked custards and takes longer, but it's very sure.

If you are using fresh strawberries, cut them into small pieces, sprinkle with sugar and let them stand in the refrigerator an hour before needed. If the berries are frozen, they should be barely thawed when used.

### SAUCE SABAYON

Stir 1 tablespoon flour into 1 tablespoon melted butter, add 3 eggs, ⅛ teaspoon salt, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup orange juice and 1 cup sugar. Beat until light and cook in a double boiler until thick. Whip 1 cup heavy cream. When the sauce is cold, fold in the whipped cream. (If you like sherry wine as a seasoning, substitute a good domestic sherry for the orange juice.)

To serve, empty the custards upside down into a serving dish, spacing them evenly, and add the strawberries carefully so that they do not splash over the custards. Serve the sauce in a separate bowl.

***Service.*** Don't be misled by the informality of this party. Plan every detail carefully, for it's smooth simplicity, not a higgledy-piggledy effect, that you must achieve.

The soup should be served at the table and, if you have no tureen, one of those enormous earthenware pots that look like overgrown bean pots will do nicely. Dredge up generous portions and have plenty more for refills. You may find yourself serving some plates four times, for this is a soup to be long remembered.

The sour cream and bread can be passed around the table, and there's little need for help until the table-clearing moment arrives.

If you're without a helper—and in these days that wouldn't be phenomenal, to say the least—have a serving table, or better still, a serving cart, beside you. Empty dishes can be passed to you for stacking, conversation can go merrily on, and confusion be avoided. The idea is to bob up as little as possible yourself and to keep your guests from bobbing at all.

The Custard Sabayon should be served at the table, as should practically any dessert from pie on up and down the scale. A beautiful dessert is a lovely sight and should be enjoyed visually as well as gustatorially. After serving, pass the sauce and let the guests help themselves.

There you are—a simple little supper of bread and soup. Simple? Well, maybe "sensational" is a better word.




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*Finest*

**RECIPE FOR DREAM PUFFS**

1 package vanilla pudding powder
1 can Stokely's *Finest* Fruit Cocktail
1½ cups milk

Put pudding powder in saucepan; stir in milk. Stir and boil 30 seconds. Remove and chill. Use half as filling for 8 small cream puffs. Fold fruit cocktail including juice into remaining pudding. Serve over cream puffs. And to set guests off into raptures, each bright bit of fruit must be chockful of real fresh fruit goodness. You'll savor tree-ripened peaches . . . honey-sweet cherries . . . delicate pears . . . tart grapes . . . and golden pineapple in Stokely's *Finest* Fruit Cocktail. That's because the skilled workers in Stokely's spotless canneries are trained to let *nothing but the finest* appear under the label, "Stokely's *Finest*."

*Finest*

**RECIPE FOR PEAS PIQUANTE**

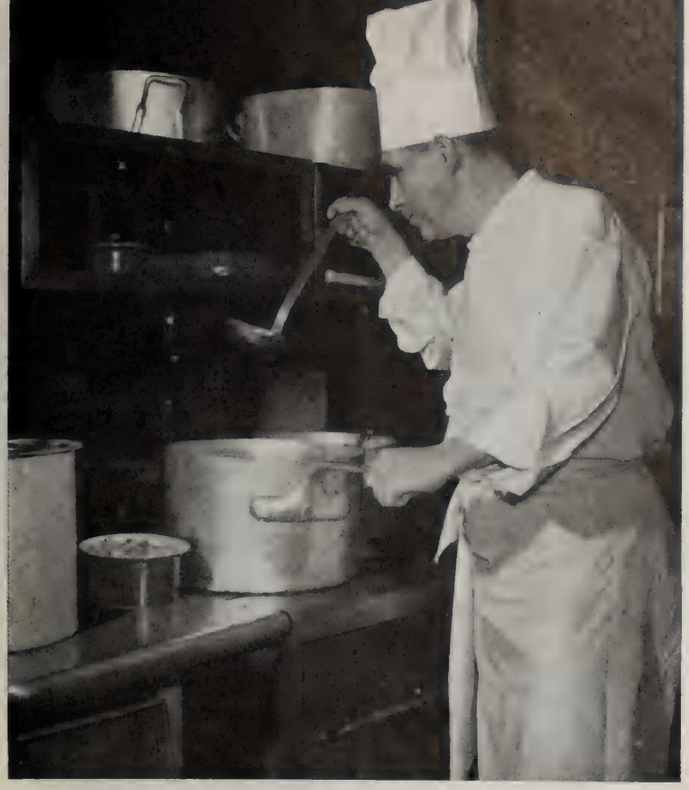
1 can corned beef hash (1 lb.)
1 can Stokely's *Finest* Peas
⅓ cup Stokely's *Finest* Chili Sauce
1 tablesp. butter or fortified margarine

Press hash into well-greased 6-inch ring mold. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 min. Drain peas; save liquid to use in soups or sauces. Heat together peas, chili sauce, butter. Turn out hash ring; fill with peas. Serves 4. And here's the secret of giving this satisfying dish a party flair that will delight unexpected guests. Use only the tenderest, greenest, most high-hat peas of all! Grown from seed with a mile-long pedigree . . . in the country's most cultivated, richest fields . . . Stokely's *Finest* are truly the aristocrats of the pea world. That guarantees you *nothing but the finest* in each delicious forkful of Stokely's *Finest*.




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*There's nothing like a soup pot to keep the home fires burning—and with happy family results. A good French soup can be a meal in itself.*

# If You Like Soup

## By Louis Diat

**Executive Chef of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York**

THE soup pot in our home certainly had little chance to get cold. Something was always gently bubbling in it, because soup was eaten every day and at any meal, breakfast included. When I was a youngster trudging off to school in cold weather I was fortified with a generous bowl of hot potato soup or a *panade* just as American youngsters are given cereal.

The idea, however, that everything is dumped into a soup kettle which boils on endlessly like a witches' brew is all wrong, at least in the homes I knew. Only flavors that would go well together were combined, and soup making received all the care and thought of any other cooking. Then when the soup casserole was empty it was washed out like any other utensil and was ready for the fresh ingredients that would fill it the next time.

It always seems to me that the thrift of the French does reach a peak in the *marmite*, that tall earthenware casserole used for soup making. Such small amounts of this and that, such inexpensive cuts of meat, fowl and vegetables, and everything flavorful that has no other use, like celery tops, find their way into the *marmite*. Put on the back of the stove, unhurried cooking released all the goodness of its contents into the soup. Such good, nourishing soup!

VERY few housewives start the *marmite* with water. Part or all of the liquid which forms the base of a soup—or, for that matter, a sauce—is stock. It adds that indescribable "something" to the flavor. Water can be substituted for the stock called for in recipes, and is used when stock is not available, but the flavor suffers. My mother always had stock on hand in a jar, and it cost practically nothing because it was made from scraps of leftover meat that she could not use for anything else, from trimmings of meat and from the extra bones she asked for—and received—from the butcher with each meat order. These, with carrot and onion and a fagot, were slowly simmered in water until all their flavors were extracted, after which the liquid was strained. Gentle cooking and careful skimming produced clear, tasty stock.

WE kept the stock made from chicken and veal separate from that made from beef. The former was used as part of the liquid in cream soups and in white sauces, the latter went into soups such as *pot-au-feu*, oxtail and onion, and in more highly flavored sauces.

Soup in France, of course, is more often the whole meal than it is just one course—that is, in everyday family meals. Not always the same kinds of soup, however, are eaten in all parts of the country, because different sections have their soup preferences. I remember how partial we Bourbonnais were to a good *potage* like St. Germain or leek-and-potato, but I know other sections where the popular ones were clear soups with a bouillon base to which vegetables and vermicelli were added. But everywhere that I have been the two most universally popular were the *pot-au-feu* and onion soup.

To go with our soup we had bread—the crusty French kind—fixed in various ways. For simple hearty soups, particularly the kinds that were not strained and were generously strewn with vegetables, we liked *croute de pain*—bread crusts—which were nothing more or less than the crust of the loaf cut off in small thin slices and lightly toasted. (The center of the loaf was used for bread crumbs or croutons.) Another favorite for stock soups, always for *petite marmite*, were one-quarter-inch slices of small crusty rolls. Cream

*Excerpts from the book, Home Cookbook, French Cooking for Americans, soon to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co.*


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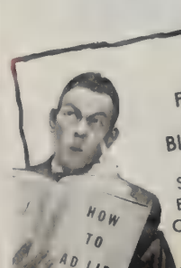


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**Jamborees** (Sugarless)

½ cup shortening
½ cup corn syrup or honey
1½ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon *Burnett's Nutmeg Flavor*
¼ teaspoon *Burnett's Clove Flavor*
½ teaspoon *Burnett's Almond Flavor*
1 egg
¾ cup jam

Cream shortening; add corn syrup or honey and Burnett Flavors, creaming until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to shortening mixture and mix until blended and crumbly. Beat egg; add to dough, mixing thoroughly. Spread one-half the dough in bottom of greased pan (7x12 inches). Spread with jam; cover jam with remaining dough. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about ½ hour. Cool; cut in 2-inch squares. Makes about 2 dozen squares.



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soups usually had croutons served in them, and these were small dice cut from the center part of the loaf and either fried in butter or toasted in the oven. And finally there were the thick slices of bread sprinkled with cheese that were floated in the tureen (or our individual bowls) of onion soup and browned in the oven, from where they came sizzling hot to the table.

### BEAN *(White or Black)* SOUP

There are dozens of different varieties of beans in France, and all are used in making soup. But of all the good bean soups I ate at home, I remember particularly the one we had each fall when the last beans of the garden were just starting to get a little dry on the vines. These were shelled and cooked for that delicious dish, *Haricots à la Bourbonnaise*, at which time my mother always saw to it that there would be enough left in the water to make into soup for our supper.

**2 Cups Dried Beans**
**2 Quarts Water**
**1⅓ Tablespoons Salt**
**2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine**
**1 Carrot, Diced**
**2 Leeks, Minced**
**1 Onion, Chopped**
**¼ Pound Salt Pork *or* a Ham Bone**
**1 Faggot (1 Leek, 2 Sprigs Parsley, 2 Stalks Celery Tied Together)**
**A Little Pepper**
**Milk for Thinning**

**Clean and wash beans and soak one to two hours in cold water to cover. Drain, cover with the 2 quarts water, add salt, bring to a boil, skim well.**

**Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan, add carrot, leeks and onion and cook until golden brown. Add to beans. Add salt pork and faggot.**

**Cook slowly until beans are well done, about one to two hours, the time needed to make them soft depending upon the beans. Discard faggot. Remove pork and reserve.**

**Drain beans, reserve the liquid and rub the beans through a sieve. Return beans to the pan and add enough of the cooking liquid, plus milk, to make the soup the desired thickness. Correct the seasoning, add a little pepper and bring to a boil. If soup is still too thick, thin it with a little more milk. Slice or dice the pork and serve with the soup or save to serve with other foods. Croutons may be sprinkled on top if desired. Serves 6.**

### CABBAGE SOUP

Cabbage soup is a real country dish and a favorite winter meal because it consists of all the vegetables that are stored for the winter and used when fresh vegetables are not available.

As you can see, this is a whole meal, the soup to be served first, followed by the meat and vegetables.

### CABBAGE SOUP, COUNTRY STYLE

*(Soupe au choux)*

**⅔ Pound Salt Pork**
**4 Quarts Water**
**1 Ham Bone *or* 1 Pound Ham**
**2 Teaspoons Salt**
**1 Garlic Sausage (if Desired)**
**3 Carrots, Diced**
**2 Turnips, Yellow *or* White, Diced**
**3 Onions, Chipped**
**4–5 Leeks, Chopped**
**1 Quart Chopped Cabbage, Parboiled Ten Minutes**
**5–6 Medium Potatoes, Diced Pepper**

**Put pork in a deep kettle, cover with water and boil ten minutes. Drain and plunge into cold water. Drain. Put pork and ham in kettle with water, boil a few minutes, add salt and cook one and a half to two hours. Add sausage and all vegetables except potatoes. Cook three quarters to one hour, add potatoes and cook until pork is well done and vegetables are tender. Correct seasoning and add a little pepper. Skim off fat, remove pork and sausage, cut into dice and return to soup. Serve with crusts of bread in it. Serves 6-8.**

### CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

*(Crème de Tomate)*

**3 Tablespoons Butter or Margarine**
**1 Onion, Chopped**
**1 Carrot, Chopped**
**3 Tablespoons Flour**
**1 Quart Chicken Stock or Water**
**1 Small Clove Garlic**
**2 Leeks, if Obtainable**
**4 White Peppercorns**
**1 Teaspoon Salt**
**1 Tablespoon Sugar**
**6 Fresh Tomatoes, *or***
**1 Cup Canned Tomatoes**
**Chicken Bones, if Available**
**1 Cup Top Milk *or* Cream**

**Melt butter or margarine in deep saucepan, add onion and carrot, and cook slowly until golden brown. Add flour and mix. Add stock (or water), garlic, leeks, white peppercorns, salt, sugar, tomatoes and chicken bones (if used). Let cook over a low heat from one to one and a half hours, skimming as needed. Rub through a fine strainer, combine with the top milk and correct the seasoning. If the soup is too thick, add a little more milk or stock. Serve with cubes of bread fried in butter or with cooked rice. Serves 4-6.**

### CROUTES AU POT

***Croutes au pot*, one of our very common French soups, is merely the stock from the *pot-au-feu* (page 214) served with the carrots, turnips and leeks—cut into pieces an inch long—that were cooked in it. When the stock was skimmed to remove the fat, a little was always left in for *croute au pot*, just enough to make tiny glistening beads all over the surface of the soup. And served separately with it were always pieces of the crust of French bread spread with marrow taken from the pieces of bones that were cooked in the *pot-au-feu*.**

*(Continued on Page 212)*

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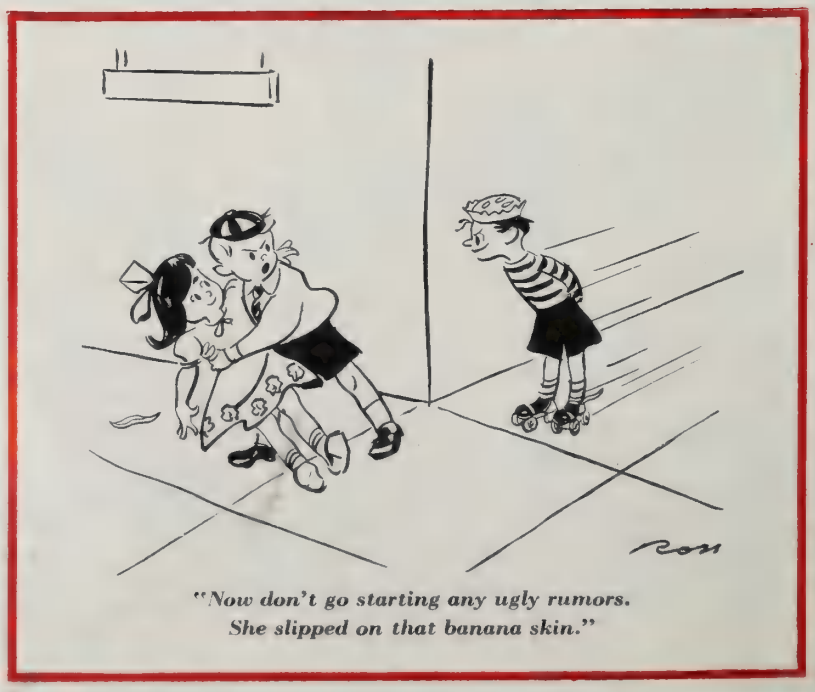
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**KNOX GELATINE**

### LEMON CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9-inch pie; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs
1 cup light corn syrup (or ⅝ cup sugar)
½ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 crumb crust or baked pie shell

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks; add ¼ cup of the corn syrup (or ½ cup of the sugar), lemon juice and salt. Cook in double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which remaining corn syrup or sugar has been added. Turn into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill. Serve topped with sweetened whipped cream and chopped nuts, if desired.

### SAVORY VEGETABLE SALAD

(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
¼ cup mild vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 or 2 tablespoons sugar
Dash of pepper
1½ cups diced vegetables

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Add vinegar, lemon juice, salt, sugar, pepper. Cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in vegetables. (Any combination, cooked or raw. Leftovers, too!) Turn into one large mold, or individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water; chill until firm. *Treats made with pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine and fresh vegetables or fruits are quick and easy...have all the wonderful fresh flavor and good vitamins! What's more, Knox is a supplementary protein—adds nutrition to every dish!*

P.S. FREE—write to Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box 23, Johnstown, N. Y., for her beautifully illustrated recipe book.

(Continued from Page 210)

### LEEK-AND-POTATO SOUP

One of my earliest food memories is of my mother's good leek-and-potato soup made with leeks I pulled myself from our garden—plump, tender leeks. How much larger they were than any I can buy here! When I first came to this country I actually couldn't find any—and what Frenchman can make soups without leeks? I finally persuaded one of my vegetable suppliers to find someone who would grow leeks for me.

There are two variations of leek-and-potato soup: *Potage Parmentier*, which is strained and sometimes finished with eggs; and *Potage Bonne Femme*, a less elegant version which is not strained and to which eggs are never added.

My mother never fried croutons for the simple *bonne femme* version, but cut the crispy crusts from the French bread and floated them on top.

### LEEK-AND-POTATO SOUP

*(Potage Parmentier)*

4 Leeks (White Part), Minced
1 Onion, Finely Minced
2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine
4 Potatoes, Pared and Chopped
3 Cups Water
2 Teaspoons Salt
3 Cups Hot Milk

Put leeks and onion in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon of the butter or margarine. If leeks are not available, substitute 2 onions, finely chopped. Cover and cook slowly a few minutes until they are soft, but do not allow them to become brown. Add potatoes, water and salt. Bring to a boil and cook slowly thirty to thirty-five minutes, or until potatoes are very soft. Strain through a fine sieve. Return the strained purée to the pan, bring to a boil and add milk and the remaining tablespoon of butter or margarine. Correct the seasoning. Serve with croutons if desired. For a richer soup, mix two egg yolks with ½ cup cream and combine with the hot soup. Bring to the boiling point, but do not allow to boil after adding the egg yolks. Serves 6–8.

> Success never gives us a good opinion of ourselves: it only confirms it.
>
> —PETIT-SENN: Conceits and Caprices.

### LEEK-AND-POTATO SOUP

*(Soupe Bonne Femme)*

4 Leeks (White Part), Minced
1 Small Onion, Finely Minced
2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine
1 Quart Water
2 Teaspoons Salt
4 Potatoes, Peeled and Minced
2 Cups Hot Milk
Pepper
Bread Crusts

Put leeks and onion in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. Cover and cook slowly a few minutes until they are soft, but do not allow to become brown. Add water, salt and potatoes. Cook slowly forty minutes. When ready to serve, add milk and remaining tablespoon of butter or margarine. Correct the seasoning, adding pepper. Serve from a soup tureen with crusts of bread floating on top. Serves 4–6.

### LENTIL SOUP

Follow recipe for bean soup (page 210), substituting lentils for beans. Lentils need extra care in cleaning them because there are always many little stones mixed in with them. They do not, as a rule, take so long to cook as beans, usually will be done in an hour.

### ONION SOUP

The French love to sit down to a meal of onion soup—never seem to tire of it. At home the earthenware casserole in which it was cooked was brought to the table and the soup dished from it into our pottery soup bowls. A custom worth adopting if you like, as we did, to come back for more of the

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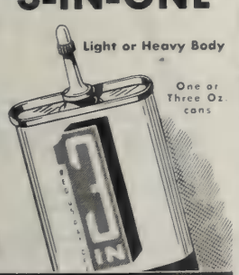
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rich bouillon with its succulent slices of onions. Sometimes my mother would make onion-soup *gratiné*, and then she put the soup in the individual bowls, placing them in the oven to brown the cheese-topped crusts before the bowls were brought to the table.

### ONION SOUP

*(Soupe l'Oignon)*

2 Cups Minced Onions
2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine
1 Tablespoon Flour
5 Pints Stock
1 Teaspoon Salt
Little Pepper
Bread Crusts

Put onions in saucepan with the butter or margarine and cook slowly until golden. Add flour, mix and cook a few minutes. Add stock, salt and pepper and boil gently for ten minutes. Serve from a soup tureen with bread crusts floating on top. If desired, sprinkle with grated cheese. If preferred, this soup may be strained. It may also be made with half stock and half milk, in which case heat milk and add it to the soup just before serving. Serves 6–8.

(This soup needs a good rich beef stock. If not available, substitute canned bouillon or consommé or make stock with one of the beef extracts or meat pastes and water.)

### ONION SOUP GRATINÉ

*(Soupe à l'Oignon Gratiné)*

Follow recipe for *soupe à l'oignon*. When soup is ready to serve, turn it into an ovenproof casserole, put crusts of bread on top and sprinkle them with grated Parmesan or Swiss cheese. Put in a hot oven until the cheese has melted and browned.

### OXTAIL SOUP

*(Potage de Queue de Boeuf)*

1 Oxtail (About 2 Pounds), Cut Into One-Inch Sections
2 Tablespoons Beef Fat
1 Medium Onion, Sliced
1 Carrot, Sliced
2 Tablespoons Flour
2 Quarts Water *or* Stock
2 Teaspoons Salt
4–5 Peppercorns
1 Faggot (Made of 1 Leek, 2 Sprigs of Parsley, 2 Stalks Celery Tied Together)
½ Cup Diced Carrots
½ Cup Diced Turnips
Marjoram, Rosemary, Sage, Basil, Thyme and ½ Bay Leaf

Parboil oxtail for two or three minutes, drain off water and wipe the sections dry. Put fat in saucepan and, when melted, add oxtail. Brown partially. Add sliced onion and carrot and cook until all are golden brown. Add flour, mix well, add stock (or water), salt, peppercorns and faggot. Bring to a boil, skim well and simmer for about four hours, skimming as needed. Add 3–4 cups additional water, as broth condenses considerably. Tie diced carrots and turnips in cheesecloth and cook during last hour, or cook them in a separate pan. Strain the soup through cheesecloth on which the herbs have been placed, pouring carefully to prevent any sediment in the bottom of the pan from clouding it. The pieces of oxtail should be removed with a spoon to the tureen. Correct the seasoning of the strained soup, add the carrots and turnips, and pour over the oxtail. (Oxtail meat may be removed from the bones if desired.) Serves 6–8.

### PANADES

A *panade* is a potage thickened with bread and finished with egg—the egg gives richness and seems to make the texture just right. It is a very tasty soup, but one which I have never seen served in any but French homes. *Panades* were considered especially good breakfast soups. My mother's recipes all call for half a pound of bread because she bought her bread by the pound. One half pound equals about eight slices of the average American baker's sliced bread.

### PANADE WITH LEEKS

Follow recipe for Panade with Sorrel *(below)*, substituting 2 cups of white part of leeks, finely minced, for the sorrel. Cook the leeks slowly in the butter until they are soft but not brown, then proceed as for the Panade with Sorrel recipe. Serves 6.


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**PICAYUNE PATTIES—FISH WITH A FLAIR!**

1½ cups cooked fish
1 large onion
1 sprig thyme
3 sprigs parsley
Dash of cayenne
1½ cups bread crumbs
2 eggs, beaten
Wesson Oil

Into chopping bowl, put fish, onion, thyme, parsley, cayenne; mince fine. Moisten with half of the beaten egg and 1 tablespoon Wesson Oil. Mix in ⅔ cup bread crumbs. Shape into 6 or 7 patties. Dip in remaining egg; coat with crumbs. Fry in deep hot Wesson Oil (375°–385° F.). Drain on absorbent paper. (Frying in Wesson Oil is a pleasure! No smoke! No odor! Economical, too! Strain your Wesson Oil after frying, and you can fry in it again and again. Wesson-fried foods are digestible, and have a fresh, *delicate* flavor!)

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**SPRING SALAD—FOR WINTER-WEARY APPETITES!**

Toss crisp, well-dried greens in your salad bowl. Any kind or combination will do—it's the fresh, gay-as-confetti dressing that makes this salad! (Add beets, onion, and hard-cooked egg, if you like.)

CHIFFONADE DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Wesson Oil
1 hard-cooked egg
1 small cooked beet
1 small onion

Mix and shake in a jar all but the last three ingredients. Then stir in the egg, beet, and onion, all finely chopped. Note how clearly and distinctly all the seasonings stand out . . . how subtle and delicate the background flavor is! Dressings never have a heavy, oily taste when you make them with light, delicious Wesson Oil!



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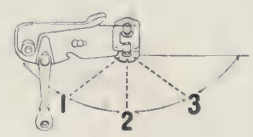
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**PANADE WITH SORREL**

2 Cups Sorrel, Well Cleaned and Shredded
2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine
1 Quart Warm Water
1 Teaspoon Salt
½ Pound (8 Slices) Stale White Bread Cut Into Pieces
2 Cups Milk (Part Cream if Available)
1 Large *or* 2 Small Eggs, Lightly Beaten

Put sorrel in saucepan with 1 tablespoon of the butter or margarine. Cover and cook slowly until sorrel is cooked down to about ½ cup. Add water, salt and bread. Mix well so that bread will become thoroughly soaked, then bring mixture to a boil, stirring all the time. Let cook slowly for half an hour longer, stirring from time to time. At this point beat briskly with a whip to make the mixture smooth. Add the milk to the eggs and combine with the hot mixture and add the butter or margarine. Bring back to the boiling point, but do not allow to boil. Correct the seasoning and serve immediately. Serves 5–6.

**PEA SOUP**

Pea soup was seldom called "*Potage de Pois*," but usually "*Potage St. Germain*." The reason is that exceptionally good green peas grow abundantly in St. Germain, a place not very far from Paris, and the French like to honor a town that has some special virtue by naming a dish for it.

You will find the flavor and color of this soup made of dried peas greatly improved if a cup of fresh green peas (or the pods of very young tender peas) which have been cooked until soft and then rubbed through a sieve is added to the soup after it has been strained. Incidentally, we would have this soup the day before or after we had leek-and-potato soup, because it uses up the green part of the leeks that are left.

**PEA SOUP**
*(Potage St. Germain)*

2 Cups Split Peas
5 Cups Water
1 Teaspoon Salt
1 Medium Carrot, Chopped (½ Cup)
2 Leeks (Green Part), Chopped
1 Cup Spinach Leaves, *or* Green Lettuce Leaves
2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine
½ Cup Fat Salt Pork, Finely Chopped
1 Medium Onion, Chopped
1 Bay Leaf
A Little Thyme
Bread Croutons

Soak peas in water to cover about one hour. Drain, put in a saucepan with 4 cups water, and salt. Bring to a boil, skim, cover and cook slowly while preparing the following: Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a saucepan, add salt pork and onion and cook until it melts and starts to brown. Add carrot, leeks, spinach or lettuce leaves, bay leaf and thyme, and cook for a few minutes. Add to the split peas. Cover and continue cooking all together for about one hour or until peas are soft. Rub through a sieve, add remaining cup of water (or a cup of bouillon or stock) if the soup is very thick. Bring to boil, correct the seasoning, adding a little sugar if desired. Add remaining tablespoon of butter or margarine. Serve with croutons. Serves 6.

**POT-AU-FEU**

No book on French cooking could be written that disregarded the *pot-au-feu*, the one dish that for centuries has regularly appeared, usually on Sundays, in every French home. Its savory fragrance and robust flavor are loved alike by the poor and the rich. And the tall clay casserole called a "*marmite*" in which the *pot-au-feu* is cooked is as essential in a French kitchen as a stove.

As a rule, enough meat and vegetables are put in the *pot-au-feu* to last two meals, and there is usually stock left for the base of soups or sauces to follow on other days. Rump of beef, fresh plate and chuck—from ½ to ¾ pound of meat with bone for each quart of water—are the best cuts of meat for *pot-au-feu*. Then in addition every good housewife saves the carcasses of chickens she may have served and adds them to the pot. Or if chicken salad, *vol-au-vent* or






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other cooked chicken dish is planned for another day, the fowl is cooked in the *pot-au-feu* because the chicken flavor makes the stock extra delicious.

In serving *pot-au-feu*, some like slices of the meat, the vegetables and the soup put all together in the soup bowl. Others prefer to eat the soup separately and follow it with the sliced meat and vegetables. But always very, very thin slices of small, dry, crusty rolls are eaten in the soup.

**POT-AU-FEU**

**3–3 ½ Pounds Meat and Bone (Rump or Fresh Plate of Beef)**
**4 ½ Quarts Water**
**2 Tablespoons Salt**
**2–3 Carrots**
**1 Turnip**
**1 Small Parsnip**
**5–6 Leeks**
**2 Stalks Celery**
**1 Onion**
**A Little Thyme**
**½ Bay Leaf**
**1 Clove**

**Cover meat and bones with water, bring to a boil and parboil five minutes. Remove meat and bones, discard water and clean pot. Put back the meat, bones, the 4½ quarts water and salt and bring very slowly to a boil, skimming all the time, until the scum stops rising to the top. Boil very gently for one and a half hours, add vegetables (which have been cleaned and cut into pieces of any desired size), and cook for two and a half hours longer. Skim off the fat and correct the seasoning. Remove as much bouillon as desired for serving, remove meat, slicing enough for serving, and the vegetables. Strain remaining bouillon through cheesecloth**

Courtesy is the eye which overlooks your friend's broken gateway—but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden.

—LYMAN ABBOTT: The Author's Illustrated Quotation Kalendar (A. C. Woodford)

**or fine sieve, let cool and keep in refrigerator for use in soups or sauces. To make the bouillon a good brown color, brown an onion, sprinkled with a very little sugar, in butter in a frying pan and add to the soup. Instead of parboiling the meat and bones, they may be started in the cooking water, reserving 2 cups of the water to be added after the soup has begun to boil. This brings the scum more quickly to the top. Done this way, the soup stock will not be quite so clear. Serves 6.**

**SHEPHERD'S SOUP**

***(Soupe Bergère)***

**1 Tablespoon Butter *or* Margarine**
**½ Cup Fat Salt Pork in Small Dice**
**1 Small Turnip, Pared and Minced**
**2 Leeks (White Part), Minced**
**1 Onion, Minced**
**1 Carrot, Minced**
**5 Cups Stock (*or* Water)**
**3 Potatoes, Pared and Minced**
**12–18 Slices of Bread (Toasted)**

**Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan, add salt pork and cook until it is melted and starts to brown. Add turnip, leeks, onion and carrot and cook very slowly about a half hour. Add stock (or water) and potatoes, bring to a boil and cook slowly about thirty-five minutes or until potatoes are soft. Correct the seasoning and serve in a tureen with toasted bread floating on top. Serves 6.**

**SORREL SOUP**

***(Soupe à l'Oseille)***

**1 Cup Well-Cleaned and Shredded Sorrel**
**2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine**
**1 Tablespoon Flour**
**1 Quart Water**
**½ Teaspoon Salt**
**2 Cups Milk (Part Cream, if Available)**
**1 Large *or* 2 Small Eggs, Slightly Beaten**
**Bread Crusts (page 209)**

**Put sorrel in saucepan with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Cover and cook slowly**

*(Continued on Page 217)*


# MOLASSES BROWNIES

## take no sugar . . . no shortening!





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**Magic Recipe for Molasses Brownies**

**1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk**
**Dash of salt**
**¼ cup molasses**
**2 cups graham cracker crumbs**
**1 cup chopped nut meats**
**½ teaspoon vanilla**

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, molasses, graham cracker crumbs, nut meats, and vanilla. Blend thoroughly. Spread mixture in 8 x 12-inch pan greased and lined with waxed paper. Garnish as desired. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes or until set. Turn from pan and remove paper at once. Cool, cut into squares. Makes about 24 brownies.

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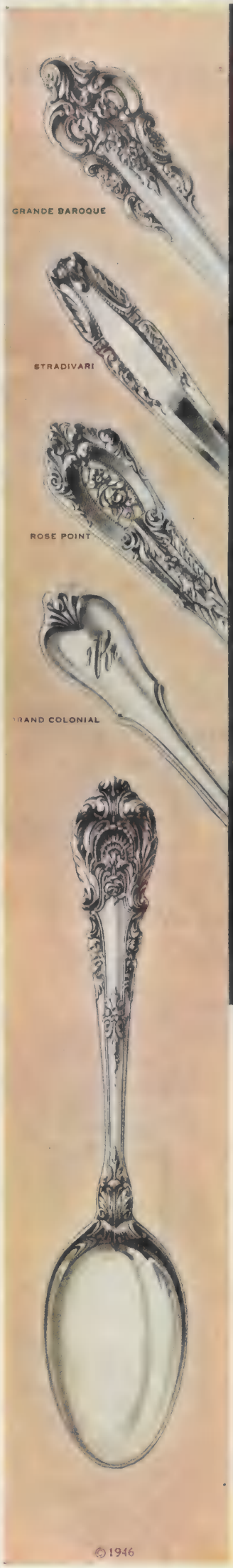



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*(Continued from Page 215)*

**sorrel is cooked down to ½ cup. lour, mix all together, then add water alt and cook slowly fifteen minutes. ogether milk and eggs and combine the soup. Add remaining butter or arine and bring back to the boiling , stirring constantly, but do not al- o boil. Correct the seasoning. Serve soup tureen with the crusts of floating on top. Serves 4–5.**

grew a special kind of white turnip *"les raves"* which were never hard or woody—were, in fact, always more tender than potatoes. They had a delicate and unusually sweet flavor. No wonder they were well liked. If, however, your turnips do not break away to a pulp when you make this soup, strain it before adding milk.

**TURNIP-AND-POTATO SOUP**

*(Soupe de Rave)*

**3 Young White Turnips, Pared and Minced**
**3 Medium Potatoes, Pared and Minced**
**1 Teaspoon Salt**
**5 Cups Water**
**2 Tablespoons Butter *or* Margarine**
**1½ Cups Milk**

**Put turnips, potatoes, salt, water and 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine in saucepan. Bring to the boil and cook over a brisk fire half an hour or until the potatoes are soft. Remove from fire, and if the vegetables have not broken into a pulp, mash them or run the mixture through a sieve. Add milk, bring back to the boil, correct the seasoning and add remaining tablespoon of butter or margarine. Serves 4–5.**

## GUEST HUSBAND

*(Continued from Page 31)*

eatly filed," he agreed. "But come now, do something today." His tone had ed that what she was then doing was y trivial, a kind of caprice in her. "Let's a picnic or something."

t's not very warm for a picnic," she ed.

We'll find the sun somewhere across the ,

But Rex, I've got a hair appointment," old him.

Cancel it."

But look at me!" She touched her hair. can't see a hair out of place."

t's very dirty, and appointments are so to get. I'd have to wait another full . You don't know how hard it is these to get the simplest chores done. Be- . I've ——" That blank and clinical ession had come like a cloud across his She paused. "All right dear," she d. "Let's do something. Whatever you to do."

kept her standing there waiting while ondered. Then, at last, he said, "Let's t it. Actually, I should go down to the . Now that I'm back I can't continue row everything onto Carleton. He's o young any more."

And I have to keep pretty for you," she ned gaily. But her remark fell flat. He gone on down the hall. He had not d it.

l their recent conversations had a way oming to dead ends. She had thought this first awkwardness would pass. But ad been home over two months and it ed to become more and more exagger- , until now their reticence with each r was, in itself, becoming habitual, the ern of their relations. To trace the way to their former basis of free camara- e seemed futile now, as futile as the at- ot to recapture a mood once it has ed. Perhaps, she told herself, it was ly that they had matured. Perhaps a er state than the lost state, a deeper re- nship, would develop in place of the one.

EY were entering a sunny area now, ing Palo Alto.

Ah, here is the sun!" she exclaimed, n stopped short, vexed to find herself n speaking of the weather.

ick and Tim, immensely dignified, es- ed them into the dining room. The boys e very stuffy and proper all through h. But once away, out of range of the ol buildings, they pranced like young pies around Evelyn and Rex. They punc- ed their every phrase with "sir" and a'am" in the dormitories, but it was d" and "mom" in the car when they ve to the village for ice-cream sodas. y looked adorably ridiculous, Evelyn ught, sprawling over the car in the atti- es of children with their legs encased in strictly pressed long gray trousers.

Come on, mom," Tim pleaded. "You e a soda too."

Give in to yourself for once, mom," k urged.

Evelyn wrinkled up her nose in distaste. ut I've just finished lunch."

Mother'd like it plenty," Dick confided is father, his mouth full of straw and ice am. "She's just afraid to get fat."

"Let's take the sky-line road back," Rex suggested, after they had deposited the boys back at the academy.

"Fine. But do you mind if I drive?"

"Don't you like the way I drive?"

"Yes, but I get such a feeling of inertia sitting doing nothing."

As they neared the city and the traffic thickened, Evelyn said:

"You can take it now, dear."

They shifted seats. He said suddenly, before starting the car, "I'll tell you what. Let's stop and have dinner at the beach. We'll go to Robert's. We haven't been there for years. How about it?"

"But Stella's prepared everything. All I've got to do is put it together. The refrigerator is full of food."

"Throw it out—let's dine out," he said impulsively.

"But dear, you forget. Things don't keep. You can't just dismiss food so lightly."

**Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.**
—JOSH BILLINGS.

"Very well," he said curtly, starting the car. "We'll stick to your schedule." He turned the car away from the ocean and into the city streets.

"You're angry with me, Rex?"

"No, I'm not. It's just that with you everything is rationed. Time included."

"You *are* displeased," she murmured.

"You have a lot to learn, Evelyn," he said, his voice low. It was his M.D. voice that he used when the patient was very ill indeed. "Someday you'll realize that the important things are free."

"Important things?"

"Time," he said. "And love. They can't be earned. They're gifts. You think you have to earn everything, Evelyn."

"All this over a little dinner at Robert's." A quick anger rose in her. Controlling her voice, she said coolly, "I'll give you a much better dinner at home."

She made a very complicated *risotto* with chicken livers and mushrooms and olives and grated cheese. Though Stella had prepared everything, she worked hard and expertly for an hour with an apron over her country clothes.

She watched him eat, pleased with his greedy appetite. "Now wasn't that better than eating out?" she asked, as they sat over their coffee.

He offered to help with the dishes.

"No, no. I'll just rinse them and leave them for Stella."

But she didn't rinse them. She did them all properly.

It was nine o'clock when she had finished. She was tired. It had been, except for the short oasis of pleasure with the boys, a long, nondescript day. She was glad it was nearly over.

Sunday night was the night for much business in her room. It was her habit to do her eyebrows, freshen the polish on nails, give her face an especial scrubbing, and work on the menus for the coming week.

Rex was in the study, sunk in an armchair, a radio concert on low and the Sunday papers scattered on the floor about his chair. "Koussevitzky—records," he explained, indicating the music.

She stood for a moment in the doorway, listening. Then she said, "I'll go upstairs to bed and do some work on myself." But instead she entered the room, her eyes gathering in the scene. She stooped, picking up the papers, section by section, folding them carefully. "Have you finished with these?" He looked immensely placid and comfortable sitting there watching her, a cigarette in his fingers. She fancied that his eyes were fixed on her stooped figure with scorn. She straightened up. "I really believe, Rex, you drop these papers on the floor deliberately. Because you know it irritates me."

For a moment he did not reply, his eyes measuring her. Then he quoted: "'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful.'" She scowled down at him. "The Bible," he explained. "Luke."

"I didn't know you were so familiar with the Bible."

"I'm not. I looked it up just the other day."

Exasperated, she retorted, "You've been speaking in riddles all day."

"I'm surprised you don't know the story about Mary and Martha. Two types of women—the Marys and the Marthas. And you, Evelyn, are a Martha—terribly," he told her.

She jabbed at him. "And your Lady Brigid is a Mary, I suppose?"

He considered a moment. "Yes, I rather think so. Yes."

She sank onto the chintz-covered ottoman where he had piled his feet. "I don't in the least know what we are talking about."

"You're tired," he said kindly. "You needn't have worked so hard over dinner. A can of soup and a smile would have been ample for me."

She melted a little. "I've been feeling disagreeable all day. Maybe it's my liver. Or something." It was a distinct relief to attribute dismays and impatience to physical causes. In that way you got back to the sanity of cause and effect. And then you were superior to your mood. You could even afford to talk about it. "I've been feeling rapid all day," she confessed.

It was on Friday morning at breakfast that he said, looking up from the paper, "First concert of the season this afternoon. They're playing Sibelius Number One." His voice ended on a note of interrogation.

She shook her head. "I can't today. I've so many pesky things to do." Then she faltered. "I'd like it. I love Sibelius, but ——" Again she was explaining. Again she was justifying herself.

During the day she kept rigidly to her schedule. Guiltily, she performed all the duties on her calendar. She *did* have things to do, she told herself. They had always subscribed to the symphony, and in the past she had gone with Agatha when he had not been able to get away from the office on Friday afternoons.

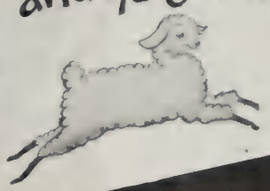
Now he seemed so free to leave the office, as if he hadn't really established any order in his work since he had come home. He was on call for the military. But there was something of the dilettante in the way he worked, compared with his old energy. This uncertainty in him, this overtone of the haphazard


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in their life, told on her. There was an untidiness in it. She was certain, too, Rex would be happier with a full-time schedule. She had hinted at this more than once. But his answers had been vague and unenlightening.

That Friday evening the telephone rang twice. Once during dinner, for him. The daughter of an old patient was ill. Rex suggested Carleton at once. But the voice on the telephone was insistent. So he left her to finish dinner alone. The second call came while she was having her coffee. It was Agatha.

Owl-eyed Agatha. All the way across the darkened auditorium she had seen him sitting alone on the aisle in the third row. "He's acquired a lovely patina, if you know what I mean, Evelyn."

"Oh, Agatha!" she laughed.

"No, I mean it. He sat there with a regular electromagnetic field of romance about him as he listened to the Sibelius."

"Oh, Agatha, you're just the usual woman reacting to her doctor!" She laughed again in the high octaves so as to cover up her surprise.

So he had gone to the concert after all. And alone. He had sat through dinner and had not mentioned it to her. He had sat all afternoon absorbing music, thrilled to it, and had not spoken of it to her. Something about that knowledge shook her, shook her deeply. Had someone told her that he had been seen sitting in a café with a woman, she would not have been so stirred. Slowly, moment by moment, as she sat waiting for him to come home, it was borne in upon her with greater and greater clarity that this man, her husband, possessed a life of his own, that there were rooms of his being as yet unexplored by her. She saw suddenly all the perilous fluidity of human relations. She became aware of her husband as a separate human being—in the same sense that she had been aware of him when they had first fallen in love, as someone distinctly apart from her, excitingly strange.

She went up to the bedroom and beg watch the clock for his return. She p up the picture of Tim; Rex had stuc snapshot of himself and Lady Brigid i frame. She examined that smiling face the straight limp hair, that composed in the sloppy sweater, arms hanging str at her sides like a soldier's. She felt a t of jealousy, just that faint suspicion adds the savor to possession. She seem come alive—feel young again.

It was eleven o'clock when he retu She was seated at her dressing table, m ready for bed. She smiled at him i mirror. "So you went to the concert all."

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked carel

"No, but Agatha did."

"You should have come."

She was brushing her hair. "I get the est feelings lately—in crowds. Somet like claustrophobia. I had to stand nea exit through the entire last act of Bo last year. It's awful."

He stood behind her at the dressing t watching her in the glass. "You ha been sleeping well lately. I've noticed. give you something." He disappeared d stairs and returned almost immedia "Take these tonight." He handed her pink pills.

She turned and faced him. "How did know I hadn't been sleeping? You r have been lying awake yourself."

He didn't answer that. He said, " haven't shared a room for so long, Eve perhaps my being here disturbs you. A like to read so late. I've a mountain of n cal journals to catch up on. I was wonde if you would ask Stella to make up the g room for me. I'm sure we'll both rest bet

"Why—why ——" She moved some tles into position on the top of the tabl she sparred for time to find her voice, to her poise. "Why, certainly, dear. Why d we do it tonight? We'll make up your now. Come on and help me," she said ga dropping the brush.





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He followed her out into the corridor. She laughed nervously as if it were some caprice they were indulging in. She chattered on, obviously unable to stop. She made various trips back to their room: to bring his dressing gown, his slippers, his bedside books, his cigarette box, his ash tray. They said good night.

She returned to his room once more. "I brought these," she said, handing him the portraits of Dick and Tim—the snapshot of himself and Lady Brigid intact in a corner of Tim's. "It'll make it more homey. Good night again."

Back in her own room, she walked obediently to her dressing table and resumed her usual nightly schedule. She pinned a net carefully over her hair. Then she began cleansing her face with cream. She did all the countless little things women do before retiring; she did them rapidly, too rapidly, as if she were in haste. Her heart was beating too rapidly too. She was unaccountably exhausted, as if the making of the bed had been a heavy exercise.

She felt drawn to the window. But at the window, she felt drawn to the bed. She walked to and fro aimlessly, as if there were nowhere in the room that she might rest. Finally she sat in the slipper chair—rigid. All the objects in the room—the two waiting beds, the mirrors, the desk, the bric-a-brac on the desk—each separate object seemed to be waiting, like sentinels, watching her, like a scene on a stage waiting for the play to begin. The entire house with all its objects passed before her mind as on a screen, all these things that were gathered under this roof. She was suddenly appalled that all this crowd of objects, vansful, the whole organization of her home—of any home—was assembled about nothing more solid than an emotion between a man and his wife.

**All men are not born with genius, but every man can acquire purpose, and purpose is the backbone and marrow of genius—nay, I can scarcely distinguish one from the other.**
—BULWER.

The building of the house, the keeping of it, paying bills for it, all this sober business, she saw then, was only the result of two people wanting to live together. The knowledge that the whole of her life was founded on the slim skein of affection between herself and her husband was frightening—and marvelous. She saw clearly that the buttress of every roof of every home in the city was the intangible, imponderable—love. Without that the house toppled.

Like a thief, she stole downstairs and into his study and fumbled for the lamp. The Bible was in its accustomed place on the lowest shelf next to the reference books. She put it inside her dressing gown and hurried back upstairs to her room.

She found the chapter. "But Martha was cumbered about much serving," she read. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Evelyn swallowed the two pink pills and waited for sleep, a sleep which, when it finally came, was repetitious with images of the rather plain Englishwoman whose features, while you watched, changed over and over and over again into a bewitching beauty, whose lank hair had a Botticelli charm, whose shoes were, at the same time, both walking boots and ballet slippers. And she, Evelyn herself, was busy packing suitcases, about to catch trains that would not wait for her when she discovered that among the piles of suitcases, and at the very last moment, she had forgotten the one important garment, whatever it was.

Dick and Tim came on Saturday. This was their monthly week end at home. Evelyn chauffeured them Saturday afternoon to a swimming meet. Saturday night they went




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| 3/4 cup Grandma's Molasses | 1/2 tsp. baking soda |
| 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 2 eggs, beaten |
| | 1/2 cup milk |

Cream shortening and sugar, slowly add molasses, beating constantly. Sift together dry ingredients and add 1/2 cup to molasses mixture. Add eggs, beat well. Add remaining dry ingredients alternately with milk. Pour into well-greased 8-inch cake pan. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.), about 60 min. One word of caution! Be *sure* you use Grandma's Old Fashioned Molasses . . . for the *sweetness* this cake needs to make it a success. Not only is Grandma's *sweeter* than ordinary molasses, but it has a finer, more delicate flavor—(one cup equals ■ cup of sugar in sweetness). It's the *only* nationally sold brand that *does not contain* sulphur dioxide!

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to the neighborhood movie. She sat through the double feature, uncomplaining. She made hot chocolate before they went to bed. She drank a cup of it herself.

Monday she lunched with Agatha, who invited her for the Friday concert. It was to be a program of Mozart. Despite the fact that she had always been bored by Mozart, she accepted readily. Immediately upon returning home, however, ashamed of her confusion, she telephoned Agatha.

"Invite me for another Friday, Agatha. I'm very anti-Mozart."

Agatha was horrified and wanted to argue. But Evelyn was firm.

A permanent was on her calendar for Tuesday. Like a good soldier, she kept the appointment. She went at eleven. Since she had started with shattered nerves, she was surprised at her stamina. She remained quite calm until three o'clock, just when all was finished except the combing out, then she could endure it no longer. She overtipped the astonished and offended operator and hastened home, her hair in tight little wormy curls all over her head. After she had combed it out she lay down, trying to force the feeling of rapidity to pass, trying by enforced repose to change her pace.

It was just after Stella had removed the dessert that he told her. "I have some news, Evelyn."

"News?" She toyed with her coffee cup. Her heart began its capricious behavior again. Why should she be alarmed at news? News could be good as well as bad. Still, there was something in his voice that told her.

He looked very solemn. "I've had rather an exciting offer. To go to China." He paused, watching her face. "There's a group of medical men going out. China would be particularly rewarding. There's so much to be done. It's rather an honor to be asked by these men," he ended modestly. "They're a first-rate bunch."

"That's wonderful," she gasped.

All that he was saying was a blur; it came to her like the hum of voices when one is falling asleep. He was enumerating gigantic tasks to be done. Biophysics, psychosomatic medicine, biochemistry—his language was half sense and half scientific terminology. She struggled for composure as he talked on, his eyes alight. For a moment she almost hated him. For a moment she hated all men and their work that liberated them from their neighborhoods, from themselves, their blessed work that made them like gods, suprapersonal.

At last he came back to himself. "Of course, there's the boys—and," he added, avoiding her eyes, "there's you." He lifted the demitasse that had long since been empty and feigned to swallow. "But the boys are at school now. They won't miss me greatly." Then he raised his voice with mock cheer. "Besides, I shan't be gone forever."

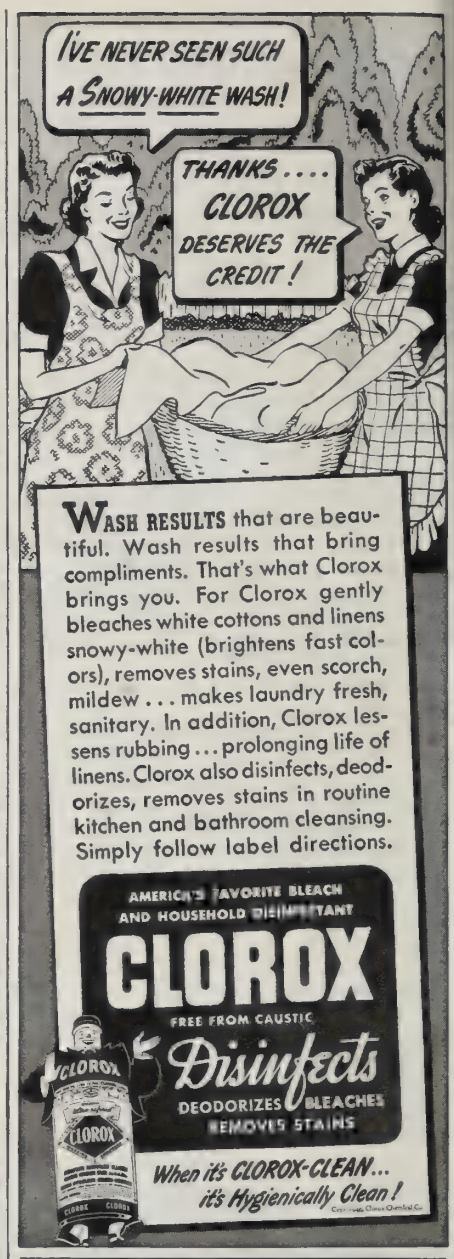
"Of course, it's rather a blow for me," she began. But she would not complain. She would not carp. She, too, would be impersonal, objective. "I can understand, though," she went on, "that all this looks little to you now, after the war. I can imagine it would." Her voice was feeble, stingy. Within her mind, like a fugue, went the refrain: *He'll go this time, and after that he'll go again, and there'll be another again, and again.*

By midnight she had made up her mind. She removed the hair net from her hair, removed the cold cream and the tailored-wool dressing gown. She went to the wardrobe and from a protective bag took out the pink silk robe. She hesitated. It was too obvious. But she put it on anyway, though the hall was cold and the furnace off.

His bed light was still on and the radio was playing softly. The day's newspapers were cast upon the floor beside his bed and a cigarette he had neglected to rub out was burning in an overloaded ash tray. He was awake, his face half hidden among the pillows.

"Rex," she began, "I don't feel well."

He came alive instantly, sitting up in the bed. Guiltily, he reached down to pick up




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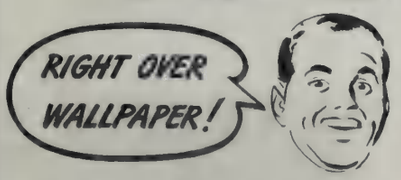

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the scattered papers on the floor. She shoved them aside with the tip of her pink mule.

He pointed to his coat hanging on a chair. "The thermometer," he said. "In the breast pocket."

She handed it to him and sat on the bed beside him.

"Pain?" he asked, placing the thermometer in her mouth and reaching automatically for her wrist.

She shook her head.

"Just general discomfort?"

She nodded while his eyes fastened on her with that impersonal, professional stare. She turned her face half away from him, her eyes falling on the snapshot of Lady Brigid stuck awry in the frame of Tim's picture. He released her wrist for a moment to turn sideways in the bed and switch off the radio. Then he took her hand again. The silence was imposing. She began to feel absurdly important. The silence became intolerable at last.

With a quick movement she removed the thermometer from her mouth.

She said, "I'm a fraud. I feel all right. I'm not ill."

He slumped back among the pillows, a puzzled, amused smile beginning on his face. She felt like a caller who is expected to make conversation. She tilted her head toward Lady Brigid's picture and asked, quietly, conversationally:

"Did you make love to her?"

He considered a moment. "I kissed her. Once. It was summer. And there were nightingales. You know the English nightingales."

**A man who knows that he is a fool is not a great fool.**

—CHANG TZU: Wisdom of the Chinese, edited by Brian Brown. (Coward-McCann, Inc.)

For a moment she savored that pang of jealousy. "I never kissed anyone while you were away. Not even once." She paused, then added humbly, "Of course, I had no offers."

"Maybe that was because you didn't go around wearing your kissable self," he told her.

"Maybe." She drew a deep sigh that ended in a shiver. "I just keep that self hanging in the closet, filed away, don't I?" she asked.

"Yes—rather too much," he agreed.

Her chin was trembling. She kept her face averted so that those trained eyes should not notice. "Rex," she said, "I don't want to be a Martha any more." Win or lose, it would be bliss if she could cry. Instead she was merely cold with a quivering chin. "I've tried so hard to be a good and proper wife. I guess I tried too hard. I got lost among the details." He was toying with the ends of her pink silk belt. "You were right when you said I thought I had to earn everything. I always felt that I had to keep on earning you." His sandy head was bowed somewhere near her chin. "But what I want to know is: do you think the Martha in me is too chronic to cure?" She hastened on. "I want to go to China with you. Oh, I've thought about the children." She swallowed hard. "But wouldn't it be better for the boys to have a married mother in China than a neurotic old-maid mother at home?" she finished.

"It won't be tidy in China. It won't be neat at all. In fact, it'll be very dirty." His voice was almost a whisper.

"But that isn't the question." She scuffed the newspapers on the floor with the tip of her dangling mule. "The question is would it be possible—no, no, no"—she interrupted herself impatiently—"the question is: Do you want me?"

"Your hands are freezing."

"My feet are cold too," she complained childishly. "Bad circulation, maybe."

"You let me be the doctor," he ordered. He moved in the bed. "Crawl in, darling."

He had said darling. She said, "Darling, darling."


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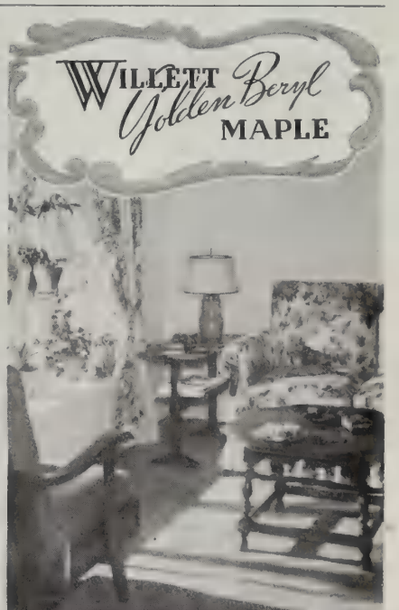



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# TAKE YOUR CHOICE

## *Traditional and Modern—and how one basic scheme for living can make them sisters under the skin.*

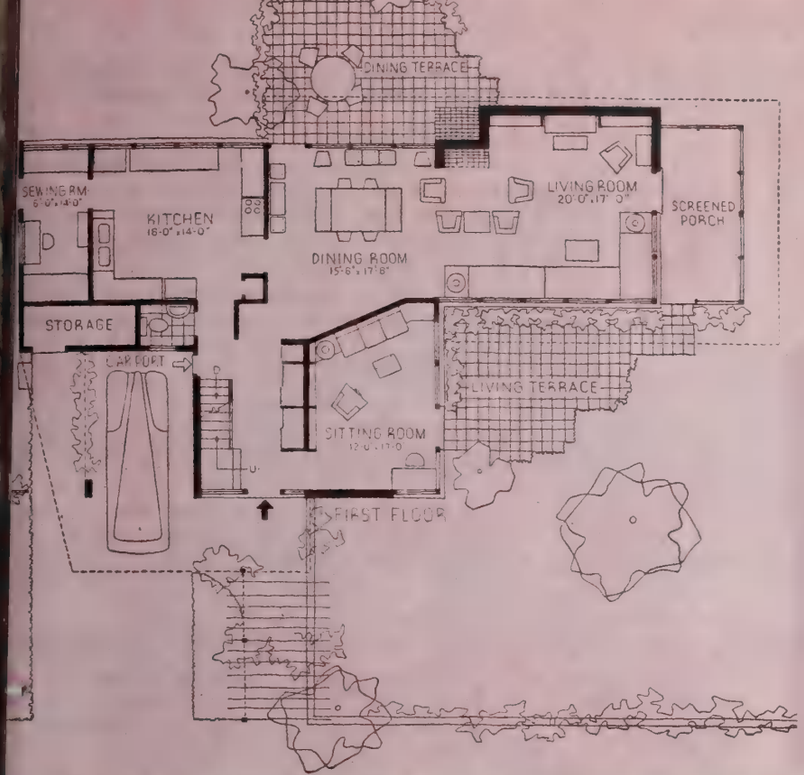
★ BY RICHARD PRATT

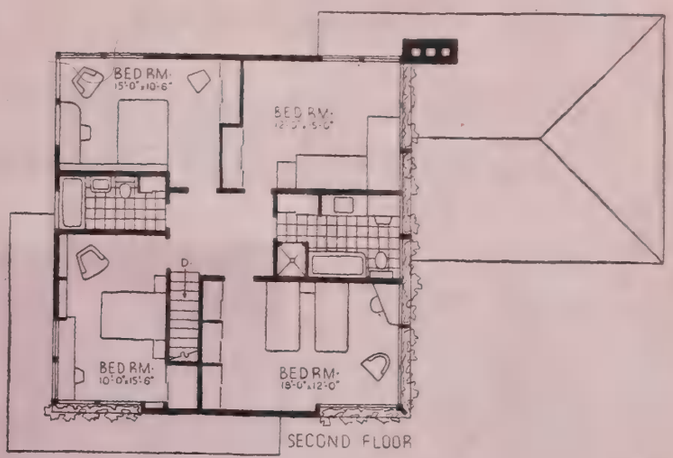
*Architectural Editor of the Journal*

CAMERON CLARK, ARCHIT

*While surveys and opinion polls indicate a growing public acceptance of modern design, they also show that prospective home buyers who prefer the old familiar styles to the newer functional forms are still in the majority. But far more important than mere outward architectural styles as such is the degree of livability within the houses, which is largely a matter of planning. Here, for instance, the finely balanced beauty of Georgian Colonial proves it can provide to perfection the special requirements of a typical large modern American family which also finds pleasure in friendly period charm and flavor.*






*The floor plans of the modern version contain the same essential elements as the traditional design, provide the same basic living scheme. One lack of similarity: the layout simply is freer.*

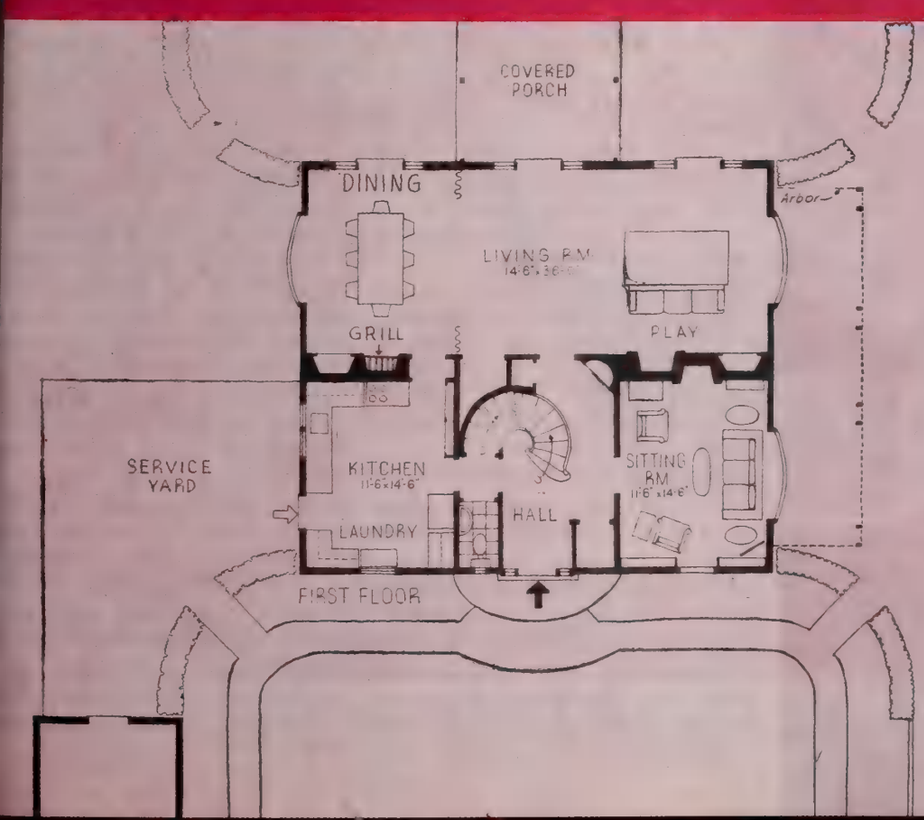
THIS is the story of a special design for living, and how it makes itself at home in two entirely different types of houses. It is worked out here in both cases with a good-sized family in mind—four to six children, even more—and a mother who wants an easily managed home without servants. There must be a big informal room that can take things as they come: dining, games, dancing and just plain getting together. But there must also be a quiet, small and nicely ordered sitting room, where the parents can be alone when they like, or entertain a few friends undisturbed. There must be commodious work space, laid out with convenience foremost in mind, and upstairs four or five bedrooms and two baths. It can't, of course, be a minimum house, but it must nevertheless be one that can be paid for and kept up on a moderate income.

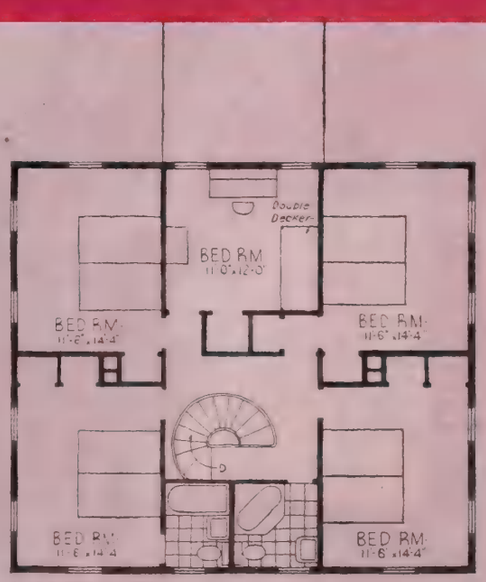
Here then is a pattern for really pleasurable living which will appeal to innumerable families who have never had a house that, all within four walls, made work easy, entertaining simple and privacy possible. And while the figures show that more families would prefer to enjoy this living scheme in a house styled along traditional lines, many others are beginning now to want it modern. The beauty of the scheme is that it works both ways, as the two sets of floor plans on these two pages prove. As far as total space is concerned, the two houses are practically identical; the traditional house having a larger second floor, the contemporary house a larger first floor.

The former features, inside and out, all that architectural graciousness which goes with the best period design and planning: the molded cornice and delicate details of doorways and windows; the shutters which function in this case for shade and protection, besides dressing the outside walls of white-painted flush siding; the circular staircase, the wide bow windows, and the general air of dignity and balance toward which many people will always feel partial. Whereas the modern version derives its outward beauty from its sweeping horizontal lines, the wide overhangs that cast their shadows on the chalk-tinted brick below and the vertical log-siding panels above. While indoors the over-all light from continuous ceiling-height windows fills rooms whose layout is in striking contrast to the balanced arrangement of the traditional plan.

The choice between the two houses is a matter of taste and attitude, but it is interesting to observe in the pictures on the opposite page that the two designs, which have so much in common as far as living is concerned, are also good companions, side by side, in the same community.






*Note how the rooms that fill a large family's need for spacious informality, for seclusion, too, and for plenty of sleeping quarters, are planned here in the best symmetrical traditional fashion.*

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## THE STAR THAT FELL IN OHIO

*(Continued from Page 21)*

he and two other guys went to where they had met Ida Lupino. Johnny wrote us that they got "a big bang" out of it. Now since he *had* met Ida, I would have used *her*, only I was afraid she might have a husband or something, so I decided to use Gloria. And I was suddenly smiling happily to myself, thinking what a clever girl, I. That Twink Leonard! I loved me.

I hung around the house the next morning just waiting for Barbara to turn up, and sure enough around noon I saw her roadster wheeling around the corner. I jumped up from the porch swing, and by the time Barbara had pulled up to the curb I was batting a tennis ball against the wall.

"Twink!" she caroled, and her voice dripped honey like a Sunday-morning waffle.

I glanced carelessly over my shoulder. "Hi." I sauntered down the steps.

"Twink," she cooed again, "why don't you come over to the house this afternoon? I have several people coming from Cleveland, including a very cute ensign!"

I quivered inwardly, but I did not weaken. "Can't," I chewed. "I have a date to go dripping with a goon." Her blue eyes were fastened on mine like an X-ray glare, but I just gave her my dead-pan look, which mother says is a cross between a moron and a Kentucky mountaineer who is figgering to blow your brains out.

"Oh, that's too *bad!*" From her tone you'd have thought we'd been going steady for years. I was just thinking of saying "How's about offering me the speedboat?" when she apparently decided that I couldn't be had, and changed tactics. "You probably have been thinking awful thoughts of me, haven't you, Twink?" she purred.

"Huh?"

"You know that I couldn't help what happened last night, don't you?" The heck she couldn't. She was asking for it—and liking it.

"Huh?"

"Last night!" she said, raising her voice. "*Last night out by the lighthouse!*"

I gaped at her, then registered intelligence. "Oh, *that*," I said.

"You know that it doesn't have anything to do with my feelings for Johnny, don't you?"

"Sure," I said, and carefully chewed three times. "That's what Johnny says about his feelings for Gloria." I shrugged.

"Gloria? Gloria *who?*"

"Gloria Allen."

"*Gloria Allen?*" She stared at me incredulously. "You don't mean the *famous* Gloria Allen?"

"Sure," I replied. "They met in New York at a party on his last leave, and ——" I stopped. "Didn't he tell you about it?"

"*No. He did not tell me about it!*" She was all ablaze now. "Just what *else* did they do besides meet at a party?"

"Oh, they went to the Stork Club and El Morocco to dance, and they went swimming a lot. Johnny likes to swim, you know," I added with special glee because Barbara just sits around looking beautiful in a bathing suit.

"Oh! How *nice!*" She was simply fuming. "He didn't even *mention* her!"

I chewed my cud. "Are you going to tell him about Ransom?"

Honestly, I expected to see smoke pouring out of her at any moment like an incense burner.

"Of course if you did he might get mad and stop writing. You know Johnny," I said chummily. And then I added brightly, "Maybe that's why he didn't mention Gloria to you."

When she roared away a few minutes later I could have jumped for joy, because I knew Barbara. She wasn't going to let any Hollywood star get Johnny away from *her*. So I didn't worry about Ransom any more. But I did worry about that ensign that got from me. "Date with a goon." Hah. The goon in these parts worth leering at was kick Saunders, and that dope didn't brains enough to *ask* me for a date. He always hovered around in the backgr looking mournfully at me, but not doing thing about it. And he did the nicest dives from the lighthouse. And he had be ful long brown legs. And lots of blond Like an Airedale. I guessed I didn't have sex appeal.

It wasn't till later that I read in a n magazine that Gloria Allen was from ston. Now whoever heard of a movie sta ing from Lanston, Ohio? But *she* was way, and her father was a football c there. But that didn't alarm me, becau thought no Hollywood star would be ca dead in Lanston, Ohio. Hah. Little c know!

When Johnny came marching home a he didn't march—he just bounded in bright October day, and he looked sir dazzling in that gorgeous uniform with captain's bars, and all the wings and me and his cap rakishly tilted. I kept gibbe and bouncing around, and Dopey—t our dachshund—kept racing madly ar the room, yelping and barking, until mo who was laughing and crying, said that wished I'd stop barking so she could hear self think, while daddy stood there beam with such pride that you'd have thought just delivered sextuplets. And Johnny, ning that devilish way of his, and loo more handsome than Ray Milland, Gre Peck and Jimmy Ste rolled into one. Oh, it the most wonderful t that had ever happene the Leonards, hav Johnny come back h

That first night at ner Johnny kept sayin was going to sleep till r for six months, and golf and sail all the re the time. "And what about Barbar teased mother.

"That takes care of the evenings," Joh grinned.

"Is that the program for the rest of life?" asked daddy. "Or are you and Barb going to get married and settle down?"

"Now, Charles," protested mother, " just got back! He doesn't want to thin that yet."

"H'm-m," said daddy. "But maybe bara's been thinking of it. If she has" raised one eyebrow at Johnny—"you'd ter start thinking too. You can't live on pills I put out, you know."

"Charles!" said mother reproachfully

I was squirming a little bit. It didn't s to me that running around with Ran Watkins all the time was exactly thinkin getting married to Johnny, and I had a rible feeling that she was with him right t for when Johnny had called her home told him that she was in Cleveland for day, and here he was waiting to surprise I glanced at Johnny uneasily. He looke happy, and so sure of himself. He was brownest thing I ever saw, and he looked as though he'd been playing a of tennis instead of fighting a war. wasn't changed a bit. Or at least I thou he wasn't.

Johnny saw Barbara that night, an seemed to me that he started changing o night. I heard mother ask him next mor how Barbara was and the way he answe "Fine" had a sort of cellulose coverin protective you know, but you could through it. I saw mother glance at quickly, then ask lightly if Barbara changed any.

Johnny didn't answer right away. "Ev thing looks a little different to me right no he finally said. "Even the sailboat. It se to have shrunk."

*(Continued on Page 226)*

**Remember to tell him how becoming his strand of gray hair is. Men dread the ravages of time quite as much as women.**

—PAGE COOPER: All the Year 'Round. (Stackpole Sons).

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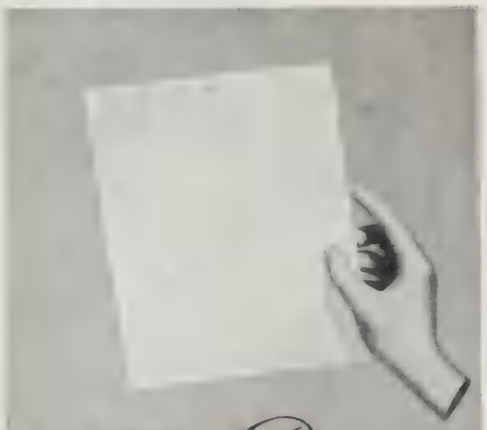
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WRITE FROM THE HEART


*(Continued from Page 224)*

"You've been away a long time, Johnny," mother replied gently. "And you've seen too many things."

"I guess that's it," Johnny replied easily.

I kept seeing Barbara with Ransom when Johnny was playing golf or sailing, and I wondered if he knew about it. Then one night Johnny came home in a black mood from Barbara's, and I heard him say something to mother about too many people being around all the time, and he was fed up with parties.

The next night we were sitting in the living room when mother said, "Johnny worries me. All of a sudden he's like a pricked balloon."

Daddy just chuckled, and remarked that when he took off that warrior's plumage he lost some of his cockiness, that was all.

Mother looked dubious. "Something's wrong. He acts peculiar."

"That's only natural," replied daddy. "He's been under terrific tension for a long time, and along with all the danger, there was a certain exhilaration. Now that it's all over there's bound to be a letdown. He's in for a sort of prolonged hang-over, that's all."

"I should think that being with Barbara would ——" Mother faltered. "Well, if they're in love ——"

"Perhaps," said daddy gently, "that has to go through a period of adjustment too. Give them a little time."

Mother put down her knitting. "You know they didn't become engaged until that leave of Johnny's last year, and it *might* have been due to the excitement of his coming home. And now that he's taken off his uniform, maybe he looks different to Barbara. She's always had everything, and I think that spoils a girl. Maybe Johnny as a glamorous hero was like a new toy. But now he's just one of the boys in town again."

"You're forgetting that Johnny has had a great deal of experience in the past few years. He's not a boy any more." Daddy's lips closed tightly. "You've got to let him work things out for himself, mother."

Just then the front door slammed, and Johnny sauntered into the living room. His eyes were very bright and he had a cynical little smile on his face. He was, to put it politely, lit.

"It's rather drunk out tonight," he announced cheerily.

Mother stared at him in shocked surprise. "Why, Johnny, I thought you and Barbara were at a party in Elyria!"

"That we were." He smiled amiably. "That we were. But I find the social activities of small smug towns rather boring. Miss Barbara Jennings doesn't. Miss Barbara Jennings and I had a slight disagreement about it. So Johnny hit the road to Cleveland, and he got a little drunk. He had a lovely time. Sorry, mother," he finished with a gallant bow.

"There's nothing to be sorry about," put in daddy, all genial like an Elks' Club. "Every man should get drunk now and then. I'd get drunk every night if I weren't a doctor."

"Charles!"

JOHNNY looked at daddy broodingly. "Swell guy," he muttered. "Stick up for the pride and joy of the family any time, won't you?"

"How about a nightcap?" asked daddy.

"Nope. Going to bed now." He turned and looked at me "You're a nice kid," he said solemnly; "not very bright, but nice." He stood there weaving slightly. "Too bad you have to grow up and become a woman!"

Mother sat up straight. "I'm a woman!" she said indignantly.

"You're no woman," replied Johnny. "You're my mother, and you're okay." He stopped at the door and turned. "It's funny. I didn't pass a single Zero on the way to Cleveland. Very dull. *Very* dull." He walked stiffly out and up the stairs.

We sat there like three stooges who had forgotten their lines.

"He'll get killed!" mother cried brokenly. "Drinking and racing off to Cleveland like that! You know how he drives!"

Daddy spoke rather sharply. "Mother, he's *back* from Cleveland, and back from the war, without any assistance from us. Let's try to act like parents instead of fussing hens!"

Mother meekly picked up her knitting again and daddy picked up his newspaper, but I don't think he was doing much reading, as it was upside down, so I decided to put on the radio too loud just to make them mad at me so they'd feel better about Johnny, which I did, and which they did, so that took care of things for the time being.

BUT when I got in bed I started thinking. Barbara lives in a vine-covered mansion with terraced lawns and stuff, and her family has all the money in town, as they own a big factory where most of the population of Cerulean work. She has really grown up here like a princess because she always had things that no one else had, including a groovy blue roadster when she was my age which made everyone simply drool with envy, and a speedboat in which she always managed to have some good-looking boy beside her. Barbara is very pretty, too, with dark hair and blue eyes and white skin—you know, Snow White-Hedy Lamarr stuff. And even though she always seemed rather snooty, that fitted into the picture because she had so much to be snooty about.

I think that she was always glamorous to Johnny, too, because he always danced with her at the yacht club, and went to parties up there, but he never hung around her much. Johnny's very independent, so he wouldn't worship at anyone's feet even if he had a great yen for her. Then he was away most of the time at Dartmouth, or being a lifeguard in the summer up at Put in Bay. Johnny's very athletic, and he was high-jump ski

*(Continued on Page 228)*




*"Gee, reverend, I sure enjoyed the lacing you gave the grownups!"*

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(Continued from Page 226)

champion at Dartmouth, and around here he won every swimming and diving prize there was to win.

Well. After that night when Johnny came marching in with a load on, things went on for a few days with nothing sensational happening, only it was obvious that Johnny had something on his mind. He wasn't like Johnny, always so gay and high-spirited. He was gay, but in a sort of forced chin-up-old-thing way. It made me uneasy. Maybe Johnny was more war-torn than he seemed to be, and if he got too drunk some night—well, I wouldn't want him to shoot Ransom Watkins or anything like that. Maybe somebody *should* shoot him, but I'd rather somebody else did it. I decided I'd better do a little spying.

But something happened which made it necessary for me to call all my powers of concentration into action. I was down at the post office, and I swung around and ran right into someone.

"Ooof!" I said. Then I saw that it was Barbara. "Oh," I apologized nervously, "I'm sorry, Barbara!"

She drew back and gave me a frosty smile. "Hello, Twink. Where's Johnny?" There was a dangerous gleam in her eye which warned me.

"I don't know. Isn't he with you?"

Barbara's blue eyes turned as green and cold as a mint julep. "No, he isn't with me," she replied icily. "He's probably in Lanston."

"Lan-s-ston?" I said feebly.

"Oh, don't go all big-eyed, Twink. You know what I'm talking about, and so did Johnny when he refused the invitation to my dinner party tomorrow night."

"W-why did he refuse the invitation to your dinner party?"

She smiled poisonously. "Well, of course it wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that Gloria Allen is in Lanston, would it?"

"Gloria Allen?"

"Oh, really, Twink!" snapped Barbara. "You're impossible. Of course you don't *know* that she's visiting her family, in Lanston, and is coming over here tomorrow night to do some exhibition swimming at the benefit?"

I just stood there blinking. "No, I d-didn't kn-know. Honestly, I didn't, B-barbara."

She laughed nastily. "And it wasn't *you*, Barbara, who told me all about Johnny and Gloria last summer, was it? Or was that two other people?" She gave me a withering down-the-nose glare. "What an actress you are! You should do Hamlet!" And she whiffed off while I stood there sagging like a paper bag filled with water.

*Oh, golly,* I thought. *Oh, great galloping gophers! Hollywood stars don't go around dropping in on people like the stork—do they?* But it seems that they *did*. They were even inconsiderate enough to have parents in Lanston, Ohio, and to come barging into *my* life, ten miles away. And Johnny's. I didn't know *what* to do.

I crept home and tried to sound casual as I asked mother why on earth Gloria Allen was going to appear at the benefit. Mother was darning socks, and she didn't even look up.

"She used to teach swimming at the orphanage," mother replied, "so naturally she'd do that to help them." She bit off a thread. "A very nice gesture," she added.

"Yeh," I said unenthusiastically. It was nice, all right. It was just ducky.

"You're going with us, aren't you?"

"I guess so," I replied in a drab tone. I wandered off to the porch.

The benefit is quite a shindig, with carnival booths, and all kinds of chance thingamabobs, and prizes. The children give a play and a swimming exhibition, and there's a big formal dance in the gym where all Cerulean turns out with an orchid in its hair. The orphanage is endowed, but once a year they have this big benefit to raise money, and it's Something. It looked as though it was going to be even more than that this time, so far as I was concerned. And Johnny too.

At dinner before the benefit I couldn't finish my chocolate pudding, and Johnny was


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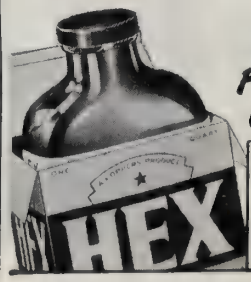
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in a black mood, and I kept hoping he'd go to Cleveland or somewhere.

"Johnny," said mother brightly, "are you going to the benefit with us?"

"Good grief, no," replied Johnny. "What a grim idea!"

"I thought you might go with Twink," said mother, smiling fondly. "She hates being seen in public without a man." She chuckled and daddy chortled. My own parents too!

I must have looked pathetic or something because Johnny looked at me a moment, and said, "Okay. I'll drag along. I'll put on my tails and give the natives a treat."

*I might as well put on a pair of horns,* I thought miserably. Oh, this was *awful.*

Even putting on an evening dress didn't lift my spirits. Even Johnny's whistle at the sight of me didn't bring me to life.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "It's a *woman.* Pretty too!" he grinned.

"Too bad she isn't bright, isn't it?" murmured mother.

"Oh, blub," I said, my voice in my shoes.

Of course we ran right into Barbara on the midway. She was luscious in black velvet cut down to here, and long earrings. She had her Upper Set crowd with her, and when she saw Johnny she immediately laughed gaily up at Ransom. Then she pretended to just discover Johnny, and she registered surprise.

"Hello, Johnny!" she called gaily.

"Good evening," Johnny replied coolly.

There was a bit of polite chitchat, with the others watching Johnny and Barbara curiously.

As we pushed off, Johnny said, "See you all later."

Barbara gave him a Look. "Certainly. At the swimming pool, no doubt." She smiled nastily and turned to Ransom.

Johnny glowered at her back. "That had the earmarks of a crack," he said, "but I don't get it." He shrugged indifferently. "Oh, *women,*" he muttered. "Women!"

By this time I was simply frozen with fear. When Barbara discovered that Johnny didn't even know Gloria, she'd just throw Johnny over completely for Ransom. I had to do *something.*

I was in such a state that I hardly saw anything. I vaguely felt all the excitement at the swimming pool. I heard the music playing and I saw the colored lights through a dense fog in my mind. I heard the fanfare for Gloria, and the terrific applause, and I have a vague memory of her stepping out onto the springboard looking like a goddess in a white bathing suit, with her golden hair in a braided coronet which looked like a crown. She was tall and built like a million dollars and her skin was the warmest, sort of deep gold. She was, in short, the best-looking thing I ever saw in my life. And when she soared into space in a breath-taking swan dive, the audience gave one big gasp, then burst into tumultuous applause. She wowed them, she knocked them right out of their seats.

**A man should choose a friend better than himself; if only like himself, he had better have none. There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.** —CHINESE PROVERB

And she knocked Johnny cold too. "Um-m-m-m!" he said, and then he softly murmured, "Hubba, hubba, *hubba!*" And there was my brother turning into a wolf before my eyes. My very own brother.

I suppose that gleam in his eye made me decide to do something desperate—and I did it. After the exhibition I told Johnny I'd meet him upstairs, and I hotfooted it for the shower where I knew Gloria would be. I could hear the water splashing, so I waited outside, and finally when she came out I popped out of the shadows, making her jump back in fright. She was wrapped in a white robe as soft and fluffy as a snowdrift.

"H-hello," I peeped like a baby chicken. My voice had little knitted bootees on it.

*(Continued on Page 231)*


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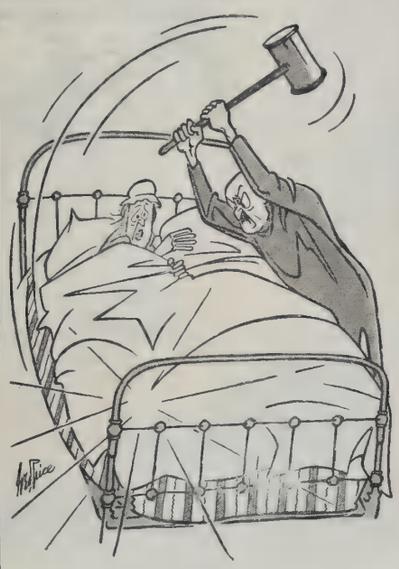


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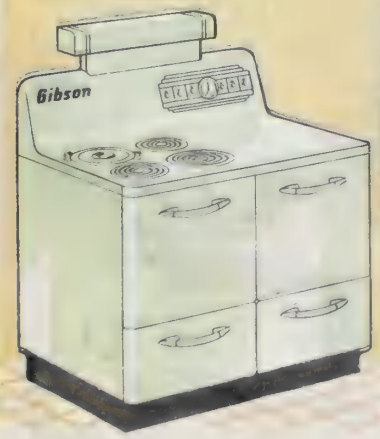
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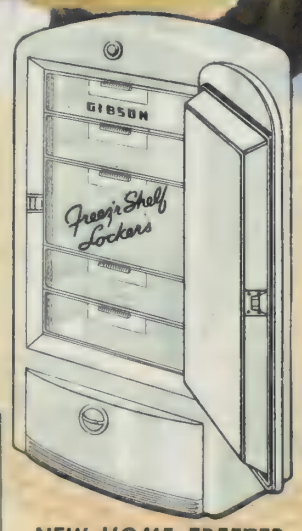
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*(Continued from Page 229)*

Her eyebrows rose to an amused peak, and she smiled. Oh, beautiful. Her eyes sparkled like sunshine on Lake Erie. "Why, hello," she said. "Do you always make such sudden appearances?" She was laughing a little bit and that was nice too.

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "I didn't mean to frighten you, but I *had* to see you." Then I couldn't go on. I just stood there like a country bumpkin staring at a queen.

She smiled again. "What is it?" she asked. She glanced at my hands, and I realized she thought I was an autograph hound.

"Oh, no," I quickly said. "I'm not a bobby soxer—well, I am, I guess," I floundered, "but it isn't that. It's my brother."

"Your *brother*?" She looked faintly alarmed.

"Yes. He was a flier in China, and he has lots of medals, but his girl kept forgetting him, and I had to remind her, and—and ——" Then I blurted it out. "I told her you were his other girl!"

"*What?*"

I was practically wringing my hands. "Oh, I know it was awful of me, Miss Allen. Please forgive me!" I pleaded. "But I never dreamed you'd come here. But you did, and they're both here, too, and she'll never be jealous now, and—oh, I could *die!*"

She was staring at me as though I were a lunatic—which I am, of course. "Oh, dear!" she said. "Oh, *dear!*" Then she reached out and firmly took my hand. "You come with me," she said, "and tell me all about it while I'm brushing my hair. Come on now," and she led me into the dressing room.

They say that all divers have a perfect sense of timing, and that must be why Gloria chose the exact moment to make her appearance when we were standing only about ten feet from Barbara and her mob. Everybody was staring at Gloria; and no wonder, as she was like a Greek goddess in flowing white that was all draped and pleated with a wide gold belt, and her hair was piled on top of her head, and she was magnificent. She walked right up to Johnny, put her arms around his neck and kissed him. I closed my eyes and prayed wildly that he wouldn't drop dead. "Hello, Johnny," I heard her murmur in a most caressing manner. I opened my eyes again. Gloria had slipped her arm through Johnny's, and darned if he wasn't looking down at her with a slow smile on his lips and a look in his eyes that made me blink. I guess a man who has downed a string of Zeros can meet any situation. They started for the dance floor, and Gloria gave me a sidewise glance. "How'm I doing?" she asked, and winked.

I HEARD Johnny saying, "I don't know what this is all about, but I like it fine!" Then I saw Barbara staring after them with murder in her eye, and I quickly dove for the punch bowl. Golly!

After Gloria and Johnny had danced together so much that everyone was whispering excitedly about it, and Barbara was beginning to look as though rigor mortis were setting in, I decided that the moment had come for the happy ending. I edged over to the corner where they were standing, completely absorbed in each other.

"You were wonderful, Miss Allen!" I breathed. "Just wonderful!" They didn't even hear me! "Hey!" I said.

They both turned to look at me, but the expressions on their faces startled me.

"Hey," I said plaintively, "don't you think you're sort of overdoing this?"

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Johnny!" I said. "Don't you think you ought to dance with Barbara now?"

"Uh-uh," he replied over his shoulder. "I'm busy."

This was carrying things too far! Johnny was falling like a ton of bricks, and he'd only get his heart broken twice instead of once.

"Miss Allen," I said desperately, "please don't make him fall for you. He's just *rebounding* all over the place!"

Johnny swung around. "Rebound my foot! I've known ever since I got home that Barbara's not the girl for me. She's a spoiled, superficial little girl with too much money, and she's not in love with anyone but herself. So don't worry about her or me."

"B-but—you can't fall in love with Miss Allen! She's a movie star!"

She turned a radiant smile upon me. "Don't you think that movie stars fall in love too?" she asked gently.

"But you don't even know each other!"

SHE smiled again. "That's what *you* think. He taught me how to dive at Put-in Bay several years ago. He didn't remember *me*, but I remembered him. I had an awful crush on him." She looked up at him. "And it all comes back to me now."

"Twink"—Johnny gave me a deep look—"isn't someone calling you?"

Well, I guess I know when I'm not wanted. I turned and walked away, thinking I'd certainly gone to a lot of trouble for nothing. I went outside to cool off, and as I came around the corner of the building I ran smack into Barbara and Ransom, and I stopped dead in my tracks as I heard Ransom telling Barbara in no uncertain terms that she could make up her mind now or never, that he didn't mind being led on a string with Johnny in China, but now —— He looked up and saw me standing there.

"Good Godfrey!" he exploded. "There she is again!" He took Barbara by the elbows. "Wait right here," he said in a commanding tone. "I'll be right back." I heard Barbara say, "Yes, Ransom," very meekly as he took me by the arm and led me back around the corner of the building. "Listen," he said, "will you please stop this popping out of walls, and cracks in rocks? Are you following me?"

"No," I replied. "Certainly not!"

"Well, if you are," he replied coldly, "it might be better if you wait till you get a bit older. Then I'll consider you." He looked me up and down. "You're pretty. You've got possibilities. I'll think it over."

My mouth fell open and I spluttered helplessly. "Why, you w-*wolf!*" I yelped, and I stood there just shaking with anger as he smiled and turned on his heel. I turned on mine, too, and ran right into Sidekick. He looked very mad, and his blond hair had fallen over one eyebrow.

"What's he doing to you?" he demanded.

I looked up at him in surprise, then I started giggling. "Come out from behind that bush. I'd know you anywhere."

He looked down at me very sternly. "Were you leading him on?" he asked suspiciously.

"Can I help it," I asked innocently, "if men can't leave me alone?"

He just looked at me in a way that made me wriggle inside. "Do you want to dance?"

"Is that a threat—or an invitation?" I asked sweetly.

"Don't lead me on," he said roughly, "don't lead me on!" And he dragged me toward the door just like a cave man in a leopard skin. Just like a *man*.

So you see, that's how it happened that Johnny went to Hollywood, and got in the picture with Gloria about Sun Valley where he teaches her to ski, and she teaches him to swim, and daddy says that he's just cocky enough to hold his own in Hollywood, even if he is Mr. Gloria Allen now. And Ransom is Mr. Barbara Jennings, and on her the trousers don't look good either, but he still leers and sneers at me when we meet, which is just dandy because it keeps Sidekick following me around to protect me from older wolves, and mother says will I *ever* learn to mind my own business, and I don't think that I ever will now because look what's happened because I didn't! Would *you?*

**Would you rise in the world? You must work while others amuse themselves. Are you desirous of a reputation for courage? You must risk your life. Would you be strong morally and physically? You must resist temptation. All this is paying in advance. Observe the other side of the picture: the bad things are paid for afterwards.**

**—SAVONAROLA.**



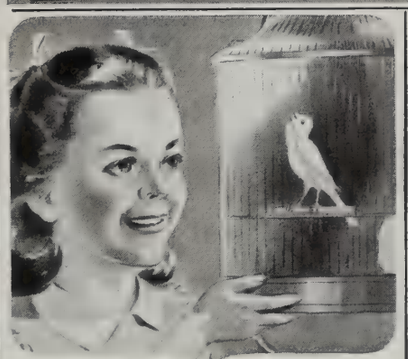


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# A Way to Hasten Spring

WHEN the last weeks of winter are wearing out their stay and the first weeks of spring creep in a little dismally, the question is what to do with the days which linger in that long hallway between seasons, and the answer is in the photograph above. If you have the time, the place and the knack, any plant in the picture could be raised right at home: callas and amaryllis quite easily; the others, less simple to bring along under ordinary household conditions. But from now on till spring you should be able to get them at almost any greenhouse or flower shop, if someone doesn't get there first and send them to you. There is even a knack in buying them, to make them last longer, and that is to pick them out in bud, instead of in full bloom. This way you have the satisfaction of watching them open under your own personal care, on which also depends the length of time they stay in flower. It goes for practically every kind of potted flowering plant that it will bloom better and last longer if it is kept in a sunlit window where strong sunlight can be shaded. Too much brightness shortens its blooming time, and in the case of tulips makes them open wider than is becoming to a flower whose petals should form a cuplike shape. Next to controlling the light it is important to control the atmosphere and temperature. These plants, like people, do better in rooms where there is moisture in the air, and comfortable warmth below seventy. Under those conditions they dry out slowly and should be watered discreetly, just enough to keep the pot soil slightly damp. In other words, with a little foresight and care, the flowers that bloom in the house before spring will last for weeks instead of days. And after they have finished, you can get still other seasons of bloom out of them if you want to take the trouble. Tulips, daffodils and Easter lilies can be taken from their pots in May and planted outside where they'll bloom the following spring, while the callas and amaryllis, when they've ripened, and after they've been given a dry rest on their sides, will be ready to start all over again.

★ BY RICHARD PRATT ★

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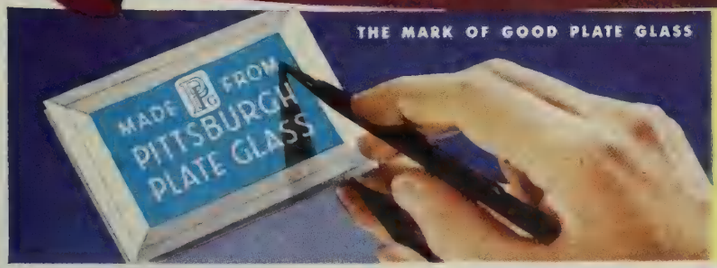


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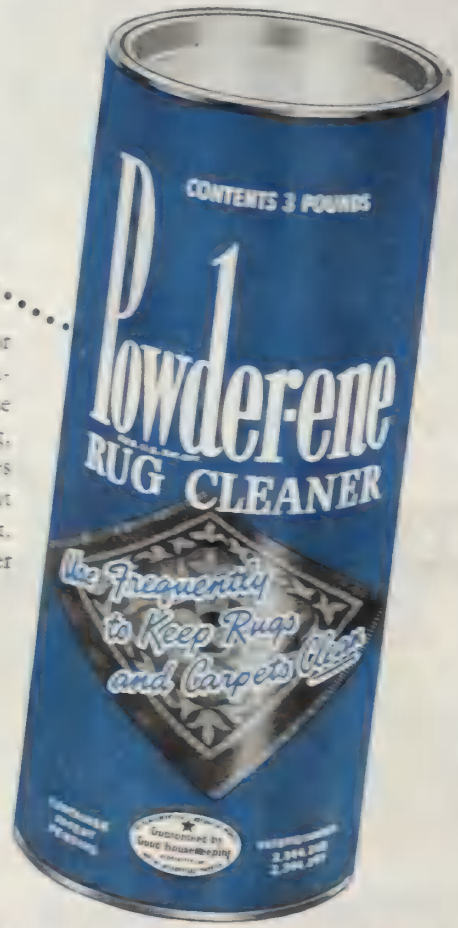



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# Diary of Domesticity

## By Gladys Taber

THE wind has been roaring today, and patches of dark earth show between the snow levels. When I went out to the kennel, I could feel what flying must be like. One could lean against the wind and ride up and out across the hills.

*Where would I go on the March wind?* I thought. *Over the silver hills of the moon to an enchanted land, lovely and lost, a world of faerie.*

I could see it, at the wind's end, a pale silvery valley with a white jade river flowing gently through it. The trees are tall and their leaves are the color of moonstone. The air smells like the first apple blossoms in spring, and the pale silvery grass is deep with starry blue flowers. Here lives my unicorn with his ivory hoofs and silver horn. The pale light glows in his dark eyes. When he paws the flowery turf, there is a sound like silver from the striking hoofs. He eats only the blue flowers. The people in the enchanted valley walk softly and speak in pleasant voices. They have never heard of war and they do not know how to hate. They are always kind to one another, they are full of loving-kindness, and this is a more wonderful thing than even my unicorn.

*Yes,* I thought, opening the kennel gate, *someday I shall go to the lost lovely valley and walk by the river of white jade in the country of loving-kindness.*

And the March wind tore the kennel gate from my hands and out came ten cockers. They brought me back to New England with a bounce!

They come out always expressing their separate individualities. Hildegarde and Melody hit me like small violent bombs and explode happily in my arms. Wild licking and wagging and squirming and whoofing, as if they never could bear being so ecstatic. Too small a cocker is to carry so much love. Silver and Snow give a couple of affectionate leaps in passing and then whirl away like blowing gold and dark leaves. Snow, the silly, runs around and around the lawn in frantic circles, faster and faster and faster, like a pin wheel.

Silver flashes to the front gate to see if there isn't somebody coming that she can bark at and tell off in no uncertain terms. Silver is still antisocial. And maybe she can find Shep, the German police dog belonging to George across the road. Then she can jump up and down and carry on like a soapbox orator. What she thinks of police dogs! Shep is very polite and always rambles over to cock a thoughtful listening ear on the other side of the picket fence. Sometimes he smiles.

Clover greets me and tears back to the swamp side of the house where the big rabbit lives. Who knows—he might just happen to be inside and ready for fun.

But Sister is the sweet one. She always runs back to me three times and jumps against me and says thank you. No matter how tempting the prospect is outside, Sister comes back just to be sure I know she is grateful for me. Now that Sister is getting older, I often seem to get a curious lump in my throat when she does this. Her eager lifted face looks up at me so earnestly, so bright with love.

Saxon's idea is to see if he can beat the draw and reach the door to the house before I do and come on in to look over the cuisine for the day. He is so big and golden and masculine and his expression is so ingenuous that everyone laughs when looking at him. He is one cocker that enjoys being laughed at. He feels pleased and bangs his tail frantically against the stove, plumps his large rear right by my feet and says, "Let me try a little of that roast, please, just to see if it's done."

Honey is aloof. She sits on the terrace, looking thoughtfully down the road, and the March wind ruffles her hair. She has the heaviest gold coat and her petticoats are very thick. Her ears blow a little in the wind, but are too heavy to stand out. Melody and Hildegarde run by with their ears standing straight out in the air. They look like airplanes as they skim along.

Esmé does not care for wind, or damp earth either. She stays in the sunniest window, looking out and keeping her fur dry. Summer nights are for Esmé and Tigger, when it is hot and still and they can go wild in the moonlight.



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Esmé catches a mouse now and then. It is always a very small, very special mouse. She seems to feel a little doubtful about the propriety of a Royal Siamese engaging in mousing. She reminds me of Marie Antoinette milking a cow in her imitation rustic village on the grounds at Versailles. But when she brings her mouse in, she comes in with long beautiful leaps in the air. She rises completely above the law of gravity, and the mouse rises with her!

A cat has so much imagination. A cat invents a whole drama around a mouse; a cat is, by and large, sophisticated and complex, and capable of creating three-act plays around any single piece of action. Also, at least *our* cats have a drive that the cockers lack. You can talk a cocker out of something, but not a cat. Esmé and Tigger both feel confident they are always right, and the best thing for their humans to do is fall in line with them and not waste energy trying to reason.

Many people think cats are completely independent, and lack affection. This is not true. You have to understand a cat, that is all. When I go away from Stillmeadow, Honey follows mournfully to the last inch and tells me how she probably won't live until I get back. Esmé just appears on the fence, looking at me coldly and scornfully with her sapphire eyes. Nothing to her, she indicates. But if I don't get back when I should, she runs away. And the instant I set foot on the place again, there she is, walking disdainfully behind me and cursing fluently in Siamese. Honey will be roller-skating all around me, and Esmé stalking along, and whoever thinks that Esmé didn't miss me just as much as Honey has never had a cat.

The difference is simply in the way of showing feeling. A cocker will kiss your hand

**The world moves and man moves, and the stars of thought cannot be nailed to the sky.** —THE CRAYON

frantically and rush to your arms. A cat will move in nonchalantly and rub a chin on you, then seize your hand and bite it firmly and, if really touched, knead you with very briery claws.

In short, a complete household needs both. I think a minimum of two dogs and two cats is about right.

There is a moment in March when I really know spring is coming. I can't wait to get the storm windows off. Our windows have all been numbered again this season. But that means nothing. They are stuck all over with little numbers from past efforts to organize them, and they have writing on them, too, such as "window over outside radiator." . . . "Kitchen window No. LLL." . . . "G's bedroom—6 or 9." But next fall when they go on again, they will all be wrong. We shall be running around and around the house getting them up by trial and error.

It is time to clean the garden up. If spring is early, the first rhubarb will poke through, a dark-emerald lustrous cone ready to unfold in a lovely leaf. Rhubarb is one of the most beautiful plants in the world. The richness of the green and the shape of the leaves and the clear ruby color of the stems are all lovely to look at. And when it flowers in ivory masses, the spikes are like corsages for Titans. Not that Titans probably went in for corsages.

The flowers are good in arrangements in human-size houses too. A friend gave me a beautiful old battery jar for Christmas—greeny-glass and thick and bubbly edges. It will be lovely with rhubarb flowers with their greeny-ivory matching shades.

Spring cleaning of the garden helps clean the mind, too, of winter darkness, because the fresh icy air has new life in it. And the ground is spongy under the thrust of the spring sun. But spring cleaning of the house has very little charm for me. Shall we wax the floor and keep the cockers out, or let the cockers in with dozens of muddy paws? Who would really prefer a spotless sterile room


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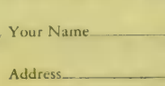
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with a very immaculate bedspread on the bed to a room inundated with cockers and cats? I generally decide that seven cockers on the bed, lined up nose by nose and looking blissful, is more rewarding than an empty but virginal-white bed.

When the ground has "settled," as we say, and it is dry, the time for spring cleaning is over. The garden must be planted then. So I vacillate. We spring-clean one room and shut it up. Then the door gets left open, and Snow is observed rolling in blond splendor on the cleanest sofa.

We are one family that changes horses in midstream so much that it would make some housewives dizzy. We may get half the windows washed and clean curtains up and decide it would be a fine time to paint the front-room woodwork. Or my sister Jill may begin to "do" the upstairs closets and find something she meant to repair. Whereupon she vanishes to the barn and the happy sound of her hammer fills the rest of the day. I creep up and chuck everything back in the closet.

As for me, the bookshelves are fatal. If I even pass by with a fugitive dustcloth, I happen to see Keats' Letters and I pause just to reread a couple. I begin with "I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man—they make our Prime Objects a refuge as well as a passion." I go on to his "readiness to measure time by what is done and to die in six hours could plans be brought to conclusions—the looking upon the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Earth and its contents, as materials to form greater things ——" and some time later I am still there, wiping my brimming eyes with the idle dustcloth as I agonize all over again with Fanny Brawne and Keats' tragic passion. (And no matter what any critic may say, I shall never, never forgive Fanny Brawne.)

It seems to me Keats said almost everything that need be said about man. If we could all "look upon" Sun, Moon, Stars and Earth as materials to form greater things, what a race we should be! If we had, all of us, that largeness of spirit, that passion for truth and beauty, nothing could shake us. But we busy ourselves with little things, small jealousies, fears, anxieties. And life goes on and maybe we miss some opportunity to ease someone's heartache or help someone out of a bad spot.

Maybe we are just too busy "doing a million things" to see how the sky looks at dusk-dark. Pink pearl over the fringes of evening as day dies in beauty while we argue over who is going to do the dishes.

The March wind dies at dusk, too, flinging a last banner against the woods. Triumphant wild wind, presaging the softness of April air, promising new life, new growing green things.

The cockers have run themselves out. They are ready to sit by the open fire and leave mud all over the floor. They are ready for milk and eggs and they will be polite while we turn on the radio and get the evening news.

The evening news may be bad; it usually is. The old tired earth moves on in its orbit while men still hate and struggle and folks go hungry and children are cold and lonely. Often at this hour I feel sad, too, wishing I could set out supper for all the world with candlelight and the open fire and the cockers and cats and simple loving-kindness enough to go round. I think of women whose loved ones are under white crosses in hot steaming places and cold level plains; I think of them, too, every one, the men who gave up life for a dream. The men back with us, confused by a peacetime world.

I think of us, left on the Earth a little longer, to justify the sacrifice, to look on the Sun, the Moon, the Stars as materials to form greater things.

And I never quite despair! I pick up a cocker and feel how warmly the heartbeat goes on, and I know the answer to the old troubled world. I look out the window—storm window off and buried in anonymity until another year, and spring coming with the miracle of rebirth, and the old words come again:

"Be ye kind one to another."


**"I, too, used to have trouble in getting my husband to help around the house"**

*says Mrs. Artemus Thinkle of Venus*

Take a tip from this good neighbor—a mere 26,000,000 miles away. Take a trip to Venus yourself—as soon as the new atom drive space ship is completed. Chances are you'll find a planet much like earth—with much the same people having much the same problems. Read further! Find out how Mrs. Thinkle solved hers!

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*"Arty became so fond of his Casco Power Tools he developed several worth-while hobbies. Sculpting is just one of them. He has made me some lovely bracelets out of metal coins. His plastic book ends are the envy of the neighborhood. And our house never creaks, leaks or squeeks. I'm the happiest woman in Venus! Don't you thinkle I should be?"*



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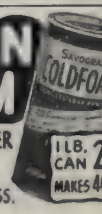
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## NEW DESIGN FOR LIVING

*(Continued from Page 180)*

room could be arranged attractively and yet include all the things young people require nowadays. The built-in features were especially designed for school-age children, and we eliminated rugs and other features which would complicate the housekeeping.

The actual room is thirty-six feet long, with all outdoors included through the long rows of windows. The floors are dark green jaspé linoleum; the draperies, washable casement cloth; and all upholstery is heavy-textured cotton. In the living end of the room the ceiling is higher, adding to the pleasant clublike atmosphere, and increasing the air space. All the furniture slides easily so it can be moved back for dancing, pulled around the fireplace or rearranged to suit a special occasion.

Let's take a tour around the room and look at all the special features. At the right of the fireplace is a block of twelve lockers, built like deep cupboards. Into the lower ones you put toys, building blocks, catcher's mitts, crayon boxes, dolls, airplanes, puzzles, and so on. Into the top lockers go playing cards, cameras and other family articles which are used only on occasion and which are somewhat of a problem to store in the ordinary household.

Next come the long deep bookshelves with a place for everybody's books and magazines. Then the small piano, recessed to save floor space, and the portable radio.

Those three deep, long couches or window seats to the right of the doorway are well padded and as comfortable as single beds. Not being joined, they rearrange in several ways, and are ideal for lounging or naps.

In front of the couches is a big sturdy table which functions also as a record player. Close the open section over the record wheel, and youngsters can sit on it or use it for puzzles, cutting out or games.

The furniture group around the fire also assembles in different ways to suit the season and the occasion. Thirty persons can be seated comfortably in the room, without bringing in additional chairs.

The next color photograph shows the dining end of the room. The table is in three sections, each of which can function separately or assemble in different ways for table tennis, a gala buffet or just everyday family dining. Above the cabinet is the "pinup" area planned as a changing decoration or family-interest spot, with prints, maps, posters or other features alternating, according to the enthusiasms of the hour. Shown is a group of American artists' prints made available at popular prices, for home enjoyment.

All the concealed lighting is scientifically planned to give adequate light in just the right spots. There is, of course, general illumination for the room as a whole, and cove lighting back of the deep ledge in the living end of the room.

---

**Take time to work—it is the price of success.**

**Take time to think—it is the source of power.**

**Take time to play—it is the secret of perpetual youth.**

**Take time to read—it is the fountain of wisdom.**

**Take time to be friendly—it is the road to happiness.**

**Take time to dream—it is hitching your wagon to a star.**

**Take time to love and be loved—it is the privilege of the gods.**

**Take time to look around—it is too short a day to be selfish.**

**Take time to laugh—it is the music of the soul.**

—LEINSTER LEADER: Irish Digest.

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*The easy-spending spree is about over.* More and more people are asking: "Am I getting full value from each of my hard-earned dollars?" And they're saying this, too . . . "I intend to get more out of life—more recreation, more travel, more fun!"

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GREYHOUND

# Let's Diagnose Your Verbal He...

*By Norman Lewis*

## I. TEST YOUR GRAMMAR

*All answers will be found following the last test.*

### Easy

If you can check a correct choice in *four or more* of the following sentences, consider your grammatical skill AVERAGE.

1. Would you like to have dinner with my mother and (*a*—I, *b*—me)?
2. She looks much older than (*a*—I, *b*—me).
3. The doctor suggested that you try to (*a*—lay, *b*—lie) down for a short nap after lunch every day.
4. Just between you and (*a*—I, *b*—me), I think she's cheating us.
5. (*a*—Is, *b*—Are) either of the boys ready?

No. Right:___

### Hard

Indicate the word which grammatically completes each sentence. Get *four or more* right to prove that your ability in grammar is GOOD.

1. I knew it was (*a*—they, *b*—them) all the time.
2. The person who is sloppy in (*a*—their, *b*—his) thinking usually will not get very far in business.
3. I can't imagine (*a*—who, *b*—whom) it was.
4. You may speak to (*a*—whoever, *b*—whomever) comes in to see you.
5. Yesterday afternoon we (*a*—lay, *b*—laid) in the sun for an hour.

No. Right:___

### Very Hard

If you made an acceptable score on the two previous tests and can choose correctly in *four or more* of the following sentences, your grammar is EXCELLENT.

1. (*a*—Who, *b*—Whom) would you prefer to be?
2. It is I who (*a*—is, *b*—am) asking the questions.
3. He is one of those politicians who (*a*—believe, *b*—believes) in straddling the issues.
4. (*a*—Due to, *b*—Because of) his illness, he cannot keep his appointment today.
5. They believed the burglar to be (*a*—he, *b*—him).

No. Right:___

## II. TEST YOUR SPELLING

### Easy

Your spelling is AVERAGE if you can check the correct form of *four or more* of the following words.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | *a*—holiday | *b*—holliday |
| 2. | *a*—despair | *b*—dispair |
| 3. | *a*—persue | *b*—pursue |
| 4. | *a*—appartment | *b*—apartment |
| 5. | *a*—pastime | *b*—passtime |

No. Right:___

### Hard

Your spelling is GOOD if you can check the correct form of *all* of the following.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | *a*—exhillarate | *b*—exhilarate |
| 2. | *a*—category | *b*—catagory |
| 3. | *a*—rhythmical | *b*—rythmical |
| 4. | *a*—sieze | *b*—seize |
| 5. | *a*—indispensible | *b*—indispensable |

No. Right:___

### Very Hard

If you made an acceptable score ... previous tests and can check the c... of *all* ...he following, your spelling ... EXCELL...NT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | *a*—tyrannize | *b*—tyra... |
| 2. | *a*—insistent | *b*—insist... |
| 3. | *a*—supercede | *b*—super... |
| 4. | *a*—conoisseur | *b*—conn... |
| 5. | *a*—ecstacy | *b*—ecsta... |

No. R...

## III. TEST YOUR PRONUNCIATION

*In these pronunciation tests syllab... not necessarily correct, and is intend... show approximate sounds.*

### Easy

Indicate the preferable pronunciati... of the following words. Make a *pe...* to judge that your ability is AVERA...

1. *Italian:* *a*—Eye-talian
   *b*—It-alian
2. *radiator:* *a*—ray-diator
   *b*—rad-iator
3. *intricate:* *a*—IN-tricate
   *b*—inTRIC-ate
4. *preferable:* *a*—preFER-able
   *b*—PREF-erable
5. *mischievous:* *a*—MIS-chievous
   *b*—misCHEE-vee...

No. Ri...

### Hard

Score *four or more* correct to show th... pronunciation is GOOD. As before, ... the preferable form.

1. *bade:* *a*—bad
   *b*—bayd
2. *clandestine:* *a*—cl...mDES-tin
   *b*—CLAN-de-styne
3. *irony:* *a*—eye-ro-ny
   *b*—eye-er-ny
4. *to combat:* *a*—COM-bat
   *b*—comBAT
5. *ignominy:* *a*—IG-nominy
   *b*—igNOM-iny

No. Righ...

### Very Hard

If you made an acceptable score on t... previous tests and can get *four or mo...* in this one, your pronunciation is EXCE... Indicate, again, the preferable form.

1. *finis:* *a*—fin-is
   *b*—fye-nis
   *c*—fee-nee
2. *status:* *a*—staytus
   *b*—stattus
3. *grimace:* *a*—GRIM-ace
   *b*—griMACE
4. *flaccid:* *a*—flassid
   *b*—flak-sid
5. *eighth:* *a*—ay-th
   *b*—ayt-th

No. Righ...

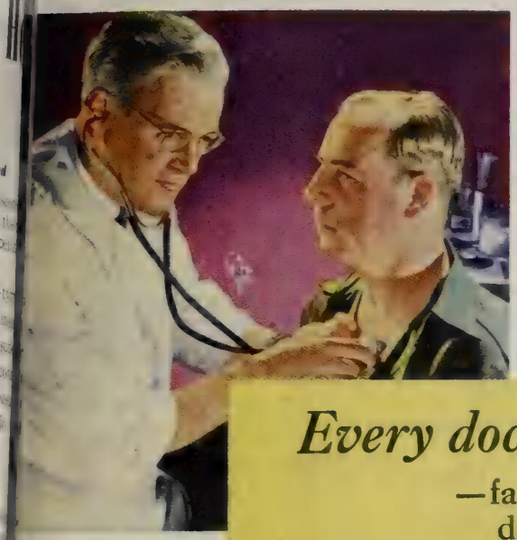
## IV. TEST YOUR VOCABUL...

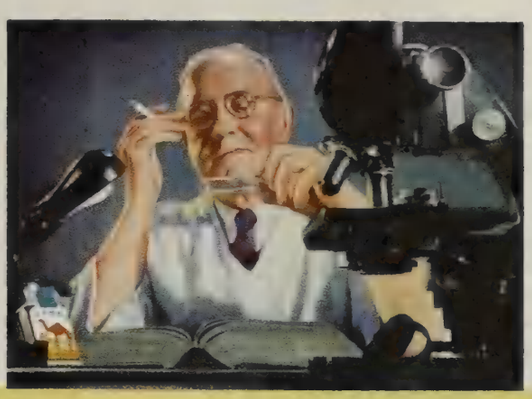
### Easy

Check the correct definition of each ita... word. A score of *four or more* right sh... AVERAGE vocabulary.

1. *versatile:* *a*—cowardly
   *b*—unfaithful
   *c*—having many differ... titudes
2. *ostracize:* *a*—shun
   *b*—misunderstand
   *c*—deny

*(Continued on Page 240)*







*Every doctor in private practice was asked:*

—family physicians, surgeons, specialists...
doctors in every branch of medicine—

*"What cigarette do you smoke?"*







*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

# More Doctors Smoke Camels

## *than any other cigarette!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**THE "T-ZONE" TEST WILL TELL YOU**



The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own laboratory, your proving ground, for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."




**Not a guess, not just a trend...but an *actual fact* based on the statements of doctors themselves to 3 nationally known independent research organizations.**

YES, your doctor was asked...along with thousands and thousands of other doctors from Maine to California.

And they've named their choice—the brand that more doctors named as their smoke is *Camel!* Three nationally known independent research organizations found this to be a fact.

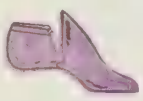
Nothing unusual about it. Doctors smoke for pleasure just like the rest of us. They appreciate, just as you, a mildness that's cool and easy on the throat. They too enjoy the full, rich flavor of expertly blended costlier tobaccos. And they named Camels...more of them named Camels than any other brand. Next time you buy cigarettes, try Camels.




above everything...
fashion must fit

Every fashion-connoisseur knows it! And it's Foot Saver's famous Shortback* Last that makes these shoes fit as though custom-made for your foot alone! Moulded over this unique Last, Foot Savers hold your heel—gently . . . and free your toes—really! Comfortable? Couldn't be more so! Lookable? But, very . . . and in young Spring styles for daytime or dress. Write for name of nearest store.

The Julian & Kokenge Company,
274 South Front Street, Columbus 15, Ohio.



Only Foot Savers are made over Shortback* Lasts, which prevent looseness and gapping at the heel without crowding at the toe.

$9.95 to $14.95
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHORTBACK
Foot Saver Shoes


(Continued from Page 238)

3. *naïve:* *a*—young
   *b*—happy
   *c*—innocent
4. *euphonious:* *a*—misleading
   *b*—pleasant sounding
   *c*—visible
5. *gourmet:* *a*—government official
   *b*—judge of good food
   *c*—foreigner

No. Right:____

### Hard

Is each pair of words the same or opposite in meaning? *Four hits out of five* indicates a GOOD vocabulary.

1. acerbity; mildness — *Same?* *Opposite?*
2. temerity; rashness — *Same?* *Opposite?*
3. perspicuous; confusing — *Same?* *Opposite?*
4. truculent; fierce — *Same?* *Opposite?*
5. vindictive; forgiving — *Same?* *Opposite?*

No. Right:____

### Very Hard

Complete *four or more* of the following words to label your vocabulary EXCELLENT.

1. Untruthfulness M....CITY
2. Grotesque parody or likeness T....STY
3. Flimsy, unsubstantial T....OUS
4. Descriptive of a feeling or reaction that comes to one as a spectator rather than as an active participant V....RIOUS
5. Slightly sour or sourish A....LOUS

No. Right:____

### ANSWERS

I—GRAMMAR—
Easy: 1-*b*, 2-*a*, 3-*b*, 4-*b*, 5-*a*.
Hard: 1-*a*, 2-*b*, 3-*a*, 4-*a*, 5-*a*.
Very hard: 1-*a*, 2-*b*, 3-*a*, 4-*b*, 5-*b*.

II—SPELLING—
Easy: 1-*a*, 2-*a*, 3-*b*, 4-*b*, 5-*a*.
Hard: 1-*b*, 2-*a*, 3-*a*, 4-*b*, 5-*b*.
Very hard: 1-*a*, 2-*a*, 3-*b*, 4-*b*, 5-*b*.

III—PRONUNCIATION—
Easy: 1-*b*, 2-*a*, 3-*a*, 4-*b*, 5-*a*.
Hard: 1-*a*, 2-*a*, 3-*a*, 4-*a*, 5-*a*.
Very hard: 1-*b*, 2-*a*, 3-*b*, 4-*b*, 5-*b*.

IV—VOCABULARY—
Easy: 1-*c*, 2-*a*, 3-*c*, 4-*b*, 5-*b*.
Hard: 1-*opposite*, 2-*same*, 3-*opposite*, 4-*same*, 5-*opposite*.
Very hard: 1-mendacity, 2-travesty, 3-tenuous, 4-vicarious, 5-acidulous.

### THE DIAGNOSIS

| | POOR | AVERAGE | GOOD | EXCELLENT |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Grammar | | | | |
| Spelling | | | | |
| Pronunciation | | | | |
| Vocabulary | | | | |
| General Skill | | | | |

Check the correct box, according to the score you make on each test.

Now total the scores you made on all twelve tests, counting one point for each correct answer. Here's your diagnosis:

| TOTAL SCORE | DIAGNOSIS |
|---|---|
| 0–16 | poor |
| 17–33 | average |
| 34–50 | good |
| 51–60 | excellent |

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Ask Any Woman*

BY MARCELENE COX

IN DRESSING three daughters, I sometimes find myself longing for those times when you could raise a girl on one school skirt, three shirtwaists, a Sunday dress and a box of talcum powder.

A grandmother asked her granddaughter, just home from college, to stir up a batch of griddlecakes. The cakes were a complete failure. "I should think," said the old lady acridly, "with all that education you'd be able to make pancakes fit to eat."

"Well, grandmother, I followed the recipe exactly," replied the girl.

"That's what I mean," replied her venerable relative. "You ought to know better than that."

Erratic unpredictable punishment places a child in a state of awful apprehension, worse than living on the edge of an active volcano.

Women should be equipped with double receiving sets, one for husbands and one for children.

When the children have kite failures it may be one of life's lessons they ought to learn early: that some people never do get their kites off the ground; that some get them in the air but cannot keep them there; and that a few, only a few, are born to the purple and succeed in getting their kites into the clouds and sailing them for the wonder and amazement of the multitude below.

The one big difference between the old-fashioned and the modern parent is that the old-fashioned one *knew* he knew best, the modern one studies child psychology and *wonders* if he knows best.

When one considers what adults in their relationships can do to each other, it is frightening to think what an adult can do to a child.

Parents are dated by "Oh, you're just going through that." Thank goodness, we went through that last year.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Printed in U. S. A.

Ladies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe

# JOURNAL



BURLINGAME
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Burlingame, Calif.

*The Gifts of Love* ♥ A COMPLETE NOVEL BY ANDRINA IVERSON



**ANDRINA IVERSON** *(The Gifts of Love)* writes: "A long time ago the University of Michigan gave me a B. A. without benefit of math, and I spent the next ten years keeping books. Now I'm a housewife, but there isn't a sewing machine in the world I wouldn't trade for any old broken-down typewriter. I envy the green-thumbed magicians whose gardens look like seed catalogues, the little man who cuts my slip covers, and people who play the piano. I have a patient six-foot husband, and a not-so-patient five-year-old daughter. I speak Norwegian and read French, but would be hard put to prove either in the presence of a Norwegian or a sophomore French student!"



**ALEC RACKOWE** *(Seven Hundred a Week)* writes: "I was born in England—educated there and in the U.S. My first phase of writing took place in the newspaper world, on the staff of several dailies. Following came publicity work in New York, and radio writing. Finally, fiction caught up with me. I let it, believing that it would offer me a better chance of self-expression. I've been doing stories since 1934, and have pretty good luck in side-stepping rejections. Haven't written any scenarios, but my study of the film medium was the most instructive experience I've ever had."



**EDITH BRECHT,** author of *All Men Like Red*, says: "I was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and still live there, deep in the country, when I'm not on the Main Line outside of Philadelphia. My earliest literary success was a sob story about a little child's untimely end, which won a school contest when I was nine. I prepared for a life of the theater; but was swerved by romance, and later from *it*, filling, during the interim, a notebook of verse and prose which finally turned into stories. I'm musical, imitate people, and collect recipes. My birthday and Wordsworth's coincide, which may or may not account for my passion for Nature."

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

**LION'S ROAR**

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're off on our tandem in a whirl of delight!

★ ★ ★ ★

We've just seen M-G-M's high-spirited new musical hit, "Two Sisters From Boston", and—oh, those sisters!

★ ★ ★ ★

Take it from one who knows: all the hectic gaiety of New York at the turn of the century has been colorfully caught by "Two Sisters From Boston".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a youthful, exuberant romance of those flamboyant days when it was definitely naughty for a young lady to show her limbs—no matter how attractive!



Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about.

★ ★ ★ ★

And we do mean hurly-burly, what with Jimmy Durante shouting delirious ditties in a Bowery beer hall, and the great Metropolitan Opera tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throwing his magnificent voice into the finest songs.



★ ★ ★ ★

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, we're not going to tell you who gets who, but it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some swell new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. Songs like "G'wan, Your Mudder's Calling." And everybody sings!



★ ★ ★ ★

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "Anchors Aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters From Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola: "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"



—Leo



# No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

For "He loves me knots," remember this:
He'll adore your topknots, curls or swirls
when your hair is Drene-lovely!
Drene your hair and it shines
with all its natural beauty.
Today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action
leaves your hair silkier, smoother, easier to manage.

"After your Drene shampoo, try a new hairdo
for Spring," says Jerry Courtney,
famous Cover Girl and Drene Girl.
"There's nothing like a becoming new hairfix
to boost your spirits any time!"
You'll love the way Drene with Hair Conditioning
action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved.

Jerry shows you these easy-to-fix Drene styles
you can try at home or ask your beauty
shop to do. First insist on Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action.
No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.




Drene

Shampoo with

▲ YOU DON'T NEED DAISIES to tell you he loves you . . . with your hair swept up in this tilted topknot. "I'm a Drene Girl," says Jerry, "because Drene brings out all the natural sheen of my dark hair." Actually as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any drab film on hair as all soaps do. For this graceful upsweep, comb all hair back to crown and then forward into this shining topknot.





▲ BOUQUETS TO YOU when you turn a center-part page-boy into this full chignon with just a jeweled barrette. "This hairdo is so easy to fix," Jerry explains, "right after your Drene shampoo." Today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair silkier, smoother and so beautifully behaved. You'll find, too, a good permanent helps keep page-boy rolls neatly in place.

◀ EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT FOR EASTER is this shining example of the long page-boy with a side part. "Don't let dandruff spoil the beauty of your hair," warns Jerry. "The very first time you use Drene, you completely remove unsightly dandruff." See how

# UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

ACME



*Dietrich and Remarque. She'd be a natural for his Arch of Triumph.*

WE hope ***Marlene Dietrich*** will be picked for ***Erich Remarque's*** THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH. "She had a colorless face, almost without expression. The mouth was full but pale, the contours appeared blurred. Only the hair was very beautiful—of a lustrous natural blond. She wore a Basque beret and under her raincoat a blue tailored suit." That's the girl that Ravic, the surgeon, met on the Paris bridge at night, in the opening scene of the book. From this description, it could be Dietrich.

• • •

We've often noticed that the less a family of children sees of its parents, the tighter the bond among the children themselves, the more initiative they have, and no doubt the more fun. Certainly that is the picture ***Catherine Pomeroy Stewart*** gives of her family. (She is the author of HER HUSBAND'S HOUSE.) Mr. Pomeroy, the father, had a business which took him to the four corners of the world. Sometimes his family—wife and four children—went with him, quite as often the children were parked at schools or with tutors and governesses. In Shanghai, while Jo, the older of the two Pomeroy girls, was belle of the coast, the two boys and Catherine, so she says, were the brats of the coast. When father was in Siam and mother in America, the children were sorted out into schools in Switzerland. For a few years while the parents were living in Rome and the boys were in America, Catherine was struggling along at a French convent and Jo was preparing to marry an Italian nobleman. There was one calm period on a farm at Hopewell, New Jersey, where the children slept in the hay barn (for fun) and swam in the quarry. But by the time Catherine was seventeen she was back in Rome and the safari was on once more—new scenes, new tongues, new customs to adjust to. When they grew up the three younger Pomeroys turned to writing. Catherine's earlier book, SO THICK THE FOG, was about France, and HER HUSBAND'S HOUSE is set in Italy, inspired without doubt by her sister Jo's Italian ménage. Catherine Stewart's husband was killed at Dunkirk three months after their marriage, and a son was born six months after his father's death.

• • •

**The other day we saw *Tom Costain* walking along 57th Street. The author of THE BLACK ROSE is a big man, tall and erect, and that day was wearing a black hat on his close-cropped white hair, and a tie as blue as his eyes. He is hard at work on a new novel, and when we saw him he was just coming up for air, having been at the typewriter five hours straight. The new book is to be the story of a great department-store merchant who lived—believe it or not—in the day of François Villon. . . . THE BLACK ROSE, we hear, was turned down by one Hollywood producer who objected to stories of Negro uprisings.**

• • •

In these days of domestic-help difficulties we all appreciate a little co-operation around the house. None more so than ***Josephine Pinckney***, who, after she had finished

*(Continued on Page 87)*

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*"Guess what Victoria said today—she said 'please.'"*


"That's the day I discovered how to wash my clothes the Whitest ever . .






1 It began when my neighbor hung out a wash so white it fairly sparkled. So I asked her "How do you get it so white? Bleach it?"



2 "Bleach it? Not a bit of it!" said she, "Oxydol washes so clean that even the *grimiest* things come White Without Bleaching."



3 "What about colors?" I asked. "That's the grand part" said my neighbor. "Oxydol's so safe for wash colors and rayons, too."




4 "So what did I do? I hot-footed it to the store to get a box of Oxydol—for a wash that's *White Without Bleaching.*"

IT'S TRUE! Oxydol is far ahead in preventing "dirty-grayness"

OXYDOL suds are so lively they *lift* out dirt. And even act to prevent those "dirty grayness" particles that form in wash water—tiny particles that stick in the clothes and then turn yellow or gray when you iron them.

Actual tests prove that Oxydol gets clothes *cleaner* and *whiter* than less-active soaps can ever hope to do. All your white things—except for outright stains—come White Without Bleaching. Yes, *dazzling* white!

Oxydol is safe for wash colors and rayons . . . Get Oxydol—and see your wash come so clean it's White Without Bleaching!




Oxydol washes clothes so Clean they're WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

★ Be Patriotic! Avoid Soap Waste!

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
April

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# BUCKING HORSES

***By Struthers Burt***

WHEN I was a young man, occasionally, like most young men who go ranching, I found myself on the "hurricane deck" of a bucking horse. Not by choice. I am not by nature a bronco twister. But by accident. Or because, moved by the gallant fear that afflicts the young, I was afraid of being afraid. And so, after a while, bucking horses came to be a symbol: the symbol of what might be called predated fear, the most foolish fear of all. The fear of the future, the fear of the event before it has occurred. For what, as a rule, happened? Either I was able, and this for the most part, to "talk" the horse out of his nonsense—there are half-a-dozen effective ways of doing so—or else, if I couldn't, and he took me for a ride, a surprising thing happened. I enjoyed myself. I had a wonderful time. Not entirely a comfortable one, perhaps, nor a secure one, but wonderful. That is, if you call elation wonderful.

Sometimes I stuck, and sometimes I didn't, but that didn't make much difference; the point is, I discovered that the worst part of danger is undisciplined anticipation, and that there's little use worrying about the future because it's hardly ever what you think. Not only that, but, whatever it is, nine chances out of ten you'll get out of it a lot of interest and excitement.

I am not, of course, deprecating caution, or foresightedness, or any attempt to plan the future wisely. And, naturally, I'm not thinking of the inevitable fear that overtakes for a moment even the bravest before he goes forward into danger.

Of all countries, America has suffered less from the fear I am talking about than any other: Fear with a capital *F*—fear of the future, general miasmic fear. Confident, buoyant, marvelously excited, sometimes foolish, but for the most part wise, we have gone forward in the clearest air and under the highest skies that the world knows, and we wouldn't even have begun if we had not been that way in the beginning. What are we afraid of? Some other man's religion? Some other man's color? Some foreign ideology? Poverty? Don't be silly. A hundred things can frighten a man if he just lies down on his back and invites them to light. Rabbits die of fright, not men. And what we really are is a hundred and thirty-five millions so engrossed in a gigantic task, just begun, that we can brush flies from our forehead with the unconcern of a mighty blacksmith.

We forget that there is a Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse, and his name is Fear. In times of ease he is overlooked, but in times of stress he rides again. And of all the hag-ridden brothers he is the worst, for as he rides he scatters the seeds of cruelty and intolerance, and of the cold and mortal illness of selfishness. He is the elder brother of Death, and War, and Pestilence, and Famine, and he leads them, but he is very old; a bag of bones, a skeleton, and so, unlike his brothers, he has little substance. Any brave, coolheaded man can knock him down. And always with him, back of the cantle of his saddle, rides his little familiar, the small dwarf, Worry.

Deep in the American consciousness is the knowledge that the worst part of a bucking horse is the dread of him, and that no mountain road is ever so bad as it looks from a distance.

# MAN'S GREATEST ENEMY—MAN?

***By Dorothy Thompson***

IF we are to believe the all-but-unanimous voices of our times, the leading passion of mankind in this age is for security. In international affairs, UNO is urged as universal security against war. When Great Britain interferes in Greece or elsewhere, it is for the "security of her life lines with the Empire"; when the Soviet Union claims a dominant position in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, or the United States reaffirms and strengthens the Monroe Doctrine or claims Pacific and Atlantic island bases, it is on the argument these are "vital security zones." Thus, to a certain extent, the aim for security pursues contradictory policies: a world is envisaged rooted in equal liberty and justice with equal security for all, yet that is perhaps Utopian, so beside it a world is constructed of "security spheres," based on inequality of rights between the strong and the weak; and this, too, is acceptable to millions if only it will bring security from war.

For a full generation now, even in the most liberty-loving nations, the blessing of security has overshadowed the charms of freedom, and all the social reforms of our age have security as their objective—the security of bank depositors, home owners, job holders, investors in new companies, the sick, the unemployed, the orphaned and the old. Socialism grows in prestige, not because it has produced a more opulent or beautiful civilization, but because it seems, to millions of men, to promise greater security.

Yet, though more has been done in all countries, in domestic legislation, to secure security than in any previous generation, the passion for security arises out of a continued, and even mounting, feeling of insecurity. All the laws, regulations, pensions, insurances, and guaranties do not abolish the fears endemic to our civilization.

THESE fears are, in part, the result of science, which is creating a new world faster than the mind can adjust itself to it. An atomic bomb is dropped in a New Mexico desert, and suddenly the whole world, knowing little of science, is forced to realize that matter is not anything firm and solid, but is all energy, which can explode—leaving "not a wrack behind." Before the people have reached comprehension of radar, it bounces an echo off the moon, and we are called to recognition of the fact that the earth is but a speck in a universe, and men speculate on the possibility of interplanetary wars.

Not only are there weapons which are the creation of the physical scientists, but the chemists and biologists have also been busy. We learn that one faction of our General Staff advocated besieging rather than invading Japan, because of the invention of a chemical poisonous to all plant life, which, dropped in tablets, could have destroyed the Japanese rice crop and brought the enemy to terms by mass starvation.

We learn that we can produce mass epidemics among plants and animals and have spent many millions on perfecting these inventions. There have always been wars, but never before were there wars which threatened the end of the human race, and even of the planet.

Then there is the insecurity induced by fear of revolutions, so many of which we have seen in our lifetimes—those ideological and class struggles, invariably accompanied by reigns of terror to which whole classes or, in the Nazi revolution, whole races fall victims. These, too, are waged in the name of "security," to be achieved through a horror of massacres and exterminations, the security of majorities to be bought by the illimitable sufferings of minorities.

In fact, while the cry for security resounds, nothing, not even the ground under our feet, appears secure. Yet what threatens mankind? Of what is it afraid?

No one thinks the earth is going to disintegrate of itself—not for millions of years. Bacteria have menaced life for centuries, but science has all but banished the plagues that once decimated societies—smallpox, bubonic plague, cholera, yellow fever. Some societies—above all the British—have avoided the radical overturns of revolution for centuries. Nature menaces us less than in any previous epoch. Famine and poverty due to lack of raw materials were never less necessary.

So we are not afraid of Nature, nor of atomic science, nor of pestilences, nor of wild animals. We are afraid only of *Man*. Atomic bombs will rest in peace unless or until some *men* decide to use them. Man is not menaced by the planet. The planet is menaced by man. Pestilences will successfully be fought until some *men* decide to spread them. Revolutions will be bypassed, unless some *men* determine otherwise. The enemy of Man is Man, and the insecurity man feels is his doubt of his own image.

Norman Cousins has written a sensational book called Modern Man is Obsolete. Old-fashioned man, he would argue, is more "obsolete." But is that true?

I think it is not true. Man is not obsolete, and the solution for his insecurities has been in his hands for thousands of years. It is also in his own nature. He is an animal—not a machine—and he is the creator and master of the works of his own hand and brain.

He is—in the most primitive sense—a creature of "instincts" and urges, chief generators of which are the egoistic impulse, toward self-assertion and self-expression—the urge to be noticed, as something separate and apart; the hunger instinct; and the erotic instinct, which draws him toward sex and toward all the sublimations of love. When these are satisfied on a level compatible with that orderly life which we call "stable civilization" we have peace, prosperity, cooperation. When they are frustrated, we have aberrations and explosions.

What mankind is looking for, under the slogan of security, is actually *happiness*. And despite all our inventions and progress, Man himself has changed less than the world around him. All of us would feel extremely uncomfortable if we lived in the material world of Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas or even of Karl Marx, but reading them, they seem just like us—or some of us.

Our mass civilizations frustrate the ego, by reducing *(Continued on Page 170)*

# Can you tell before you taste?

It's easy to tell when foods *look* good to eat. But how can you tell—*beforehand*—that they'll *taste* good, too—and be *nutritious?* For, you know, flavors—as well as certain vitamins—are often "cooked away" in the home preparation of foods. And long transportation from farm to table can also rob foods of these good qualities.

One way to guard against such losses, say food authorities,* is to *depend on canned foods*—for the reasons given below!

*For example, see Aug. 10, 1944 "Journal of Nutrition"

Doesn't this look good? Prune juice, Mexican corn, lima beans, lobster à la king, apricots, cookies, tea . . . "and they all came out of a can!"

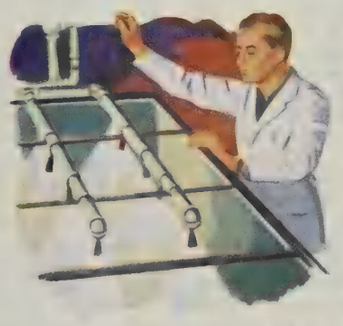


**FOODS IN CANS** are generally prepared by pressure cooking. In fact, each steel-and-tin can is really a miniature "pressure cooker." This means canned foods are cooked quickly—at high temperature—in a minimum of water—all air and light excluded—vitamins, minerals and flavors *sealed in*.



**EVEN PICKING** is a painstaking process on farms that grow fruits and vegetables for canning. And, when you buy food in a *can*, no hand can touch it but yours—for the protective can permits no tampering with its contents! Processed canned foods do not have to be stored under refrigeration before opening.

**CLEANLINESS** is the first rule of the modern cannery. Tomatoes, for instance, within a few hours of picking, are washed under high-pressure water sprays—then "juiced," or made into one of many other delicious tomato products. You can be as proud to serve canned vegetables as those grown in your own garden.





**FOODS IN CANS ARE**

**SAFE** from dirt, germs, odors.

**SAFE** from air, light, moisture.

**SAFE** even after the can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

*No other Container Protects like the Can*

**CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK**

# Families are Fun




**HI, THERE, PRETTY GIRL!**

Can that mean you? If you can't answer that greeting, if you're the kind of gal who never gets a nod or a whistle, now's the time to perk up and look pretty. And here's just the thing to get you started! The new Sub-Deb booklet LET'S BE LOVELY, No. 2253, 5 cents. Order it now from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. It's a must!

### TWO OF A KIND

It would be easy to be an interesting character, lush and lovely, something just this side of Lana Turner, if a gal could have the house all to herself. But when a girl has to split a bedroom with a younger sister, dry supper dishes for six every night and share the living room every evening with her whole family—what chance does she have for individual development? It's not easy! For instance, maybe you were all set for a big evening with your current boy interest. You had planned to wear your best blue sweater (it was just last Friday night that he gave you that "eyes like violets" routine) and, in fact, you *had* to wear that blue sweater to make the evening right. But your younger sister had ideas, too, and slipped off to a local movie, earlier, wearing not only your blue sweater but a pair of your best fuzzy socks as well! And just the night you wanted to have the gals over for a home hen party, your brother decided to work on his model airplanes right in the middle of the living-room floor. And every morning, just when you're rushing to make that first eight-thirty class, *both* your brother and sister bottleneck the bathroom by taking two showers each, decide to try a different hair-do, a new bow tie or just daydream among the bath powders, washcloths and the last hot water in the house. Life *can* be beautiful—but it's not always easy when you have to share that life with other characters just as busy living as you are!

### HEADS OF THE HOUSE

And there are times when your mother and dad aren't much help either. You can count on your mother to keep clean towels in the linen closet, fresh milk in the icebox and whip up a batch of pancakes for breakfast when you're in the mood for pancakes. But you can't always count on her for the really important things. There are times when she can't remember that you're grown up! You may have evening ideas about a formal in black satin with sequins, while she insists that something pale blue with small bows or a puff of ostrich feather is "more your type." And it's sometimes difficult to understand why she can't see the glamour in dark lipstick and sun-tan powder base, the kind of make-up that gives a girl date assurance, but insists you keep that pink-and-white look just as if you stepped out of a brisk, cold shower. She can be downright difficult about seeing that you eat a big breakfast (and finish that oatmeal, sister!) on each school day, wear your rubbers when the weather is wet and drink hot lemonade before going to bed when you and your date walk home in the rain.

And how many times have you discovered that the best laid plans of mouse and girls can get off the beam—especially if your dad has anything to say? How can any girl be number-one popularity gal in her class with a father who won't let her borrow the car every other night, insists she do her homework every weekday evening and won't let her stay out till the whee hours of the morning, even for very special occasions? Fathers like to throw their weight around (rather than that folding money) when it comes to weekly allowances, extra jingling money for cokes and carfare and readjusting the family budget to include a new spring coat for you when there is nothing wrong with the one that was new just this time last year. Dads can be funny about thinking a gal is in high school simply to get an education, completely disregarding such important things as collecting dates, football sweaters and class rings. And it's hard to talk business with a man who is more interested in stock reports than Van Johnson, and who hides behind an evening paper when he might give out with a little solid advice on what makes with men, dates and life in general. You may have no complaints to put down in black and white, there is nothing definitely wrong with your mother and dad that you could put your finger on—except that they insist on keeping a finger on you!

### IT TAKES A HEAP OF LIVING

And besides the blues you could sing about your family as a group, there are a few choruses of complaints you might add about the house itself. It's all very well to picture the "ideal" girl's room with fluffy curtains, pastel walls, cuddly armchairs and boudoir table flounced in ruffles—but *yours* doesn't actually look that way. *You've* got to be contented with split living, sharing bed and boudoir, drawer and closet space and even your privacy with a disrupting younger sister! And to homey décor of flat-painted walls, sturdy bedspreads and hooked rugs, you usually add the touches of three pairs of old shoes sticking out from under the bed, a pile of books on the nearest chair, a dust of powder and a blob of nail polish on the dresser top and a pair of blue jeans draped artistically from the doorknob.

And your bathroom is not exactly a show place of glittery chrome and porcelain, scented with powders and fragrant after-bath colognes, but too often just a place littered with damp towels you forgot to hang up, two pairs of wool socks drying over the shower rod and finished off by a bar of soft soap someone left melting away in the tub. And to go downstairs in the house (and you went downstairs so fast this morning you forgot to close the bedroom door or straighten the hall rug that you kicked into wrinkles as you passed on the run), the list gets longer!

A house can't hold a family from the cops-and-robbers stages right up to high school without collecting a few scars to show for it. There may be a couple of nicks on the coffee table left from the days when your youngest brother was scooting around the room in his kiddie car, there may be a burn on the arm of the best chair where your dad dozed off with a cigar in his hand, and the rug may be a bit worn near the hall from so many dashes to answer the family phone. When you are asking the gang over for the evening, that room may look a bit shabby to you, but when you stop to think it over—there's something wonderfully attractive about that lived-in, loved-in look. A house is exactly what you make it. When you're a little gal, it's up to your mother and dad to fill it with furniture, keep it neat and clean and do their best to make you happy there. But once you're a big gal (all right, if you're old enough to stay out till midnight you're old enough to make your own bed before you go to school in the morning), you've got to give a hand too. So if you aren't completely satisfied with the atmosphere or the armchairs, the decorating or the dusting—how about helping with the improvements yourself?

### A GAL AT HOME

Families are funny setups. At times you may rebel at the intrusion on your freedom and privacy; but after a few days on your own with a diet of drugstore sandwiches, no one with whom to talk and two movies a day to fill the time, you'd be glad to get back to a home, even to a crowded, noisy, busy home where people have to get to breakfast on time, eat spinach if it's served at the table and even powder their noses five to the bathroom. Nine times out of ten, a gal who can't get along with her family can't get along with most other people either. After all, your family still *likes* you after living with you—and isn't that an acid test for any friendship?

A gal who is high on the hit parade in school and at home stands a good chance for happiness. Some one of these days off in the bright, blue yonder, you'll find the man in your life and start off with some new ideas, high hopes and a few bright stars in your eyes—but you're just going to start the whole home-and-hearthside business all over again. Why not start having that kind of fun now?

# Don't Ignore These Symptoms!




**HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT**

**Women:** Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

## How to help safeguard the beauty of

# *Your Lovely Hair!*

IT'S the simplest little precaution imaginable—yet so effective! Every time you wash your hair, just use Listerine Antiseptic—massaging it well in, on hair and scalp. That's all!

Thousands of fastidious women use this pleasant little treatment as a precaution against infectious dandruff, which bothers so many people. Women know that flakes and scales can ruin the smartest hair-do . . . utterly destroy the charm of beautiful hair.

A causative agent of infectious dandruff, according to many noted dermatologists, is a stubborn germ called the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale). Listerine Antiseptic kills this germ by the million! And does it in such a cool, refreshing way! You'll find the treatment easy, quick and wonderfully *clean*-feeling.

***If you already have Infectious Dandruff***

If those telltale flakes and scales persist . . . if you're pestered by intolerable itching—it's no time to delay. These things may be *symptoms* of infectious dandruff—a warning that the infection is already at work. Don't experiment with so-called "overnight" cures or greasy lotions. Don't wait till shampoo-time. Get going—*at once*—with Listerine Antiseptic—two treatments a day and keep it up. How wonderful to see flakes and scales start to disappear! What a comfort to alleviate that *itching*.

This twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment for hair and scalp has been *tested* clinically. Tested for a full month, it actually removed, or markedly improved dandruff symptoms for 76% of the sufferers from this embarrassing disease.

So help guard *your* lovely hair with Listerine Antiseptic treatments with every shampoo. Or, if infectious dandruff has gotten a start, give two treatments a day for quick, comforting aid.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

*The tested treatment*

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** *and* **MASSAGE**

**FOR BEAUTY THAT BLOOMS**

*in your skin...*



**Spring-clean with Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment**
**. . . help rid your skin of dry outer flakes**
**. . . dirt that clogs pore openings.**

Does *your* skin look dull and tired—just when you want a brighter "new face" to go with your pretty Spring clothes? Then get busy. Today give yourself an Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. *Repeat once a week.* Then, *every day,* the beauty care of Homogenized Facial Cream. Here's how:



**Once a week . . . this thrilling beauty mask!**

Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while mask dries (8 to 10 minutes). Marvelous, the stimulating effect on tense, drab skin as this beauty mask helps to cleanse pore openings of wastes. As it helps to flake away dry, faded "top skin".

Instantly, you'll see a fresher new glow to your skin. A brighter tone, coaxed by White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. And you'll feel a satin-smoothness that means more glamour for your make-up. A glamour you'll help to guard this easy effective way . . .

**Daily . . . to safeguard your clearer skin**

To cleanse, lubricate and soften your skin every day—as well as accent the beauty of your weekly White Clay Pack, simply use Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. Like this:

Pat on with upward, outward strokes, right from the base of your neck (see diagram). The gentlest of pats around each eye. Remove with tissues. Then notice the exquisite new softness of your cheek—its fresher look. For extra dry skin, smooth on a thin film of blush pink Homogenized Facial Cream after your weekly White Clay Pack. And don't miss its benefits as a beautifying night cream. You'll have a "dewy" young look that makes you lovelier—makes you loved!



*Edna Wallace Hopper* **Twin Treatment**

**for a lovelier, younger look**


# Our Readers Write Us

**Last Time I Saw Paris They Were Out of Oeufs**

*Paris.*

*Dear Beatrice:* As unfortunately has become usual, I shall start this letter with food problems. The last parcel was a great improvement on earlier ones; indeed, it had everything we needed, but as you suggest I will tell you what we want most:

1. We could do with a lot more cheese, and butter would be appreciated if available. There are no eggs whatsoever in France, so if you can send us powdered eggs it would be fine, in any quantity. After that come meat, chocolate, rice, coffee and soap. Nothing else is really needed, fats being still by far the highest requirement on the list.

2. Life in Paris is still very austere. Electricity is being constantly cut off, at any time of the day and night; food is insufficient, poor, hard to get and expensive. There will not be enough heat to last till warm weather, even when heating only one room in every flat. Transports are still primitive and people are inclined to grumble an awful lot. Yet those who should know say that there will be a terrific recovery and it is just a question of being patient when things seem, on the contrary, to be getting worse and worse.

While this may be true from a purely economic standpoint, there is always the chance that it may be hampered or even jeopardized by political developments. In the long run, the chances are very good for a prosperous, healthy and powerful France, but the next months will be critical. A—— M——.

P. S.: Two Danish parcels just arrived—superb.

**Dreamed of the Journal**

*Manila, P. I.*

*Dear Miss Batchelder:* In all those horrible years under the brutal Japanese rule, I often thought about the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, which was my favorite magazine, and about its editors—especially my favorite one, the food editor. I would have given anything I had for a copy of the JOURNAL then.

When the American liberators came, the first thing I thought was, "Now we can send for some news from the States." But it took several months more before civilians were allowed mail for the States. Sometimes I could not help wondering if you were still living; but then, I forget the war never came actually to your door. Unlike our poor Philippines, where if we went about asking for friends or relatives whom we last saw alive and healthy, we would only find out that more than half had been killed by inhuman Japs.

You don't ask people here, "How is So-and-so?" You ask, "Is he still living?" I say to myself at such times, how silly of me to think that way about my friends in America, because war did not reach their shores after all. I'm very sure almost that all of you are there still, making the JOURNAL the same as if nothing ever happened. Am I right?

I am almost sure those gorgeous pictures of food on your pages are still there, prettier than ever, and those pictures of gardens that look too good to be true.

I hope the Diary of Domesticity is still going on. We seemed to live our dreams of seeing New England and its beautiful springs and still winters when we read it.

Here in the Philippines the G.I.'s are leaving fast. They used to be more than the population of the city itself, but now we see only a few of them walking about the ruined city.

I am sending a picture of the baby in our family. We named him after your late President, whom we all loved, and also after your great general and admiral (Nimitz). We like Halsey very much, too, but adding William would be too much, so we left it out reluctantly. Franklin Douglas Chester Garcia, my brother's child, is one and a half years old and always full of smiles. We hope he will grow up into a big man and visit you all there someday.

The war and battle of Manila has left us with three rickety chairs and a table and a few magazines of prewar vintage which we had been guarding carefully, plus a few books. We used to have a radio and a piano which was the joy of the family, but they were wiped out and now belong to memories of the past only. Even my beloved waffle iron has gone, but it was sold during the Jap regime to keep us from starvation.

But now that hunger is of the past it surprises me to hear people beginning to kick. Maybe their returned energy does it, I don't know, human nature's sometimes peculiar. There are so many things to be thankful for that I find very little time to complain and whine. It is true that the city is all in ruins and dust and slums, but on a bright sunny day and standing by the seaside, no amount of ruins can depress me. And among the most beautiful sights on earth are the stately ships on the blue bay and the scores of



***Franklin Douglas Chester Garcia.***

sailors in dazzling white with bell-shaped trousers, strolling in groups. They are about the cleanest-looking creatures we have ever seen here and the jolliest too.

The biggest ocean on earth lies between your country and mine, but it only exists in imagination for our hearts are so near to you, bound by the common ties of human justice, tolerance and charity.

Ever your admirer,
ELVIRA CRUZ.

**Oh, Our Aching Backs!**

*Evanston, Illinois.*

*Dear Editor:* I find I do not like the JOURNAL at all.

MRS. W. D. METZGER.

*Victoria, B. C., Canada.*

*Dear Editor:* It is without doubt the best women's magazine on the market.

DOROTHY P. AUSTIN.

*St. Joseph, Missouri.*

*Dear Editors:* The JOURNAL is the best magazine-for-the-whole-family.

MRS. S. S. RAY.

Due to lack of sufficient paper, we cannot begin to supply the current demand for the JOURNAL. In fact, we have had to limit circulation aims to 5,000,000 by January 1, 1947. So it is just as well, perhaps, that not everyone likes the JOURNAL, right now. ED.

**Better Relations Dept.**

*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

*Dear Sir:* I would like to add my belated thanks to the many on Quality.

The most levelheaded comment I have heard came from the Negro president of a national CIO union. The value and significance of publication of this story in the JOURNAL, he said, lay in the fact that thousands who are almost completely ignorant of conditions facing the Negro in the South were thereby given some of these facts in a form which they were most likely to read.

I want to thank you for your assistance to the cause of better relations between races and groups in America.

Sincerely yours,
MARSHALL BRAGDON.
*Executive Secretary, the Mayor's Friendly Relations Committee.*

*(Continued on Page 13)*



"Sweet enough to eat!" he whispers. And you... with your fresh, white frills, your soft Trushay-tended hands... you planned it that way!

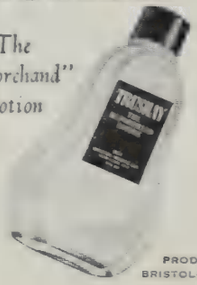
How faithfully this different hand lotion rewards its faithful users!

You can use fragrant, creamy Trushay a special "beforehand" way... before tubbing lingerie, before dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water.

And be sure to use Trushay whenever, wherever your skin needs its softening touch.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

America's all Excited about the...

# ZENITH COBRA TONE ARM

*The Sensational NEW Way to Play Records!*



GOODBYE HISS, SCRATCH, RATTLE!



NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE!



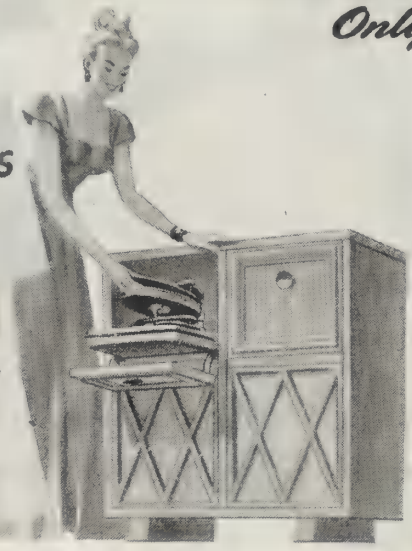
BRINGS OUT HIGH AND LOW NOTES UNHEARD BEFORE!



RECORDS LAST HUNDREDS OF PLAYS LONGER!



DROPPING ARM ON RECORD- EVEN SCRAPING- HARMS NOTHING!



***Only Zenith has this!*** The Zenith Cobra Tone Arm is so revolutionary that radio stations all over America are using it to broadcast records!

In fact, the Cobra is not just a new tone arm but an *entirely new principle!* It reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave... uses no old-fashioned crystals or magnets.

You won't know your own records when you first play them with the Cobra. You'll hear high and low notes never heard before because they were masked and muffled. And annoying surface noise is gone, because *no other tone arm rests so lightly* (⅔ of an ounce) *on the surface of the records!*

Think of it—no needles to change! And the "Floating Filament" in the head of the Cobra so reduces wear on records that they last *hundreds* of plays longer. What's more, this filament is *instantly retractable*, so you can drop—even scrape the Cobra across records—and harm nothing!

See this exciting demonstration today. It will thrill and amaze you!

COPYRIGHT 1946, ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION

**WORLD'S FASTEST AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER!**

America's all excited about the *Zenith Silent-Speed Changer*, too. See it change 10 and 12 inch records mixed, automatically, in only 3½ seconds! No complicated "gadgets," levers, knives. It's smooth and gentle as a mother's arms!

ZENITH RADIO

•LONG DISTANCE•

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

*(Continued from Page 10)*

**Undoing "Good Work"?**

*Brooklyn, New York.*

*Dear Editor:* The novel Quality started out as a story with a worth-while message and ended with a do-nothing attitude. The author's conclusion that the magnanimity of "quality folk" will give to the Negro people more and better education, political equality and law enforcement is obviously fallacious, as may be seen by their lack of action so far. A few more pieces of journalism like this will undo your previous good work in making a truly united nation out of our country.

Very truly yours,
MRS. BARBARA SEGAN.
MRS. RITA SAFER.

As "The Little Flower" used to say, as mayor of New York City, what one needs is "patience and fortitude." ED.

**There's Nothing Like A Short Quick Trip**

*Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.*

*Dear Editor:* On a recent voyage from a distant Pacific isle it was my pleasure to run across a copy of The New Yorker for 28 July, 1945, from which enclosed advertisement is torn. The scene in the upper panel must either take place Stateside or overseas. If it takes place Stateside, there

**Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!**







is no reason for a man to be downcast. He has 80 points and is in the States. What more can he want?

Therefore we must assume that he is overseas. Now, let us consider his point score. A breakdown of the figures indicates that he has been in service 38 months, has served 27 months overseas and has accumulated 15 points for battle stars or awards. These points must be figured to date rather than as of V-E Day because, if they were figured any other way, the twins could not be included. As of the end of July, he had 80 points and was overseas. Closer examination of the figures shows he spent only 11 months in the States before he was shipped overseas. Therefore when could he have fathered those twins?

Sincerely,
MICHAEL ELLIS.

P.S.: Of course I am still not underestimating the power of a woman.

It's all perfectly legitimate. Our soldier had an emergency furlough. ED.

**m-m-M-MM-MMM!!!**

*Dodge City, Kansas.*

*Dear Editors:* Your magazine is *terrif.* In case you're not aware of it, loads of fifteen-year-olds get beyond the sub-deb page of the JOURNAL. Your article Meet Three Career Girls was enrapturing.

Please write some more about New York in your magical magazine.

Very truly—I-can-dream-can't-I?—yours,
(MISS) J. McFADDEN.

**A Quiet Sky is Still Strange to Dorothy**

*The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.*

*My dear Bruce and Beatrice:* London was quite wonderful, like a circus broken loose. Handsome men in Stetsons. Upstanding persons in flowing burnooses. And with us, too, was your dear Mrs. Roosevelt. I hoped to take her a box of eggs if only my hens obliged, with love from one of her warmest admirers. She always seems to me an example of the woman who, bitten at, never snaps back, and her page in the JOURNAL is one of my favorite ones. I do hope she and all the rest of our honored guests brought warm underwear. We have had one of those curious British winters, when one day it freezes, and you pile on everything. The next day, a June temperature bursts on a startled world, and roses and violets (my garden is full of them) roar into ill-advised bloom. Unwise persons then shed a clout, and at 4 P.M., far from home, lo, the wind changes, and it snows and freezes. Then we cannot imagine where we got that horrid cold.

*Later.* I wonder what the outcome of this great UNO conference will be. And what will happen to this poor old world, unless we can all agree. I still find it very peculiar to look out the windows and see the night sky all plain, and trimmed with nothing but stars, and a curious thing—not, I find, peculiar to me—is that three or four aircraft bustling over, which they do rarely now, and at long intervals, bring one out in a sudden cold sweat! Hangover from other days, I suppose.

Daughter Mary, like the lady in white on your recent cover, will soon be starting to show her daughter how to knit a little blue sock. The courage of these young things amazes me, but I suppose I was just as brave, long ago. Having babies far from home and friends, in a bungalow on a hilltop, round which jungle cats yowled and bawled. Maybe it is with middle age that caution creeps in.

My love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK.

To all those who have asked Dorothy to stay with them in Miami, Hollywood and various other spots—any one of which is far superior to the climate in England—we must regrettably report that Dorothy herself is back in England, doing the best with the climate which Winston Churchill reports as "salubrious if not indulgent." Dorothy says "only my distance from them prevents my accepting all their invitations." ED.

**Authors Should Sign the Pledge**

*Colville, Washington.*

*Dear Editors:* Of course, I enjoy the JOURNAL. But do all the fiction writers spend their time, or have their characters spend so much of theirs, drinking cocktails and highballs, and smoking cigarettes? A great life, I'll say. I am seventy-three years old, and live on a 640-acre ranch and wouldn't be interested in such a life.

MRS. P. H. TOMLINSON.

That is one of our quarrels with writers. If all people smoked and drank as much as the average character in a story, the tobacco and liquor manufacturers would have to harness atomic energy to fill the demand. Truth is, writers, like the rest of us, are occasionally lazy. Drinking and smoking have become the clichés of writers and the occupational diseases of heroes and heroines. If you believe authors, no character ever pulls his ear, twitches his nose, crosses his ankles, squirms more comfortably into his underwear, or just sits. Not at all. They spend hours "working on a drink," or even "*selecting* a cigarette." We wish the Authors League would pass a resolution. ED.

**Proud of UNRRA**

*Mrs. Dorothy McCallum,* JOURNAL *reader of Victoria, B. C., sent us the following excerpts of a recent letter from her daughter.*

*Prague, Czechoslovakia.*

*Dearest Mum:* I think I am going to like my job. I have seen enough of the

*(Continued on Page 116)*


# AT EASE!

## *for the REST of his life!*



ENGLISH CLUB (48)

## *—in his Beautiful Streit "Slumber" Chair*

ALL THE LUXURY all the comfort he's been dreaming about . . . rolled up into one big beautiful chair—the Streit "Slumber" Chair. It makes a man twice as glad to be home again.

If you want to be convinced that the "Slumber" Chair is the most comfortable chair in the world, just try relaxing in one. The thick, upholstered, spring-filled back and seat cushion cradle the body gently in a natural pocket . . . and the comfort-height, matching footstool rests the legs on an even keel.

You'll agree with thousands of others that, "for the REST of your life there's nothing to compare with the Streit Slumber Chair".

***AUTHENTIC PERIOD DESIGNS!** Streit Chairs are designed to harmonize with many periods of furniture—choose the one that fits *your* decorative scheme.



EARLY AMERICAN (18)



JEFFERSON (15)




Streit SLUMBER CHAIR

This triangular trade-mark appears on the back rail of each genuine Streit "Slumber" Chair. Look for it.

***Only the Streit "Slumber" Chair has these exclusive features***

**1.** Every "Slumber" Chair has a matching footstool with concealed compartment for books, needlework, etc.; **2.** Three-position seat and back adjustment; **3.** Both seat *and* back recline with each adjustment; **4.** Reclining seat action prevents slipping forward and provides EQUAL WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION for perfect relaxation; **5.** Always knee-high—the front of the seat remains the same height from the floor with each adjustment; **6.** The luxuriously soft, thick cushions snuggle up firmly to support the small of the back.

## THE BEAUTIFUL Streit "SLUMBER" CHAIR

ON SALE AT FURNITURE AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE

# IT'S NEW!

# THE CORNED BEEF HASH

## WITH THAT "FRESH-MADE" FLAVOR!

# ...IT'S ARMOUR STAR

Your first taste tells you there's a delicious difference in *this* corned beef hash! The meat is juicier . . . far fresher to taste! The potatoes are firmer, whiter! This exciting improvement grew out of new cooking methods, developed by Armour during the war. Tomorrow, use the menu given here to please your family with a double-quick corned beef hash dinner.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY 1946






**Tempting Spring Dinner**

Armour Tomato Juice
Baked Armour Star Corned Beef Hash*
Buttered Broccoli Spring Onions
Compote of Pineapple and Strawberries

**Bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven. Garnish with line of pickle relish through center, bordered by chopped hard cooked egg white and sieved yolk. Serves 3-4.*

## *Fifty Years Ago in the Journal*

IN April, 1896, New York sweltered in ninety-degree heat, Theodore Dreiser wrote the lyrics for his brother's hit, On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away, and Jim Corbett signed to fight Fitzsimmons. College bookshops displayed James Barrie's Sentimental Tommy, and Jude the Obscure, by Thomas Hardy; but, according to the Boston Journal, Edward Bok's Successward was "unquestionably the book of the day for young men."

*And showing that young men haven't changed much, Lilian Bell writes in the April, 1896, Journal, "When a man speaks of a 'simple white muslin' in the softly admiring tone he generally adopts to go with it, he means anything on earth which produces in his mind the effect of youth and innocence. A ball dress or a cotton morning gown is to him 'a simple white muslin.'"*

**"Hortense: The best cosmetics are exercise in the open air, care to your diet, and good, kind, hopeful**




**thoughts that will bring a pleasant expression into your face."**

*"An artistic way to treat the floors of bedrooms," advises Helen Jay, "is to enamel them in the colors used on metal bedsteads."*

**"For an American girl, I recommend a tepid bath taken all through the warm months, and a sponge bath of tepid water during the cold ones," believes Ruth Ashmore.**

*Wedding backdrop: "Take a tennis net, fishnet or hammock, and weave white flowers and ferns in and out of the meshes. Charming!"*

**"A row of gutta-percha buttons extends from the edge of each sleeve to the elbow," Isabel Mallon describes an Easter gown. "The high crush collar is black satin, the black straw hat burdened with**



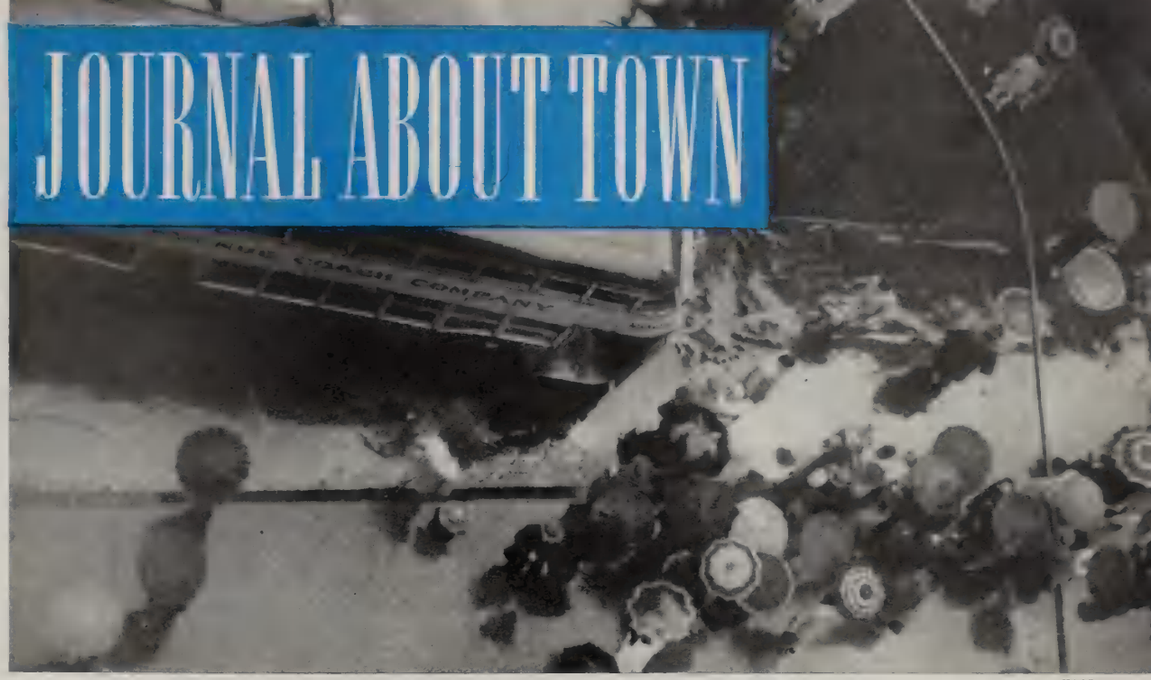
**plumes and a high pompon of white lace."**

*High tea: "Chicken and waffles, fried oysters and hot biscuit, ice cream, Charlotte russe, pickles, preserves, bread and butter, coffee and tea."*

**"Prudence: Until two people are engaged, it is wisest for them to be as formal as possible, and never speak to or of each other without the prefix Mr. or Miss."**

***"I cannot recommend the use of peroxide of hydrogen on the hair," rebukes Ruth Ashmore. "The color obtained by it gives a woman a very undesirable appearance."***

# JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN



HAAS

*Any light means "go" to New York pedestrians, which adds greatly to the hazards of rainy-day bus driving.*

**GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK**

WHEN a group of editors like the *Journal's* travels more than half a million miles a year getting material for the magazine, one of the minor problems faced in unfamiliar cities is what to do about crossing the street. Accustomed to New York, where pedestrians have the right of way even when they're wrong, and women have learned to dart through traffic with the skill of a dancer, we get self-conscious in a city like Syracuse, where people wait politely for the green before they try to cross the street, even with no vehicles in sight; and in San Francisco we're just as likely to get a summons.

Recently the ***Goulds*** went over to have dinner with the ***Viscount*** and ***Viscountess Astor*** in their very pleasant suite at the Ritz. During dinner Lady Astor spoke of how in London they'd wondered where they'd stay here in New York, having heard that all hotels



*The Ritz is home to the Astors.*

were filled to overflowing—until their son Bill told them, "Why, you shouldn't have any difficulty getting into the Ritz. After all, remember, you own it." Lord Astor had forgotten.

***Judy Barry** has found a lunch place downtown with a juke box which has a really revolutionary feature. The box has a nickel slot that buys five minutes of silence.*

At a luncheon given here lately by a large grocery chain, ***Alice Blinn,*** who went mostly to hear ***Harold Stassen,*** returned with an item about hats and coffee. You get a coupon with every pound of the chain store's brand, which you mail with a dollar to Chicago and receive materials and pattern for making a hat of either calot or beret style, in almost any color you want—taking only ten minutes to make, they claim. . . . "How was Stassen?" we asked Miss B. . . . "Wonderful!" she said.

**A familiar sign of peace in town this spring will have been the famous Flower Show, which should be just finishing now—the first in four years. With Peace the theme, and more people expected to pack into Grand Central Palace than ever before, the new rose, Peace, gets a special garden to itself, and modern architecture makes its first appearance at the show in the form of a prefabricated beach house which sells for three thousand dollars—taking a lot of attention from the flowers.**

***Sonja Henie*** hates ice in her drinking water. . . . In Denver, you can't photograph a woman in a bathing suit without her consent; and it's against the law in England to marry your mother-in-law. . . . ***Mary Martin's*** new show, LUTE SONG, had its *première* in 1391 in China. . . . In her act, ***Hildegarde*** loses several hundred expensive lace handkerchiefs a year. Admirers steal them. . . . Only one in every seventy-five marriages between college-educated men and women fails, despite the fact they have few children. . . . British author ***James Hilton*** likes Hollywood because it cured his asthma. . . . After the success of ***Chili Williams*** and ***Choo-Choo Johnson,*** one Conover model wanted to call herself Spring Fever. . . . ***Winston Churchill*** made his first speech in America in 1900. ***Mark Twain*** introduced him. . . . There's a concern in New York which disinfects your phone twice a week. . . . Mayo Clinic's ***Dr. Earl Elkins*** says that if bobby-soxers continue to wear moccasins and ballet slippers, they'll end up with "sled runners for feet."

**The jewelry people tell us that within the past six months engagement rings have been going greater guns than ever—and mostly it's the girls who are buying them!**

*Rumors around the Workshop now are that the next assembly of the United Nations Organization will be held right next door at one of the largest theaters in the world, the Center. By far the biggest in the world is the Music Hall, right down underneath the Workshop.*

Our Sub-Deb Department, headed by ***Maureen Daly,*** is full of lovely young girls, so we were somewhat startled to learn that the department had a new baby! Seems they decided to adopt one, which means they send $15 a month to the Foster Parents Plan, here in town, which sum supports a child somewhere in Europe. Anyone able can do the same. ***Bob Hope*** has "adopted" a ten-year-old Dutch girl, Pineke Zijda; and ***Beatrice Blackmar Gould*** has kept



*Pineke—Bob gives her new Hope.*

several babies alive that way: first a Spanish baby marooned in France, then a French child in England, and now an English child in England—all in addition to Ivor and Lucille Drummond, whom she cared for in her home here during the war.

**We're waiting to see if Sixth Avenue's new name really sticks before changing the Workshop's address on our stationery, but in the meanwhile *Dawn Crowell* tells us of a barber-shop down the street which advertises an "Avenue of the Americas Haircut." Extra long Latin sideburns.**



# This Magazine Cover got its start in 1927

That's MADELON MASON smiling at you from that magazine cover—she's one of this year's most famous cover girls.

You might say this cover got its start in 1927, for Madelon has had *that Ivory Look* for all her 19 years. Her radiant complexion has already put her on the cover of more than fifteen famous magazines.



## HOW DOES A COVER GIRL GET THAT WAY?

Well, with Madelon's first bath as a baby, she started regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Here's one of her early baby pictures.

Madelon won a beauty contest when she was five, which proves that you're never too young (or too old) to start getting an Ivory complexion.

Today she says: "I still use Ivory Soap—'cause I know many doctors advise it for skin care—it's mild enough even for babies!"



## "PLEASE SEND PIN-UP PICTURE," FANS WRITE

Madelon does, by hundreds! Boys started asking for Madelon's picture when her first cover appeared—and they've never stopped.

"The finest compliments I get are from fans who write in," she says. "They say I'm their idea of a real All-American Girl! So I've lots of reasons for sticking to Ivory care!"



## BEING A FAMOUS MODEL ISN'T EASY

Madelon's on the go all day—every cover means hours of difficult posing. "But no matter how tired I am," Madelon says, "I never neglect my complexion. You can't afford to be careless about that if you want *that Ivory Look!*"

If *you* want a softer, smoother, lovelier skin, change to Madelon's beauty secret—regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap!

*More Doctors advise Ivory than any other soap..*




*99 44/100% pure it floats!*

*Watch out for Waste! Make your Ivory last—it contains critical materials!*




# The Gifts of Love

PEOPLE said marriage had changed Jane Rankin, but they didn't agree on just how she was different. If the unsmiling seriousness with which her eyes met theirs had irritated them, if her shyness had seemed unfriendliness, the people in Allison now said she'd come down off her high horse, that her ladyship was almost civil, and they speculated on just what sort of a fellow she'd married.

William Rankin, Ph.D., professor of chemistry at Allison University, watched his younger daughter in her new marriage and was glad, and a little relieved. It was good to see her giving herself to marriage. And to see marriage changing her—as a windbreak changes the contours of a tree, so its bleak skeleton side becomes fringed as it was meant to be, so that it yields with grace where it had been rigid in resistance.

He rather hoped she wouldn't have children for a while—though he'd like the feel of a little girl's hand in his again. Linda's twins had been born before she'd grown into her marriage—with the result that she never quite did. He'd never really understood his other daughter Linda, only indulged her. Yet she was intelligent; she just didn't like thinking.

The major-domo bowed to the junior Mrs. Harlan Stokes and took her to the best table. Mrs. Stokes belonged to the inner circle by marriage, so—as was often the case—she was beautiful.

"A dry sherry, Vernon." Linda removed one white glove with cultivated ennui. Deliberately, as if it were a curving silver dagger, she laid the mood that had been troubling her all day on the table top, next to the

★ ★ *This novel was awarded a major prize in the Avery Hopwood and Jule Hopwood contest in fiction for 1945 at the University of Michigan.* *Copyright, 1946, by Andrina Iverson Gilmartin.* *Condensed from the novel soon to be published by Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc.* ★ ★

onyx ash tray. *He was beautiful. He ought to be boorish, boring, or otherwise impossible, but he wasn't. He was all kinds of smooth and he was married to your kid sister. And Jane, with her good glands and Phi Beta Kappa key, would have been equally content with an assistant in dad's department or a peppy insurance salesman.*

Privately, Linda would have been pleased to see Jane a minister's wife, or married to a brilliant young surgeon with bad manners. But Jane had picked herself this lean, bronze giant with a look in his eyes that made your stomach contract with ecstasy and nausea.

Warren had been around, it seemed, before he met Jane. Hilda Holt's brother had been at school with him and she was positive he'd been engaged to a girl in Boston. Linda could imagine women loving Warren since he wore knee pants, but when he danced with her—as he had last night—clocks stopped until she realized he was not noticing how beautifully she danced or how deftly she juggled bright quips.

"You're rather a bore, darling. You've talked about Jane all evening. And after all, she's my sister, so I know her too."

He'd smiled—that smile that ate your heart out. "I suppose. I just happen to be in love with her."

Linda felt the sharpness of the dagger's bright edge. *Because Harlan's such a sap at times, everybody else's marriage looks better to me. Jane's as sexless as a milk bottle, and he'll take her primness about three years and be fed up. But until he comes to, I'll be happier seeing less of him—or them.* Besides, Harlan had been on the nasty side going home last night. Handling him wasn't as easy as it used to be.

"Hi, chum." Hilda dropped her furs and bag. "I need a drink. And not sherry, if you know what I mean. Here comes Tess. . . . Hi-ya, toots? What do you know that's new and exciting?"

Tess smirked and squeezed into the triangle they'd left for her. "You should ask. 'Lo, Linda. Don't look a day older than you did last night. Wow, have I got a head! It was your birthday we were celebrating, wasn't it? I can't seem to remember much about it. But that Warren—where'd Jane find him? He's delovely."

Linda laughed. "Control yourself, Tessie. We're keeping him in the family." She bit her lip. *I shouldn't have said that. Hilda's a cat. Now I'll have to play her right if I don't want to get myself clawed to a fringe.*

"Warren ——"

"Be right there."

Jane poured cream into a blue willow pitcher, and set two grapefruit halves on the red-checked tablecloth under the window. A pale November sun touched the copper ladles on the wall and brightened the green of the philodendron trailing from a chintz-skirted plate shelf. It was an early American kitchen with the grimness left out—or rather, as much like one as an apartment house kitchen-dining space could be made to look. An old blue soup tureen stood between brass candlesticks on the window sill, a red, cross-stitched sampler said there was no place like home; the Cleveland Plain Dealer said it was Friday, November 24, 1933.

SHE heard the closet door close and turned toward the stove. If only you had some idea how your face looked when you weren't even sure of what you were feeling. She stirred the oatmeal and turned off the burner. His face would look new-shaven and remote. It always did at breakfast. She'd just had time to run a lipstick across her mouth, but he'd look neat as new shoes.

"Good morning." His hands were on her shoulders, turning her around. He spoke slowly, as if he'd been waiting a long time to say it, as if it weren't already seven-forty-seven and they weren't seventeen minutes later than usual.

"Warren, I love you." It wasn't what she'd meant to say, nor even what she'd been thinking. But there it was. *I love you.* Before eight o'clock in the morning. And sounding so desperate.

He kissed her gently, as if he would comfort her for the admission. "Meet me in town tonight. Take a cab down. We'll do something special—by ourselves." He pulled out her chair and opened the paper.

She looked at his sun-browned hands, noted vaguely the tie he'd chosen, saw him frown at something he was reading. But she felt nothing—not even her usual annoyance at the discrepancy between her striped chambray and his English worsted.

"About six?" He'd finished his second cup of coffee. "Where'll you be?"

"Down at the lake, I guess. If it's too cold, I'll walk over to the building."

"Okay." He went into the hall and she heard him humming Lady be Good. After a minute she followed him. He tipped her chin and kissed her squarely on the mouth. "I never felt less like leaving you."

The door closed and she dropped into the nearest chair. And now? How much wiser men were than women. The pulse in her throat hammered. This was marriage then. This was what he'd meant, what he'd been asking for all the turbulent two years since they'd met.

LOVELY, red-letter day, October 12, 1931. Marjorie, still looking like a coed in her polo coat and beret, stopped at the library on her way to the grocery. "Can you come to dinner Monday? John's bringing a man home with him." There was nothing unusual about it. She'd been a fourth at Marjorie's dinner and bridge tables for years.

Monday had been a bright, blue day framed in maple leaves and gold. She wore her new beige suit and stopped at the florist's for Marjorie's favorite yellow roses. Going out to dinner was always an adventure. She pushed the bell.

"Oh, Jane, I'm so glad you're early!"

She offered her green flower box. "So'm I. But what's wrong?"

"I wasn't going to tell you just yet. I'm going to have a baby."

"Oh, Margy, how nice."

"Well, I thought so yesterday, and I probably will tomorrow again, but right now—— My vacuum went on the fritz this morning, so I got real smarty and tried to clean the rugs with wet tea leaves and about died. I forgot to defrost last night and now I'm not sure my dessert will be firm, and just this minute I spilled almost a pound of coffee on the kitchen floor, and I'm not even dressed yet."

"Poor dear. Coffee and what else do you need?"

"Nothing, I guess. You're sure you don't mind? I called John, but he's left. It's Warren Gregory tonight, did I tell you? John says he's nice. And thank you for the flowers. I'll fix the door so you can get in."

Marjorie and John with a baby. It'd be adorable. She got the coffee and a bag of the first fall nuts. "And some of those apples," she decided suddenly. Marjorie and John were going to be a family. Families always ate apples on October evenings—or they ought to. She forgot about feeling svelte and well dressed and lifted her face to the quickening wind.

"Hello, I'm back."

"Good."

She raised startled eyes to the face above hers.

"You're Miss Rankin."

"Yes, I am."

"I'm Warren Gregory. John's in the kitchen. Let me take your packages."

"Thank you. Just put them on the table. They don't need anything done to them—yet." She walked slowly upstairs.

Marjorie said, "Come in here, will you, Jane?" Her face was flushed and not twinkling as it usually did. "I've tried on practically everything I own and they're all too tight. And they fit me yesterday, I swear they did. Have you seen him? Is he nice?" She turned back to the triple mirrors. "I look hideous."

"No, you don't. Look, if you don't mind, I could slit these seams at the waist and if you wore a wider belt to cover—maybe a gold one?"

Marjorie took a deep breath. "I don't look too funny?"

"You look lovely."

"Aw, Jane, you're so nice. I hope you marry someone just as special as John."

"I hope I do too."

"Perfume and a hanky, and I'm all set." Her eyes had begun to dance again. "You take your time. Forget about Margy's domestic doldrums."

Jane sat down on the dressing-table bench, put her make-up on with special care, and started downstairs. Maybe he preferred blondes. Maybe he thought long hair stodgy. Maybe he'd been unwillingly roped into this.

"Hello, Jane." John held out his hand. "Marge says you've been pulling her chestnuts out of the fire. Come on, your drink's waiting." The living room smelled of roses and wood smoke. "And this is Warren Gregory. He says you met in the vestibule."

"Yes."

"Will you sit here, Miss Rankin?" He pushed the little wing chair closer to the fire. He was taller than he'd seemed at first. Very tall, really. And bronzed. As if the sun had taken the color from his hair and tinted his face and hands, so the effect was monotone except for the amazing blueness of his eyes.

MARJORIE came in with a tray of olives wrapped in sizzling bacon. "What, in the gloaming, oh, my darlings? Jane, light the candles."

"She's like this on Mondays," John apologized. "Bossy."

Jane stood on tiptoe to reach the candles in the sconce above the mantle. "I feel like an altar boy."

"No-o." John shook his head. "From where I stand, more like a hosiery ad by McClelland Barclay. What's the matter, Warren? Don't you like your drink?"

He said, "Very much. I was just noticing the glasses. They're clever."

"That's the password." Marjorie settled beside him on the sofa. "We never invite people back unless they say something nice about our glasses. Jane gave them to us for Christmas."

That kind of evening. Nothing startling said. Nobody terribly clever. But everything a lot of fun. Warren had been graduated from M.I.T. in '26, so she thought he must be twenty-eight or so. He had an apartment *(Continued on Page 118)*

**"YOU'RE MY WIFE," WARREN TOLD HER. "YOU BELONG TO ME."**

**BUT HER MIND INSISTED, "I'M JANE. I BELONG TO MYSELF."**

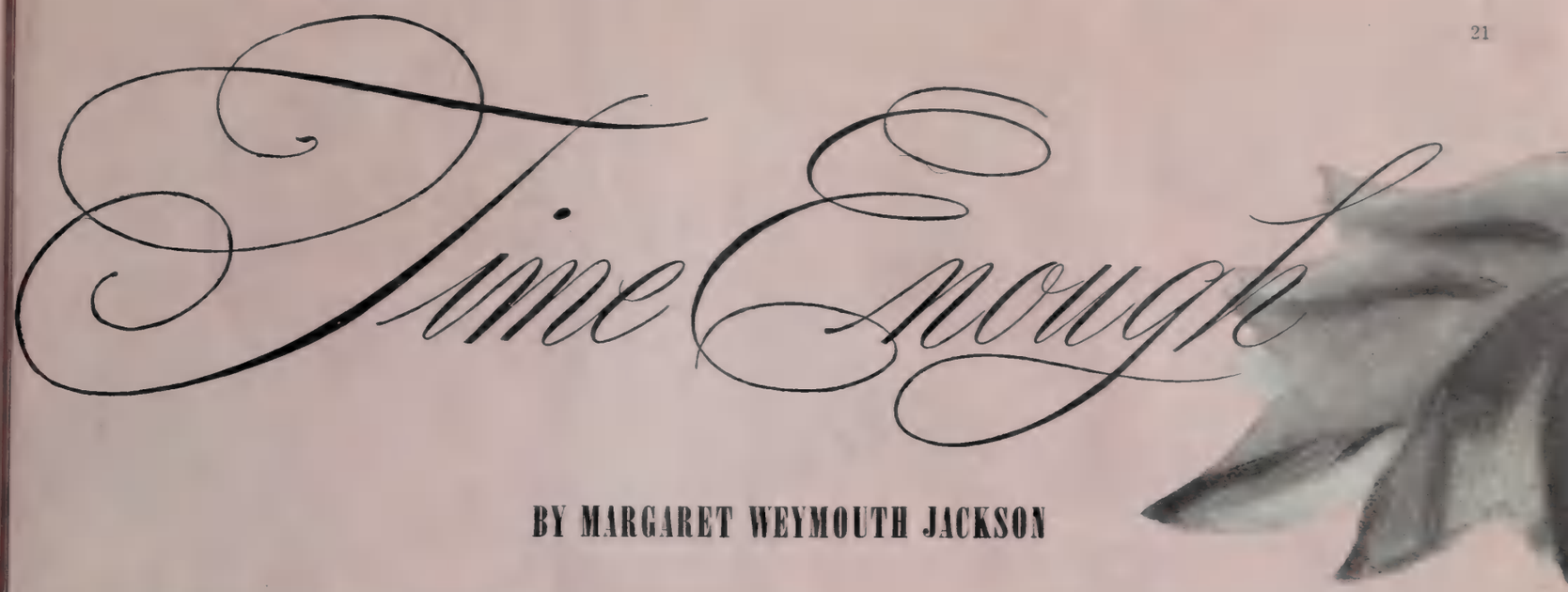
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS


He slumped into his chair, hands covering his face. "I love you with all that's best in me," she said. "Isn't that enough?"



But even as he laughed and held Danny close, he was remembering the pool Danny had fallen into, and thinking what might have happened if someone had not been there to pull him out.

# Time Enough



## BY MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

"ANOTHER thing that I want you to do," said Tom Nelson at the breakfast table, "is to get Danny out of that fenced yard. All the place needs is a couple of towers, with guards with machine guns, to make a first-class *stalag*."

There was a little silence. Jane was resolved not to quarrel with her husband. Her primary need was to get along with him, and she could do it. She doubted if he realized how bossy he had been ever since he came home. It was taking a good deal of patience to keep the peace. But she looked out into her mother's back yard, and could not help thinking that Tom was most unfair.

There was, to be sure, a good stout white-painted picket fence all around that part of the yard which was behind the house, with a gate that latched firmly. But it was a large space, with flowers and shrubs planted inside the fence. There was a sand pile, with buckets and shovels and even more desirable pie pans and spoons from the kitchen. There was a comfortable old-fashioned lawn swing where Jane had spent many pleasant hours, with sewing or a book, while Danny played by himself, or with his young cousins or neighborhood children. The place bore no remote resemblance to a prison compound. But Jane tried to remember that Tom had been forming his own theories and ideas.

Through the trees, now rich in autumn foliage, the roofs and dormer windows of neighboring houses of the town could be seen. Here, during the war, other girls, like herself and her sister Ellen, had stayed in prolonged daughter status with their small children beside them. These young mothers considered Mrs. Wolcott's back yard the finest place to play in Barberry Lane.

"You must remember, Tom," Jane said mildly, "that it's only a few hundred yards up the lane to the highway, which is jammed with heavy traffic all the time. If Danny isn't in the yard, he must be watched incessantly."

"Then watch him incessantly," said Tom grandly. "Make it your first duty!"

Jane heard a small sound, scarcely discernible, but easily identified as a snort from her mother. Jane held her peace.

Tom elaborated his idea. "Women do not seem to be aware of it, but it does something to the masculine soul to be fenced in. Something disastrous. I never want any of our children in a play pen or a fenced yard. I'll get a man today to help me remove the fence."

"Hey!" said Mrs. Wolcott. "After all, it's my fence. I like it. And I have other grandchildren who need it. Trudy, for instance, is only fifteen months old, and still needs a play pen. If you want to leave the gate open when Danny's out there alone, or if you want to take him out on the street, that's up to you. But I'd like to keep my fence."

"Another reason Danny shouldn't be fenced," said Tom, pursuing his own line of thought without regard to his mother-in-law's protest, "is that he has to learn to take care of himself and he may as well start now. I've had boys to train who had never even slept away from home in their eighteen or nineteen years. Their way was unnecessarily hard. They couldn't make a decision. Danny may as well begin now to learn to be a little man."

"You haven't forgotten that he's only twenty-seven months old, have you?" asked Jane.

Danny, who heard his name and knew that they were talking about him, rapped on the high chair with his spoon like a good committee chairman. "Shereal gone-gone," Danny told them; "want tusht."

JANE took the cereal dish away and gave Danny a small piece of buttered toast. He wadded it up in his fat fist and began to scrub his high chair with it.

"Don't do that!" said Tom. "It's revolting!"

There was a shocked silence. Nothing that Danny did could possibly be considered deserving of such a word. Sometimes, they admitted reluctantly, he was a little naughty, or a little willful. But—revolting! Tom took the wadded bread from Danny's small fat fingers and tried to straighten it out. He spoke to his small son soberly, sternly.

"There are too many children in the world who never had a piece of white bread with butter on it in their whole lives," said Tom. "You must not waste your food. Now eat it, Danny."

Danny looked at his mother, gauged her lower lip with calipered accuracy, and he began to cry, a pitiful little blubber. He held out his arms to his mother and the big tears gathered in his blue eyes.

"Don't pity him, Jane," said Tom. "He must learn obedience, discipline. Eat your toast now, Danny. You asked for it."

But Tom did not have his son's uncanny ability to judge a situation, and trouble threatened. Danny hurled himself back in his chair, bumping his head hard, and began to scream. Mrs. Wolcott left the table abruptly, went out of the house and drove away in her car.

Jane smiled and said to Danny, "No, Danny, you must mind your father. That's what daddies are for. So eat your toast and don't play with it."

DANNY stopped screaming and looked at his mother in utter bewilderment. His look was so accusing that she flinched. No traitor was ever more severely condemned than was Danny's mother by that one burning look. But she withdrew her gaze from him. All this Tom saw, and for the first time he felt some sense of the complexities of her problems. Danny began to cry again, laid his head down on his folded arm on the high chair and sobbed heartbreakingly.

Jane got up and began to stack the dishes. She said, in a low voice, "You started this, Tom. You must finish it, if it takes all day, or he will never mind you. But next time think before you speak."

"There's nothing to think about," Tom said. "He shouldn't waste food. Eat it, Danny."

"Pot!" said Danny. This was always good for an emergency. His mother took him down and in a few minutes returned him to his high chair. Tom sat in his place and Danny in his and they eyed each other. Danny picked up the bread, made a motion as though to scrub it on his high-chair tray, then he laughed gaily, and to Jane's astonishment he put the wadded bread into his mouth and choked it down! He stood in the high chair and put one foot on his tray. "Down!" he demanded imperiously. "Danny good boy. Go bye-bye."

Tom lifted him down to the floor and Jane wiped his face and hands and removed his bib. She had had several battles with Danny and had not won them all. She was a little chagrined that Danny had obeyed his father so readily. She hoped the victory would not go to Tom's head. *(Continued on Page 228)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

**IT SEEMED TO JANE THAT THE THREE YEARS TOM HAD BEEN IN THE ARMY HAD MADE HIM OUTGROW A LOT OF THINGS—PERHAPS EVEN A HOME WHICH SUDDENLY APPEARED CRAMPED**



For a moment the discovery held actual horror, then Sally was at his elbow, a laugh behind her soft whisper.

# Brook and River Meet

## BY GLADYS TABER

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

THE phone was ringing again. Billy, of course, didn't hear it because he was down the hall in his own room practicing his trumpet. A trumpet was a powerful instrument in an ordinary-size New York apartment. He was playing The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe. His mother called three times, and then pounded on his door.

"Billy! Telephone! Telephone!"

The trumpet squawked fiercely and sizzled down. Billy emerged dreamily. "Hi, mom." He waved a brown hand.

"I don't know how you do it," she said.

"Do what?"

"Always need a haircut," she sighed.

Billy smiled vaguely and reached the phone. He draped his thin six feet over the phone table in an inverted-curve effect, held the receiver upside down and said pleasantly, "The Shadow speaking. Leave us discuss the murder quietly."

Kay went back to sorting things to take to the country. She had some phoning to do herself, but she gave it up. Billy would be glued to the phone half an hour, and at the end would say, "I'll ankle down right after lunch."

It was always the same. Pal Sam phoned and they talked endlessly and then met immediately afterward. All day they engaged in the business of being busy sixteen-year-olds, and the minute Billy got home again Pal Sam was calling up.

As nearly as Kay could make out, they generally went to the school gym and "wrassled around," and then went roller skating, and bicycled in Central Park, and rested by swimming in the school pool. If they weren't driven home by parents, they would eat hamburgers and chocolate ice cream and frankfurters and mixed sodas and then practice basketball a couple of hours. Then they topped off with a movie, preferring to sit through twice if it really gave.

And when Billy came home, his clothes looked like the Retreat from Moscow. Kay always took them separately to the laundry around the corner and apologized as she delivered them.

"The gym floor is dirty," Billy said, "and we always take our shoes off."

If only they would take some interest in girls! Kay was beginning to worry. Billy and Pal Sam had been forced to go to a good dancing class and undoubtedly they *could* perform suitably, but no one had ever seen them. They were frequently invited to parties which they felt no compulsion to attend. They were, Kay thought, a pair of completely antisocial savages.

TODAY she *had* planned to get a little help from Billy. The radio needed to go down the street to the shop and be checked. Big Bill's country shoes had to be resoled. She wanted some English muffins and a chocolate cake from Schrafft's to take to the country. And Billy had three pairs of slacks at the tailor's being let down in a final attempt to salvage them. They ought to make boy's pants of rubber material that would stretch down every week.

Kay piled clean curtains in a carton. The bedroom was simply full of junk to go to the country, and the worst of it was, the first trip back to town there would be just as much to carry in.

"Billy! Do hang up!" she called.

"Got a conference with Truman," Billy explained in the phone. "I'll ankle along. Meet you."

He wandered in, holding out a pack of cards.

"Pick any one," he said largely.

Kay said, "Darling, I just can't take time for you to do card tricks on me. We're going to the country Saturday and I've all this ——" She waved at the scattered debris of living. "And I need you to run errands."

"Well, look, mom, I got a very important routine today. Pal Sam and I ——"

"Never mind. You can take some time for the good of the family."

"I don't feel so good today. I'm awful tired." His brown eyes were wistful. "I kind of feel I'm coming down with something."

"Well, what were you planning with Pal Sam?"

"Oh, we're just going to smoosh around. Guy in the magic place has some new box tricks. And a coupla fellows are meeting us for basketball. I'll grab something to eat for supper so you won't have any bother at all today."

"If you don't feel well ——" But it was hopeless.

"I can just sort of relax on the gym floor and throw it off." His mouth was smiling. "I'll do the errands in the morning, honest." Then he put on his sweetest look, and it was the look that would melt the Pyramids. "How about my taking the car?"

"No," said Kay. "You know we don't ever use the car in town. You can go on the bus or the subway."

"Mom, the car needs some driving around."

KAY ran her hands through her nicely waved brown hair. "I sometimes wish you hadn't gotten that junior driving license," she said desperately. "But you cannot racket around New York in the old car, and that is flat."

"Pal Sam gets his car when his dad is in town."

"All right. I know you're underprivileged and your parents don't love you. But you can't have the car. It's going to fall to pieces any minute as it is and you're too young ——"

"Woman—please—not that!" His lifted hand begged her. "Not my age!"

"Furthermore," she said, trying to look severe, "I've made an appointment for you to go to the dentist before we leave this week end and I'll thank you not to come down with a head cold and have to postpone it. This summer we aren't going to run back and forth from Bethel to New York every other day."

Billy seemed to vanish instantly. She heard the door slam, and his receding whistle. It's Gotta be This or That!

It was a beautiful, soft day. Kay went to the window and looked down eight stories to the dark canyon of the street. The great trucks were rolling again, the taxis water-bugged over the stream of traffic, the war was over and everything was still terrible. What would they do if Billy never took an interest in girls? Everything would be so nice and peaceful if he just began to go around with girls. Movies and Child's for eggs and bacon and the girl's parents to undertake to get the children in early.

She ought to be glad he was through the age of running up and down in the elevator, ringing apartment bells and scooting out of sight. But raising a child in the city had so many hazards! Thank goodness, they'd be in Bethel soon and nothing to combat but his allergies.

The phone rang. It was Pal Sam wanting to know whether Billy had left. Kay packed seventeen empty quart jars, two summer blankets, a box of boogie records. The phone rang again. Somebody's mother wanted to invite Billy to a party. In a sudden access of determination, Kay said lightly, "He'd love to come. What time?" Now she was in for it. Maybe she could bribe him to go, with the latest Duke Ellington release.

When Bill, Sr., came home, she was throwing everything she couldn't decide about down the incinerator.

"Where's Billy?" he asked, kissing her. The smell of the subway was all over him and the smell of moth flakes all over her. They both made faces and drew back.

"He's getting his vitamins the hard way," she said. "Honestly, Bill, I am worried about him. I think he's—retarded or something. What were you doing at his age in Keokuk, Iowa?"

Bill dropped his hat. "I was all settled down with a girl named—a girl named—Louellen. I wonder whatever happened to her. She was a blonde."

"What did you do with her?"

*(Continued on Page 100)*

**The only actual thing parents can be certain of is that a sixteen-year-old, like spring weather, is entirely unpredictable**

# LEARNING TO

THE pre-atomic popularity of bingo, gin rummy and soap opera suggests that we did not know what to do with the leisure we had before we went to war. Now that war work is over and atomic energy is here, we shall have much more leisure than we had before. What shall we do with it?

The old recipe of eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for love failed to take Sunday, among other things, into account. When we are all working thirty hours a week—a thirty-hour bill for Government employees is pending in Congress—we shall find ourselves with eighty-two waking hours on our hands. How shall we spend them?

The educator's answer is "Education," just as the baseball player's answer is "Baseball." But the educator can argue that thinking is the proper leisure-time activity of the thinking animal and, in addition, that in the present depressing state of civilization, thinking is indicated.

Civilians and veterans after every American war have shown a tendency to attend classes of some sort. The war just ended interrupted the education of many more millions of young men and women than were ever affected before. Thus the country now faces the greatest potential demand for education since the invention of the public school. And the potential demand comes from the largest and, educationally, most neglected group in the country, the adults. Total figures on draftee illiteracy in this war are not obtainable, but we know that the Army inducted 150,000 illiterates between June, 1943, and May, 1944; that the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard inducted some 50,000 more; and that Selective Service, by September 1, 1943, had rejected 341,000 registrants "because of lack of educational accomplishments." This condition among the young suggests an even worse condition among their elders, during whose youth education was much more limited than it is today.

### WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION?

And the armed forces were concerned, when they spoke of "education," primarily with mere literacy. We all know now that mere literacy, indispensable as it is, is not enough. The extremely high degree of literacy in Germany and Japan did not protect their citizens against the sales talks of imperialism, Fascism and racism. A century ago the proposal that every child had a right to literacy was considered revolutionary. With the discovery that national literacy, even if we attain it, will not save the nation, we are compelled to advance the revolutionary proposal of genuine education for everybody throughout life.

Those who make the proposal of truly universal education may be suspected of believing that education is the hope of the world. Americans above all other people have asserted this faith most loudly. We have supposed that though we did not know too well how to manage our affairs, our children, who would get more schooling than we did, would know better. And so, as the motto of the University of Chicago puts it, we would let knowledge grow from more to more that life might be enriched. There was plenty of time; things would go on getting better and better, and bigger and bigger, and in a century or two we would have the kingdom of heaven here below.

But, besides discovering that we are not literate and that literacy is not enough, we are making the discovery that it is later than we thought. If education is indeed the hope of the world, we have got to start educating in a hurry. Our situation was grim before Hitler; we repelled him and our situation is critical. We have found, in atomic energy, the means of wiping ourselves off the earth. We know that the adult generation of today may have to save us if we can still be saved. We can't be saved by children or adolescents. And we know that the next war's atomic weapons will make the robot bomb look like the flintlock, just as the B-29 has made a museum piece of the "crate" that was flown in the last war.

If education, then, is the hope of the world, and the world is in a critical condition, we have got to educate our adults; not merely some of them, but all. And we have got to educate them, not merely amuse them, make them literate or train them for jobs.

Common sense supports Montesquieu's declaration that as the principle of a monarchy is honor and the principle of a tyranny fear, so the principle of a republic is education. The issue is not simply that of the consent of the governed; after all, the subject of a monarch or the slave of a tyrant in some sense "consents" to be ruled. The question, where all men rule and are ruled in turn, is the question of *intelligent* consent. If this nation wants democracy, everybody in it who has the franchise has got to be intelligent. Otherwise democracy is not self-government but, as Hobbes put it, "an oligarchy of orators."

We have built schoolhouses everywhere, and, though the instruction is inadequate and the children of the poor whites and the rich Negroes have not received equal opportunity with those of the rich whites, we have made remarkable progress in the extension of a minimum degree of literacy. But, preoccupied with our school-building fervor, we have neglected the business of carrying education into adult life. As it is the American ideal that education should continue to age eighteen, so it is the American practice that it should stop there. When a poor boy gets his high-school diploma, or a rich boy his college degree, he is through with education and ready to live. The time for learning has passed, and the time for making money has begun.

Thus there has been no real adult education in America. There have, it is true, been movements that paraded under this title; and some of them were fervent and even effective. But on the whole they have been romantic, diversionary or commercial. The Lyceum and Chautauqua movements, in science and religion respectively, were once popular. University extension courses, first undertaken on a large scale by President Harper, of the University of Chicago, have had considerable enrollments. Vocational courses of all sorts, including courses in literature that give schoolteachers enough credits to get a better-paying job, are on the rise everywhere. Churches and civic groups have sponsored popular forums where, one week, an explorer packs the house on the subject of Antarctica and the next week a general's wife packs it even fuller with an expurgated description of her husband's personal habits.

### SCHOOLING IN LIFE, NOT JOBS

The nearest approach we have had to the adult education of England and the Scandinavian countries has been that of some of the more enlightened trade-unions, especially those like the International Ladies Garment Workers, whose members are largely immigrants who have brought cultural consciousness with them. But even here programs of the kind known as "practical" have predominated. They have been devoted not so much to education as to that single part of education which is education for political action.

None of these phenomena is adult education. The very prefix "adult" suggests that the sponsors are thinking of something different from education. The education of an adult is the same as the education of a child. It is a continuation of childhood education, the purpose of which is to communicate human skills to human beings and acquaint them with the enduring problems of life and society. The means of educating adults are, of course, different from those of educating children. Adults are not expected to stand in corners, stay after school or raise their hands for permission to leave the room. But education, once literacy has been achieved, is the same for all, and its end is the good life and the good society.

If men are to govern themselves and their community, the education they all need has nothing to do with vocational training. Vocational training, whether or not it is useful in getting a man a job, is indifferent to the good life and the good society. It is equally useful, if it is useful at all, to a libertine, a slave and a freeman. It is equally useful, if it is useful at all, in preserving a fascist state and a democratic state. And, for the most part, it is not useful at all. When there are jobs to be had, our population can get jobs; when there aren't, it can't. Employers are clamoring in increasing numbers for well-educated, rather than well-trained, applicants.

Prof. Alanson H. Edgerton, of the University of Wisconsin, has completed a twelve-year study of vocational training which discloses that three quarters of the employers prefer versatility in employees.

# LIVE

*Which will we learn faster: the lesson of destruction in the laboratory or the lesson of survival in the schoolroom?*

BY ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

"Personality," Professor Edgerton reports, appears to be rated higher than skill or intelligence. Almost three quarters of all dismissals are due to irritability, tactlessness, unfairness and bad manners. Professor Edgerton says that the three *C*'s to be desired in vocational training are courtesy, courage and co-operation.

But personality, courtesy, courage and co-operation cannot be produced by vocational training. To the extent that they can be deliberately produced, they can best be produced by the home, the community *and an education which inquires into their nature.* Vocational training produces vocational techniques, and, in a push-button age, more and more vocational techniques are more easily acquired on the job than in institutions which vainly attempt to imitate the job.

Everybody needs courtesy, courage and co-operation, not just to get or hold a job, but to live a human life and organize a human society. The objectives of education are temperance, prudence, fortitude and justice, together with the mastery of the basic human techniques of reading and writing, and the use of these techniques to examine the perennial problems of man in terms of the experience of the human race. *We are men before we are salesmen or Englishmen. We are human before we are American.* We are citizens before we are engineers or accountants. *We all need an education for human and political activity,* and we need it more as adults than we do as children.

The stock objections to education for adults are two. The first is that they haven't time. If, however, depression and war are in part the result of moral and political ignorance, it would seem imperative to take the time from business and bingo, lest, as the result of depression and war, we lose our business and our bingo altogether. *The worst thing that can happen either to a man or a society is to lose the ability to learn.* The hard-shelled reactionary is reactionary because his shell has hardened. It is the abandonment of the activity of learning that atrophies the ability, not the loss of the ability that atrophies the activity.

It may be true that you can't teach old dogs new tricks. But men are not dogs and thinking is not tricky. The myth that grownups cannot learn so easily as children is like the myth that Negroes cannot learn so easily as whites or peasants so easily as landlords. It is contradicted by the evidence.

### BUT CAN ADULTS LEARN?

Professor Thorndike, of Columbia, has come to the conclusion that, although the ability to learn seems to reach its height at twenty-five and drops until, at forty-five, it corresponds to what it was at eighteen, "the change from eighteen to forty-five is so slight that there is no reason for diffidence, on the part of those in the prime of life, about undertaking new branches of learning." Professors Sorenson and Price, of the University of Minnesota, found that "the decline in the mental abilities of adults is functional; it results from disuse and not from organic degeneration."

Adults have to think if they are to govern themselves and one another, and their necessity is greater than that of children, who have smaller responsibilities. And, far from being harder to teach than children, they are easier. Remember, we are speaking here of education, and not of conditioning or training. If the aim of education is the good life and the good society, only the adult is fully capable of receiving it. As Aristotle observed, it is the old, not the young, who have had sufficient experience with the pressing problems of life to understand what the problems mean when they study them. The child who reads Macbeth reads a wonderful blood-and-thunder story; the adult who reads it may obtain, among other things, some insight into the fatal interaction of marriage and ambition.

Every experiment in the liberal education of adults, beginning with John Erskine's classes for American soldiers in France in 1919, has confirmed the suspicion not merely that adults can learn and are eager to do so, but also that ordinary adults can master difficult subjects regardless of their previous schooling. Liberal education is equally novel to American college graduates and to adults who never went to school, to veterans and to civilians, to the old and to the young. There has been little liberal education in America for more than half a century.

We are talking, these days, of one world, of common humanity, and of a world organization based on common principles and purposes. If we are going to build a world community, we have got to build it on the common characteristics of all men. We cannot build it on the differences of language, color, custom or vocation. We have got to build it on the common understanding that cuts across all differences, and the common understanding we seek is based on the fact that all men are moral and political animals; all of them facing, whatever their individual differences, the same moral and political problems, using the same instrument, human reason, to solve them. The common textbooks of mankind are its great books, beginning with Homer and the Bible. Dante and Shakespeare are universal and timeless men examining universal and timeless problems. Their works are the only tools of learning that bind men together.

While the liberal education of adults is the only conceivable education in a world community, I would not suggest that its spread will create that community. *Liberal education is only one of the means by which we have got to try to save ourselves from suicide.* It is still the most urgent necessity, after a minimum of external goods, of the individual. Without continual learning—and continual learning is impossible without continual thinking—the individual cannot continue to live the human life he began in school. He cannot solve his problems, or even recognize them.

*The very fact that adult education has been neglected gives us an opportunity to do something with it.* The education of the young is bogged down in apparatus having nothing to do with education, and in academic aspirations having nothing to do with teaching. Professors receive advancement for their achievements in specialized research and, as a result, are indifferent to the progress of their students. Schools look more and more like real-estate developments. Administration is crowding out education. Universities are sinking under the weight of records, credits, big-time athletics, housing, degrees and discipline. They require as many vice-presidents as banks, and the instructors themselves are required to spend more and more of their time on bookkeeping.

The ideal of adult education—as of adolescent education—is Socrates on a street corner, asking questions. This ideal is still realizable at the adult level. Liberal education requires a room, a table and chairs, a set of books nearly all of which can be bought in cheap editions, and a teacher without special training. Records, along with the rest of the overhead, fall to a minimum. The single qualification for the instructors is that they have read and thought about the books to be studied; for the students, that they want to.

### HOMER, THE BIBLE AND FREUD

There may be several equally good ways of achieving the goal of liberal education. I happen to have a prejudice in favor of good books. The great books, from Homer and the Bible to William James and Freud, constitute the cornerstones of the human tradition and exemplify the liberal arts. In New York City they were used by the People's Institute in the Twenties, in a program carried on in fifteen classes held in branch libraries and churches. The Washington public libraries now have eight "great books" evening classes meeting weekly. In the Chicago area a teacher-training program undertaken last year by the University of Chicago, in co-operation with the Chicago Public Library and thirteen other public-library systems and township high schools, has flowered, without high-powered promotion, into forty classes, running from Gary, Indiana, to Racine, Wisconsin, with a total enrollment of some 12,500 students.

All these ventures were or are supported either by foundation grants or by the libraries and school systems involved. On a private tuition basis the University of Chicago has sixteen classes in operation, with a tuition charge of $30 a year for a two-hour meeting once every two weeks. Two classes have opened in Indianapolis, and one has been in existence in a Chicago suburb for *(Continued on Page 209)*

# Johnny with the Spindly Legs



**Johnny sat watching her with steady eyes. "You gonna stay?" he asked at last, then added philosophically, "I guess not—everybody always goes away."**

BY FLORENCE CUMMINGS

"VIC, who was the first one, Vic? Huh, Vic?" Johnny asked, pushing his glass of milk away. But Vic, who was eighteen and quite handsome, was reading a long letter from a girl, and he didn't hear Johnny at all.

"Lola, who was the *first* one?" Johnny repeated, pulling the morning newspaper down so he could see Lola's puffy, sleepy face, and could tell whether an answer might be expected.

"Don't *do* that, Johnny!" Lola snapped. "Ye gods, mother! Can't you teach that child not to *do* that?"

"Do what, darling?" Mrs. Millikan placated. Lola was her first-born, spoiled and strong-willed, and Mrs. Millikan was rather afraid of her.

"Not to yank at the paper when someone's trying to read," Lola grumbled. "Ye gods, how I wish I lived alone!" She pushed her chair back noisily and left the table.

Vic looked up. "What's eating *her?*" he asked, with complete disinterest, and returned to his letter.

Mrs. Millikan sighed and gulped the rest of her coffee. "Really," she said, "sometimes that girl's disposition —— You shouldn't annoy her that way, Johnny."

Johnny, not quite six, knitted his brows as he looked at his mother. "I want to know who was the *first* one," he repeated doggedly. He had discovered that if you asked everyone, sometimes you got an answer.

"The first *what*, dear?" his mother asked, in a tone of tired forbearance.

The boy was so often puzzling to her. His child's world was a foreign place she thought she had left behind when Vic and Lola were growing up. It was such a dreadful time for a new child to be born—six months after his father's death, and with Mrs. Millikan's whole life in turmoil. The terrifying responsibility of a big business suddenly falling like lead on her shoulders, two self-centered and rebellious adolescent children—there was simply no room in this life for a baby. Besides, he was a much more difficult child than either of the others had been. He was queerly turned-inward. He spoke in enigmas.

"The first *what*, Johnny?" she repeated wearily, and continued, without pause, "Gracious, how I hope that new couple turns out to have a grain of sense in their combined heads. What's her name again? Oh, yes—Almie."

Ever since Mr. Millikan's death, Mrs. Millikan had taken to voicing her worries to the children. It did not matter that they seldom answered. The sound of the problems stated aloud seemed to give her a certain assurance that they were soluble.

"I hope to heaven she's not a dunce," Mrs. Millikan sighed, "but, dunce or no dunce, she'll have to toe the mark. I won't take from her what I took from that last one—waited on her hand and foot, and where did it get me? There's only one way to treat those people—make them knuckle down. Almie!" she called, while Johnny swung his foot and looked out the window, crooning:

"Who was the *first* one, the *first* one, the *first* one ——"

Almie put her handsome, wide brown face through the swinging door from the kitchen and fixed Mrs. Millikan with a proud and steady eye. "Yes, ma'am?" she said, her tone clearly implying that you could go exactly so far and not one inch farther in giving orders to Almie Peal. "Call me?"

"Yes, Almie," replied Mrs. Millikan aggressively. She really was in awe of this calm, positive Negress, but she was darned if she would show it. Not after what the previous couple had done to her. And the one before that. Walking out without notice. After she'd treated them with gloves on. Let them go out at night whenever they wanted. Bought them candy and magazines. And then they go and leave her in the lurch. Make a fool of her. Well, never again! From now on, make them toe the mark. That's the only way to handle such people, the only language they understood. "Almie," she said loudly, "Tuesday is the day for thorough-cleaning the kitchen." (Mrs. Millikan had a "system.") "I want you to give the refrigerator a *very* thorough cleaning. Take everything out, and then take out the trays and ——"

"I knows how to clean a refijator," Almie interrupted coolly.

Mrs. Millikan paused briefly, stunned, but quickly recovered. "And tell Sam I want him to take all the small rugs out in the yard and give them a good beating."

ALMIE made no comment. She could just imagine lazy Sam giving anything a good beating. Whatever made her take that man back? He was no good, nohow. She would have to leave and get herself a job alone, again. *You take a couple's job with Sam, and you find yourself doing a couple's job alone. Shiftless no-good. Shouldn't have took him back.*

"And I want you to use the vacuum in *all* the rooms, Almie," Mrs. Millikan continued, warming to her task. "And get *behind* things. Most of the furniture is *not* heavy, and you *can move* it easily."

Victor got up to catch the bus for college. "Hey, ma," he said, "tell her to wash my socks and underwear. That other one left me with nothing to wear."

Mrs. Millikan licked her lips. She had already given Almie more than enough to do, but this was no time to back water. You couldn't show any weakness or they'd walk all over you. "Yes, Almie, I want you to look through the laundry and take out all the socks and underwear and wash them. Better do that first thing, so they'll have time to dry."

"Then the refijator gots to wait," Almie said.

"Why can't you do that this afternoon?" Mrs. Millikan demanded nervously. She hoped this one wasn't going to be defiant. She got very upset when they were defiant.

"Ef I do, then the vacuuming gots to wait. Somethin' gots to wait," Almie concluded resignedly, as though she really regretted disappointing the thing that would have to wait.

LOLA appeared in her chic, radio-actress hat. "Mother," she said, "please have her press my red crepe. I want to wear it tonight."

Mrs. Millikan tapped the table nervously. She supposed she'd better be a little careful. After all, with little Johnny and the business —— "Almie," she said, frowning, "suppose you let Sam do the vacuuming today. He can let the garden work go."

Almie pursed her lips and sucked noisily through her front teeth. She was thinking that in all likelihood Sam would have let the garden work go anyway. And that if he had to go to the market for groceries, he would not come back in time for vacuuming or anything else, that worthless good-for-nothing! This minute he was sitting out front in the car waiting to take Mrs. Millikan and Lola to the station. He'd be sure to get out there well ahead of time, Sam would. He liked sitting in the big car, reading last night's paper.

Mrs. Millikan interpreted the silence as a definite act of defiance. "You won't forget my daughter's dress, Almie!" she said sharply, getting up from the table.

"Ain't likely to," Almie replied slowly. "But that don't mean I'll squeeze time to do it."

*The nerve of her*, Mrs. Millikan fumed, but she controlled herself. "You just *try* and you can, Almie, she said positively. "And keep an eye on Johnny. He'll be home from school today on account of a teachers' meeting. Fix him something nice for lunch. . . . What would you like for lunch, Johnny?"

Johnny was looking out the window, swinging the cord of the Venetian *(Continued on Page 204)*



"You listen to me," Almie began, her voice a furious threat to the trembling Sam. And then she caught sight of Johnny; something in his face stopped her.

Almie was a wonderful cook — but it takes a little loving to put flesh on a child's bones.



## THE HUSBAND

Brent's taste ran to the pleasant things: good cooking, a well-run house, a young lively creature who liked the same things he did.

## THE BOARDER

Nella had that sort of youthful glow that makes any woman—even one who is just a little older—feel sneaky at the joints.



**THE WIFE**

Abigail was discovering that there are times in a woman's life when the family circle suddenly threatens to shape into a triangle.

# All Men Like Red

BY EDITH BRECHT

THE voices in the garden under Abigail Spears were going strong. Aunt Fanny's and Brent's. Abigail's gray eyes under the curly brown bang grew troubled. She supposed every young married woman had a major problem: if not in the shape of an Aunt Fanny—and a very substantial shape it was—then something equally unmaneuverable and difficult; maybe much more difficult, like infidelity. At least she hadn't that. But the thought of infidelity and Brent was ridiculous. Later, Abigail remembered that.

"Scarlet sage," Aunt Fanny was announcing in a voice that brooked no contradiction, "is always a good, *dependable* bloomer!"

"So it is! So it is!" Brent agreed with hurried emphasis. "Only I don't happen to like it!"

"*All* men like red!" Aunt Fanny said flatly.

"I happen to have planned putting petunias here," Brent digressed with excruciating politeness.

"Sage'll be nicer, autumn," Aunt Fanny persisted. "We'll all like it better. Petunias get so leggy then; they straddle everywhere."

The odds were on Aunt Fanny. If Brent hadn't the world's best liver he'd knock her down verbally. The trouble was she wouldn't stay down, and he knew it, and the free-for-all would keep going like a merry-go-round. But after all, it was his garden, and her aunt, and he'd put up with such a lot. She really had to do something! She'd been saying that the past two winters, but now she meant it. Aunt Fanny's autumn-sage talk showed she planned another, and Brent was getting a look in the back of his eye she didn't like.

Well, she'd manage it when Aunt Fanny left for the summer. Take a boarder and have her holed in before Aunt Fanny got back. Mr. Higgins, the district superintendent, had asked if she'd consider the high-school art teacher last fall. She could probably get someone. Then Aunt Fanny could come for a few weeks' visit in the little sewing room.

But Brent was demanding, as loud and outraged as he ever got, "Where did *that* come from?"

"What?" Aunt Fanny asked. "Oh." Then with genuine pleasure, "Why, it's Mrs. Turner!"

Abigail looked quickly at the front walk, but it was empty.

Aunt Fanny was laughing now; the easy, self-indulgent laughter people keep for their own idiosyncrasies. "Just a lily, Brent. I call it Mrs. Turner because she gave it to me. She's a friend. Had such trouble with her daughter Bessie. Left her husband. Just picked up and went off with another man. She was a nice sort, too; so was the man she went with. We never understood it."

But Brent dammed the tide of reminiscence chokingly: "I wanted this bed kept all blue and gold!"

"Well, but a lily looks nice *anywhere!*" Aunt Fanny remonstrated as if, after all, there were such a thing as unreason. Then she added with enough satisfaction for both of them, "Certainly glad the frost didn't nip her."

Abigail looked down on the short, stout figure bent possessively over her lily. Brent had taste, and Aunt Fanny hadn't, but she had force, so he might as well not have had it. Abigail studied the flat, white topknot under her. Aunt Fanny had worn her hair that way since 1900.

"If a style becomes you, why change, I always say."

"Why, indeed?" Brent agreed, his infinitely expressive forehead wrinkled. But his subtlety was lost on Aunt Fanny, who understood nothing but an ungloved hand.

Aunt Fanny was seventy and hearty, with white hair that had the gentle quality of milkweed silk and utterly belied the indomitable wire of her spirit. There was something about her hair back-view, where you couldn't see the fire of her light blue eye, that made Abigail tender. Partly because it was wispy and old, but mostly because she'd been the grandmother she'd never had; the grandaunt who raised her mother. Only sometimes, especially with Brent——

Brent's face below her was surging now with repressed feeling, like a heavy curtain over an open window. He'd been worn out converting his textile job to peace and had a right to some in his own home, and didn't get it—not with Aunt Fanny!

Abigail had had to say last year, "I didn't ask her for the whole winter, dear," just as she had to say it the year before. "You know she wrote was it all right to visit, and you said, 'By all means.'"

"'Visit,' was the word suggested, I believe," Brent said painfully.

"I know, dear, but she just sort of stayed. You know I'm her only relative—except her stepsister Sue."

"But why give *us* eight months and Sue only four? It's hardly fair to Sue."

"Because she likes it better here. She says Sue's aggressive." Brent's eye met hers, so she kissed him and said, "I know. But she *is* fond of you!"

"She sees my possibilities." Brent had humor. But it was dying. Snuffed out in infringements and directions in his own home.

There was the matter of food. Aunt Fanny was an amazing hand in the kitchen, indefatigable and willing; when she took paring knife in hand, potatoes gave up their

*(Continued on Page 92)*



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

ILLUSTRATED BY

# SEVEN HUNDRED A WEEK

**Ran said, "When you let your heart show, people are apt to kick it around. You'd better learn to be like me." Stacy believed that a battered heart was better than no heart at all. ★ By Alec Rackowe**

MRS. FORREST always said that the reason her youngest daughter and only unmarried child attended meetings at the Manor Club was because she met dogs there. Stacy would have agreed about the dogs if not the rest. Her one cross was that the apartment they had lived in since dad had died and Rod, Sally and Jen had married was too small to house even one dog.

On this particularly lovely April afternoon they met several dogs as they walked—Mrs. Forrest white-haired and youthful in her well-worn English tweeds, and Stacy young and vivid in her green skirt and brown jacket and her smooth-flowing mass of bright red hair. Stacy greeted the dogs by name and they wagged their tails genially without raising their muzzles from newly revealed scents.

Mrs. Forrest asked equably, "How on earth do you know which is which?"

Stacy gave her mother a puzzled look from wide green eyes. "How does one distinguish other people's children?"

Mrs. Forrest had a tinkling laugh. "But one black cocker looks exactly like another black cocker."

Stacy's sheening hair swayed with the shake of her head. "You can always tell the ones you know."

Mrs. Forrest looked baffled.

Stacy stopped to talk to a red setter nosing about the square. She came skipping to rejoin her mother. At twenty-one Stacy still skipped. "Mike is always going off on two-or-three-day bats. I sent him home."

Mrs. Forrest looked to the blue heavens. The forsythia about the brown clapboarding of the Manor Club was in full bloom. There were cars parked all along the boulevard, and the mullioned windows were open, framing a futuristic tone picture of feminine voices.

Mrs. Forrest didn't wait for Stacy. She knew better. Stacy smiled at the half-dozen odd dogs fastened by their leashes to bushes and railings. Six assorted tails wagged furiously and Stacy sat down on the steps and greeted the dogs one by one. They yelped and barked for recognition, and between the Manor Club members inside and the dogs outside there was quite a commotion.

Perhaps that is why Stacy never heard any shouting. The first thing she knew of anything askew was a flash of bluish gray and a subsequent terrific shemozzle. All the dogs barked wildly and the Emsleighs' wire-haired tried to break his leash so that he could better cope with the Kerry blue who had descended upon him like Jove from a thunderhead.

Stacy gasped. She jumped up and took the Kerry by the scruff; thrust her free hand under his jaws and pried. It was quite a job, but as soon as she had loosed his grip and lifted him in her arms he wagged his tail. The wire-haired raved, but Stacy only said, "You're not hurt, Sam," and fixed the Kerry with stern eyes. "You mug," she said severely. "Can't you be civilized?"

The Kerry wriggled happily and tried to lick Stacy's cheek. A good six inches above the crown of Stacy's five-six an exasperated male voice demanded, "Don't you know any better than to put your hands into a dogfight? Did you get bitten?"

Stacy turned, the Kerry blue in her arms. She had to look up, and what she saw, blinking a little as was her wont when she was annoyed, was a very tall and quite dark young man. He wore a baggy gray tweed jacket and his hatless head was crowned with jet hair. His eyes, as Stacy stared at him haughtily, were gray. They changed somewhat. The exasperation faded and was succeeded by a certain stunned look that had come into the eyes of not a few young men at first sight of Stacy Forrest.

He said abruptly, "Here, give me that stinker."

Stacy started automatically to hand over the dog. Then she drew back quickly. "What do you want with him?" she demanded. "He's Duke, the Marshals' dog. You're not one of the Marshals."

The young man frowned. His face was long with prominent cheekbones and a straight nose that went with the length of his jaw. His hair fell over a wide forehead in a nicely negligent way. It wasn't just that he was a good-looking young man. He was different.

He gestured at the battered sedan blocking the boulevard. "Wash and brush up. P. u. and deliver. I've just p. u.'d him at the Marshals'. When he's bathed and combed he'll be delivered."

Stacy's red lips made an O. Her creamy face lighted with interest. "You're from the Dog and Cat Hospital. You work there?"

"I work there," the young man agreed somberly. He reached for the dog and Stacy passed Duke over. The young man said, "I had the window open six inches for air, but he made it. This time he can smother with me." He looked at Stacy, opened his lips and then shut them again and left.

Stacy wished he'd stayed to talk. She looked after him. The car complained and smoked; Duke scrabbled at the window and the dogs at her feet clamored for attention. Stacy told them absently to shut up and went inside to the other clamor.

It was three hours later that the oddest coincidence occurred—at five o'clock, to be exact.

They'd had tea at the club. Mrs. Forrest was dressing to go out to dinner at the Channings' on the circle. Stacy had lots of time. She was going to have a bite and do a movie with Dave Bagdell, and maybe run up to the Lodge later for a coke and a dance.

There was forsythia in the green bowls about the room. Stacy curled up in the biggest chair and looked over the local paper. It had only four pages, so one naturally read everything, and there, staring back at her from the Classified columns, was an ad. It said:

Wanted. Receptionist for animal hospital. Good wages and long hours. Inquire at Manor Dog and Cat Hospital. Randolph Kelsey, V. D.

Stacy put down the paper and said, "Well," to the apple-green walls.

Mrs. Forrest came in at that moment looking most distinguished in a blue dinner gown and her real-looking pearls. She lifted the dark brows that went so well with her hair. "Me?"

"This ad in the paper," Stacy said. "It's fate or Kismet or something. I think I'm going to go to work."

MRS. FORREST took the paper from Stacy's lap. "Are you? I thought you were going to marry one of the eager seals who have been mooning around here for ages. Settle down and have ten dogs the first year and a divorce the next—unless you have a baby the next and get rid of the dogs in time."

Stacy's eyes were dreamy, her red lips parted. She said absently, "Dogs and babies are ham and eggs. They go together."

"But not ten on the canine side." Mrs. Forrest looked at the ad columns. "What was it that interested you so? Never mind, I see something about dogs—oh-oh!"

Stacy didn't pay much attention to Dave Bagdell that night. The movie was a washout and Dave held her hand too tightly and was rather tiresome with his same hedged proposal at the Lodge. "Look, Stacy—we could be happy, you know that. A couple of dogs would be all right, too—but no more." Stacy just let it drift over her and got home to bed before her mother showed.

At nine the next morning she walked over to the Post Road and the strict white oblong that was the Manor Hospital. She'd been there before, but she hadn't liked old Doctor Morse, who had run the place. A new man had it now. This Doctor Kelsey who had put in the ad.

The reception room was black linoleum and cream walls with some good dog etchings on the walls and throwaways on the tables. A gray-haired man in a smock came from an inside room.

Stacy said, "I've come about the job. Are you Doctor Kelsey?"

The gray-haired man shook his head. "I'm Tim Lake, the kennelman." He rubbed his chin and looked hard at Stacy. "You sure you want to work here?"

"I think so," Stacy said. "Would you object?"

"Golly, no," Tim Lake said. "I'd like it. It would be nice to have a pretty girl around." He grinned at Stacy. "I'll give doc a yell. He's over in the house." His gesture embraced the casement windows, and through them Stacy saw the white salt-box house next door. "Don't go away," Tim said, and Stacy said earnestly:

"I won't."

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**As she stared at him haughtily, the exasperation faded from the young man's face, and was succeeded by a stunned look, one often seen in the eyes of young men who see Stacy Forrest for the first time.**

# PROFILE OF SUCCESS

## By Evelyn Sager

EACH year a new crop of eager young women arrives in New York to find jobs. War or peace, prosperity or depression, apartments or no-vacancies, they keep on coming. These young women from the hinterlands are fresh as paint, trim as two-masted schooners, and disconcertingly levelheaded. Some want jobs for a satisfying, self-sustaining interlude between college and marriage. Others are tracking down *the* jobs they've set their sights for. In the city which boastfully claims to be the center of fashion, the spark plug of business, the Mecca of journalism, they expect to find more doors to knock on, more doors to open.

They look deceivingly alike, these energetic young applicants who wear out their heels on New York's impersonal asphalt, call on their fathers' college classmates, fill out inquisitive application blanks. Yet in each crop are a very few destined to play a forceful hand in selecting what America will wear, producing what America will use and editing what America will read. They will be the cream of the working-woman population, the career women.

What *are* the ingredients that enable some to reach for and hit the top? For the answer we consulted five career women who have already made their marks. Each has replied with a profile of her candidate for success.

***If It's Merchandising,*** says Sara Pennoyer, vice-president of Bonwit Teller, the girl who is aiming for the top starts at the bottom—and if she thinks she is above selling, she will soon learn she is above retailing. There is no substitute for firsthand experience with the recalcitrant customer or the eight-hour nightmare labeled "Reduced for Clearance."

The ambitious girl who chooses merchandising starts out with vitality, willingness to work hard and strong feet. She is pretty much of an extrovert, enjoys exerting her personality. If material, color and line are her daily meat—if she can spot the weakness in a dress collection, a furniture display or a hooked-rug exhibit and multiply the sales appeal with a deft touch of substitution or subtraction—she is off to a runaway start. If she is destined for the topmost jobs, she probably has a touch of promotion genius added to her merchandising talents: she has ideas.

Her background may be fashion, art school or business administration; it may be Latin and Greek. Nothing is wasted. If she was born with the sixth sense of style, or acquired it from a style-conscious family background, she has the inside track on store psychology: she knows from the start that there is style in everything that sells—from aigrettes to zippers.

As a salesgirl she sells the best "book" in the department—not by high pressure but by the extra legwork and touch of tact so sorely missed in wartime merchandising. As a buyer she is not content with running up the best sales total in the store, scouting for the best products in the market, and bullying the wholesaler into selling her scarce items; she brings fresh ideas and a sample of public opinion to the manufacturer—she makes him an ally. Her feeling for fashion, fabric and people is married to a personality that leads—she's the "group-influencing type."

She is not retailing in a cloistered cell—and knows it. She reads the papers, develops a cosmopolitan point of view; she is alert to the impact of the Duchess of Windsor's visit to Paris showings in an American pencil-slim skirt; she weighs the effect of loose money on "dress-up" styles; she watches the fashion magazines and society columns like a talent scout.

She gets there fast because she grabs the breaks when they come. She skips as many steps as she can, if she knows she is ready to handle the bigger job. She takes disappointments hard, but not home. She brings the best of her to work, and checks the foibles in the locker room. She may start in a college shop or her home-town store, but she's bound to gravitate to New York, where she can keep her eye on the market and the opportunities. She respects her job and her store—and couldn't live without either.




*"All 400,000 things may be priced low, but must I carry every one of them home today?"*

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*"What is it? How many to a customer?"*

***If It's Advertising,*** says Margaret Fishback, erstwhile copy chief at R. H. Macy in New York and presently one of the top-bracket free-lance copy writers, the girl who is most likely to succeed is the girl who is writing to eat—not to produce the great American novel. She is selling a flair for words, not a flame of genius. She is bright, witty, a word stylist—and her tongue and pen are touched with acid.

She does not slide along on her talent because she knows the story of the tortoise and the hare has its advertising counterpart: the girl who does a good, diligent job may outdistance the girl who does a brilliant job when the mood takes her. She knows that no matter how "hot" her copy may be, she is no use to the boss unless she is there to write the hot copy when he needs her. Maybe she does not have the highest brain content per cubic inch, but she makes skillful use of what she has. She is a supersaleswoman—and her stock in trade is herself and her ideas.

She likes the swank that goes with advertising, but does not upholster her own personality with plush. Even when she faces a rash of dead lines or a three-time rewrite, she likes what she is doing and would not earn her living through any other form of torture. She keeps her eye on the ball, does not regard her job as a mere stopgap to marriage. She is long on humor, charm, short on temper and temperament (on the way up, anyhow!). Perhaps she comes from a liberal-arts college where she majored in English and bull sessions, or from a business-administration course. She may not have gone to college at all. Her background is anything and everything.

She is only one of thousands launching a mass attack on New York advertising agencies and stores. She gets her first break through 100 per cent pull or 99 per cent



What has two hands, one good head and a million potentialities? If you've got

luck—she is probably the tenth girl the tired copy chief has seen in a week, but she arrives on the day when there is copy to be written, and no one to write it. She looks likely. She is hired. She does not stay long in any one job, unless she is advancing fast. She has a highly developed news sense—and watches the trends shrewdly. She may not understand political and economic complexities, but she can give a précis of Walter Lippmann over the coffee cups. She reads periodicals and best sellers, sees the best shows; knows who is who—and even more important, who knows whom. She is smart and smooth—and she is in the smartest, smoothest business of them all.

***If It's Fashion Designing,*** says Claire McCardell, top-flight designer of casual clothes for the long, lean figure, the girl whose name is slated to become a coveted label is one who is not afraid to wear her own clothes from the start; she is her own best advertisement. She has been designing her own clothes since she graduated from gym bloomers. She has a flair—and some wildly original ideas. She learns to temper her products to sell.

She buys as much training as she can afford in fashion designing, sketching, history of art; she picks up a good knowledge of sewing and materials.

If she goes into fashion with any notion of glamour, she soon learns there is little glitter, lots of work. She puts in long hours at the drawing board, in the sample room. She starts with any job she can get in a good fashion house; she models the clothes, sells them, copies them; in the time left over she designs her own things in hopes of catching the boss's eye. She picks up pins and tricks of the trade. She does not jump from job to job—even if the prospect is richly tempting—until she is ready, because above all it takes *time* to make her ready for the top. Even with out-in-the-field experience added to school theory, she must have time to mold her taste to practicality and the market—without destroying her freshness of design; time to train her eye to unfaltering selection; time to test her judgment in season after season of success and failure.

She has more than a little of the shrewd businesswoman in her make-up, because a collection of clothes is a major investment—approximately $100,000; because she measures her success by the amount of clothes she sells, not the amount of publicity she receives. She is flexible enough to relinquish a pet idea when it is *too* smart, *too* new. Most important of all, she reminds herself daily that she is not designing clothes for Venus de Milo and the cover girls, but for the average American woman.

She needs a sturdy personality to weather daily crises with buyers, tailors, models. She is lucky—lucky to be talented. But even with this gift she needs a few breaks, a helping hand, a financial boost. She learns to be in the opportune place lest the opportune moment arise. She does not design in a vacuum. She is interested in Americana, in the news, in people. Before the war she went to Paris showings—and tested her ability to pick winners at the preview. Now she will go again, but keep a sharp eye on home competition.

Through it all she sticks, because it may be hash at the bottom, but it's gravy on top. Clothes are her hobby and her job.

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*"Oh, you needn't worry about what you show me. I'm trying to be silly."*

***If It's Business,*** says Carlene Roberts, assistant vice-president of American Airlines, the girl who is slated for a man-size job is not allergic to authority. She takes control without dramatizing her power. She is natural, easy to be with, although you sense a powerhouse of energy and ability pushing her ahead. She works hard and long without forgetting what makes Jack and Jill dull. She handles a maze of details, with the forest well in mind. At no place on her rapid climb does she sacrifice her integrity—for a raise, a better job, a fat contract; maybe she is idealistic, maybe she knows it is bad business. She has what men like to boast of as a masculine trait: capacity for making decisions based on reason and logic, and the ability to present them with clarity and force.

Chances are nine out of ten she will start as a stenographer or a secretary, with a high-school diploma in shorthand or a college degree in domestic science. Once she finds herself up to the neck in business and loving it, she learns the method and madness behind profits and losses. She is secretary to the big boss, but does not make that her goal. She aims for a job of her own; makes haste slowly, but avoids the ruts.

She puts her foot in the door of the masculine business sanctum through skill and intelligence. She rises through leadership. Not only does she do her own job well, but she is able to do a bigger job because she picks others who will do jobs well for her. She becomes a top-drawer executive because she has sense and sensibilities as well as the sharp foresight of a chess player. She knows what makes her people tick, knows that the brusque, bludgeoning executive is out of mode; that the new-style executive has a loyal, productive staff because she is a fair, sympathetic, tolerant boss. She shares responsibility with them—and credit for a job well done.

She is working in a man's world, and never forgets it. She has to be steadier, more organized, less temperamental than her masculine colleagues. She has to be twice as good! She enters his world without taking on masculine protective coloration—she cannot be a hail-fellow-well-met; she cannot protect herself, either, with feminine wiles, or she will be accused of pulling her sex during working hours. She has to steer a tough middle course. But she makes it her business to get where she is going.

***If It's Journalism,*** says Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, Woman's Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, the crackajack reporter looks for the truth as well as the facts. She thinks incisively and independently, scorns clichés. She is well read, and reads well; she draws continuously on the fund of knowledge acquired in college, but knows where to find more. She drives herself to produce A copy, although C copy would pass the city desk. She is confident of her own intellectual equipment, but not cocky; asks pertinent questions without impertinence; has manners without manner. She is in journalism because she wants to write for a living, to see her by-line around, or—in a few cases—because she considers her publication a forceful social medium. She chooses a college where there is respect for current writing, where professors do not frighten her by setting up the classics as the single standard, where contests encourage young talent.

She tries for a job on a large metropolitan daily, but takes the next best. She stays in any job only as long as she is growing and learning. She would, if she could, work for the publication she respects most.

She rises steadily because she has physical and emotional stamina; because her work is consistently excellent in content and style; *(Continued on Page 106)*

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*"The boss has had his eye on you, Miss Swanson, and so have I, for that matter."*



what five of America's top career women tell you it takes—the answer may be You!

# HIDDEN TREASURES

TWO YEARS OLD



*Adele Simpson bolero suit, actually two years old. For your own similar one, cut sleeves to new length; add pretty eyelet blouse, important hat—Braagaard's sailor.*

TAILLEUR 1941–1946



*Take any classic suit of the past five years (this one by Bernard Rubel); add bright flannel vest, white blouse with deep collar points, foulard stock.*

Pushed to the back of your closet—hanging there in the dark—practically every woman has at least one "perfectly good" dress or suit which can't quite face the bright light of a new season. We've asked famous American designers about these clothes on your conscience—find that they have them, too, even as you and I. In each case they have taken one of their own originals from a year or two years ago—twin sisters, or at least first cousins, to the clothes you have—and made the fashion changes or additions that give them freshness and importance. A white eyelet blouse with new full sleeves, and a Breton sailor for a navy-blue bolero suit; a new high neckline of polka-dot crepe for a basic dress; a bright vest and ascot for a classic tailleur; a coat cut off to a new length, a cotton tunic for a wool skirt—you can make these changes yourself, or take them to your favorite tailor. ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
*Fashion Editor of the Journal*





**Old treasures with hidden charms . . . this is the way**

# IN YOUR CLOSET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL

## COAT TRANSFORMATION



*Last year's coat from George Carmel. New length; patch pockets from cut-off fabric; wide leather belt. New band and veil on a 1944 John Frederic's hat.*





**they look *before* the changes make them fresh and new.**

## ANY NAVY SKIRT



*Lightweight wool or crepe skirt, slim and straight. Add a crisp plaid cotton tunic like this one by Adele Simpson, Phelps bag, Milan hat, white cotton gloves.*

## YEAR-OLD NAVY CREPE



*Any basic crepe dress. Add fresh polka-dot frou neckline, a touch of green ribbon; cut sleeves, make rolled cuff, as Andre suggests. Finish with new hat and bag.*



# NO INFLATION IN THESE FASHIONS

**Good American dollars, now as always, will buy your money's worth of fashion—if wisely spent. A little black dress at $17.95 can have the expensive look. A two-piece wool jersey in the full-skirt silhouette-of-the-year (under $30) is prewar quality, tops in current fashion. This spring of 1946 there will be thousands of dresses and suits that represent values that are non-inflationary. Three of the fashions on these pages come from a famous house that sells more than half a million dresses and suits a year—from $17.95 to $22.95, in thousands of stores, in all forty-eight states. The rayon shantung in the heart-button dress and the long-sleeved suit is the same quality as that used in 1941. Pure silk is available—and not extravagant. Fine linen, both Irish and American, is a joy to see again for late spring and summer. Silhouettes and fashion details have no price premium. You can prove it in your local shops.** ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**

**LITTLE BLACK DRESS** *to adore—for its gold heart buttons, pretty neckline and sleeves, new pockets; rayon shantung; jet jewelry.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE FENN



**SILHOUETTE-OF-THE-YEAR**—*full skirt, slim basque, for day or dinner; in black wool jersey by Claire McCardell; Mago Hayes' hat.*



**BROWN SHANTUNG SUIT**—*perfect for business, shopping, travel. April to September. Worn with white straw hat and cotton gloves.*





**HEAVENLY PURE SILK** *print for afternoon or evening; draped hipline, shoulder-tip neckline, little puffed sleeves; by Ceil Chapman.*

**TAFFETA IS FASHION** *for important luncheon and afternoon suits. Adele Simpson's bolero style with little leg-o'-mutton sleeves, full skirt.*



**DRESSMAKER SHIRTWAIST** *dress; new push-up sleeves, soft fullness; checked rayon sheer, tested for cleaning, treated to resist wrinkles.*



**TOWN LINEN,** *slim tunic silhouette in turquoise blue, Clare Potter's distinguished spring-into-summer fashion; Mago Hayes' natural straw hat.*

# SPRING GOES TO A SUB-DEB'S HEAD

**In crisp straws for Bretons and bonnets, in gingham checks for berets and stocking caps! Taffeta ribbons are a Sub-Deb special; in brightest colors they trim the band of a starched piqué or tie into gay bows for the crown of a straw. Hair is shining clean and goes halfway up for afternoon in ringlets at the back of the neck tied with a giant bow—all the way up for evening in a topknot with ribbons to match your dress! Crowning glory for an Easter Sunday suit is a white Breton sailor with navy taffeta streamers and spring-colored flowers (real or artificial); or a young bonnet tied under the chin with a plaid bow. Thirty cents' worth of gingham will make a braided headband in your three favorite colors! When you shop for your new spring hat, try them all on first. You might start out to buy a bonnet and end up with a beret; but, most important, whichever it is—it should look the prettiest on you!** ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**



*Spring, the sweet spring. Sally Victor's wide-brimmed Breton in golden straw. Long black velvet streamers; gay, colorful flowers for the crown.*



*Breton sailor in white straw. Wide navy taffeta ribbons and bow. Tiny bunches of multicolored flowers tucked in the crown.*



*Young silhouette. Gingham beret in red, white and blue checks; three crisp streamers. Wrist-length matching gloves. Wear with summer cottons.*



*Gingham stocking cap to match a gingham dress. Green-and-white checks tied in a knot at the end, and fringed. Faced with white starched piqué.*

*A new headband: Three lengths of material braided (as you braid your hair).*



*With hair swept way on top your head, pin in bows: one in front, one in back.*



*Newest hair-do: hair brushed back and tied with big bow. Soft, loose ringlets.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL  DRAWINGS BY LEE LUNZER



*Pretty worn on the back of the head. Rough natural straw wide-brimmed Breton sailor has large taffeta bows in red, blue and green plaid to trim the crown.*



*Bonnet for a special spring date. Pretty with dressy dresses, or with a new Easter coat; natural straw; large gingham bows. One ties under the chin.*



*Spick-and-span white piqué beret. Wear by itself or trim with plaid taffeta ribbon; silver pin. Matching ribbon bow at the neck of blouse or dickey.*

# A Matter of Style



HORSES, LIKE CHILDREN, REFLECT THEIR TRAINERS; AND CHRIS FOUND THAT A GOOD WAY TO JUDGE HUSBAND MATERIAL IS TO WATCH A HORSE A MAN HAS TRAINED.

By Newlin B. Wildes

*I could have killed Jimmy! Gazing at*

MY mother broke the news at breakfast. "Your Cousin Chris is coming to spend a few weeks with us," she said. My mother is small and brown and very calm—usually. She gets along with everybody—Bostonians and garbage men and people from Texas. They like her.

"All the way from California?" June said. "How old is she?"

"She's twenty-one," I said.

"I didn't ask you," June said. June is fourteen, two years older than I am. She wears long evening dresses to dances. I am going to have her blue dress next year.

"What's she coming way back here for?" I asked.

"She's going to work in a store," my mother said, "Detros."

"Gee!" I said. "Detros!" That was a very swank spot. It had a doorman.

"Is she engaged?" June asked.

My mother said no. I looked at June. Oh, boy—now there *would* be some excitement.

My father got up gloomily. My father is tall and lean and puts his feet up on things. "The house will be full of men," he said unhappily. "Men everywhere. Men mooning." He went into the den and shut the door. My mother has a great many relations. They come to see us.

"M-m-m-m, men," I said. I like to look at men. June and I cleared away the dishes. "Do you suppose she would be the one for Jimmy?" I said.

"No," June said. She said it very short. I think that she likes Jimmy herself. So do I, but he's a whole lot too old for us—that way. He's twenty-four.



*old blister as if it were the most fascinating thing in the whole world, while Chris had the same look turned on Allen.*

In the middle of the afternoon we drove down to the village station to meet Chris. I could hardly wait.

"How long since you've seen this gal?" my father said, still unhappily.

"Five years," my mother said. My father sighed.

The train roared in. A few locals got off. And then—my eyes went out on stems. "Whew!" I said. I fumbled at the door handle. My father got out ahead of me. He started down the platform. He moved as if his legs were in a hurry and his mind wasn't. Or vice versa. But he didn't fool me. My mother was kissing this girl. And what a girl.

Most of the older girls that we see in Kitasset are tweedy jobs out buying groceries for their families or being coy with husbands at parties. They are nice but, as my father says, the pennant has been decided and they are just playing out the schedule. But this girl. Boy!

She was a tall and blond girl with her hair caught low in a little net, and a funny round tilt for a hat that was smart, and all in black and very high heels and beautiful legs. Her face had just enough tan, with a perfect mouth and dark eyes, but the thing that you noticed most was that she was so very cool and calm and collected, and seemed to have everything under control—as if she were on a magazine cover and nothing could ever disarrange her. As if she were a cake on the pantry shelf that mustn't be cut into until company comes. Or a show window in a furniture store. She impressed me. She fascinated me. I wished that we had washed the windows to the station wagon. I wondered if the dogs would have that old shoe on the front lawn again. "She won't do for Jimmy," I whispered to June. We were in the back seat. June did not pay any attention to me. I am used to that.

We went home. Chris would not like our place. I knew it. Ours is a sort of unfarmed farm, and the grounds are more for fun and ball games than they are for keeping clipped and trimmed, and the dogs burrow some, and the house is long and white and the south side needs a little paint—"if we can ever get anybody to do it." Inside there are big closets that you can heave things into, and the fireplaces are blackened and the divans have deep sat-in spots near the lights, and the mantelpieces have pipes and a lot of things on them that should be put away. We like it, but I had never thought of it in the way Chris described it.

She got out, and brushed off a few dog hairs that flew up from the back of the car, and then she said, "Why, how quaint."

It was more the way she said it, and I looked at June, and my father's neck got red and he yanked at the bags. It did not bother my mother. After a while she showed Chris to her room. That was what June and I had been waiting for.

We gave her five minutes, the last three of which we stood outside her door. Then we knocked. Her two biggest suitcases were open, and they were full of the most wonderful clothes. Soft pinkish things that draped in loose slinky folds and had big confusing monograms on them, and slippers with feathers and all kinds of bottles and kits and brushes and a pair of crimson pajamas with "Chris" in black letters at the pocket. They were super. I saw June sort of eying them for size, but they were beyond me. I wear flannel pajamas mostly. But not with feet in them any more.

"They're beautiful," June said respectfully, and Chris said "Thank you," brightly.

"Is that why you're going to work at Detros," I said, "because you like clothes?"

"Well, yes, mostly," Chris said. "I want to be a stylist, perhaps a designer someday, and have my own studio. Detros is the first step."

We did not know anything about stylists and designers, June and I. We just stood there. My hands were very dirty. I put them in the pockets of my dungarees. I felt as if I were backstage in one of those super movie reviews. It was out of this world.

"Have you got a boy friend?" I said. June looked at me disgustedly. But I wanted to know.

Chris laughed. "No," she said, "no boy friend."

I wanted to ask why, but I thought maybe I had better not. There was one other thing I wanted to know. I was pretty sure of the answer, but I asked anyway. "Do you like horses?" I said. It sounded so abrupt that it startled even me. I felt sort of silly. But Chris looked up from her things and smiled, and it was the nicest smile she had shown yet. It was the most natural smile.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I do. I simply love horses. All animals, for that matter. I brought my riding things with me because I knew that you all rode and I thought that perhaps you'd teach me. You see, I don't know much about riding, but I want to."

*(Continued on Page 216)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

GARDEN AND PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

*The right ingredients make a garden that gives more than it takes.*

# BLOOM ALONG

By Richard Pratt

ONE of the tricks to a little easygoing garden against the house—unless you've time and effort to spare for serious physical horticulture—is how to make it attract the most attention while demanding the least. There are five simple parts to the trick, all appearing in the picture: the pool, the paving, the plants, the fence and the furniture. The pool is a plain sheet-metal tank, as much larger or smaller than three-by-six as you like, and eighteen inches deep. The paving is of any flat stones you can find, or of thin concrete slabs you can make. The plants are principally petunias and Shasta daisies; the former by far the country's favorite annual and most famous bloomer; the latter the most persistently flowering perennial of my acquaintance. Both will furnish color from June to frost, and the Shasta-daisy plants will of course keep on growing year after year. The fence can be high or low, open or tight, depending on what lies beyond, and the furniture should be colorful and easy to move. It's a garden two determined workers can make in a day, and almost anyone over a week end. You lay it out with stakes and string; take off the topsoil where the pool and paving go; dig out for the tank, and set it absolutely level, with the rim below the paving surface by the thickness of the flagging. Then you throw in underfill for the paving—anything loose, like cinders, sand, gravel—and lay the flagging, letting the edges lap over the pool, and filling the joints with sandy soil. The rest is simply a matter of preparing the beds, setting out the plants—and then sitting down for a little refreshment.

# If You Ask Me

## BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

***Would you advise a girl to marry a man who has just returned from overseas as soon as possible, or should she wait five or six months until he is settled in civilian life?***

That is a personal question which everyone, I think, has to decide for herself. If you marry a man who has just returned from overseas, you will know you are going to have not only the usual period of adjustment which comes in every marriage, but the added adjustment which every man must make on his return to civilian life. If a woman truly loves a man, however, and fully understands what she is doing, she may feel that they can work out their new life better together than apart, but that is something they have to decide and no one can decide it for them.

***Is it true that most Frenchmen preferred the German occupation to the presence of the Allied troops, particularly American? If this is so, what can we do to overcome the prejudice? What, also, have we done to deserve it?***

No. I do not think that most Frenchmen prefer German occupation to the presence of Allied troops, particularly Americans. Naturally they had to make up their minds to considerable destruction of their towns and villages which, under the Germans, had not been destroyed. When they found themselves constantly worse off than they had been before liberation which they longed for, life took on a sad aspect; but by and large, I feel sure that the French as a whole are grateful that they are free again. I think we can make the effort to understand them better. That is always a good antidote to any prejudice. The only thing we have done to deserve dislike anywhere in the world is to be rather satisfied with ourselves and therefore not very anxious to find out about other people.

***Why doesn't everyone in the United States have to pay an income tax of at least five dollars? Don't you think this would make everyone feel a sense of responsibility as a citizen?***

I do not know why you set five dollars as the sum to be paid. I think everyone should pay an income tax, but there are some incomes so low that five dollars would be almost impossible to accumulate during the year, so I think everyone should pay a percentage of what he actually has earned during the year.

***Do you think the UNO can really control the use of atomic bombs?***

Certainly, if it is made strong by the nations who join.

***Do you believe the Ruhr should be internationalized?***

I do not think at present that my opinion is of any value, as I have made no very intensive study of the question, but my feeling is that this part of Europe has been a bone of contention for a great many years and its internationalization would be a benefit to the whole of the European area and remove future causes of contention.

***Have you a favorite period in furniture and interior decorating?***

Yes. Early American.

***Would you say the current campaign—magazine and merchandising mainly—to publicize the life and times of a teen-ager is giving the adolescent an overdose of spotlight?***

Yes. I think much less attention should be paid by the advertising field to this age.

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*Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

***Do you think the invention of the atomic bomb has advanced or retarded civilization?***

I think it advanced civilization in that it saved for us a great many young lives of a great many different nationalities which might otherwise have been lost in this period and therefore would have retarded the development of civilization. Whether in the future it is an aid to civilization depends on the scientists and our younger generation. Both groups know its potentialities for destruction.

CARTOON BY TONY BARLOW. REPRINTED PERMISSION THE NEW YORKER. COPYRIGHT THE F.-R. PUBLISHING CORPORATION




**"Won't you please make up your mind, Mabel?"**

***Do you feel, generally speaking, that it is better for a girl to marry before she is twenty-five, and that compromise and adjustment become progressively harder as she matures as a singleton?***

Yes. I think for a woman it is much easier to adjust if she marries between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, and probably easier to begin to have children and adjust to a family life that includes old and young.

***It has been estimated that 15,000,000 women will be earning their living by 1950. In your opinion, should industry and the community encourage and underwrite nursery schools for the children of working mothers?***

Very decidedly. I think it is absolutely vital for the good of future generations that nursery schools be made available to care for the children of working mothers during the entire day. The next generation will seriously suffer from both the physical and mental standpoints if this is not done.

***Do you think that if a Republican President is elected in 1948, the world will lose faith in U. S. leadership?***

That depends upon the President.

***My mother and I disagree sharply in our judgment of people. How important, under the circumstances, should it be to have my mother approve of the man I marry?***

This is a very difficult question, as it involves the feeling that you have for your mother. If it is very close, and if you are devoted to her, I think you will find that you will be able to interpret the man you marry to her and change her point of view. It is always well to weigh the opinion of older people, because they have had more experience than you possibly can have. However, you are the one who is going to marry the man and live with him, and so ultimately it will have to be your decision. I would not hurry, however, and I would make every possible effort to bring about unity in the family, since the break between the home of the past and the one you hope to make is always a sad and upsetting experience.

***Those who argue for "planned parenthood" point out that the size of the family should be limited for the sake of health and economics. Don't you think it is important, too, to limit the family so that there is enough of a mother's attention and affection to go around generously?***

I do, but that is one of the things that intelligent advocates of planned parenthood have stressed, and it is part of all better health conditions, since many women have not the strength to give to the older children when they have too short periods of recuperation. This is not always true, however, since we have all known women who could have a child every year and still give generously of heart and mind to all of them; but a woman's health must be the guide.

***What do you think is the secret of Sweden's neutrality throughout two world wars? Is it mere geographical location or perhaps a real determination to think and act "peacefully"?***

I think Sweden has been extremely fortunate. Germany in time would probably have invaded her, but they needed what she could produce and send to them more than they needed her as an enemy or a conquered nation. I doubt if it is mere geographical location, or even a desire and determination to think and act peacefully. I think it is just the economics of a situation and the military developments which made it possible for her to remain neutral.

***Do you favor a uniform divorce law for the United States?***

Yes.

***If the Government could use money for research in wartime, why doesn't it set up peacetime research projects on cancer and other diseases?***

I think that is one of the things which the U. S. Public Health Service has been asking to inaugurate for many years. Probably now the people as a whole, through their representatives, will be willing to accept the responsibility for this kind of work. In the past they haven't been willing to vote the money for such purposes, but have counted on private resources and foundations.

# LOW-COST HOUSING

TEN MILLION families in this country live in homes that are classified officially as "bad"—and that means really bad. These homes are dilapidated and overcrowded; they lack proper light, air and sanitation; they are a menace to the health, safety and morals of their occupants. And whether you yourself live in one of them or not, they are still a menace to your welfare; for all of us pay somehow for the country's poor health, its dangerous conditions and the consequences of crime.

Bad homes, or slums, are everybody's business, for their ills are contagious. Good housing, therefore, might well be as much women's concern as the control of disease. It is not a simple problem: better and cheaper building methods alone will not bring about slum elimination, though they will help; nor can city or Federal aid solve the problem without the intelligent determination of citizens that there *need be no slums*.

What America's ten million families in bad homes pay as an average monthly rental is about $6 a room; many people say it is impossible to build decent homes for rents that low, except by Government subsidy. A group of low-rental homes in Princeton, New Jersey, shown here, has demonstrated for seven years that attractive housing can be built to rent at about $6 a room—and still be a sound investment. It illustrates, further, a new idea in financing low-cost housing which might well revolutionize low-cost housing if its principles were generally understood and adopted.

In this little community, ten families demonstrate how those other ten million families all over the country might live. The homes are pleasant, skillfully planned, modernly equipped and beautifully built. There is plenty of space within, and plenty without for greenery, play and privacy. Each four-room unit (two bedrooms, bathroom, living room and kitchen) in the group has its own two separate entrances, front and back. And the rent each family pays is $25 a month, or $6.25 a room—the average rent that ten million families pay for bad homes in the slums.

Yet this Princeton project operates at no expense to the public; the rents covering all the costs of land, construction, maintenance and financing. In this day, when Government subsidy is almost taken for granted in low-cost housing, it is startling to realize that these houses have proved a sound investment, paying to their builder a low but secure return on the money invested.

It was to illustrate the important part proper financing can play in good low-cost housing that these houses were built by Gerard B. Lambert, a Princeton man who has devoted much time to the study of housing.

His belief was almost revolutionary in a day when many people thought that Government subsidy was the only way to provide housing for the lowest third of the population. His idea was simply that, by a totally new arrangement of financing, good low-cost housing could be made to pay in dollars and cents—not the quick fantastic turnover of the speculative builder, leaving a wash of jerry-built slums in his wake, but with a small, steady, protected return similar to a Government bond.

This belief has been brilliantly demonstrated in the success of the Princeton housing project. His financing plan was this: The Princeton group has ten houses, each costing $3000—the total cost, $30,000. Each of these four-room units rents for $25 a month, or $6.25 per room.

On each $3000 unit, then, 10 per cent is charged in rent—$300 a year, $25 a month. Of this 10 per cent, 4 per cent is allocated to maintenance, a sum that the years have shown is more than adequate to provide excellent maintenance. The other 6 per cent goes over a twenty-eight-year period, to pay off the original investment (of $3000) and to provide the investor with a constant 4 per cent return on the amount of money he has put in. At the end of twenty-eight years the original investor is entirely out of the project, He has received back the sum of his original investment, $3000, and 4 per cent interest for its use.

Mr. Lambert explains that, if he had depended upon the statement that he would get only this limited amount each year, there might be skeptics, to say the least. He removed all doubt, after building the project, by turning the property over to the Princeton Housing Authority, a civic body, in exchange for $30,000 of their bonds. In this way, the Authority runs the project, collects the rents and pays Mr. Lambert 6 per cent each year on their bonds until they are retired—no more, no less.

What is done with the buildings at the end of twenty-eight years, when the bonds are retired, is an important part of the Lambert plan. It attacks the problem of having to add local taxes to rent. It is to be noted that, in the above rental of 10 per cent, no sum is set aside for city taxes. That is because at the end of twenty-eight years, at which time the original investor's interest expires, the property, under the Lambert plan, reverts to



# THAT PAYS

ıe city in payment of the taxes that it has ithheld (or, if the Federal Government aned the money to pay the taxes each year, ıe buildings would be held to repay the ederal Government). The theory is that at ıe end of twenty-eight years these build-gs, properly maintained, will have sufficient alue to pay off fully, and possibly more than ay off, the sum that their taxes would ave represented during that time. The city, ı either case, would certainly have the *option* ) get them and direct them as it thought est for social purposes.

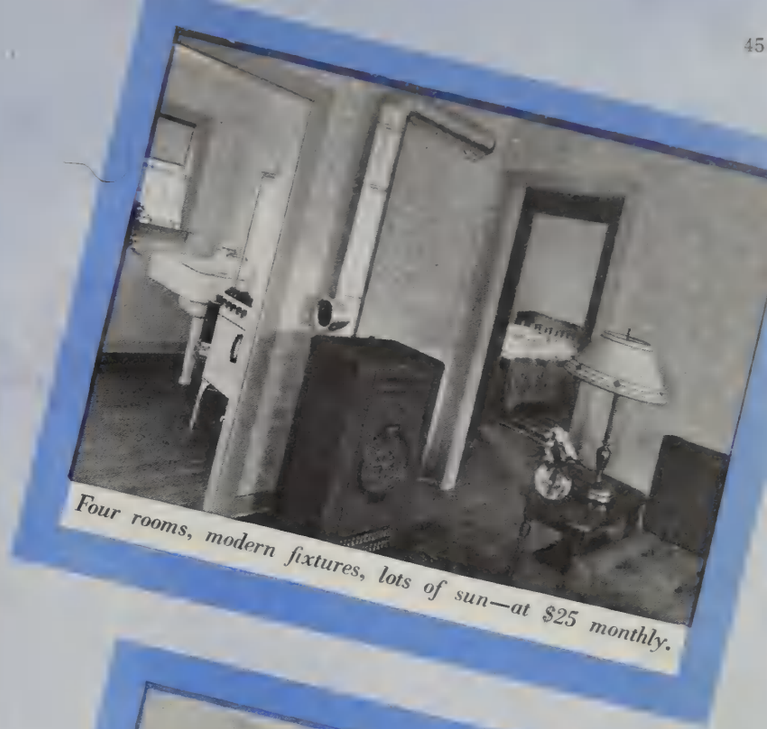
The Lambert plan, then, suggests that low-ost housing be financed by something which , in effect, like a bond; since the investor an never get more than 4 per cent return n his money, the speculative possibility is iminated. Mr. Lambert suggests further ıat, in order to protect the investor against ossible bad seasons, the Government—per-aps through FHA—guarantee the investor ½ per cent on his money. This in no sense ould be a true subsidy, since FHA already ives a guaranty on individual home loans, nd has steadily made, rather than lost, ıoney on the guaranty.

In effect, with such an arrangement, the ıvestor has bought a bond on which 2½ per ent interest is guaranteed, but on which 4 per cent interest is possible, this last 1½ per cent acting as an incentive to draw good solid capital, such as trust companies, trust funds, and so on, into this plan. Even if conditions should get so bad that the Government must step in to provide its guaranty of 2½ per cent return on the original investment (a contingency unlikely unless our whole economy collapsed), the only result would be that the Federal Government in effect has subsidized low-cost housing—a form of subsidy unquestionably desirable in an emergency.

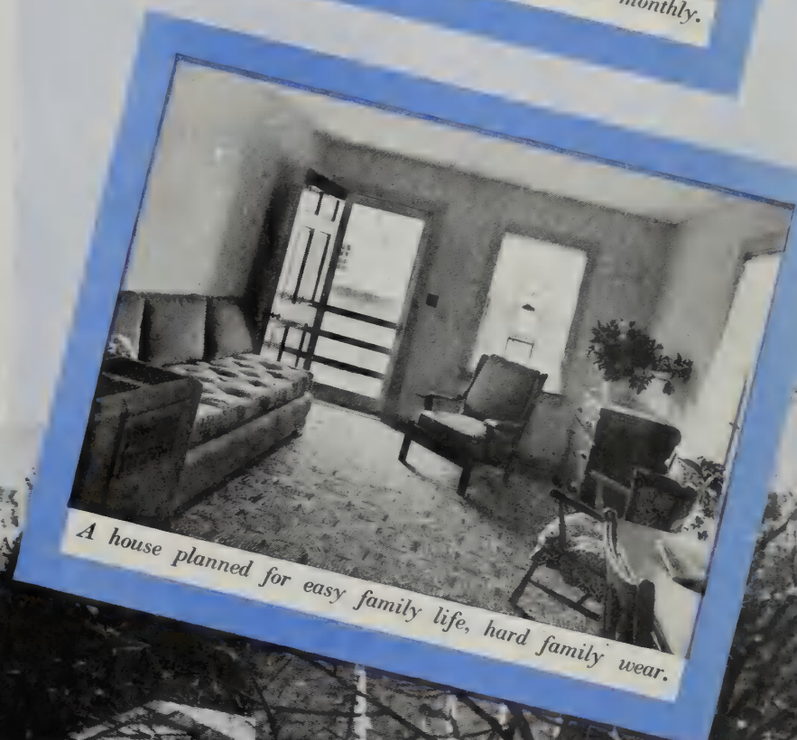
The JOURNAL prints this Lambert plan at length because its editors feel that the rapid development of *good* low-cost housing (for the lowest-third income group) should be a project number one in this country's post-war development.

Naturally, good housing depends on other factors than financing: better building methods, better and more unified housing laws; wholehearted co-operation of labor is necessary too. But the recognition that adequate homes for even the poorest of our population can attract hardheaded wide-scale capital on a sound pay-as-you-go basis should mean a great deal to the women of this country. It could mean that, if they insist, there need be no slums.

PHOTOS BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER



*Four rooms, modern fixtures, lots of sun—at $25 monthly.*



*A house planned for easy family life, hard family wear.*



well as shelter to one third of a nation. ★ ★ ★

# THE DARK WOOD

BY CHRISTINE WESTON

"IF ever it should happen that you hear I've been killed—don't believe it." Thus Alec Harmon reassured his wife, Stella, before sailing to his death on the Italian front. Unable to accept the reality of her loss, Stella decides to make a pilgrimage to Italy in search of his grave. Through an old friend, Dick Sparrow, she obtains passage on the clipper and shares accommodations with Bill Symes, his client who arranged their flight. Once in Italy, Stella finds that her heart is not in her mission and returns almost immediately, unaware in her intensified depression that the meeting with Bill Symes will change her entire future.

Like Stella, Bill is living in an emotional no man's land, pursuing the troubled course of his love for Regan Bycroft, wife of a war hero. For two years they have awaited Mark Bycroft's discharge in hopes that he will consent to an amicable divorce. But, passionately attached to his wife and their son, Neddy, Mark rejects such an arrangement. He writes Regan a bitter note, telling her that if she will not live with him she must live alone, separated by her own betrayal from her lover and her son.

*IX*

NEDDY accepted the situation with remarkable calm. He was an extraordinarily self-contained child and to Mark's terse explanation of Regan's absence—she had gone to stay with his Aunt Hester, who was ill—he merely nodded and turned to his own small affairs. Mark wondered whether he should tell him the truth, then shrank from inflicting such a shock on the unfathomed childish mind. But it was obvious to him that Neddy was accustomed to being left more or less to his own devices. Did he miss his mother? Did he wonder about her, cry for her alone in bed at night? The preoccupied eyes of his son gave Mark no clue. What did Neddy know, how much had he seen? In sudden moods of ecstasy he came close to Mark, and they frolicked together; then the man was tempted to question the son about the mother, but something always intervened—whether shame on his own part or subtlety on Neddy's, Mark was not sure. Then, as suddenly as he had come to life, the child would retreat into his old reserve, and Mark thought in despair, *I shall never really understand him!*

Coming home one day from the zoo, they sauntered for a little while down Fifth Avenue. Suddenly Mark felt a tug at his fingers and looked down in time to intercept a quick smile, a glance of recognition. It vanished at once, and the recipient, whoever he was, vanished also in the streaming afternoon crowd.

"See someone you know?" Mark asked, and after a slight hesitation Neddy replied:

"Mr. Symes."

"Why didn't you speak to him?"

Neddy made no answer, and stopped at a window filled with knives.

Mark released his hand and lighted a pipe. "Was it the Mr. Symes who helped you choose that picture for your mother's birthday?"

"What?"

Mark repeated the question while Neddy pressed his nose tight against the shopwindow.

"Yes," said Neddy. "Bill Symes. And Mrs. Leighton."

"You told me it was Mr. Symes who helped you choose the picture."

"Mr. Symes *and* Mrs. Leighton. Will you buy me that big penknife?"

"I'll give you one I have at home."

They walked on and Mark thought: *What a fool I am! Regan must have hundreds of friends. What do I care whether the favorite is named Symes or Grimes? What difference can it make to me?* But he was disturbed by the incident for it seemed to him suddenly as though not only his own son but the whole anonymous crowd was leagued against him. He signaled a cab and they drove home.

Octavia let them in. "Lieutenant Perry and Mrs. Perry are here to see you."

THEY rose from the two corners of the sofa, and young Perry bounded toward him like a welcoming dog. "Your maid told us you'd be in shortly, so we thought we'd wait. We hoped to find Mrs. Bycroft, too, but the maid said she was visiting a sick sister. How are you, sir?" Still clutching Mark's hand, he turned to his wife. "This is my wife, Lucy."

Mark affected a cordiality he did not feel. Thank God Octavia had saved him the embarrassment of having to explain Regan's absence. He asked his friends to sit down while he went in search of whisky and glasses. Octavia had disappeared into the kitchen, and young Perry, on the pretext of helping his host, followed him into the pantry.

"Colonel Bycroft, it's so good to see you! I hope you don't mind our dropping in like this? I was keen to have you meet Lucy. I'd hoped we might have found Mrs. Bycroft home too."

"I'm sorry you missed her," said Mark. He arranged three highball glasses on a tray, while Perry gazed at him fatuously. "There's something I want to tell you. You were dead right!"

"Eh?" he muttered miserably.

"You remember on the boat coming over you gave me a bit of advice about keeping my mouth shut? Well, I kept it shut. Lucy's marvelous, but she's got a very rigid code of honesty. It's the way she was brought up, and I wouldn't have it otherwise for the world. But if I had told her about that girl in Belgium—if I'd come out with it as I half thought I better, I doubt whether anything would have been the same again. I never thought about it in terms of another person until you made me see it that way. If you hadn't, I'd probably have gone ahead and botched the whole thing. I can't thank you enough."

"That's O.K.," said Mark. He set the whisky bottle on the tray with the glasses, and Octavia appeared carrying the ice pail.

"Mrs. Bycroft rang up. I said you and Neddy would be back later, and she said she would call again."

"Thanks, Octavia."

His hands shook as he picked up the tray.

In the parlor young Mrs. Perry and Neddy were standing in contemplation of the Braque. "I say it's upside down and Neddy says I'm wrong." Mark saw that she was being serious. She gazed at him with limpid, calflike eyes. "Am I wrong, Colonel Bycroft?"

"I'm afraid you are, this time."

Neddy turned away. "Anyone can see it's right side up." He looked at Mark. "You said you'd give me a penknife."

"You'll find it on the mantelpiece in the other room. See you don't cut yourself." The boy ran out of the room, and Mark dispensed the drinks. He lifted his glass to the young Perrys. "Here's luck!"

Lucy sipped her whisky and made a face like a child's. "Ugh, it's strong. May I have some more water?"

Mark watched her with amusement. She was, he supposed, about twenty-three, but gave the effect of one much younger.

"Colonel Bycroft, Neddy told me he chose that painting himself to give his mother for a present. Is that right?"

"Well, I think he had some assistance."

"Ah, that explains it. It did seem like such a sophisticated sort of thing for a child to have picked out by himself." She continued animatedly, "I do wish Mrs. Bycroft was here. I admire her immensely."

"Do you know her?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, no, but I heard her talk last year. She has the best taste in clothes I ever saw!"

"She has admirable taste. And when it comes to painting, I think her son shares it."

"Well," said Lucy, "she's a very clever woman, and I suppose when you're that clever you're bound to have a queer streak or two."

"Lucy!" exclaimed her husband.

"Don't be a dope, honey. Colonel Bycroft knows what I mean."

"Sure," said Mark, laughing. "Cleverness is a kind of queerness, when you stop to think of it."

"BUT that's not what I meant. I mean when one is really clever, as your wife is, one is entitled to one's own ideas about art and things of that sort."

"We live in a clever age, don't we?" said Mark amiably. "What with the atom, and everything." He felt that he was talking with someone considerably younger than his own son.

Lucy said, "It's what I've been trying to say about your wife. She *reflects* our age. She's not only clever, she's good. Look at the way she loves people! All kinds of people. That takes character, you know it does. I'd like to love people that way myself—I try to. But I guess I'm not like Mrs. Bycroft. I haven't got her goodness of heart."

"You seem to know a lot about her," said Mark. "I wish she was here to appreciate your eulogy. It might embarrass her, though, to find herself in the presence of such an ardent admirer."

"Why should it? You admire her yourself, don't you?"

"Naturally!"

"When your maid told us that Mrs. Bycroft had gone to nurse her sister, I turned to Sam and said, 'That's just exactly what I'd expect of her! Here's her husband just *(Continued on Page 54)*



ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE



"Restraint," Regan cried. "I'm tired of restraint. There's more to love than the waiting, Bill."

# WHAT FORCE IS STRONGER THAN THE ATOMIC BOMB?

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

HENRY ADAMS, author of The Education of Henry Adams, wrote in 1900 a letter from Paris, saying that every afternoon he went to the World Exposition there and prayed to the dynamo. He had, he said, nothing else left to worship and the dynamo was tops in the modern world. "Why," he wrote, "shouldn't the dynamo be worthy of worship?"

That comes pretty nearly being the real religion of millions. For three generations, with absorbed attention, man has been inventing and producing the amazing scientific paraphernalia of our modern world. Recently at my alma mater, Colgate University, where courses are conducted for airmen, a young man was ten minutes late for registration. "I am sorry to be late, sir," he said in answer to the officer's rebuke, "but yesterday I was in Africa."

The achievements of inventive science are astounding and, as in the case of Henry Adams, the dynamo, along with the atomic bomb and its cousins and aunts, has created the new pantheon of the western world.

Nothing in our generation is quite so important as the awakening of man's intelligence and conscience to the failure of this new religion.

**In 1924 Winston Churchill prophetically wrote that mankind "without having improved appreciably in virtue or enjoying wiser guidance . . . has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unfailingly accomplish its own extermination."**

In that suicidal business civilization is now engaged, and the cause of the catastrophe is no breakdown of inventive science—never did *that* flourish more amazingly—but a profound moral and spiritual collapse.

Something besides dynamos must become ascendant if civilization is to survive: moral values; namely, the sobering awareness of eternal moral laws, the creation of a unifying spiritual culture based on a philosophy of life, a faith concerning it, and ethical principles underlying it, that will put meaning and purpose into living.

The generation in which I grew up, believing in automatic and inevitable progress, was characterized by an optimistic pride never before equaled in history. As we saw ourselves, we were on a cosmic escalator willy-nilly going up until, as Samuel Butler wrote, "man becomes not only an angel but an archangel."

Today, however, we face one of the most sobering crises in history, with man showing no signs of becoming an archangel, and at the center of it is this fact: *not in our mastery of the material realm so much as in the spiritual realm's mastery of us lies the solution of our problem.*

**Yet we do not put the spiritual first, though it must be first if we are to survive. We conduct what we call education largely without reference to it: we push such ethical principles and religious faiths as we possess into the pigeonholes of our private lives, as though eternal moral laws and universal truths did not apply to the whole world's critical need.**

Confronting the appalling problems of the postwar world, many eyes are still centered on man's mastery of the material and all the gadgets that will result, as though *that* could not mean the robot-bombing of New York from Europe, and endless similar horrors, unless man is mastered by ethical principles and religious convictions to which he gives allegiance.

At this point Nazism should be our teacher and a warning. No nation on earth was more scientifically competent than Germany; but see the result when, under the mad leadership of Hitler, the Nazis surrendered all ethical principles, made a Master Race their deity, denied any philosophy of life that upheld the essential dignity of human personality and, as regards the Christian ethic, held it to be "fit only for cowards and weaklings."

In the old Biblical story of the flood, one early thing reported of Noah, after the deluge subsided, is that he got drunk. Human nature is much the same still. Noah may have been magnificent while the flood was on, and the danger critical, putting everything he had into the life-and-death struggle, but when the tension was over he relaxed, let down, flopped, got drunk.

We did the same thing after the last war—there are many ways of getting drunk besides using alcohol—and now millions are doing it again. After the strain, the temptation to let down morally is for many well-nigh irresistible, and every postwar era illustrates the saying of Alfred Adler, the psychiatrist: "It is easier to fight for our principles than to live up to them."

The Hebrew prophet Micah, as Doctor Moffat translates him, said to his generation, "You must no longer worship things you manufacture," and that applies to us with critical urgency in ways that Micah could not have dreamed. Our catastrophe has come from a moral and spiritual collapse and our salvation must come from the re-establishment of moral and spiritual principles and faiths.

We need to take this truth seriously with reference to our education and our religion. I come from two generations of schoolmen and have spent all my life in relationship with schools and universities; I deeply sympathize with the problems teachers face, and I agree that it is unfair to blame them because mankind lacks a unifying spiritual philosophy and a clear vision of imperative ethical principles. Our schools simply reflect the dominant ideas of our culture as a whole. They have become more and more technological and vocational; they specialize in everything for which scientific inventiveness requires a technique.

**Our youth can pass through our schools with hardly a glimpse of the great heritage of ethical convictions and of philosophic and religious faiths that have made possible whatever is decent and hopeful in our western culture. As one university graduate summed up the result: "They gave us spokes, but no hub."**

If we are to retain democracy we cannot go on educating our people in everything except the great faiths and ethical principles that made democracy possible in the first place. Democracy came from two main streams converging in our western culture—the Jewish-Christian and the Greek heritage—and they made democracy possible because they taught a great series of faiths about the nature of moral excellence, the sacredness of human personality, the conditions of spiritual liberty, and the grounding of ethical law in the nature of God. That is the gold standard, without which there never would have been any democracy at all, and in our education we have been going off the gold standard with a vengeance.

We face the grim prospect, therefore, of a world that is technologically one, but with no unifying spiritual faith and culture, no community of soul founded on recognition of and loyalty to common understandings of life and ethical principles in living it.

The realistic fact is that we have modern science on our hands; it is here to stay and grow and put ever wider areas of power under our control; its mastery of atomic and cosmic forces increases *(Continued on Page 109)*




# Is Your Man Normal?

BY EARNEST HOOTON

IF you were to ask a girl whether she prefers to marry a normal or an abnormal man, she would probably plump for the normal. An intelligent girl would certainly want to know what you mean by "normal." Some Harvard scientists had to answer this question before they started a study intended to find out what "normal" young men are like. They defined normal as "the *balanced*, harmonious blending of functions that produce good integration."

What follows must not be taken as any sort of Scientific Guide for the Selection of Husbands. All the techniques and results of the investigations of anthropology, anatomy, physiology, pathology, genetics (the study of heredity) and sociology are incapable of producing at present any matrimonial rules of thumb. If such a definitive scientific handbook were available, you would probably not use it, anyhow. You would marry the man of your choice regardless of rules. Yet you might as well try to find out what you are getting.

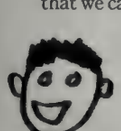


Our guesses, based upon the interrelationships indicated in a few cases, may be better than your intuition, all fogged up with your emotions, sex urge, and what not. But if you try to apply what is written here to the interpretation of someone's personality, and if you find that it does not work, do not blame the investigators of the Grant Study.* They are making no claims for, or guaranties of, their findings, nor of your applications of them. The responsibility for the statements made here is mine alone, although based on the Grant Study data. It is my neck that is outthrust and already calloused from being stepped upon. Put your heel there, if you want to stamp.

### What Does He Look Like?

Your first acquaintance with a person is visual, unless you correspond sight unseen, hear him on the radio or read his published stuff—and you are more than likely to be fooled by such manifestations of an invisible personality. Actually, in spite of the old saw that "appearances are deceitful," it seems probable that the body build or anatomical structure of the individual offers direct clues to the more important inner man, if one is skilled enough to recognize them. You see, science no longer considers that the workings of man's mind are independent of those of his digestive system, or of the way he is put together—his structure. The anatomy, physiology and psychology of the individual are interrelated and each influences the others. What you see is first of all the anatomy of the individual, or some of it, and virtually at the same time his physiology, as superficially shown by muscular movements, postures, facial expression, and so on. You can begin with that. However, there are many variations of the head and face that arise from the racial and familial heredity of the individual and seem to be of little importance in the diagnosis of his personality. For example, hair color, eye color and complexion are determined by complicated laws of heredity and are not clearly related to temperament, personality or to anything else we are seeking. Again, among scientists who classify the great physical divisions of mankind that we call races, much emphasis is laid upon the shape of the head—whether long and narrow, short and broad, or of a width medium relative to its length. But these seem to be of little or no importance in determining the personality of the ordinary man. Likewise the shape of the nose is another feature of partly racial origin and is decidedly unreliable as a character index.





General structure of the head, face and neck, together with that of the rest of the body, seems to afford a safer basis for constitutional and personality diagnosis than do details of the facial features. Thus a man with massive face bones, square jaws, a prominent chin and a thick columnar neck has the athletic structure that ordinarily goes with a heavy skeletal framework and rugged musculature. This description is that of the extreme development of mesomorphy, the bone and brawn structure, according to Dr. W. H. Sheldon.†

If you imagine the various human physical types arranged in a triangular area with the commonest types in the center, such an extreme type as I have described is right out at one of the three corners. At another corner is a type approaching the globular-round. Such a man is likely to have a head like a basketball, a moonlike inflated face and a soft, short neck. This type is small-boned, bay-windowed and smooth-bodied; there is no bony or muscular relief showing through the fatty covering. These very fat men represent extreme endomorphs. They are not very common, but every human being has a structural component derived from this course that makes for a generally infantile roundness, softness and pneumatic fullness.

Finally, at the third corner of the triangle is a linear type, all length without much breadth or thickness, apparently mostly skin and bones. A man of this type is likely to have a narrow head, a pinched elongated face and a pipestem neck. Such a person seems to have no muscle at all, or very little; his fragile, delicate bones stick out everywhere; he is all angles and appendages. He is an extreme ectomorph, representing the ultimate exaggeration of that third structural component, often commonly known as "a bundle of nerves."

Now of course such extreme types, at the very corners of the triangular distribution, are rare indeed, because they place the maximum emphasis upon the development of only one of the three structural components that every individual must have. In the middle of the triangle is a great cluster of types in which the three elements are more or less evenly balanced, individuals who are neither bean poles nor butterballs, nor yet gorillas. However, more types and more individuals tend to fall outside this central area, between it and the three corners of the triangle. These latter are the physical types in which there is dominance of one component but a good development of one of the other two. Thus we have dominant mesomorphs with a strong secondary endomorphy (these are the big-boned muscular men who have a considerable fatty covering), dominant mesomorphs with a strong ectomorphic secondary component (the muscular, bony men who nevertheless have very long slender legs and arms and appear athletic but a little light and brittle). All the other combinations of primary and secondary dominance of the three structural components occur and are usually easy enough to pick out in a rough way.



Before we discuss the personality characteristics that seem to go with these physical varieties, one other aspect of bodily form must be considered. Because each of us is born of woman, we men have something of the feminine in us, though naturally more of the masculine. Some men are weaker in their anatomical masculinity than others. Such types are likely to show a certain fatty fullness of the breast, slender waists, rather rounded hips and pronounced outer curves of the thighs and calves. They are by no means necessarily abnormal; only their looks are less virile than those of the bone-and-muscle boys.

### What are His Personality Traits?

Here are six basic questions which, correctly answered, will block out the main features of your young man's personality.

1. *How does he affect you and others? Does he impress you as "vital," "bland" or "sensitive"?*

"Vital affect" men seem to display a spontaneous force and energy, without effort; they are dynamic, positive, arresting in speech and manner. "Bland affect" individuals are colorless, neutral, matter-of-fact, stolid and sometimes apathetic. The men of "sensitive affect" seem to be overalert, acutely aware of persons, things and events; subtle and complicated in thought, inclined to question conventional values and routines.



2. *What are his basic interests or motivations? Mechanical and physical science, practical organizing, ideational or creative and intuitive?*

This question determines the usual direction of the thought of the person by ascertaining his interests. The "mechanical and physical science" men choose such subjects in school, are interested in laboratory work and in precision methods, and are likely to be analytical, critical, accurate and logical. They want to be shown. The "practical organizing" fellows are, of course, strong on getting things done. They are doers and not thinkers; they are not interested in theory, no wide-eyed idealists. The "ideational" chaps are interested in ideas rather than things; they hate routine and monotonous, precise work; they like to talk about saving the world, or philosophy, or literary criticism; they are usually loquacious. Rather closely allied is the type called "creative and intuitive"—the only difference being that such fellows are full of more or less original ideas and brilliant hunches and are even more contemptuous of facts, humdrum occupations and precision in thought than the ideationalists. Such men are often headed for artistic or literary careers.

By this time you may know as much as you want to about your young man, but here is another important question, very easy to answer:

3. *How apt is he at expressing himself in words?*

Does he spout or is he tongue-tied or is he just ordinary in his desire to talk and his ability to do so?

*(Continued on Page 167)*



*The principal researchers of the Grant Study are: Prof. Arlie V. Bock, director; Dr. Clark Heath, physician; Dr. Frederic Lyman Wells, psychologist; Dr. Carl C. Seltzer, anthropologist; Dr. William Woods, psychiatrist; Dr. Lucien Brouha, physiologist; Miss Lewise Gregory, social investigator.

†For a popular exposition of Doctor Sheldon's system of classifying body build and temperament, cf. Nell Giles, What's Your Man Like?, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, July, 1945.

# It's Ham—No Foolin'

EASTER comes in April this year, anyway. It seems to me that that's the time for it—for April is the waking-up time of the new year. Maybe it is January first that folks go all out on as the beginning of the new cycle, but I'm for April. This is the hour when the bells of spring ring out the mean old winter and the soft notes of warmth and sunshine give us a new lease.

***Take the gardens.*** There is something pretty wonderful about the first crocus. Something you can't explain about the early birds. Why, right now my gardener is righting up the birdhouses in the trees down by the pool and in the dogwoods by the brook. Soon they'll be rented out and things will happen.

You may believe it or not, but the robins are coming on, and a pair of bluebirds are apartment hunting in a lively, hopeful and businesslike way. Soon the lawn mower will be music in our ears and the clip, clip of hedge cutting will wake us up of mornings. And we shall know that spring is here. There's nothing like it. And it happens every year.

***A custom that's old.*** I don't know just where it began, or why. Ham for Easter, I mean. But I know that up where I came from they claim it as an old, old custom. And so far I haven't heard anyone dispute it.

Anyway, ham for Easter dinner is like a new Easter bonnet. Something that has to be. We've had to do without both ham and hats for quite a while, but now the ham is here and no foolin'. Look at the picture and take it from me. We can go right into our Easter dinner and forget the years we went without, or ate hash. And may your new "outfit" be just as satisfying, only in a different way. It's just a case of decoration and interior decoration.

Boil the ham, if it should be boiled, and bake it as you always have, then glaze it in this slightly different way.

### BAKED HAM GLAZE

**After the ham is skinned and scored, glaze with the following mixture: Mix together ⅓ cup of prepared mustard, ½ cup of water, ½ cup of sugar, 1 glass of currant or any other tart jelly. Not mint—that would be terrible. Now add ½ cup of sirup**

*(Continued on Page 85)*

By Ann Batchelder





# LINE A DAY



CURRIER & IVES

1 In BRIDESHEAD REVISITED, by Evelyn Waugh, lie those enchantments he knows so well how to make real. It's a book to read where the dull embers glow, and to dream about when the soft rains fall.

2 Here's hoping your gardens are neatly dug up and the bulbs haven't grown down instead of up, as mine did once. I had a frustrated gardener that year.

3 Have I ever mentioned, amongst my frequent admonitions about French omelets, that one about beating the eggs with a fork and not a beater? Do it and see the difference.

4 One piece of news for the housekeeper with a big family or just for the two of you. Frozen orange juice, California style. Unfreeze, serve in glasses frosted on the rims with sugar and juice.

5 An experience in sweetness: fruit and berry fritters served with honey sauce. Cook to a thick sirup a cup of honey, two tablespoons of heavy cream, juice of a lemon and two tablespoons of butter. Serve hot.

6 For just a little later: pickle some nasturtium seeds in a jar of cider vinegar. Let the capers fall where they may.

7 When you are inclined to sweetbread croquettes, add to the mixture a little mace and the grated rind of half a lemon. A beautiful luncheon dish, this.

8 *From an old cookbook:* "When making a cake it is better to *spin* the butter than to '*cream*' it." Got an old butter spinner for sale?

9 Watch for the opening day of the asparagus season. Don't scrape, just brush it. Break, don't cut. Tie with soft string. Cook heads up. (From one who loves asparagus.)

10 *Just potatoes:* Cut cold boiled ones into quarter-inch slices. Sprinkle with lemon juice, salt and pepper and a touch of mace. Now put the slices together like Noah's Ark animals, two by two.

11 Read so far? Well, heat deep fat in the right kettle, make a fritter batter, dip each coupled slice in batter and fry to the color of a fallen oak leaf. Drain, serve hot, and breathe just a breath of paprika over all.

12 For a roast of pork or breaded chops, pass a crystal bowl of puréed applesauce and currant jelly beaten together.

13 *Discovery Dept.:* Scalloped potatoes done with layers of cold boiled potatoes, sliced tomatoes and hamburgers. Look to the seasoning, Sally. Serve it bubbling hot.

14 Something pretty swank for the buffet: a platter of cooked chicken breasts set in chicken aspic. Garnish with black olives and tomatoes stuffed with a green salad.

15 Jelly roll spread with pineapple-and-apricot jam is as new as an Easter parade.

16 Stuffed oranges are back in all sorts of sirups for salads, garnishes and desserts. Gone a long, long while.

17 Little bites for teatime entertaining! Tiny fish balls made with shrimp, and tiny ones with a sweet onion in the middle.

18 One more—and off I go—smallest yet: fish cakes of crab meat rolled in chopped nuts.

**APRIL TWILIGHT**

**Breathing their ultimate sigh,**
**The April breezes die.**
**How near and yet how far**
**Swings high the evening star.**

19 *Further discovery:* A platter of the smallest hot rolls, scooped out and filled with seasoned scrambled eggs and creamed dried beef.

20 And *have* you come across chopped cooked chicken livers with bacon and peanut butter, done into bite-size sandwiches?

21 *Spice and so on:* Green beans do better with a little shake of nutmeg. A mere whisper of celery salt goes well in a spinach soufflé.

22 And whatever your tomato dish, don't forget the sweet basil. It is as honey to the comb or the hum to the bee.

23 Crab meat, shrimp, lobster and hard-cooked eggs, chopped and done in a Newburg sauce, set up a patty no end.

24 Smoked finnan haddie is a breakfast dish admired by some. Cut it into good slices and broil. Serve with lemon butter.

25 *Answer to query:* No, Albertina, Pain Perdu is not a remedy for dyspepsia. It's a fancy French name for French toast. The Pain is not getting enough of it.

26 *Favorite dishes from my kitchen:* Salt pork in cream gravy. Parboil the slices of pork five minutes. Dry in towels. Dip in beaten egg, roll in flour and fry until crisp.

27 Make the gravy with some of the pork fat, flour and cream. Use some pepper; it won't bite you. Serve with baked potatoes.

28 Milk never takes the place of cream for cream sauce, no matter *what* you do.

29 Another thing to remember: sauté the onions and fry the bread crumbs that go into a dressing for poultry. As if you didn't know!

30 They tell me the arbutus is sweet in the April woods. And that the dogtooth violets and wild columbine are fragrant once again. Doesn't seem reasonable, but so it is.

*By Ann Batchelder*

1776 1946

# OUT OF THE PAST TO PLEASE YOU NOW

## ...This Truly American Soup

Back in the days of the thirteen colonies, Chicken Noodle Soup was a great family favorite. With patient care, early American housewives prepared their chickens, rolled their egg noodles, brewed the chicken broth in deep iron kettles to a glistening golden richness. And many a hungry husband looked up from his steaming, fragrant bowl and murmured to his wife—"Thee makes wonderful soup".

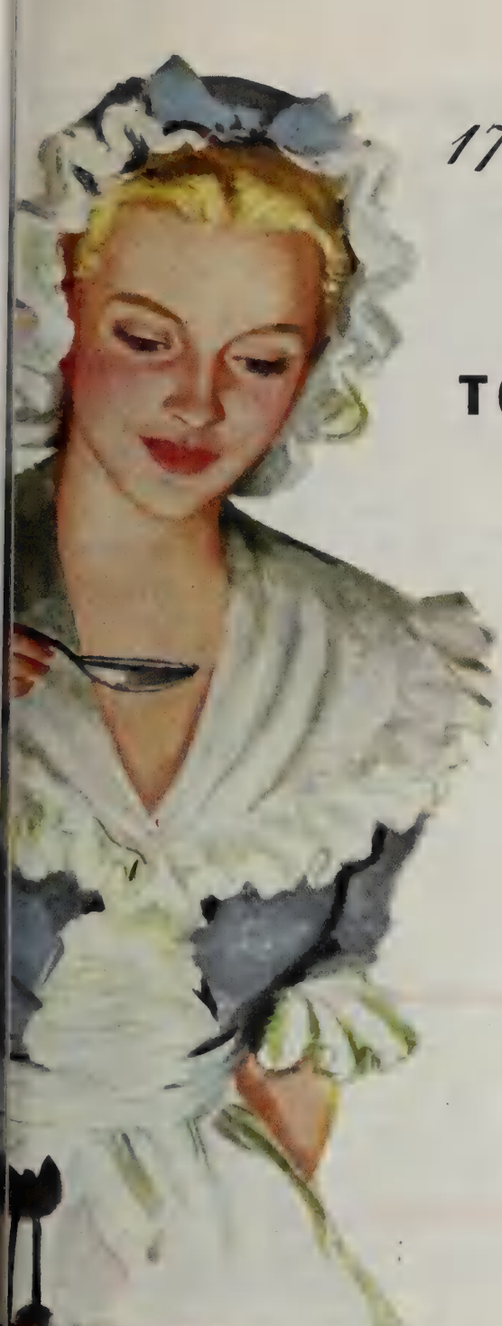
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## THE DARK WOOD

*(Continued from Page 46)*

returned from Europe, but does she hesitate when it's a question of someone else's welfare? Not she!'"

Mark listened, the smile glued to his face.

Lucy continued earnestly, "And it's not the sentimental kind of goodness either. You can tell that by seeing her just once, as I have. It's that she has a sense of proportion. Listening to her talk, I thought to myself, 'That woman would never make a muddle out of anything. She would always know exactly what to do, and she'd go ahead and do it.'"

While Mark murmured some formal agreement, he reflected, *She's right. Regan never would make a muddle out of anything that concerned her own interests. She has always known exactly what to do and she has gone ahead and done it.* That was Regan for you, in a nutshell—a biographical note adduced by someone who had seen her just once! Nothing, nothing must stand in Regan's way. Possessions, those sentimental, insidious reminders of a previous condition, were quietly discarded; she was not one to quibble over the sale of her own home. And the disasters of war would not cramp her style, for the tide which had obliterated half the world had served merely to carry her in triumph nearer to her destined goal.

He said presently that he hoped the Perrys would be staying in New York long enough to meet his wife. "We must fix up something. Dinner, cocktails? I'm sure Regan will arrange it, the minute her sister can spare her."

They beamed at him. "We shall be here a couple of weeks before leaving for the West. Sam wants to stay for some sort of banquet. Tell Colonel Bycroft about it, honey."

"You'll attend, colonel? It's to be at the Rotterdam Hotel, the end of next week, in honor of General Wilmer. A sort of farewell before we all separate for good! There'll be a lot of the old outfit present, and God knows when we shall see each other again." He looked wistfully at Mark. "You wouldn't believe it, but actually it gives me a kind of pang to think of it."

*I knew it,* thought Mark. *Reunions!* He shook his head. "I always hated old Wilmer."

"So did most of us. But you should see him now. I met him on the street yesterday, and the old boy looks about a hundred. Now the shooting's over he feels he has nothing to live for. Told me himself. Practically wept on my shoulder, didn't he, Lucy?"

"Sweet old man," said Lucy, nodding. "And he was touched to hear we were going to give him a farewell party. He especially asked for you."

Mark allowed himself to be persuaded. After all, he could always get out of it at the last moment. "All right, put me down for a plate. The Rotterdam, you said? When?"

"We haven't fixed the date. I'll call you up. Maybe we could go together."

MARK said that would be fine, and they went on to talk of other things. Perry was full of plans for the future. The minute he got his discharge from the Army, he and Lucy were going back to his father's ranch in Texas. Mark listened while his friends rhapsodized over the steers they would raise, the babies they would have, the old friends who must come to visit them. They charmed him into sharing their absurd vision of golden dust and violet hills and the beryl waters of the Pecos. He felt that a guitar was all that was needed to complete the picture.

The telephone rang, and it was Regan. "Mark? I got your letter."

He stood beside the windows at the farther end of the room and held the receiver close to his ear, hoping her voice would not carry to his guests. They murmured tactfully and tinkled the ice in their glasses, but to Mark it seemed as if her voice must be ringing in every corner of the room.

**The best solvent for questions of duty that I have been able to find, is to consider what would be the result of a given policy if it were followed by everybody under similar circumstances.**

—HENRY HOLT: Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

"Mark, I would never have believed you could be so spiteful."

He said stiffly, "I'm sorry."

"I don't believe you are sorry. For heaven's sake, are we children? Surely there's some way of working this thing out decently and calmly. Why not? Can you give me any rational reason why we can't?"

"Regan, do you mind if we go into this later? I have guests."

"Then I'll call you tomorrow. We've simply got to meet and discuss everything like adult beings."

"Would you care to talk to Neddy?"

"Not now, thanks. I'm too upset. Your letter was horrible. I just cannot understand ——"

"Very well, then, later. How is Hester?"

He heard her angry laugh over the wire. "As though you cared about Hester!"

HE hung up and came back to his seat. "Sorry for the interruption. How about another drink?"

But they rose. "We must dash," said Perry. He gripped Mark's hand. "I'll call you up about that banquet."

Lucy turned her adolescent eyes upon him. "And perhaps while you and Sam are entertaining the general, Mrs. Bycroft and I might have dinner somewhere together. I'll write her a note."

"That would be kind of you."

Mark accompanied them into the hall. He patted them paternally and stood with a fixed smile on his lips until they had disappeared down the staircase. Back in the parlor, Octavia was clearing away the glasses. He said roughly, "Leave mine. I want another drink." When she had gone he felt ashamed of his brusqueness, ashamed of the whole ignominious role which he had elected to play this afternoon. Oh, he'd make Regan pay for this, he'd make her pay if it took the rest of his life.

The doorbell rang, and when he went to open it he found Perry standing in the hall, alone. The young man seized his arms. "Colonel Bycroft! Mark—forgive me, I couldn't help hearing something over the phone, and then I saw your face. I couldn't go away without asking whether there was something—anything ——"

"Where's Lucy?"

"I told her to wait for me at the corner." He stared at Mark. "Something is wrong, isn't it? Terribly wrong!"

"I should have explained at once. My wife has left me."

Given utterance, it sounded more ludicrous than tragic, but he was not prepared for the effect of the simple statement on Perry. His eyes widened. He clasped Mark in his arms. "I guessed it!"

Mark released himself gently. "It's all right, kid. The heavens are not going to fall. You better run along to Lucy. Tell her, and convey my apologies."

"Your apologies?" The boy seemed beside himself. "How could she do it? How could any woman? Doesn't she know the kind of guy you are?"

He went away at last, and Mark returned to the parlor. There he found Neddy busily sharpening a pencil with the penknife.

"It's sharp," said Neddy, with satisfaction. "It's almost as sharp as a razor."

"You be careful," Mark warned him, and added inconsequentially, "It's a German knife." He had picked it up on a battlefield, and it was the only souvenir he had brought home.

Neddy gazed at the knife with renewed interest. "Did it belong to a German?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did he die?"

"Yes."

*(Continued on Page 56)*



She's like "a dainty rogue in porcelain," with an adorable *jeune fille* look!

## ARTA FOLWELL TO WED STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR. EX-INFANTRY OFFICER

***Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the engagement of their daughter Miss Arta Parvin Folwell to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr., of Washington, D. C. Miss Folwell attended Washington Seminary, Mr. Early attended Staunton Academy and the University of Maryland.***



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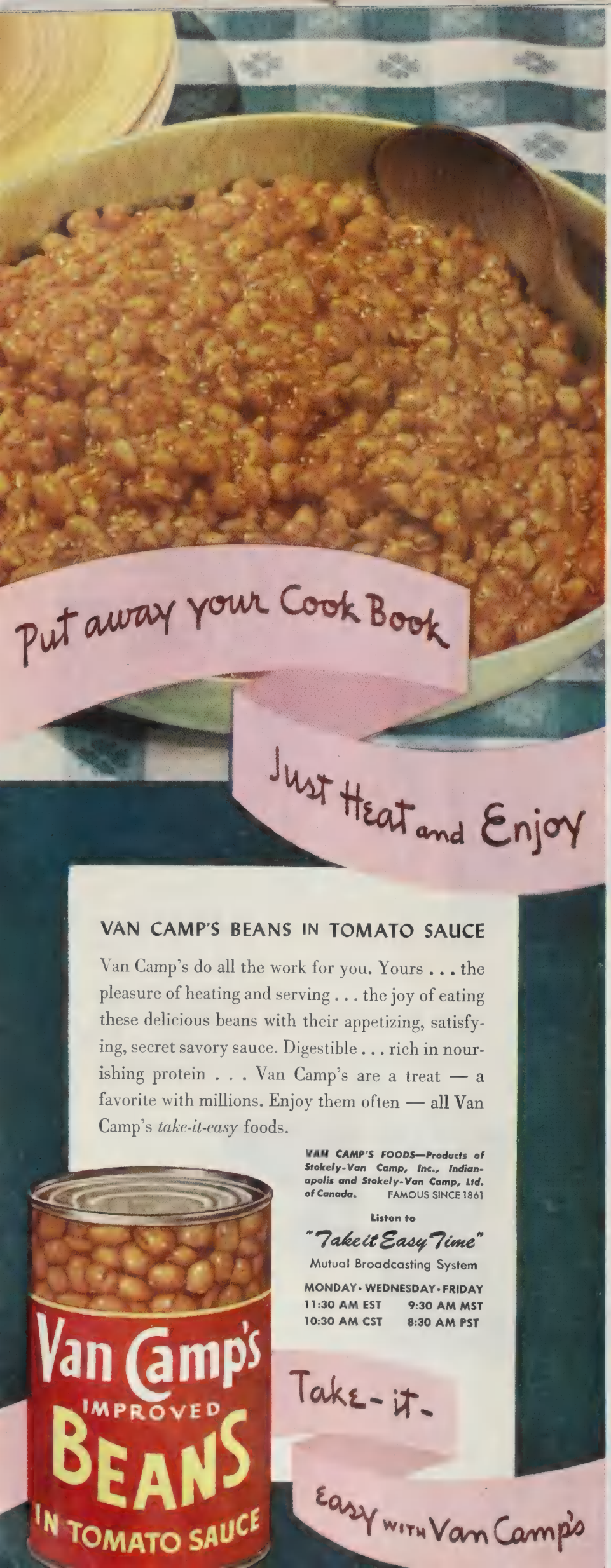
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*Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.*
*Duchess de Richelieu*




(Continued from Page 54)

"Did you kill him?"

"Yes," said Mark.

*X*

MIRIAM SPARROW, *soignée* in her spring suit, sauntered up Fifth Avenue in the May sunshine, enjoying the weather and her own reflection in the store windows. She smiled impartially and without envy at the youths and maidens who passed her, and at a dowager with corrugated visage leading a dachshund on a silver chain. Her reflections brought a train of others equally optimistic and irrelevant: peace was here to stay and the world was regaining its senses, stumblingly but with visible determination and courage. For Americans—Miriam stepped aside to avoid colliding with the dachshund—, for Americans the design of life, momentarily disrupted by war, was falling into recognizable patterns. Once more the future had become private property, and battle the personal concern of individuals.

This morning at breakfast Dick had said, "Well, it looks now as if we'd banked too much on—what shall I call them?—the imponderables. Symes tells me that Colonel Bycroft has returned from overseas, and flatly refuses even to consider a divorce. It looks as if we were going to have a real fight on our hands."

Miriam had laughed. She never failed to derive a malicious amusement out of Symes' difficulties. "Whose move is it now?" she inquired lightly.

Dick frowned. "Ours, I suppose. But it's got to be a cautious one. You see, the trouble is, Bycroft has everything on his side ——"

Miriam interrupted: "I suppose this means you won't be able to lunch with Stella and me?"

"Afraid not. I've got to see Bill. He's in a state, though of course he won't admit it."

"I hope you assured him that the old-fashioned riding crop is completely outmoded?"

"Bill's no coward. It's not violence he fears, but scandal. You know his phobias on that question."

"Well, Stella and I will have to get along without you." She gazed at him with an absent-minded air. "I can't wait to see Stella. I wonder whether it will have made any difference."

"Whether what will have made any difference?"

"Italy."

"I never have understood why you place so much importance on that trip."

"Well, because it would have made a difference to me, if I'd been in her shoes."

"You mean just going to Italy and finding Alec's grave would make a difference ——"

Miriam shrugged. "I suppose that's what I mean."

Stella had telephoned the evening before, and they had arranged to meet near the Grand Army Plaza before lunch the next day.

Walking up Fifth Avenue to meet her friend, Miriam reflected, *Yes, I suppose that that was what I did mean—that her trip would make a difference. Maybe I have a melodramatic mind. But it seemed like such an odd thing for Stella to do, to go to Italy. Not like her. Not like anything I know about her. She's never been away from America in her life, nor done anything even remotely adventurous or even independent. And then the feeling I've always had about her, that the shock of Alec's death numbed something, perhaps even killed something vital in her nature, leaving her defenseless, leaving her at the mercy of any self-destroying instinct which might come upon her.*

Crossing the street toward the plaza, Miriam caught sight of her friend waiting on the opposite corner. They waved.

*What did I expect?* Miriam asked herself fearfully. *That she would not come back from Italy or that she would come back different, or indifferent?*

"Miriam!"

"Stella! Stella, dear."

Arm in arm, they turned and began to walk up the Mall toward the zoo.

"Dick couldn't come," Miriam said hurriedly, breaking the ice with trivialities. "He had to lunch with a client. But he sent









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you his love." She pressed Stella's arm. "How good to see you! Tell me about Italy. Was it spring there? Was it like this?" Covertly, she examined her companion's features. Wan, distrait, dressed in nondescript fashion, without make-up or any incentive to beauty, Stella inspired her with pity and dread.

"The violets were gone," Stella said. "But the chestnut trees were in bloom." She smelled the white flowers in Central Park, among the pigeons and the children. She heard the voice of Guido Vitelli saying in deep perplexity, "Going? But you've only been here a day! The train for Rome? Sure, it leaves a little after six—if it's on time."

The leaves in Central Park quivered in the breeze, and Miriam said, "It's early for lunch. Let's sit down and talk in peace."

They found an untenanted bench. "So you came by ship?" said Miriam. "How was it, better than the plane?" Stella replied that the voyage home had been comfortable but uneventful. Miriam listened to the tones of this familiar voice; she tried to penetrate its calm, to surprise some meaning in its trivial utterance. It told her nothing. Why wouldn't Stella speak openly and naturally of her visit to the Italian town where Alec had died? She had not even written her friends. And with so much to be said, all one got was a catalogue of descriptions! Had she found Alec's grave? *I was his cousin, his friend,* thought Miriam resentfully. *Surely I have some right to know!*

Stella said, "Your friend Mr. Symes was very kind to me on the plane going over."

Miriam suffered a diminuendo of emotion. "Let's walk," she said abruptly. "Queer, how chilly it gets the minute one sits down."

---

**On the level, now, if everyone in the world was blind but you, would you need as many luxuries?**

—H. L. HUNTINGTON: Pattering Reigns (Flyer Press).

---

They strolled beside the bright grass where young men and girls were sitting. A little boy on roller skates rushed past them, followed by a Negro woman who cried after him, "Neddy! Be careful, Neddy!"

Miriam thought bitterly, *We know each other too well for this absurd reticence. Why won't she say something? She must know that I'd want to hear about Montescari. Alec belonged to all of us in different ways, and she has no right, now, to try to monopolize this last memory of him, she has no right to exclude us from that last experience in Italy.* As her jealous grievance increased it assumed the guise of selfless responsibility. Why didn't Stella do something about her appearance? How Alec would have hated this eternal grieving, this dullness, this listlessness! He had loathed all the trappings of grief.

"We intend to live forever!" he proclaimed joyously one summer down at Jarley. "If you ever hear it said that I am dead, or reported missing, never believe it!" Those were his own words, repeated to her by Stella soon after he had gone away to war.

The silence had become unendurable to Miriam. She said, "I had a letter from Myrtle Anderson, from Jarley. She asked for news of you. She said she had written to you, but that you never answered her letters—not even when she told you about James' home-coming, and his wounds."

"I know," Stella murmured. "He was wounded in both legs. I meant to write, but I found it so hard to say anything."

Miriam continued sharply, "Myrtle spoke of the house. She said it was in bad shape. The roof leaks, the walls are stained with water, the floors tilted by the frost. The road, she said, was full of holes, the culvert washed out, weeds everywhere. Bugs have eaten the apple trees." She turned accusingly to her friend. "Myrtle said the grass hadn't been cut since Alec left, that the place just stands there looking more and more desolate. Oh, Stella!"

Stella stared at the rich light fingering leaves and grass, at the gay summer figures.


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A child hurled a scarlet ball, a young sailor fed squirrels peanuts from a paper bag.

Miriam said, "Myrtle wrote that the place seemed to breathe of Alec. 'Walking round the house, looking in the windows,' she wrote, 'James and me couldn't hardly believe he wasn't there, that the door wouldn't open and him come running out to greet us, like he used to. Hard to believe, James said, hard to believe he was dead.'"

"How do we know that he is dead?" asked Stella.

Once more the scarlet ball spun through the air, and the sailor, overhearing her words, looked at her curiously.

Miriam clasped Stella's arm. "Myrtle Anderson's letter reminded me how much Alec cared about things. Nothing was commonplace in his eyes."

"Then why doesn't he come back?"

"Stella, dear ——"

"Yes! Why doesn't he come back?"

Miriam gazed at her, and it seemed as if a perverse sequence had reversed a normal trend; that the future, not the past, was imposing itself on Stella's face. What finally revealed itself, frighteningly, fleetingly, was the face of age itself—age grown cynical, age defrauded, peering through the living mask into the present. Then the lips quivered and it was Stella who looked at her.

"Oh, Miriam, why doesn't he come back?"

It was not really a question, but a cry projected harshly into the green and renascent season. It was the eternal echo, and it silenced Miriam, making her happier convictions wither one by one as if autumn, not spring, had touched them with its pitiless finger. Arm in arm, though strangely divided, she and Stella walked until they found themselves standing beside the little pond, where they paused to watch a tiny sailboat move across the water.

Miriam said at last, "Stella, he is not coming back. You know it as well as I do."

"How can we be so sure? We never saw him die. How can we say someone is dead when we don't know?"

"But, my dear, it's true!"

Stella shook her head. "We don't know. Death can be a sort of absence, going on for a long time, then coming to an end at last and the dead returning. That's what Myrtle Anderson and James must have felt when they went to the house at Jarley and expected the door to open, and Alec to come out to greet them. Why not? How dare we say ——"

"Alec couldn't have borne to hear you talk like this."

"He told me never to believe that he was dead."

"But that was not what he meant."

"Yes, he meant it."

Miriam's eyes filled with tears. "You went to Italy. You found him there.'

"That was not Alec."

"It was Alec, Stella."

"Those thousands of crosses? Alec was not among them. I know."

MIRIAM thought desperately, *Something has happened, and she must tell me! I've got to make her tell me.* "Stella, listen. You went to Montescari. You saw the place—the buildings, the fields, the roads where he must have walked. The place where he died. You saw his grave." Her voice slipped from her control, she felt herself trembling, and then Stella turned and faced her.

"You're wrong, Miriam. I did go to Montescari, yes. And I saw the places he must have seen—the pink and yellow houses, the hills, the roads. But I didn't find Alec. He was not there. He was not one of those dead white things marching——"

"But Stella, if he had not died you'd know, wouldn't you? Life cannot conceal itself forever from love. You'd know if Alec was alive."

"I know that he was not at Montescari," Stella repeated in a hard voice. "He was not one of those graves, one of those thousands and thousands of graves, all marching across the land and the hills. No, Alec was not one of those."

Miriam gripped her arm. "Look at me! Did you go to Montescari? Stella, answer me."

Stella watched the little boat hovering offshore. Her face was bloodless, it was without love. It was even without grief.

"Answer me, Stella!"

"I did go to Montescari," she said at last sullenly. "Of course I went to Montescari."

"And you found his grave." She was silent, and Miriam shook her arm. "You must tell me!"

"I didn't find him."

"What? But you must have! You had all the information from the Bureau of Graves Registration. You must ——"

"I didn't find him." She turned supplicating eyes on her friend, and sudden understanding illumined Miriam.

She said slowly, "You mean you didn't want to!" Then, sternly, "You mean—you ran away!"

Stella made no reply, and for several minutes they stood watching the little boat bending and veering before the wind. The murmur of the city encompassed them; its shining ramparts rose above the dwarf green of the park, its tallest shafts standing like a gesture of supreme indifference against the spring sky.

*XI*

DICK SPARROW met his client in a shabby restaurant in the West Forties. It was one of those places which he had learned to associate with William Symes. Faded awnings and flowerpots outside, inside a smell of garlic and sour wine. It would be crowded, stuffy and remote from the formal exigencies of Mr. Symes' public life. *One of these days,* thought Dick as he stooped to enter the narrow doorway, *one of these days, I'm going to make Bill take me to the Chambord or Louis XIVth, or to the Ritz, where he can introduce me to his senatorial and State Department buddies. Do I always have to meet him for garlic soup in one of these pigsties?*

Symes was waiting for him in the tiny entry. "Dick! I've got a table, and Regan is here." His smile was visibly forced. "We decided it was about time you and she met each other, since you'll have a good deal to talk about sooner or later."

Dick said he was delighted to meet Mrs. Bycroft, whom he had seen at a distance, but whom he had never met. Symes' reluctance to bring about this introduction was, he felt sure, due to a characteristic mixture of embarrassment and caution. Dick could imagine the man communing with himself and deciding that it simply would not do for the three of them to be seen together. Symes seemed perpetually torn between his natural desires and a chronic timidity, and as Dick pursued his handsome back through the packed dining room toward a table at the farther end, he wondered what could have occurred to bring about this gathering.

Regan greeted him with her charming smile. *She's even better-looking than I imagined,* thought Dick, and sat down with a pleasant sense of anticipation. In spite of the stifling heat, the crowd and the smells, Regan radiated a wonderful air of freshness and elegance. Dick liked her voice, which reminded him of a boy's. He noticed her intense self-consciousness and the excitement which lurked just beneath the surface. He saw, too, that she was unmistakably in love, and that she did not share her lover's nervous propensity for concealment, for when Symes seated himself beside her she immediately took his hand.

"I've asked Bill again and again to bring you to lunch, Mr. Sparrow, and at last he's gotten round to it." She looked at Symes. "Tell me, darling, why do you always insist that we eat in these loathsome joints?"

"Do you really mind? The food's very good, and the liquor isn't so bad."

Dick thought, *I wish he'd remember how often he repeats that apology, or that he'd content himself with admitting he likes to eat in dives because they're good places to hide in when one is with one's mistress and a fairly well-known divorce lawyer.*

Regan gave Dick an amused glance. "Bill's such a coward! He's afraid somebody respectable will see us together before we're properly married. I'm surprised you don't wear a false beard and smoked glasses on these occasions, darling!"

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"Or a cloak and dagger," said Dick, liking her spirit.

"Regan's talking nonsense," Symes protested. He assumed a genial air. "I suppose I am inherently decorous, though I try not to be. One's upbringing has a way of sticking, and mine was horribly strict."

"Strict!" echoed Regan. "They practically kept you in a strait jacket, didn't they, my poor sweet?"

"Well, I suppose I was a difficult child, in addition to being an only one."

The words were followed by an uneasy pause, and Dick thought of Regan's own son, Neddy. Thus in a single unpremeditated step all three were drawn closer to the subject which was uppermost in their minds, but it was left to Regan to broach it, and she did so with a directness which many of her friends regarded as typical, but which usually concealed more than it revealed.

"Well," she began, "I have no intention of putting a strait jacket on my son, nor do I intend to let anyone else do it." She looked at Dick. "Bill's told you about my little boy, Mr. Sparrow?"

Dick nodded, and Symes gazed at the tablecloth with its pattern of the previous meal and the purple bruises of spilled wine.

Regan went on, "I can see, quite clearly, that I have a fight on my hands, but I've got to go through with it for Neddy's sake. It's quite evident that he cannot be left indefinitely in his father's care."

"Just a minute," Symes interrupted. "Let's order lunch, then we won't have the waiter hanging round listening." He lifted an authoritative finger and intercepted a dingy white jacket as it tried to squeeze past him. The waiter took their order and departed, and Symes turned to Regan. "Sorry, darling! Now perhaps you'd better tell Dick everything, from the beginning."

SHE made a gesture of resignation and disdain. "My husband is behaving inexcusably—no, I mean it, really inexcusably. Of course I expected he'd be hurt and angry. That would have been natural enough—I was prepared for it. The whole situation is tragic. But I did think that he would accept it finally, that he would recognize it as being inevitable, and that he would behave—well, like a gentleman!" She smiled faintly. "He has always seemed to me to be a man of unusual delicacy of feeling; when, in the past, situations like this arose between some of our friends, Mark was always sensible and broad-minded in his judgments. More so, often, than I. I realize, of course, that one's point of view can be quite different when one faces such problems oneself, but I hadn't bargained for Mark's attitude." She paused, then added with bitterness, "For his brutality!"

Dick murmured something about the effects of war and of separation on a man's nervous system, and she nodded.

"Of course I see all that! As I say, I expected difficulties. But I did not expect brutality." She turned her magnificent gray eyes upon Dick. "Mr. Sparrow, Mark won't let me see my child!"

"But I had gathered, from Bill, that Colonel Bycroft did not object to your seeing Neddy, or to your talking with him over the telephone."

"THAT was in the beginning, when he wrote me a hateful letter. But hateful! Since then I have called up the apartment—my apartment, mind you; it's in my name and I pay the rent!—I've called up, and Mark always answers, or when he doesn't Octavia Evans does, and it is obvious to me that Mark has somehow influenced her in his favor. Bribed her, probably. At any rate, between them they frustrate every move I make to see Neddy. I've had just one conversation with him, and he sounded miserable. It almost broke my heart. Since then, whenever I call up to say I'd like to come to my apartment, I'm told that Neddy is out with his father, or, if Mark answers, that he is out with Octavia." Her voice trembled. "Of course I could go to the school and see Neddy there, but I'd rather not risk it, for I have no idea what Mark may have said to the teachers or how much he may have poisoned their minds against me. Well, last night I called the apartment again, and Mark said Neddy was asleep. He added that on second thought he'd decided he did not care for me to see Neddy anyway. He said"—she flushed—"he said that he was not at all sure he approved of my influence on the child. My child! And he hinted that he did not approve of my friends either. Meaning, of course, just one thing."

"Do you think he knows about you and Bill, then?"

Symes said quickly, "How could he? There is no one who could tell him anything. You and Regan's sister Hester are the only people in our confidence."

Dick reflected that although he was often in the company of people who knew William Symes, he had never heard them speculate unkindly on the man's private life, nor could he recall hearing anything to the discredit of Mrs. Bycroft. In a century—and a society—where no holds are barred, there remained the simple distinction between those who were frankly bad and those who were bad but not frank. One had to concede that outwardly, at least, Symes and Regan had behaved themselves. That they could be lovers for two years and the fact pass undetected was, in the lawyer's sardonic opinion, a feat nothing short of extraordinary.

"What about your son Neddy?" he asked, after a pause. "Does he know anything, suspect anything?"

Regan shook her head. "He's only six! And naturally I've told him nothing, nor allowed him the slightest glimpse into this part of my life."

"But he knows Bill?"

"Certainly. Why not? Whenever they meet it is in the company of other friends."

"I see. You don't mind if I ask questions? It's important that I understand the situation thoroughly." She nodded, and Dick continued: "You are quite sure Neddy has never intercepted any signal of affection be-

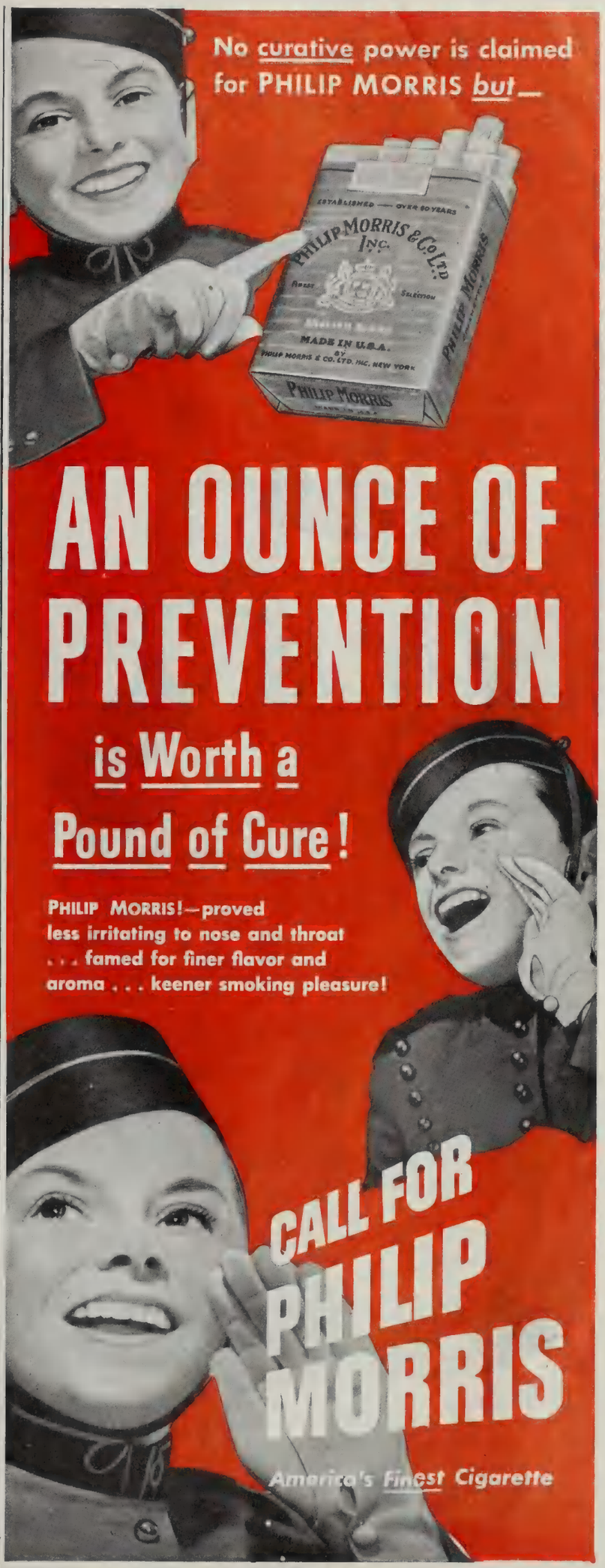
(Continued on Page 61)

## *Paper, Mister?*

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

What does he hymn to the morning sun
When your love arises and day's begun
And he gives you a fond, matutinal kiss?
You know it by heart, and it goes like this:
*"Where is the morning paper, sweet?"*

It's there at his breakfast plate, intact.
Crowned by a rose, as a matter of fact.
And you only extracted the fashion section,
A recipe for some choice confection,
The clearance specials the rag abounds in,
And used Page One to dump coffee grounds in
And—Lor', such langwidge! He needs a muzzle!
Begrudging you even the crossword puzzle!
Let him throw catfits, have the vapors:
You never so much as touch the papers!
It's witchcraft no mere man understands:
The vanishing news in a woman's hands.

"Attracting a man is a cinch!"

says Joan Davis

Laff-lovely CBS Radio Star heard Monday Nights





1. **One good way** is to lasso any man, drag him within easy reach, and put your foot on the back of his Adam's apple.

Of course after two or three days your foot may get tired.

So you'll probably prefer the *mild* technique I've worked out with that wonderful, new, white floating Swan Soap. There's nothing like Swan to help you get along with men. For instance...





2. **Take my grocer.** (Is *he* a dream!) The other day I told him, "Shopping's tough but I can get along without lots of different soaps—long as I've got Swan! Swan's my One-and-Only for complexion, bath, dishes, laundry!"

"You're pretty smart!" he says. Hear that? Right away he's telling me *I'm pretty!*

3. **Then last night** my boy friend phoned. "Joanie," he says, "I can't go through with our date!"

"Mac!" I cried. "I've been Swanning my complexion just for you! Mild Swan helps babies' skin stay beautiful—so imagine what Swan's done for me! I'm a dream!" . . . "*This* I have *got* to see," says Mac. Isn't it wonderful how Swan saved my romance?






4. **Swan helps me** give wonderful parties. While I relax in the living room, the boys just *flock* to the kitchen to Swan the dishes.

If I get lonely, I go in and tell 'em how Swan swishes into dishpan suds faster than other floating soaps. I show 'em how soft 'n white Swan helps keep my hands. Then they show me snapshots of their girl friends. We have a beautiful understanding!

5. **I can't promise** that Swan'll help you get along with men as well as I do. But you'll adore Swan 'cause it's *four swell soaps in one!* Simply stupendous for complexion, bath, dishes, and laundry! Switch to Swan . . . and switch your radio dial my way, too.

I play Joan Davis on THE JOAN DAVIS SHOW (Imagine!), featuring Andy Russell, CBS, Monday Nights. Tune in!

→ IT'S STILL IMPORTANT not to waste soap! It's made of vital materials.

(Continued from Page 59)

tween you? Children can be terribly observant, you know. He might have, without your being aware of it."

Symes said, "Not a chance! Neddy knows me merely as one of his mother's many friends. I've taken him shopping, and to the zoo, and that sort of thing, but I've always invited another friend to come along too—another child, or a woman—so that Neddy's mental associations with me would not be too concentrated." He frowned. "I wonder, though, whether I didn't make a mistake the other day. I was walking up Fifth Avenue and met Neddy with his father. It was at an intersection and there was a crowd waiting to cross the street. Neddy saw me and for a minute looked as if he would run to greet me. I acted instinctively, out of surprise and I suppose out of embarrassment, and passed them, pretending I didn't see them." He looked anxiously at Dick. "Regan thinks I may have made a psychological mistake and that it would have been better to have stopped and spoken to the child."

"You've never met Colonel Bycroft?"

"That afternoon on Fifth Avenue was the first time I set eyes on him."

"Do you think he saw you?"

"I'd say no, but I can't be sure."

Dick shrugged. "I can't see that it's important. The only reason for keeping your identity out of the way, for the present, is that we can't be absolutely sure of his reactions, and we certainly don't want a row. Isn't that just about it?"

Symes gave a short, uneasy laugh. "We certainly don't want a row, or at any rate Regan and I don't want one, as you know. Making all due allowances for a man's feelings of injured pride, it does seem as if this thing could be settled without—without vulgarity."

Dick repressed a smile. "You're expecting a good deal. He'd be superhuman if he didn't harbor some resentment."

**I know of no more contemptible expression in the English language than these three words, "to get even." I can understand a healthy anger and I can fully sympathize with a perfectly normal desire to go forth and give a beating to a fellow who has done you a mean trick. I am entirely familiar with most of the lower impulses to which human flesh and blood are at times subject and which are apt to manifest themselves in very unpleasant ways. But if I were to classify the whole register of sins (big sins and little sins and fifty-fifty sins) I would place at the top of the list that pollution of the soul which manifests itself in the wish "to get even."**

—HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON: In Our Battle.

Regan objected sharply. "I don't see why he should! He knows I have no intention of living with him. He has no idea that I am in love with anyone else, or that I want to marry again. He knows that Neddy's place is with me, and that Neddy must be protected from scandal. He knows that a child, especially a boy, will forgive his father on a question like this, but that he will never forgive his mother. When I ask Mark to let me bring the divorce suit he knows it is because I am thinking of Neddy. However, I doubt whether Mark cares much for either of us. He is acting out of wounded pride and a spirit of revenge. I'm sick to death of all these stories we hear, and have heard, of the effect of their wives' infidelity on soldiers. One would suppose the war was wholly to blame, when the chances, in innumerable cases, are that many marriages would have gone on the rocks, war or no war! And what about the men? Do you mean to tell me that their morals have been so exemplary?" She finished with temper, "All these hurt feelings, recriminations, outraged virtue and all the rest of it! Blackmail, that's all. Men using the war, and their medals, and their wounds, and their sufferings, as blackmail! The fact remains that when men and women are through with each other, they're through. And that's all there is to it."

The waiter returned and Symes ordered another round of cocktails. When he had departed Dick asked Regan how far she thought she could trust the Negro maid.

"I don't have to trust her. She knows no more about my affairs than Neddy does."

Something shrewish had crept into her voice, and Dick felt a twinge of pity for Mark Bycroft. Regan's beauty struck him, now, as something cold, and he guessed that it must arouse, in certain men, the instinct of Midas. She was like gold, inspiring sensuality, possessiveness, cruelty. He could understand that a man, young and exceptionally sensitive, might fall under her dominion, and he had no doubt it explained her marriage to Bycroft. He could understand, too, the influence she wielded over a nature like Symes'. Symes had the Midas touch, for the gold of power, of self-importance, of security.

The waiter brought their drinks, and as the liquor moved through their veins it served the purpose for which it was intended, erasing the barriers which exist between people who do not know each other well; easing communication, disguising emotion in a pleasant, equivocal haze.

To Regan, Dick advised patience. "You must give your husband time—time to get used to the idea, time to realize that your decision is irrevocable. No man can live in a temper forever, and if you're patient he may come around to seeing things your way sooner than you imagine."

"I've waited two years," Regan reminded him. "I just wish there were some quicker way."

"Dick has the right idea," Symes interposed hurriedly. Then with a peculiar artlessness he added, "You must remember, Regan, that we cannot afford to be put in the wrong by Mark. Isn't that right, Dick?"

"Dead right," said Dick. "Hold on for a few months and see what happens. After all, the man is human. Anything can happen."

Regan looked at him closely. "What do you mean, anything?"

"He might get tired of living alone."

She frowned. "Yes, he might. He's very"—she hesitated, and gave a slight laugh—"he's very much of a man. In that case, we'd have something to bargain on, wouldn't we? I mean, if he were to put himself in the wrong, by any chance?"

"There is always that chance," said Dick.

"Here's hoping!" Her face glowed like some brilliant artificial flower. He noticed the exquisite line of her shoulders, the firm and delicate texture of her skin, and felt his impartiality crumble somewhat.

*XII*

That evening Symes went to Washington and Regan accompanied him to Penn Station to see him off. These partings had become, for her, an unbearable nervous strain. Waiting beside him for the gates to open, she talked calmly enough, but her eyes had a heaviness, and her hand, resting on his arm, twitched convulsively when he moved.

"I think," she said, "Dick Sparrow is a good person to have on our side. I'm glad he's your friend. If anyone can help us out of this hole, he can."

Symes' glance had traveled rapidly over the crowd at the gate; there seemed to be no one he knew, and he began to relax. He had thought it unwise for Regan to come to the station, but she insisted, and he saw that in her present mood she was not to be denied. More and more, as time went on, these moods seemed to prevail, and he found himself remembering his mother, the implacable woman he had loved with a frightened and helpless passion.

"Oh, Dick's all right. I trust him. Anyway, there is not much we can do, now, except follow his advice."

"It means waiting!"

"Well, we're used to waiting, aren't we? And maybe it won't be for much longer. I can't believe that Mark ——"

(Continued on Page 63)



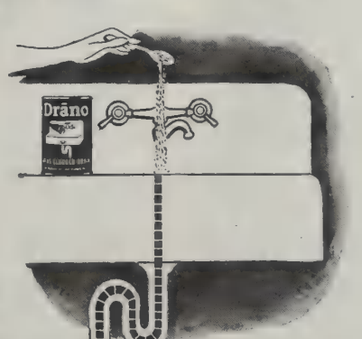

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# *Always, at the Easter Season...*




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**Here in America the ancient tradition of ham at Easter time has become specially identified with one particular ham . . . Swift's Premium. For that name has signified "the finest" to generations of American homemakers. Only *Swift's Premium* Ham would do full justice to feasts and honored guests. Because so many families cherish the tradition of Swift's Premium Ham for Easter, Swift is doing its best to insure fair distribution of available supplies.**

# *Swift's Premium Ham*

BROWN SUGAR CURED!

*(Continued from Page 61)*

hey sauntered to and fro on the edge of crowd in a blare of loud-speakers and hollow roar of the great terminal. Regan ned to phrases worn smooth by repetition, wing well enough that she never would used to waiting, that the delay might for much longer than either of them ed contemplate.

he murmured suddenly, "You do love don't you?"

Why, Regan!"

Yes, I know I'm a fool. But sometimes thought of losing you ——"

Silly!"

Bill, why not make a clean breast of it let Mark bring the suit?"

He stopped and stared at her in utter disef. "Are you crazy? Have you any idea at a smart lawyer could do to you and me e tried such a thing? Besides," he added ckly, "Mark might not come across. n't you see, he has all the cards?"

This fact, grim and inexorable, dimmed view of the hideous amphitheater where y resumed their walk in company with milling, anonymous hordes.

Symes pressed her hand against his side. egan, I'll be home Thursday. Meet me, l you?"

An inexplicable hostility died at once. She her fingers into his. "Bill, darling, dar-g."

"There go the gates. I won't kiss you."

"Yes, kiss me."

The crowd began to suck them in its dertow toward the gates. Symes drew gan to him and kissed her. "Thursday, nember!"

"Thursday!" She let him go.

At the gate he twisted round and she saw harassed face, heard him cry above the al wave of bodies: "Not Thursday! I got—going to that dinner for General ilmer!" Then he had disappeared, his wn suit lost among other brown suits, straw hat among all the others.

She waited a moment, thinking, *I could on the train with him and go to Washington, e a room at the Willard, see him when he 't busy. Why not? If we were married that how it would be. He would never travel with-t me, I would not allow him out of my sight, would not forsake me for dinner with some goat of a general or congressman, or anyone e.* But now the vast submarine atmosere of the station engulfed her, and the wd, drawn by invisible currents, drifted away in separate directions. She pictured her lover sitting in the club car, reaching for his cigarettes, unfolding his newspaper, falling into easy conversation with strangers. His world had claimed him, that world from which she was excluded! She shook her head in fierce protest. She would not endure this state of affairs much longer. It was absurd, inhuman, indecent.

A shapeless woman carrying a baby almost ran her down, then paused to inquire something in unintelligible English. "You better ask a porter," Regan advised her impatiently, hating the fat brown face with its moles and its mustache, hating the stupidity of anything that permitted itself to become so gross. The woman blinked her little whale eyes in bewilderment, the baby blinked its tiny pin-point ones, and Regan turned to the escalator. Something made her glance back, and she saw the woman still standing there, clutching the baby. She looked utterly stranded; one of her brown stockings slipped slowly down a Gargantuan leg, a tear slipped down her cheek. With a shudder of disgust Regan gained the escalator and was borne upward to the fading light of Eighth Avenue and a cacophony of traffic.

She looked at her watch. Four-thirty. She had told Hester she would be home by six. There was time to spend on herself and she decided to go to the Metropolitan and look at the El Grecos. She boarded a bus and thought of the time she had last gazed at El Greco's livid faces, at his draperies of electric blue and chartreuse. That had been just before Symes went to Lisbon. They had lunched at Longchamps on West 57th Street, then walked to the museum. The thought of Mark's home-coming had hung heavy upon them, but they had avoided the subject and engaged, instead, in a silly quarrel about El Greco—the kind of quarrel she might have had with Mark, but which she never expected to have with Symes, who usually shared her enthusiasm. Yet that day he said:

"El Greco bores me! Everything is perpendicular, and there is that air of perversion about all his figures—a sickliness. Look at those angels! They make me think of your sister Hester."

His tone hurt her. "But when you saw the St. Martin in Washington, last year, you agreed that it was one of the most beautiful things in the world."

"All I said was I liked the horse."

They argued, and Regan lost her temper. They had parted in an atmosphere of bitter-




*"Mother, I hardly think Fletcher is interested in how I looked when I was eight months old!"*


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ness, but made it up again on the eve of his flight to Lisbon. She had not wanted him to go to Lisbon, though she knew he had to go. She did not want him to leave her for a day, though she knew this was childish of her. She did not want to differ with him over the merits or faults of El Greco, or over anything else. She wanted her lover for herself, and she wanted him body and soul, a phrase which she used often in his hearing, feeling that her passion glorified its triteness. Time was running out and the two marvelous years of their love affair were approaching a crisis. Mark's return was bound to make everything complicated, even dangerous. *And what, after all,* Regan asked herself, *do we get from restraint? We are both past our youth; we can, at best, look forward to the next twenty years of comparative vitality. Oh, if Mark would only behave reasonably!*

She frowned and made room on the seat beside her for an ancient Italian carrying bundles. "*Grazie,*" he murmured. "Tenk you!"

The bus moved on and she thought, *I'll stay on it and take a taxi across the park to the museum. That will give me lots of time before I go back to Hester.*

And she began to reflect on her sister. Strange that Hester should have shared so much of the character and life of their mother, while she, Regan, had taken after their father. The first two were hypochondriacs, but she and her father had been self-willed and strong. And that was just as well, thought Regan, remembering the frustrations of family life. She had early come to the conclusion that the weak, the old and the sickly are intolerable burdens on youth and health. How she had resented her sister and mother! And with what speed she made up her own mind that she never would be an old maid, or poor, or powerless. Beauty had taken care of the first contingency, her father's favoritism of the second, and her own character of the third. Since their mother's death five years ago, Hester, plain and pallid and ill, had assumed a sort of composite personality, so that there were occasions when Regan confused the living with the dead. It sometimes occurred to her that Hester must hate her for being what she was, just as she despised Hester and sometimes hated her for being Hester. *And yet,* mused Regan, *she is the only person I have ever trusted. Can it be that hating each other as we do, we dare not betray each other as we might if we loved? We are afraid of each other, and fear makes the bond between us.* How strange Hester was, when one came to think about her like this, remotely and in cold blood. How perceptive, intelligent, bitter, with her unpredictable humor!

**We have no shrines, most of us, any more—we Protestant-Puritan-Pagan-Anglo-Saxon Occidentals—no tranquil Buddhas or symbols of the passion by the roadside, no solemn temples, few cool, silent churches, always open and inviting to withdrawal for a moment from the hurly-burly of the world. It is not my business to determine whether that means loss or gain. But one thing it is always in our power to do—to withdraw now and then from the periphery to the center, from the ceaseless whirl of the life that streams and eddies around us to the deep serenity of those great souls of better centuries who give**

***Authentic tidings of invisible things;***
***of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;***
***And central peace, substituting at the heart of endless agitation.***

—JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES: Reading Books. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

REGAN reconstructed the occasion, a few weeks ago, when she had left Mark and had gone to her sister's apartment on Riverside Drive. Hester was lying, as usual, on her couch by the window, surrounded by cushions, books, magazines, paper handkerchiefs and vitamins. The room had a peculiar close, aromatic smell of an asthmatic's chamber and it always made the healthy Regan feel a bit sick until she had got used to it.

When her sister entered, Hester switched off the radio and said, "Well! Here you are! I expected you last night. Did you actually take the bull by the horns?" Hester's pale eyes followed the handsome sister as the latter walked to the window and gazed at the river. She went on quickly: "I must say I don't see why you come here instead of going to Bill. However, I suppose it would be a bit indiscreet, considering everything." Her speech was that of one who talks to herself—continuous, fluent, erratic—and fo a few moments Regan stood without answer ing. *There is no use in getting mad at her,* sh decided. *She never will forgive me for havin two men dangling round when she has neve had one and has learned to hate the whole sex*

Behind her, Hester sneezed. "Reach m the box, will you? It's under the couch."

REGAN reached her the tissues. One found them everywhere, tucked into corners o chairs, sofas, under pillows. Wastebasket overflowed with them. So did Hester's pockets. Her progress through life was one long paper chase of damp and beastly little wads of tissue. *Why,* Regan wondered, *if she is determined to suffer, doesn't she suffer silently, invisibly?*

"Where's Neddy?" asked Hester. "Wouldn't Mark let you bring him? By the way, how does he look—Mark, I mean? Handsome as ever? Oh, not to you, I suppose, not now anyway, since you've looked so long at Bill Symes. Not the same type at all, are they? I marvel at your switching as you do from one type to another. But I always rather admired Mark. That mixture of friendliness and reserve! That integrity! Tell me what he said about Germany. Has he got to know the Russians? Does he think we shall have to fight them after all?"

*God give me patience,* thought Regan. "We didn't talk very much about anything," she said with an effort at calmness. "Aside from the wear and tear of his experience, Mark looked pretty much the same as when you last saw him."

"It's been such ages since I saw him! He never came near me during his last leave, you remember. No reason why he should have, of course. He never cared a whoop about me, though he was always kind and considerate when we met. A real gent, in other words. Something your Bill is not—if you'll excuse my frankness."

Regan lighted a cigarette. "Go on. I'll wait till you're through, then maybe we can really talk."

"I wish you wouldn't smoke in here. It hurts my lungs. I thought I was in for another attack this afternoon, but it passed. This dry weather must be good for me, after all, though it didn't make much difference last summer, when I thought I was really going to die! To go back to Mark. You know, Regan, I've never really understood why you married him. I mean aside from the fact that you would probably have married anyone to get away from mother and me. But why did you choose *him?*"

"Why shouldn't I have chosen him?"

"Because he's so absolutely different from you. And because you never actually cared a button for him."

"Must we discuss it again? It's all water over the dam, anyway."

"So are lots of things. Mother, father, the war, the house—you've junked it all, haven't you? Now it's Mark's turn. I don't understand why you married him, or why he married you."

"What do you mean by that?"

Hester smiled. "I have a suspicion that Mark always saw through you, but that he deceived himself because he was—what shall I call it?—infatuated."

"You don't have to call it anything."

"Of course, as you say, it's all ancient history, now that you're through with him. You've set your sights high. I keep asking myself whether Bill Symes is the last on your list. But it isn't so easy to write off ancient history, and I'm surprised you should want to. The past must have some impor-

*(Continued on Page 66)*



# There are two sides to this picture!

Each boy in each bed is being helped back to health by a new medical development. Each of these developments owes much, surprisingly enough, to milk — *and each does a completely different job!*

Billy, on one side, will soon be on his feet, thanks to the antibiotics. Their job is to attack infection, destroy "bugs." In short — *kill.* One of these is penicillin, which is derived from a mold nourished by milk sugar.

Jimmy, on the other side, is gaining strength from a group of "builder-uppers." *Their* job is to restore tissues, replenish organs. Concisely, to *give life.* These are the aminos—basic elements of protein, furnished in abundance by milk.

Both sides of this picture illustrate a story of extensive milk research. At National Dairy plants, proteins, sugars and aminos are produced from milk and supplied for numerous pharmaceuticals which are making great contributions to the nation's health and knowledge of nutrition.

Similar research has resulted in a brand-new kind of baby food — in a smart textile fiber—in a delicious flavoring agent—and in many other such products whose acquaintance you are making. By this means, National Dairy constantly works to extend the usefulness of milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—so that it may perform an even fuller service to you and your family.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

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Makes such sm-o-o-o-th Sauces!




WEST OF THE ROCKIES IT'S DURKEE'S TROCO

So Mild... So Sweet... So Country-fresh in Flavor!

Add rich flavor to fish, vegetable and macaroni dishes with White Sauce prepared with Durkee's Margarine! Your sauces are always so smooth because Durkee's is an unusually smooth, evenly blended margarine. It's produced by Durkee's own scientific process which churns the pure, nutritious vegetable oils with the fresh, pasteurized skim milk. A "find" for cooking and baking and a big help to the food budget, too. So economical that your family can spread delicious Durkee's liberally on bread. Durkee's Margarine is an important energy food and enriched with Vitamin A.

*Try this Salmon Loaf Supreme with White Sauce*

2 cups fresh or canned salmon
Rind and juice, 1 lemon
2 eggs, beaten
2 tbsp. melted Durkee's Margarine
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon Durkee's Pepper
Garnish: riced egg and parsley

Bone salmon, flake and combine ingredients. Place in steamer and cook slowly 1 hour. (Or bake in moderate oven about 30 min.) Serve with White Sauce and peas.

**Medium White Sauce:** Scald 1 c. milk; partly cool. Melt 2 tbsp. Durkee's Margarine in small pan over low heat. Slowly stir in 2 tbsp. flour. Cook and stir until smooth. Stir into warm milk in top of double boiler. When blended, place over low heat, stir until sauce thickens. Season. Beat well, cover, simmer about 20 min. Yield: 1 c. sauce.



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DURKEE'S DRESSING




Fish salads your specialty? Next time you make Salmon Salad or other favorites, mix them with Durkee's Dressing! Its keen, delicious tang gives a richer flavor to all salads—makes a taste-hit with everyone! Write for EASY-TO-DO Recipes, Durkee's, Dept. LJ4-6, Elmhurst, L. I.

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(Continued from Page 64)

tance for you, with your leaning toward art and letters and all the rest of it. Have you read T. S. Eliot lately? Doesn't it sometimes strike you how near he is to Dante?"

She was mocking, and Regan thought, *How long am I going to stand it living here with her?*

"Mark had kind of a stupid streak in him, though," Hester went on meditatively. "I suppose one might call it honesty. But you haven't told me how he behaved. What did he say? What did he do? Did he try to hit you?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Hester!"

"Well, he might have. He's full of violence, I think. I've always suspected that he has had to work harder than most men to control himself. And I've wondered how he endured your hypocrisies, how he kept his hands off you sometimes when you were being so *darned* superior!" She paused. "I kept wondering and wondering, last night, why you didn't show up as you said you would. You had it all planned that you'd meet his boat, take him back to the apartment, give him a drink and break the news to him. After which you'd come over here. But you never came. Why not?"

"Because I changed my mind."

"You spent the night there? With Mark?" Her eyes became omnivorous.

Regan turned her back and stared out the window.

"Whew!" whistled the invalid behind her. "That's going some, even for you, my dear! How would Bill like that?"

Regan whirled round. "Now look here ——"

Hester was laughing, her pale blue eyes brimming with tears, her thin pointed nose raw and pink. "It's very funny, you know. You don't see it, but it *is* funny, Regan. All these things you and Bill think so tragic and important, they are really a scream!"

Regan regarded her in silence. There were moments, and this was one of them, when she wished, quite simply, that Hester might die, and it did not lessen the intensity of her wish to realize that Hester was fully aware of it.

**The first Christmas card was sent during the reign of Queen Victoria, in 1845. Queen Elizabeth made a point-blank request that her subjects give her Christmas gifts of money, brocaded petticoats, velvets, costly jewels or furs, to replenish her wardrobe. Among these presents was the first pair of silk stockings ever made in Europe. There was a period during which public singing of Christmas carols was forbidden. The Puritans passed a law in 1659 to the effect that "whoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas, or the like, either by forbearing of labor, feasting, or in any other way, shall be fined 5 shillings." In two countries the bringer of Christmas gifts is a woman—in Italy, La Befana, and in Russia, Baboushka. But instead of December twenty-fifth, the gifts are distributed on Twelfth Night.**

Adapted from a quiz by Marjorie Mueller Freer in She.

Now, riding uptown on the bus, Regan thought about Hester and Mark. They should have married, she decided savagely. Mark, the chivalrous, would have made an ideal mate for the hypochondriac Hester, and when he went to war she would have asked nothing better than to lie on her couch and await his return. Yes, Hester would have made a perfect wife, though of course she could never have produced Neddy. Remembrance of her son roused further disquiet in Regan. She stared out the window at the teeming sidewalk. All she asked was to be allowed to spend the rest of her life with Bill Symes. War, which had leveled other lives, other destinies, had made hers worth while! War had brought her a lover. She would give up everything, everyone—yes, she would give up Neddy, if that would insure her future with Symes. She brooded on the vision of life as she had always yearned for it, as she had never ceased to strive for it, as she had striven even as the wife of Mark Bycroft. Her dull middle-class family never had an idea beyond their own tiny orbit. The world of art and literature, the exciting world of society and politics and public life held little or no interest for any of them, not even for her father, with his obstinate, powerful, single-track mentality. Why, they had not even troubled to give her a decent education, and hers had stopped when she graduated from high school. For the rest, she had had to shift for herself, and shift she did, and to good purpose. She read, she went to lectures, to picture galleries, to concerts; she listened to the conversation of people she believed to be wiser and better informed than herself. Unobtrusively, like a sponge, she had soaked up a kind of education and it made her restless. Something was always lacking—that something which the prostrate Hester seemed to acquire by merely lying abed and gazing at the ceiling. But for Regan something was always missing—that creative impulse without which in one form or another all wisdom and all effort seem fruitless and unillumined. Then passion for Symes had unleashed her energies and given them direction. She took her cue from him, as he quite often took his from her, and talents and insights which could not find expression in art, or satisfaction in contemplation, sought their level in the espousal of causes lost and found, and in a calculating and spurious radicalism.

Hester had looked on with the eerie amusement she always brought to bear on her sister's activities. "What a self-deluded creature you are, Regan!" she exclaimed on one occasion. "As though you really cared about Jews, Negroes, the labor movement, about anything or anyone except yourself!"

Regan had retorted with the candor which remained her sole weapon against this discerning genie, "All right, I don't have to care about them. Loving humanity, as you pretend to, doesn't help much these days. Legislation — compulsion, if you like—is what moves mountains." And she added with a sneer, "But idealism never was your strong point, was it, dear?"

Hester had retorted, "The trouble with your brand of idealism is that it springs, not from love of people, but from contempt of them."

*Old clapperclaw*, thought Regan, and dropped the subject.

At the Metropolitan she had the El Grecos to herself. She went from canvas to canvas, her eye absorbing the marvel of paint and conception while her intelligence demanded frantically, *What does he mean? What is he trying to say? Why is he wonderful—or is he wonderful, after all?* She didn't know. Dully she told herself that she was one of those who might die without ever finding out. The air of the great room seemed lifeless, the floor and walls adamant, and the funereal hush got on her nerves. She abandoned El Greco and wandered aimlessly from one room to another in growing desolation. The thought of returning to Hester became increasingly repugnant to her, but where else was she to go? Already her own apartment, Mark, Neddy, Octavia Evans, had assumed an unreality in her thoughts. She suffered from a frightening sense that something was happening to her among these ancient canvases and statuary, that some hostile influence flowed from them toward her, pressing upon her flesh and her spirit. The strange idea persisted, became a conviction which made her heart beat violently. *It's claustrophobia*, she told herself, and the glib assurance carried her safely to the great staircase, down it and into the open air. But her legs still trembled, and she hated herself for her absurd superstition.

She left the museum and walked slowly up the avenue in a flickering dance of leaves. Children were going home with parents and nursemaids, couples lounged on the stone benches against the wall, an old man walked ahead of her, leading an old dog on a leash. The city's life seemed to be repeating its

(Continued on Page 68)



*"This Jell-O shortage certainly brings out the artist in me!"*

**We do** not really recommend that one small box of Jell-O be extended to serve, for instance, four tables of bridge.

Still, as long as Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings are still so scarce and precious, the hostess who can make them go far and look gorgeous will continue to get a big hand.

Some day—and it may not be too many months off—the sugar supply will be more plentiful and we can make enough Jell-O products so you can enjoy them any time, on gala days or *any* day.

Meanwhile, even though you can't make them often, you can always make them fun!

**Three spring symphonies,** made delicious with Jell-O's "locked-in" flavor: Raspberry Jell-O, half-whipped, half-plain, garnished with maraschino cherries and mint. Lemon and Lime Jell-O, in quivering flakes. A sunshiny dish of fresh oranges molded in Orange Jell-O.





**Easter Egg Pudding** delights the small fry—cool, satin-smooth Vanilla Pudding decorated with candy eggs in a nest of whipped cream. Another Jell-O Pudding favorite is rich Butterscotch topped with crunchy nut meats.



**It's your lucky day** when you find yellow-ripe bananas and rich, dark Jell-O Chocolate Pudding to make this company pie. Remember the old-fashioned chocolaty pie grandma used to make? This is it, only more so!

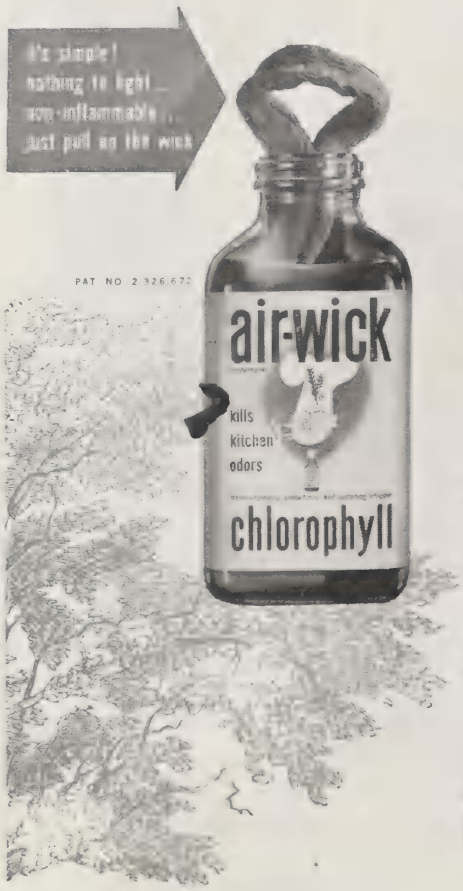
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read what others say about air-wick

...the revolutionary new way to kill unpleasant household odors

*Mr. Guilford D. Fisher, 200 West Virginia Ave., West Chester, Pa.*
"My secretary first suggested air-wick after heavy smoking in my office. We have three bottles at home now... one in the bathroom, another in the kitchen and a third for use in living-room and closets. I don't see how we ever got along without it."

*Mrs. J. W. Hagenmiller, 65 Bergen Ave., Ridgefield Park, N.J.*
"I live in a three room apartment. Every time I used to cook fish or cabbage, I dared not invite guests for the next few days. A friend told me about air-wick. Her description sounded too good to be true. But what she told me did not even start to do it justice. All disagreeable odors disappeared miraculously."

*Mrs. H. R. White, Norfolk, Va.*
"Ever since the first time I used air-wick, I have been exclaiming over its complete efficiency. I think it's wonderful. I use air-wick whenever I'm cooking onions or other foods with an unpleasant odor... and I hasten to freshen up the living-room with air-wick whenever I am expecting guests."

These are typical of the thousands of unsolicited letters which have been received from air-wick* users throughout America. air-wick is a little bottle with a magic wick. Simply open the bottle and pull up the wick a few minutes before you start cooking. Unpleasant cooking odors simply disappear. Keep a bottle of air-wick open in the living-room whenever you expect heavy smoking. Use air-wick to freshen stuffy closets and bathrooms... freshen the air in the nursery and sickroom. air-wick is not an antiseptic, and it has no medicinal odor. You'll find air-wick at all better stores. air-wick contains chlorophyll ... the substance which nature uses to freshen the air in garden and forest.

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*(Continued from Page 66)*

patterns, endlessly inhaling and exhaling a variegated breath.

Regan walked till the sun had gone, then took a crosstown bus to Riverside Drive. There were several empty seats, but obeying a self-conscious impulse she chose one beside a young Negro sailor and almost immediately regretted it. He had been drinking, and she felt his black eyes move upon her face, her breast, her knees. Had he been white she would have moved to another seat, but he was black and it had become one of her tenets that one must never wound the sensibilities of a black man as one might risk wounding those of a white one. The boy, aware, probably, of her dilemma, and enjoying it, took advantage of the movement of the bus to sway against her. His breath brushed her face; uncrossing his legs, he allowed his knee to press hers. Regan stared before her at the row of heads, and at the brawny shoulders of the Irish driver. There were other Negroes on the bus. If she were to move they'd suspect her of prejudice. If she remained, the sailor might become reckless, and she be forced to make a scene.

His little white cap fell off and landed in her lap, followed by his hand. "My cap in your way, ma'am?" he murmured caressingly at her shoulder.

Regan picked it up and handed it back to him without speaking. It fell off again, and in leaning over to retrieve it he dug his elbow into her thigh. Her face crimsoned, her lips set. She felt, beside her, the boy's whole black body shaken with noiseless laughter.

She got off at last, two blocks before she needed to, and the sailor got off after her. Without turning her head Regan knew that he followed her, a lithe, young figure absurd in its navy costume and little white cap. The sense of victimization which had assailed her in the museum now returned and she struggled with an instinct to run. At last she was at Hester's door, and as she stepped into the entry he passed by on the sidewalk without glancing in her direction. Then she lost sight of him, but the sound of his laughter pursued her into the apartment, into the elevator and all the way up to her sister's rooms.

*XIII*

MARK put down his newspaper and watched Neddy whittling a piece of wood into the semblance of a boat. It was Sunday. Rain slanted against the windows, bringing freshness and a distant rumble of thunder. Difficult, he mused, to deduce much sense, let alone grandeur, from the day's headlines. Here were all the old hatreds, the old deceits, the old hypocrisies. Here were the intolerance, the pretense, the prejudice, untouched by victory. New terrors had been added to the old, fat slugs eating away what was left of the world's heart, and he felt about as effective as that child in the corner, making a toy out of matchwood.

*Well,* he asked himself, *what about those ambitions of yours? And what about the vote—you've still got that, haven't you?*

"When I've made this boat," said Neddy, holding it up for him to see, "can we take it to the park and sail it on the pond?"

"If it ever stops raining." He looked at the boy. "Neddy, if I hire a real boat this summer would you like to come sailing with me?"

"Honest?"

"Honest, as soon as they let me out of the Army."

Neddy thought it over with his customary thoroughness. "Shall we ask mother to come with us?" he inquired at last.

Mark winced. "Do you think she'd care to?"

"I don't know," said Neddy, and picked up his penknife again.

Mark watched him for a minute. "Neddy," he said in a careful voice, "do you miss mother? I mean, would you care to go to your Aunt Hester's and visit her there for a few days?"

The boy shook his head.

Mark persisted. "But don't you miss your mother?"

"She'll come back."

It was said with such assurance that Mark glanced at him sharply. A question rose to his lips, but he did not ask it. The child seemed strangely invulnerable. How much did he know, how much did he guess—how much, actually, did he care? He longed for some glimpse into his son's mind, for he felt that he might be a repository of the secrets of the past four years. But the instinct of chivalry was strong—he could not bring himself to cross-examine, to coerce or to bribe the child to betray his mother.

Restless from inaction, Mark rose and went to the window. Sabbath inertia hung upon the city, and even the sound of its traffic seemed no more than a prodigious half-stifled yawn. Mark found himself resenting this sense of partial coma as when he was a child he used to resent the thought of other people sleeping while he was awake. Below him a woman carrying a blue umbrella walked with a graceful stride that reminded him of Regan, and from some unexplored corner of himself desire for her rose

*(Continued on Page 70)*

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## *Ballade of the Homing House Pets*

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

A man and a feline are apt to stray,
For cats and men are a restless crew;
They'll leave you to cope with the lonely day
And sniffle the silent midnight through,
While they make for a darkling rendezvous
Or hie to a secret bivouac.
But little's the profit to pursue;
Men and pussycats always come back.

Though you feed them on manna and speak them gay,
Never the man nor the tabby grew
Whose ear was deaf to the call to play;
Though their hearts be ever so stanch and true,
They're off with a blithesome toodle-oo
To the open road or the cul-de-sac.
Yet muster your patience for,
*entre nous,*
Men and pussycats always come back.

Oh, cosset and coax them as ever you may,
Wheedle and worry and whistle and woo
And wait on their every whim, yet they
Will wander to Dallas or Timbuktu.
But la, why indulge in a hullabaloo
Or shatter the family bric-a-brac?
With a "Hello, dear," and a plaintive mew,
Men and pussycats always come back.

*L'envoi:*
*Princess, see that your sighs are few;*
*Ration your tears, for alas, alack,*
*Though you may not want them when they do,*
*Men and pussycats always come back!*

# "I'M SO MAD I COULD SPIT..."

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DRINK V-8 EVERY DAY FOR VEGETABLES THE TASTY WAY


*(Continued from Page 68)*

up and clutched him. He thought of Sunday mornings in the country, the long drowsy hours in bed. How beautiful she was in bed, smiling when he turned toward her, her voice still thick with sleep, her eyelids trembling under his kiss. How could such things be forgotten, or counted as trivial, once they had been? What had happened? What had happened to the world, to his world, to everybody's world? Why, if Regan could respond to one man, could she not respond to him, who knew her better than anyone else? He was not a prude, he was not a fool; he had not demanded fidelity, but he had expected that they could live out their lives together with passion, good humor and tolerance.

He watched rain falling against the buildings across the street, painting the sidewalks in the pale colors of a clearing sky, illumining the windows, the bright enamel on taxicabs, and he thought, *Suppose I call her up now and suggest that she join Neddy and me for a walk in the park? We could meet somewhere, have tea together, talk. We could be friends. And perhaps from that point we could start all over again with the excitement of strangers turning at last to love. But to be friends is what really matters. To be friends!* He hesitated. *It's for me to make the first move, for me to say, "Look, let's call it a day. You're free to come and go as you please, and so am I. Divorce me if you want—I'll help you. Who knows, perhaps even after the divorce you may change your mind and come back. While we live we shall be, in some measure, related. Two people who have felt as we have felt can't remain indifferent."*

Warm, generous emotions coursed through him. He would call her at Hester's, now, this moment. He turned in a sort of frenzy, startling Neddy. An exclamation burst from the child and he held up his hand from which blood dripped in a stream onto the chair. Mark went to him quickly.

"Come to the bathroom," he said. "Hold it under the cold-water faucet while I get a bandage."

Neddy was white. "I'm bleeding," he whispered. "Look, I'm bleeding!"

Mark saw that the wound was not serious. "Sit where you are," he said. "I'll get a bandage."

He ran to Regan's room and found a fresh handkerchief in her bureau drawer. Kneeling beside Neddy, he shook out the square of white linen, but Neddy snatched his hand away.

"Not that! You can't use that. It's mother's best handkerchief."

"It'll wash," Mark said. "Here, give me your hand."

"No," said Neddy. "No, I don't want you to. Mother wouldn't like it."

MARK restrained his temper. "Give me your hand—do you want to get blood all over everything?"

Neddy was shivering. "Go away. I don't care if I am bleeding. Go away!"

Mark seized his hand. "Little idiot—let me tie that up." He started to wrap the handkerchief round Neddy's hand, but the child shrank from him and began to scream:

"Leave me alone! Don't touch me!"

Rage flared in Mark. "Stay still, will you?" he shouted.

The boy drew one foot back, then shot it forth, striking the man in the chest. Then he was out of the chair and across the room, screaming, "I hate you! Go away! Don't touch me!"

Mark rose. "Come here," he said. "Come back here."

But Neddy fled through the door into his mother's bedroom, his screams tingling through Mark's nerves. For a moment he hesitated, at a loss; then he followed the child and found him cowering in a corner by the bed.

"If you touch me I'll kill you," came the threat, choked and sobbing. "I'll kill you with this penknife, I will!"

Then Mark saw he held the penknife open in his hand. "You won't kill me. You'll put that knife down and come over here so I can bandage your hand. Come on."

"No!" shrieked Neddy.

Something cruel and exultant swarmed in the man's brain. "Then I'm coming to get you," he said, and started forward. Neddy's screams stopped. For a moment he stood motionless, his eyes dark with fear, then he hurled himself at Mark, the knife uplifted. Mark caught him, twisted the knife from his fingers and held the hysterical body against his breast. His own anger passed as he felt the child's helpless trembling. "Neddy," he whispered. "Neddy, poor little Neddy."

PRESENTLY Neddy drew a long shuddering breath and murmured, "Look, I've stopped bleeding."

"So you have. Better go in the bathroom and wash it off."

When the child had gone he picked up the knife and snapped it shut, then slipped it into his pocket. In the parlor he found Regan's handkerchief lying on the floor. It was an expensive, fragile affair embroidered with her initials, and bearing a gilt-paper label marked "Portugal." A present? And from whom? Mark crumpled it in his hand. The excitement of the past few minutes had left him chilled and lucid, and his original impulse to call Regan on the telephone had vanished. He no longer wanted to talk to her or to see her; he felt again that the distance between them was, indeed, impassable. From now on he would have to attend to Neddy. How little they understood each other, how mysterious the bonds which held them, and which at the same time seemed to draw them apart! He closed his eyes, seeing the small, cowering figure, its eyes dark with fear, its arm uplifted, clutching the open blade. Would Neddy have to kill a man, someday, as he had had to kill the owner of that knife? The German was rotten in his grave, rotten and forgotten. Had he left a wife, a son, somewhere among the ruins of his town? Mark remembered the pity he had felt for the dead man; he had picked up the knife not as a souvenir, but as a memorial. *We are bound to our enemies*, he thought, *almost as closely as we are bound to our loves.*

Neddy came into the room and Mark turned to see a tranquil face. "It's stopped raining," said Neddy. "Can we go to the park now and sail my boat?"

Mark said, "Here is your mother's handkerchief. Do you want to put it back in her bureau?"

Neddy glanced at it without interest. "No. Where is my boat?" He spied it on the chair and pounced on it. "Will you buy me some paint, so I can paint it?"

Mark smoothed the crumpled handkerchief. "You were quite right," he said, "not to let me use this for a bandage. It's a very fine handkerchief. Did you give it to mother?"

"Mr. Symes gave it to her. He gave her a whole dozen. He brought them from Lisbon, on the clipper." He glanced impatiently at Mark. "When will you hire a real boat so we can go sailing?"

Mark answered absently. Then he carried the handkerchief back to Regan's bureau and replaced it among the others. Neddy was right, there were several still unused in a corner of the top drawer. He gazed at a collection of feminine objects—jewelry, perfume, gloves. Their fragrance hurt him.

*(Continued on Page 72)*

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**It is a well-known fact that those who stutter in talking can sing without any impediment.**

**Many years ago a parson was in the middle of his sermon when his servant boy entered the church, hurried down the aisle and tried to tell him something. The lad was greatly excited and stuttered and stuttered, until the parson, who had stopped to listen, said, "Sing it."**

**The congregation sat silently waiting, and then the boy began in appropriate musical notes, "The barn is afire! The barn is afire!"**

**—THE CRAYON.**

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS SURER THAN EVER!



# Crisco improves all 3

## CAKES, PIES, FRIED FOODS




He Loves Pie!
CRISCO brings you
**Flaky Pie Crust Every Time!**



### CRISCO ORANGE BLOSSOM PIE

**¾ cup sugar • 4 tbsps. flour • 2 tbsps. cornstarch**
**¼ tsp. salt • 1½ cups water • ⅓ cup orange juice**
**1 tbsp. lemon juice • Rind of 1 orange • 3 eggs, separated**
**1 tbsp. Crisco • Single-crust recipe Crisco Pastry**

In top of double boiler, combine sugar, flour, cornstarch and salt; slowly add boiling water. Cook over direct heat until thick—about 5 min. Place over hot water and continue cooking for 15 min.; stir occasionally. Combine beaten egg yolks with juices and grated rind. Add to first mixture and cook 2 min. more. Remove from heat and add Crisco. Cool and pour into baked Crisco pie shell. (*It's true, girls! Even a beginner can get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! Just follow the sure-fire Crisco Pastry Method and be sure to use Crisco. It's easy—try it and see!*)

**MERINGUE:** Beat egg whites till stiff. Slowly add 6 tbsps. granulated sugar and continue beating till sugar is dissolved. Pile on pie after filling has cooled and bake in slow oven (325°F.) about 15 minutes. All Measurements Level.





Win His Heart with CRISCO'S
**Lighter, Richer Cakes!**



### CRISCO MOCHA NUT LAYER CAKE

Now—better cakes on every count! For lightness . . . richness, moistness . . . texture, the new Crisco Success cakes top the cakes you used to bake. Measure into mixing bowl:

**2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)**
**1⅓ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco • 1 tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk**

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

**3½ tsps. baking powder***
Add: **4 egg whites (unbeaten) • ⅓ cup milk • 1 tsp. vanilla**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two square 8" layer pans which have been Criscoed and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (360°F.) about 25 minutes. (*Crisco has a baking secret that gives you lighter cakes than the most expensive shortening! With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe.*) Frost with mocha icing; decorate with nuts. All Measurements Level. **Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4½ tsps.*

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**Light, Digestible Fried Foods!**



### CRISCO VEAL CUTLET, ITALIAN STYLE

Flatten out a small veal steak. Cut into pieces for serving. Dip in flour, beaten egg and fine bread crumbs. Fry in Crisco in a large skillet till tender. (*Scared fried foods may cause upsets? Don't worry! Foods fried to a crisp, golden brown in pure, all-vegetable Crisco not only taste better—they set so light and easy even children may eat 'em!*) Spread tomato sauce over cutlets, and place a thin slice of American cheese on each piece. Cover skillet and heat gently till cheese melts.

**CRISCO COOK BOOK**—Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in United States, including Hawaii.



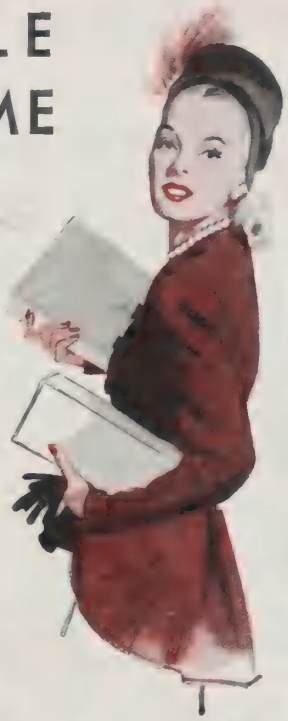
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## ...MAKE A HOME



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**Modern HOMEMAKER**
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THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON




For Beauty's Sake: Matching powder, rouge and cake make-up. Sold in Canada, too.

Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other shades, too.


(Continued from Page 70)

He shut the drawer and went back to Neddy. "Get your hat, kid. We're going for a walk."

*XIV*

FATHER and son went for many walks thereafter, up and down the great avenues, west and east to the rivers. Neddy watched the barges and the ferryboats and asked questions to which his father made bored or absent-minded replies. If there was a growing understanding between them, it was tacit. Neither spoke of Regan; her personality became a will-o'-the-wisp, glimpsed and lost in the course of their pathetic and disjointed communion.

As the weather became warmer nostalgia for the country grew on Mark. He hired a car and they drove to Connecticut and ate their lunch in a field beside a red farmhouse. An elderly Pole came out from the house and spoke to them. Mark's uniform interested him, and he talked about the war. The sound of his broken English mingled with the sound of cattle stirring in the barn, with the crowing of bantams and the rattle of milk cans. The sun shone on the farmer's gray hair, on his brown arms, and Mark saw him as a creature grown out of the earth itself, procreative, passionate, independent of speech. Afterward, as he drove back to the city, he thought of men like that one, men who moved incredulously amid the ruins of their farms, eying the dead and bloated horse which had once drawn a plow, gathering in their rough hands the fragments of china and the wedding portrait of fifty years before. And as the glittering spires of the city rose before him he smelled again the acrid odors of cattle urine and rank grass, the hot scent of hay, sweat on a flannel shirt—tincture, these, of humanity sprung from the earth and from the ruins of the earth. Patient, ponderous, lyrical, would it recur amidst the ashes of some future time?

All faint blue and fading gold now, the city claimed them, its windows pricked with fire, its towers dark against the summer sky. Pausing for a traffic light, Mark listened to music coming from the radio of a car near his. Overhead a plane swam with a soft throbbing of motors; he had a glimpse of its lights, red and green, an emerald, a ruby, drifting among the stars. Beside him Neddy curled like a puppy, sound asleep, and a melancholy happiness stole upon Mark. Then the music was drowned in an uproar of horns and motors, and he drove on. Entering his own street, he saw a figure which reminded him of Regan. Was it Regan? Should he overtake her just to make sure? And then what? He stopped the car at the curb beside his door and sat for a few moments, watching the figure grow dim and vanish in the gloom. Then he wakened Neddy and went into the house.

In the parlor the child, still half asleep, blinked and looked round him. "Mother's been here," he said.

"What makes you think so?"

"I can tell."

Mark started to speak, then he spied a note lying on the table near the windows. As he walked across the room to pick it up he thought he smelled the faint perfume she used, as, no doubt, Neddy had smelled it.

*Mark:* You probably forgot that I have a key and also the right to enter my own apartment whenever I want. I would have come before this, but hated the thought of a scene before Neddy and Octavia. It has now been almost three weeks since I saw Neddy, and a full week since I talked with him, or you, over the telephone. How long do you propose to continue this cruel and absurd performance? I have already suggested that we meet and discuss matters, amicably or not as you prefer, here or any other place you suggest. The sooner the better. Heaven knows what Neddy must be thinking, but I know that this separation from his mother cannot be good for him. He and I have always been very close. How can you be so spiteful to the people you professed to love?

REGAN.

As Mark stood with Regan's letter in his hand he felt a question pose itself in the silence between himself and Neddy. For a moment he thought the boy was about to cry; his eyes filled, a drawn look came upon his




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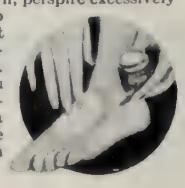
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features, life seemed to diminish in his small body. Mark thought helplessly, *If he should break down, what could I do?* He remembered, with horror, the afternoon of Neddy's mishap with the penknife. But Neddy did not break down. Silence ebbed slowly, giving way to the ticking of clocks, to the sound of voices in the street, to the music of a radio somewhere in the building.

Neddy was staring at him. "Why can't we go and live in the country all the time?" he asked.

"Maybe we will, soon."

"Is that what mother said in her letter?"

"She just said she was sorry to miss us this afternoon."

He gazed at his son. He wanted, suddenly, to touch him, to say something tender and inconsequential that might bridge the gulf between them. But Neddy, apparently satisfied, turned away to read the comic papers which were strewn on the sofa.

Next morning Mark tore the month of May from the calendar on Regan's desk and tossed it in the wastebasket. June first! Three weeks had passed since his return from Europe, and since Regan's departure. A letter from the War Department informed him that his application for discharge from the Army was receiving "due consideration." The letter, like the date on the calendar, struck Mark as being symbolic. He left the desk and walked to the mirror, where he examined his features. Well, there he stood, Mark Bycroft, aged thirty-three and some months, a man still in his prime, whole and healthy, survivor of four catastrophic years of history. He felt that they had left him almost indecently unchanged in appearance. Even his wounds were invisible; decorously clothed, they sent forth aching reminders on a damp day, exactly as old wounds were supposed to do. The telephone rang in the parlor, and he thought, *That's Regan. Let her ring. Let Octavia take the message.* He had no wish to hear Regan's precise voice reminding him that there were bigger things in life than his own petty concerns.

**And of all the joys of life which may fairly come under the head of recreation, there is nothing more great, more refreshing, more beneficial in the widest sense of the word, than a real love of the beauty of the world. Some people cannot feel it. To such people I can only say, as Turner once said to a lady who complained she could not see sunsets as he painted them, "Don't you wish you could, madam?" But to those who have some feeling that the natural world has beauty in it I would say, cultivate this feeling and encourage it in every way you can. Consider the seasons, the joy of the spring, the splendor of summer, the sunset colors of the autumn, the delicate and graceful bareness of winter trees, the beauty of snow, the beauty of light upon water, and what the old Greek called "the unnumbered smiling of the sea."**

—VISCOUNT GREY: Quoted in Under the Bridge by Ferris Greenslet. (Houghton, Miffin).

The telephone rang on and he pictured it where it stood between the dictionary and the pencil sharpener. The book, fat with words, stayed silent, the pencil sharpener did not move, but the telephone rang on and on, monotonously, insistently. "Don't imagine you can ignore me," it said. "Don't imagine you can escape me! I am not what you think I am—I am a personality! A charge, a responsibility. Something may have gone seriously awry and you'll find it out too late, and perhaps go to your grave with your curiosity unappeased. Yes, you will!" But perhaps it was someone calling Regan? One of her friends? One of her lovers, maybe? *The* lover, forgetful for a moment of her desertion of home, husband and son.

Mark considered the possibility. *I might answer the thing,* he mused, *and introduce myself thus: "I am Colonel Bycroft. My wife is not at home. May I take the message?"* And he tried to construct a voice, masculine, embarrassed, with its undercurrent of guilt.

He had been standing all this time before the mirror on Regan's bureau. Now the expression on his face startled him into keener scrutiny. He thought, *Am I nothing more than a dumb, jealous fool like all the million other cuckolds in the country? A bleached Othello, toying with his wife's handkerchief, flinching before a flock of bat-eared suspicions?*

Octavia called, "Lieutenant Perry on the telephone, Colonel Bycroft!"

He had forgotten young Perry.

The boy's voice sounded desperately friendly. "Mark? I've wanted to call you before this, but I was afraid to bother you. How are things?"

Mark replied that things were about as usual. In the pause which followed he visualized Perry's face, contorted with embarrassment. Then words came with a rush:

"Look, Mark. That dinner for General Wilmer. It's next week, Thursday, at the Rotterdam. You're coming? The old boy's tickled pink about it. I guess he's felt right along that he wasn't such a success. This will make him feel better. He retires this year, you know. It's probably the last chance we'll have to see him, or each other. We've managed to rope in a lot of his pals. It's going to be a madhouse. Everything is all fixed up, and I called just to make sure you'd be there."

"Sure I'll be there," said Mark. A sudden craving for masculine society came upon him, a longing for the rough physical contacts of Army life, for the disciplined, unimaginative companionship which he had hated unremittingly for four years.

"Six-thirty at the Rotterdam. I'll watch out for you. How is Neddy?"

"He's fine, thanks."

There was a slight pause. "And you?" asked Perry diffidently. "How are you making out? Any news from Washington?"

"I may have to take a trip over to the War Department and prod them along. What are your plans?"

"Lucy and I are going out West the second I'm through." He paused again, then, eagerly: "Mark, you won't come with us?"

"What?" He laughed.

"You and Neddy. Out West. Why not? There's plenty of room at the ranch. And the swellest country. You could live with us until you got the—the future straightened out. The kid would love it. Think it over. You don't want to spend your life among these skyscrapers, do you?"

"I'll think it over," Mark promised, to get rid of him. "And I'll let you know Thursday night." He hung up, and encountered Octavia's gaze. "I've just been offered a job, Octavia. Herding cows in God's own country."

She picked up the Chinese Buddha, dusted it and replaced it on its stand. "Colonel Bycroft, may I speak my mind?"

"All of it?" he asked lightly.

She watched him as he stood before her, filling his pipe. "Why won't you let Neddy go? It would be better, in the end."

He looked at her sharply. "Better? Better for whom?"

"For all of you. Let him go. He'll come back to you in the end."

"After she's poisoned him against me? Just as she's poisoned me against most things?"

"You're not acting like your real nature, colonel."

He sat on the arm of a chair and considered her. "You think I'm putting on an act," he said at last. "Maybe I am. Maybe she is too."

"All of us is, one way and another—except Neddy."

"And he can do a pretty good job when he wants to. For instance, when he wants to shield something or someone."

She met his gaze. "Who would you say he was trying to shield?"

"His mother, naturally—or his mother's lover. Octavia, you've been good enough to take an interest in Neddy and me, so I feel entitled to ask you a question. Is my wife in love with someone else?"




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"I don't know, colonel. How should I know?"

"You've worked here for two years, you've seen people come and go. You must have seen—suspected ——"

"They were just names to me. I give you my word, I never saw, or heard, anything one could call unusual."

"And Neddy?"

She looked at him sternly. "Some children know everything. But that's one question you got no right to ask him."

Mark moved aside and let her pass. He felt as if he had been very properly, and not too tenderly, put in his place.

*XV*

THE lobby of the Rotterdam Hotel was a vast rectangular space illumined by what is called indirect lighting. The floor was several inches deep in purplish carpet, interrupted at rigid intervals by outcroppings of furniture of a size and shape better suited to elephants than men. Mark's first impression on entering was that here was an ideal spot for the assignation of lovers, murderers, bank robbers or political spies, for in addition to a confused décor—the walls were a combination of what looked like fumed oak and embossed leather, with here and there an avalanche of fake tapestry—the place swarmed with humanity in varying degrees of physical and spiritual agitation. Some lounged in the elephantine chairs, reading newspapers and timetables or casting eager glances at the three sets of revolving doors which never seemed to stop, sucking in an outgoing victim or ejecting one; people seemed glued to the long line of dial telephones which stood alongside the elegant cave reserved for room clerks, managers and switchboard operators. Most of the occupants of the lobby just stood about in forlorn knots; some rushed toward one another with outcries and claspings and were forthwith sucked into the orbit of a revolving door and liberated on the sidewalk, or they were drawn, chattering like toucans, into the dim cavern of the dining room or the cocktail lounge. Still others stalked or skulked in the wake of liveried adolescents carrying suitcases, and were wafted upward in cages of gold plate and bronze.

It was a microcosm of the city, and Mark perceived, in these people, in this place, the soul of the city itself—squamous and impermanent. But he had seen enough of crowds: crowds of homeless, crowds of prisoners, crowds of the armed and the disarmed. Now as he stood in the lobby of the Rotterdam Hotel a memory of all those faces surged toward him out of the past; he felt that he might be thrown down and trampled under the weight of amorphous humanity, under a mountain of broken shoes, broken glass, bones, rags and rust.

"Mark!" Perry seized his elbow, beaming. "Gosh, I'm glad to see you." Mark was turned deftly away from the revolving doors toward which he was headed.

"I'm sorry to be late," he murmured in frustrated accents. "I thought you said seven."

"Six-thirty. But it doesn't matter. Everyone's going to be more or less late. They've started on the drinks, and we have the privilege of being as late as we please, provided we pay for it." He squeezed Mark's arm. "You never saw such a bunch! Quite a few civilians, too, and most of our crowd are out of uniform now. They've most all showed up. I never thought old Wilmer rated so high, did you? Poor old devil."

Mark decided that he must get drunk. It would be the only way to survive the evening, the only way to escape from the sense of suffocation which he already felt creeping upon him.

Perry looked at him anxiously. "You all right, pal?"

"Sure I'm all right."

"I've been thinking about you. Worrying. So has Lucy. Ever since that afternoon when we called, and you told us—told me ——"

"Forget it."

"But we both felt terrible."



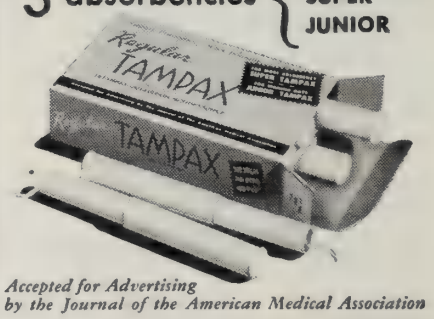


WHEN the daughter asks advice about new things, new ways, the mother is not sitting in judgment—not really! It is *she* who is on trial. Is *she* up to date? Has *she* taken the trouble to follow new developments? Is *she* backward in her duty? Will her daughter continue to trust and confide?

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"Well, you can forget it now."

"That's what you say, Mark. It's like you to say it, to act as if nothing had happened. You were always like that. While everyone else beefed or whined you always acted as if the whole show was quite normal. I ——"

"Forget it, will you? Just to oblige me."

Perry shook his head. "Listen, what about it? What about coming West with Lucy and me? We could fix you up on the ranch—you and Neddy. We're friends, aren't we? We're buddies. You've helped me out of holes—helped me —— You don't have to be proud. You'd be doing us a favor, an honor!"

"What are you talking about?"

The boy was flushed and stammering. "You make it so darned difficult for a guy to say anything, do anything for you! Do you know what would have happened if I'd done what I meant to and told Lucy about that girl in Belgium? Well, I'd have salved my soul all right, but Lucy'd have walked out on me." He snapped his fingers dramatically. "Just like that, she would have! I know it, now. And if it hadn't been for you—for your decent common sense ——"

Mark shook himself free and managed to laugh. "I can't go West with you, Perry. You're generous to suggest it. But I've got to stay here and look after my kid, and try to find a job and make some sort of life. It's just as dull as that. I'm not cut out for the great open spaces. I'm not heroic, not even romantic. I'm ordinary, and I want an ordinary life."

"O.K.," said Perry, incapable of taking offense at his hero. "Let's go up. We've engaged a suite for the evening."

---

**The important thing is not so much that every child should be taught, as that every child should be given the wish to learn.**

—JOHN LUBBOCK:
Quoted in National Parent-Teacher.

---

They took an elevator to the seventeenth floor. The suite reserved for the occasion was crammed with men and turgid with the aura, half sensual, half sentimental, which attends such gatherings. There were, of course, no women, and yet Mark had the feeling that he was actually in the midst of a crowd of mamma's boys. He recognized the typical American atmosphere, faintly guilty, faintly scurrilous, characteristic of a mob of adolescents out on a spree. His hand was seized and wrung, his shoulders smacked, his hair ruffled and his neck embraced by half-a-dozen comrades of the field, all more or less intoxicated. They bawled in his ears and shoved drinks at him, and little by little his aloof and critical mood began to soften. He had not known how lonely he was, how hurt. Now he felt the stirrings of affection for these men, some of whom he had disliked in the past and who, he knew, must have disliked him.

A commotion occurred in the center of the crowd which parted to exude the small, virile figure of General Horatio Wilmer. This one-star comedian with his rubber legs, this absurd creature notorious for his courage, his bad judgment, his worse language, his appalling mistakes and spectacular good luck, was, this evening, tearfully enjoying what must have been the happiest and proudest hour of his career. Men who had execrated him and wished him dead a thousand times now hailed him with emotion and told him to his face what a fine general he was. They gazed at him as if they believed he really deserved the triple row of ribbons on his blouse, as if they had forgotten, if indeed they had ever known, what a complete and absolute ass he had made of himself in the past.

Spying Mark, he advanced and attempted to embrace him, not very successfully, since he was easily a head the shorter of the two. "Marcroft!" he cried. "Marcroft, old pal! How are you anyway?"

Mark patted the little man rather gingerly on the shoulder, remembering the occasions

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Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"!

The more "sheer-gauge" your *stockings* are, the more glamorous their color looks "on." The filmy tone looks so smooth over your skin . . . so beautifully expensive!

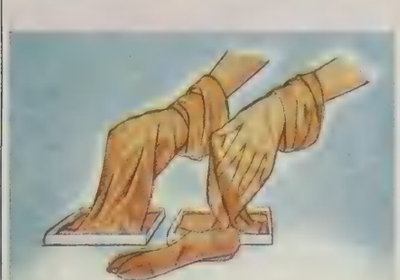
Today—Pond's "sheer-gauge" face powder brings that same kind of glamour to your *complexion*. Because Pond's is *blended sheer*—to suffuse your skin with that same unmistakable "luxury" look! The same flawless, ultra-smooth color flattery.

Choose from a wide range of exquisite Pond's shades. You'll find that "sheer-gauge" Pond's shades look heavenly in the box—but even *more* heavenly "on"!




**Special!**
**Pond's Make-up Trio**

A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with *matching* Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks." It's a $1 value for only 79¢ plus tax. Wonderful for prizes . . . for gifts . . . and for *you!*



**"Sheer-gauge" means more glamorous color for your face, too!**

Two stockings—same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so "sheer-gauge"!

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

—made "sheer-gauge" by *experts* in beauty!



# Hips aren't your big problem, Honey!

YOU CAN TAKE your hips right off your mind, Angel. For no one finds fault with your *figure!*

But you'd be smart to exercise a little more care about personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won't protect you against *underarm odor*. Or lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

So keep on trusting your bath—for *past* perspiration. But put your trust in Mum to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—is harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances when you can be *sure* with Mum? Ask for it today.

• • •

**For Sanitary Napkins** — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*




*Product of Bristol-Myers*

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

when it had been his fate to suffer the general's uninhibited broadsides.

"Scotch," whispered the general in his ear. "Scotch, boy, Scotch! Two cases of it. They chipped in and bought it for me, bless their hearts! This whole show is in my honor. Thought it up themselves." Tears filled his eyes. "If you knew what this meant to me, Marcroft! If I could find words ——"

He was led away by other adorers, and Mark turned, trying to fit names to the vaguely familiar, civilian faces round him.

"Remember me?" inquired a man standing beside him. "You and I were at Magdeburg together, the morning news came of Roosevelt's death."

Mark remembered him, and they talked about that death which had seemed so remote from their immediate experience. They reminded each other how they had tried to place the moment in history, how they had argued about the greatness of the dead man and of his epoch.

Someone standing by broke into the conversation: "You were in Germany, but I was on leave in New York the evening the news broke about the President. I was in the Ritz having a drink with some friends. A guy was sitting at the little piano at the farther end of the room, playing something. The Moonlight Sonata, I think it was. I saw a waiter go up to him and say something, and he closed the piano quickly and went out. A woman at the next table to ours said, 'Tell him to play some more! We like it.' And the waiter turned to her and said in a harsh whisper, 'Madam, there is no more music—the President is dead.' After that we all sat and looked at each other in a sort of desperate silence. I remember I thought, 'This is going to hit all over the world, not just here in the bar of the Ritz-Carlton in New York, but all over the world.' I saw the same look in everybody's face. I'd voted for him four times, but I knew there were many there who hadn't. And yet it seemed as if we all stopped breathing, just for a minute. Afterward I went and walked about the streets alone. It was warm and still. Saks had a corner window lighted, with his picture in it, and a black wreath. I saw people carrying newspapers rolled up, sort of like college diplomas or something. Everyone was walking slowly, aimlessly, carrying a rolled-up newspaper. And then I went to Rockefeller Center and watched the flags being lowered to half-staff."

A FOURTH voice chimed in: "When I heard the news I hadn't slept since God knows when and it'd have taken an eighty-eight mm. shell to jerk me awake. But there was a Jewish boy in my outfit, came to me crying like a kid about the President's death. Crying, he was. He seemed to believe that it was just about the end of the world. He said to me, 'Look, because that guy has died today, millions will die tomorrow, all over the world.' I remember I said to him, 'O.K., boy, O.K. Go away and let *me* die in peace!' Remember that fellow? One with the big green popeyes? Sternberger, his name was. He was killed two days later."

The conversation soared with a humming sound punctuated by bursts of laughter and an occasional crash of breaking glass. Reminiscences flew back and forth. Old battles were fought again. Small pools of silence welled about the names of dead friends.

Mark thought, *This is a precedent, and it will recur year after year whenever a bunch of us gets together. We'll relive the war and our share in it, the occasion which brought us together, the memories which bind us to each other. Except for these we would be strangers, perhaps enemies. As the years go on we shall see less and less of each other. Peace will claim us, peace and the preoccupations of peace. Our children will grow up in a world of atomic revolution, taking in its wonders with a matter-of-fact calm. We ourselves will grow fat and bald. The war will join the long catalogue of wars which began in the ninth millenium B.C. Our heroes will be leaf mold.*

The general had just completed one of his famous stories and was being roundly applauded. He was followed by a handsome major who described the occasion when he brought a lady friend to the Rotterdam Hotel one night when he was home on leave from the war. "I managed to inveigle her through the revolving doors and across the lobby into an elevator. We rose to the nineteenth floor—and there I lost her!"

"No!" came the vociferous chorus.

"I DID, I tell you. We had agreed to proceed separately, not to rouse suspicion in the breast of any hotel dick who might be snooping around. You know what this place is like! Every corridor exactly like another. Every door just like its neighbor. The walls, ceilings, rooms, furniture counterparts of each other. Even the people who run the place look like quintuplets multiplied by ten. Well, so help me! I chased my girl up and down the corridors, in and out of elevators, down into the lobby, through the revolving doors into the street, back to the nineteenth floor—and I never did catch up with her. I never found out what became of her. Next day I was alerted, and that was that."

"Boy, that reminds me! My first leave home—forty-three, I think it was—I had a date to meet a girl at Penn Station ——"

Mark felt a touch on his sleeve. A young man was smiling at him. "Colonel Bycroft? My name is Osgood. We haven't met, but I've heard your wife talk on the radio, and I wanted to tell you how much I admire her."

Mark smiled, conscious of young Perry standing rigidly beside him.

"I do envy you," said Mr. Osgood. "I envy any guy who comes back from the war and finds his wife waiting for him. Mine didn't wait. You know, I never did think I'd care a lot. I'm kind of the happy-go-lucky type, and I'd seen enough, one way and another, in the war and places, so I discounted the emotions and all that. I'd been in the Army ten years before I married. The Army had always taken good care of me. Then I got married and my wife took care of me. Now I'm on my own, and, do you know, I've lost the knack of taking care of myself. Or maybe I never had it." He peered at Mark. "Finding a place to live in—finding someone to do my laundry—get my shoes mended." He blinked. "You wouldn't believe what it's

*(Continued on Page 78)*



*"Guess who I sold a vacuum sweeper to."*

# "All our Tomorrows we'll be together"

## We were apart such ages, darling.

*"But never again," you've said. "Marry me now, so I'll be sure these sweet hands are mine." Of course I married you, darling. Of course my hands are yours. And you've seen, now, how I keep my hands soft as you love them—with Jergens Lotion . . . Jergens is greatly the favorite hand care with lovely women. Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.*



**"Some day we'll have a house** *like this,"* you say—*"and a maid, so your little hands will stay soft."* My hands will stay soft, dearest. I'll use Jergens Lotion—keep an extra bottle of Jergens in our kitchen.




**Famous hand care—now even more effective.** Using advanced knowledge of skin-care, gained during the war—Jergens skin scientists now make Jergens Lotion more effective than ever. *"My hands feel even softer and smoother;" "Hands are protected longer;"* women said after making tests with this postwar Jergens Lotion.

**Yours, now—the satisfaction** of using this even finer Jergens Lotion. Oh, yes! Those two ingredients many doctors use for special help in skin-smoothing are still part of Jergens Lotion. Easy as ever to use—no oiliness—no stickiness. In the stores—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).



*For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use*

# JERGENS LOTION

*Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research*

"Sure—same old floor but a different wax!"



**"I'm using Tavern Wax—the lustre lasts longer—saves work, too!"** Right you are, lady! Socony-Vacuum puts a special ingredient in Tavern Floor Wax. It comes from a tropical palm tree, and it's called Carnauba wax. This amazingly durable, imported wax gives Tavern-waxed floors a longer-lasting lustre. Helps Tavern's tough surface shed dirt, wear better, clean easier—resist even water spots!

Tavern Non-Rub Floor Wax is quickly applied to linoleum, wood, rubber or asphalt tile floors. It's dry—and shining—in 20 minutes! Tavern paste and liquid buffing waxes clean as they polish . . . bring out the beauty of wood floors . . . protect woodwork, windowsills, painted surfaces. Use the type you prefer.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

3 KINDS OF WAX




NON-RUB PASTE LIQUID

**Try these other Tavern Housekeeping Aids**

Tavern Furniture Gloss
Tavern Paint Cleaner
Tavern Rug Cleaner
Tavern Parowax or Paraseal Wax
Tavern Dry Cleaner
Tavern Window Cleaner
Tavern Lustre Cloth
Tavern Electric Motor Oil
Tavern Leather Preserver

SOCONY-VACUUM



*Typical symbol of hospitality—Star Tavern, Rusper, England*

TAVERN HOME PRODUCTS

*(Continued from Page 76)*

like, not having someone around to attend to those things. You wouldn't believe!"

Mark felt wild laughter rising in him, but before he could offer condolences Perry broke in. "I've got to have another drink. How about you, Mark?"

They moved toward a table set with refreshments. Mark felt the liquor in his blood, but his brain was wide awake. Liquor telescopes events, lifts reality into a mere multiplicity of sounds and actions from which, eventually, only the unexpected is retained and recalled.

PERRY was replenishing their glasses when Mark heard, behind him, a voice say heartily, "Well! Bill Symes, how are you? Last I heard you'd gone to Lisbon."

The name plummeted through the gay confusion in his mind. He waited till his glass was filled, then moved slowly to one side and looked round. Heads, shoulders, backs swirled before his gaze; men in uniform and men in civilian clothes, some familiar and some strange. The voice that had just spoken was lost in the uproar, the owner of the name had himself melted into the throng. Or had he imagined the incident? Was it an echo, stirred by the whisky he had drunk, and by some subtle release of tension within him?

Perry was looking at him. "Anything the matter?"

Mark said, "Do you know anyone called William Symes?"

"Never heard of him. Friend of yours?"

"Friend of my wife's." Mark had meant the words to sound inconsequential, but his voice betrayed him. He added, "I'm probably drunk. I thought I heard the name Symes."

"I heard it too."

"Well, it's of no consequence."

"I can find out easily enough if he's here," said Perry. "I'll ask the general. He knows all the guests."

"Never mind. It's not important."

Mark turned away and Perry watched him from a distance speculatively. He was nudged by the bereft Mr. Osgood. "They tell me you married since we last met!" His voice was accusing. "Lucky—or are you?"

"I'm lucky all right," conceded Perry. "Listen, do you know anyone here called Symes?"

"Never heard of him." His eyes became glassy. "Say, you know I've got ulcers? Ever since I got out of the Army and into advertising, I got ulcers. I'm not supposed to touch this stuff."

Perry drifted away in search of someone who would tell him which figure among them was Mr. Symes. Moving through the crowd in the opposite direction, Mark experienced a peculiar elation. It increased as he persuaded himself that he was being watched and studied by an unknown pair of eyes. What had he against William Symes? Nothing, actually. Absolutely nothing—so far as he knew. Yet the elation persisted, and he knew that he was spoiling for a fight. His intelligence warned him that it would be stupid to make a scene—that kind of scene. What, exactly, was it he expected? What did he want to have happen? He had no clear idea; all he felt, now, was a racing, tingling excitement, a nervous tension which sought relief in violence. Somewhere in this crowd was a man who had given Regan presents, and men don't give women presents for nothing.

He began to argue with himself wordlessly, deliberately relegating his own role, and that of his wife and his imaginary rival, to a sort of newspaper vulgarity.

He assured himself that all that was necessary now was for him to encounter Symes' glance—that was all. *Then I'll know,* Mark told himself, nodding drunkenly. *Either he'll meet my eyes with an excessive candor, or he'll refuse to meet them. Then I'll know.*

"I think they're going down to dinner," said Mr. Osgood, appearing, somewhat pale, from an adjoining room. People were moving toward the door.

Mark said, "Osgood, do you know anyone here called William Symes?"

"Symes? You're the second fellow that has asked me that. No, I don't."

Symes, on his way to the door, heard his name, and for a second his eyes met Mark's. Taken unawares, he half smiled, then blankness descended on his face. "Gorgeous party," he exclaimed to the man nearest him. "Absolutely gorgeous!" He disappeared into the corridor, and Mark found young Perry at his elbow.

"That was Symes," said Perry excitedly. "The big one in the brown suit. Just went out."

They were in the corridor now, in a turmoil of sauntering figures, loud voices, laughter. Mark saw Symes about to enter an elevator. Possessed by his strange agitation, he strode in pursuit, Perry at his side.

The young man read his intention and a sympathetic demon came to life in him. "Quick," he muttered. "We'll get him in the elevator."

It was easy enough to shoulder through the drunken, hilarious mob and to reach the elevator immediately after Symes had stepped into it. Mark followed him, and thereafter Perry took matters into his own hands. Seizing the operator, he pushed him out of the elevator into the corridor. He then threw the switch, the gates closed and the machine began to climb. The performance was executed with such speed and deftness that for a moment the three men stared at one another in silence. Then Perry said, "I believe there are forty or fifty floors in this building, Mark. Take your time!"

Symes stood braced against the bronze handrail. He looked coldly at Mark. "Your friend seems a bit out of hand, doesn't he?"

"My name's Bycroft. I believe you know my wife?"

"I believe I do. My name is William Symes." And he held out his hand.

The gesture, intended to disarm, and perhaps to gain time, enraged Mark. He struck the hand aside and lunged forward. But Symes had drunk very little and was in full command of his senses. He struck back hard and surely, and the blow, catching Mark in the face, flung him against the wall of the elevator, whence he crumpled to the floor. Without hesitation Symes reached across Perry's arm and threw the emergency switch, bringing the elevator to a smooth stop. While Perry knelt beside his bruised and groping friend, Symes stepped out of the elevator and into another which had paused to take on passengers for its downward journey.

In the lobby again, he paused long enough to reassure a small posse of hotel clerks and bellboys: "Just a drunken joke. It's all right—no harm done!" After which he rejoined the genial throng of guests who were headed, more or less erratically, toward the main dining room.

*XVI*

"WHAT do you think of it, Stella?" asked Miriam Sparrow, turning her head from side to side as she appraised the new hat, while the saleslady stood ecstatically to one side.

Stella murmured, "Terribly becoming, Miriam dear."

"That's what you've said about every hat I've tried on today," Miriam complained,

*(Continued on Page 80)*

**When James Gordon Bennett was editor of the New York Herald he once summoned his London correspondent to meet him in Paris. The correspondent knew that his employer was a great lover of dogs. He also had a premonition that he was going to be discharged, but he was not without resources. After Bennett had kept him waiting for an hour he was finally admitted into The Presence. A half dozen poodles began greeting him by licking his face and hands. Bennett's hostility melted like magic. He not only shook hands warmly with his employee but was solicitous of his health and gave him a substantial raise in salary. When the correspondent returned to his room he changed his clothes and removed from his pockets some choice cuts of liver which he had carefully secreted in them.**

THOR washday features you'll bless – and they're Automagic!



Agitator washing action . . . thorough, dependable, perfected by Thor. Gets dirtiest clothes clean—automagically.



Agitated power rinses search out every trace of dirt and soap. You don't need rinse tubs. And your hands never touch the water.



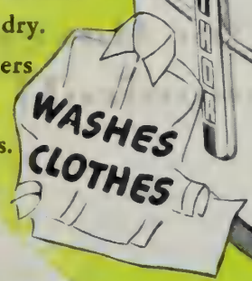
Automagic spin-dry . . . spins clothes much, *much* better than wringer dry. Easier on clothes . . . easier on you.

# Have you seen the unbelievable THOR Automagic Washer everyone is talking about?



**Glory be! Here's the CLOTHES WASHER of your dreams!**

Forget for a minute that it can be changed into a dishwasher (see below)—just consider the *clothes washing* features of the Thor Automagic, and you'll want one tomorrow. By agitator action, it washes dirty clothes spanking clean—floats out every trace of soap—then whirls clothes better than wringer dry. All at the flick of a dial! Dependable as Thor Washers always are—this grand AUTOMAGIC brings you years of work-free, worry-free washdays.




Thor AUTOMAGIC (TRADE MARK) WASHER

Easily installed in kitchen, laundry or utility room. No need to bolt to the floor. Let your Thor dealer show you the amazing simplicity of this "*unbelievable*" washer.

Change tubs (1½ minutes) and have a Dishwasher you'll revel in 7 days a week



Clothes and dishes are washed in separate tubs that slip in or out in a jiffy. No part of the Thor that touches dishes ever touches clothes.



Lift out the clothes tub, slip in the dish tub—then the racks—and the Thor is a dream dishwasher that washes dishes, glass, silverware . . . without pre-rinsing.



Certainly, you can have your Thor as a clothes washer only—or as a dishwasher only. But eventually you'll want the combination . . . *two* wonderful washers powered by *one* Thor mechanism.

**Heavenly days! Here's the DISHWASHER of your dreams!**

You'll fall in love with the Thor Automagic Dishwasher for itself alone. It washes a full service for six at one time—eliminates pre-rinsing—even washes up the pots and pans. It's stingy with hot water and extra careful of your china and glass. Only the water moves in the Thor.

And consider this: You can buy the Thor Dishwasher as a complete unit—later, if you wish, add the clothes washing tub and attachments. Or you can start right out with the Thor Automagic combination (two units in one) and have *two* work saving washers just by changing tubs.




**HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION**
**Electric Household Utilities Corporation**
**Chicago 50, Illinois**
**Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada**

Buy it 3 ways!

**THOR CLOTHES WASHER**



Automagic . . . wringer-less . . . work-free. Buy it now . . . later add Dishwasher unit at small extra cost.

**THOR DISHWASHER**



Washes *all* the dishes . . . even pots and pans. Buy it now . . . add the Clothes Washer unit later at small extra cost.

**THOR AUTOMAGIC COMBINATION**



All the features of clothes washer and dishwasher in one machine. A 7-day wonder . . . much less expensive than you imagine.




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Please send me, without obligation, your free book, "How to Make Life Easier Seven Days a Week."

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A luncheon treat! Corn sticks spread with delicious Parkay

**Still unmatched for flavor ...and still so economical!**

*Compare Parkay Margarine's fresh, dairy-like flavor* with any spread for bread you've ever tried. See if you don't agree that it's still unmatched for flavor! For there's no matching the skill that Kraft uses in blending the fine, wholesome farm products that make Parkay taste so good. Four of the good things you eat every day are flavor-fully blended into Parkay Margarine: (1) Vegetable oils, refined to bland sweetness, (2) Pasteurized skim milk, cultured for flavor, (3) table salt for seasoning (4) important Vitamin A. And to make Parkay a rich, appetizing yellow for table use, you simply use the certified coloring in each package.

Compare the Vitamin A content—15,000 (U.S.P. XII) units of Vitamin A are added to every single pound of Parkay. It is an excellent source of this important vitamin, guaranteed uniform the whole year 'round. Compare Parkay's high food energy value—it's the caloric equal of any spread you can buy. And finally, compare the price—you'll be agreeably surprised to find that Parkay Margarine is only about half the price of costly spreads.

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY ▪ Chicago 90, Illinois



**Millions prefer *Parkay* to any other brand!**

★ ★ ★ Tune in the Great Gildersleeve every Sunday on NBC —6:30 P.M. (Eastern Time) and 8:00 P.M. (Pacific Time).


*(Continued from Page 78)*

sighing. "I don't believe you really care at all. I don't believe you've even noticed!"

"But I have! I think they're all becoming. You seem to have that effect on hats."

"Very true," crooned the saleslady, and touched the hat's parrot-green feather with a caressing finger. "There! Just the teeniest bit lower over the eyes, and what a difference!"

Miriam, studying herself in the triple mirror, caught a glimpse of her friend seated near by. Stella wore an abstracted expression, and her clothes looked as if they needed pressing. Miriam thought impatiently, *She ought to buy herself an entire new outfit. How can any woman go round looking as she does?*

"Here," she said abruptly. "You try it, Stella. It's more your style than mine."

"No, Miriam, really! I don't feel in the mood today."

The saleslady assumed an expression of polite incredulity, and Miriam rose. "Well, I can't say that I do either. Let's go and eat lunch; then maybe we'll feel better."

On Madison Avenue the sun poured mercilessly on their heads; walls and sidewalks gave forth shudders of heat.

"June," said Miriam as they paused for a traffic light before crossing to the shady side of the street. "Do you remember how we used always to head for the country in June? That seems like a hundred years ago."

"When does Dick intend to take his vacation?"

"Oh, heavens, he's up to his ears in work. Says he probably won't get off, now, till August. He's having client trouble." She fanned herself with her gloves. "I may not wait till August. The Gormans have asked me to join them next month, at the Cape. If it gets much hotter I shall." She glanced at Stella. "What are your plans for the summer?"

"I haven't any."

"You don't intend to stew in New York all summer?"

"I may."

"Stella!"

"Why not? There is nothing to take me away, and I don't mind the heat."

"You look absolutely washed out. Yes, I mean to speak my mind—you *do* look washed out. And washed up too. Stella, what's come over you? You used to adore going to the country, to Jarley. The war's over, everything is normal again. People coming home. The *feeling* of peace. After all, the world *has* survived, peace and happiness *are* real." She talked rapidly, glancing at her friend from the corner of her eye. Then, irrelevantly, with a rush: "Stella, why *won't* you buy yourself a new hat?"

THE lights changed and they crossed the street. Miriam's question remained unanswered, and as they walked down the avenue she felt ashamed of her impatience, aware that it was inspired less by concern for her friend than by concern for herself. Stella made her feel uncomfortable and she hated to feel uncomfortable. As she grew older she wanted happy people round her. There was rising in her, and in many of her generation, a revulsion against the tragedy of the war. She told herself that life is an affirmative thing, that people ought to make the most of what they had left. Far from making the most of it, Stella seemed determined to make as little of it as she possibly could. Though she uttered no complaint and asked for no pity, her manner and appearance were pitiful, and like her silence on that mysterious Italian journey, there seemed something obstinate, something repelling in this attitude of eternal widowhood.

"IT'S hot," said Miriam, and signaled a taxi. "Let's go to that restaurant, on Third Avenue." In the cab she turned to Stella. "There's something I want to ask you."

"Yes?"

"Would you think of selling the house?"

"The house?"

"The house at Jarley. Because Dick and I might like to buy it."

"I don't know," said Stella slowly. "I never thought of selling it."

She had not thought about selling it. She had not been near it since Alec went away. There it stood, year after year, slowly losing heart as the grass flooded its doorstep and birds built in its chimneys and worms devoured the apple trees. Another few years and it would crumble into the earth.

Miriam thought of old houses she had seen as she drove along back-country roads, houses which had been side-stepped by modern highways, houses surrendered by their owners to the woodchucks, the squirrels, the owls. Walls fell in, windows slid askew, wild, tough little trees thrust through the floors, and mildew spread like forgetfulness over everything. Was this to be the fate of Alec's house?

"Stella, let me buy it. After all, I'm Alec's cousin. It would still be in the family, and perhaps if Dick and I owned it you would feel more like coming down there."

Stella was looking at her with a curious hostility. "I don't want to sell it."

"Aren't you being very selfish?"

"It's Alec's house."

Angry words rose to Miriam's lips, but she remained silent. For a moment she felt that she hated Stella. Then the taxi stopped and they got out. Miriam paid the driver and they started toward the restaurant in a welter of heat and noise.

Stella took Miriam's arm. "Forgive me! I can't explain, but you've got to try and understand."

"You don't make it easy," said Miriam. She saw the despair in her friend's face, and remorse moved her to add quickly, "Oh, Stella, my dear! You and I mustn't quarrel."

They entered Philippe's and a waiter led them to a table at the far end, from where they commanded a view of the room. It was not large. A bar occupied part of the opposite wall, and the tables were arranged with an eye to space and privacy.

Miriam chatted to break the tension. "They have a veal casserole here that Dick says is wonderful." She deposited her gloves and pocketbook. "Ever since Dick's been seeing so much of Bill Symes, he's become a gourmet. He never used to care what he ate."

"I remember at Jarley," said Stella, "it was meat and potatoes, potatoes and meat! And those unspeakable desserts Myrtle Anderson was always cutting out of

*(Continued on Page 82)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Lilies of the Valley*

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

How could these tiny bells proclaim
  Our liberty throughout the land?
They'd lose their semblance and
  their name,
  Crushed by an infant's thoughtless
  hand.

Yet safe here on the pathway's hem,
  As challenging as lofty fir,
Their upward inching slender stem
  No less is freedom's harbinger.

How lovely o'er the shining leaf
  Their stem inclined suspends
  each bell,
How wonderful beyond belief,
  How artful and how natural.

No clangor ever made men free,
  Nor bulk that spreads gigantic
  span;
A roomless, soundless harmony
  Can liberate the heart of man.

When April wakes the dreaming
  soul
  Throughout the world the
  meaning swells
When once again the echoes roll
  From their untinkled perfect bells.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



# Delightful Easter Buffet

## FEATURES OLD-FASHIONED, CHICKENY NOODLE SOUP



**"EASTER BUFFET"**
**Lipton's Noodle Soup**
**Springtime Fruit Salad**
**Assorted Sandwiches**
***Refrigerator Cake**
**Lipton Tea**

HERE'S a gay-as-spring supper idea if your family —or guests—will be around Easter night. And you'll be amazed how easy the entire meal is to fix!

Get off to a wonderful start—big, steaming bowls of Lipton's Noodle Soup. As rich and chickeny-tasting as grandma's own home-made chicken soup! And oodles of tender egg noodles floating in its golden, parsley-flecked broth!

With Lipton's grand soup mix, you'll serve a fragrant, *fresh-cooked* noodle soup after just 7 minutes' cooking time! And thrifty? Why, a 10¢ package of Lipton's serves 4 to 6—with real, old-fashioned noodle soup.

***REFRIGERATOR CAKE**

(A finale for your supper, that's as glorious as the first course of Lipton's.) Melt 1 (7-oz.) package semi-sweet chocolate bits in top of double boiler over hot water. Stir in 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons water and dash of salt. Add 2 beaten egg yolks and cook, stirring constantly, for 2 minutes. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and fold into 2 egg whites beaten until stiff but not dry. Line loaf pan with waxed paper. Cover bottom and sides with vanilla cookies. Arrange alternate layers of chocolate mixture and cookies in pan. Chill overnight. Serve cold garnished with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6. Put Lipton's on your shopping list today so you'll have it on hand Easter night—or any Sunday night.




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**LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP**

*Made by the makers of that brisk Lipton Tea*

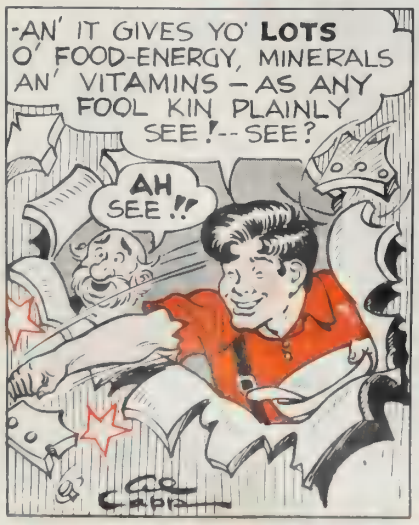
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

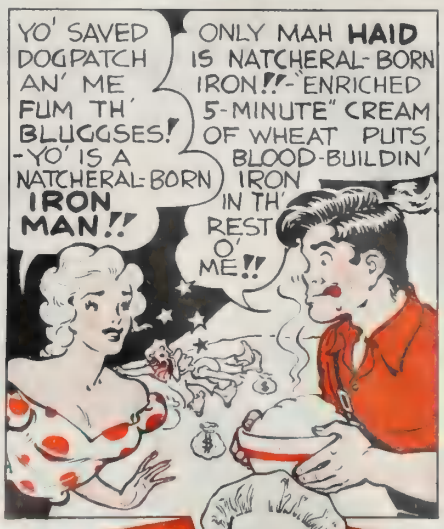









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"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


(Continued from Page 80)

the newspaper and bringing over for me to cook."

Miriam signaled the waiter. "Martinis," she told him. "Two, and dry, if you please."

They watched him slouch away to the bar, and Miriam said:

"Another reason why I'll be glad when Dick retires is because of his stomach. All these years of worrying about other people's troubles, and of helping them to drown their connubial sorrows six days a week, is making him dyspeptic."

The waiter returned with their cocktails and a menu. They sipped, and friendliness was re-established between them. The Venetian blinds were drawn against the glare of the street. A little black cat leaped onto a shelf behind the bar and began to pick its way gingerly among the rows of bottles.

Stella asked what Dick intended to do for amusement when he retired.

"He talks about farming," said Miriam, with a laugh. "Farming! Possibly because it's the farthest removed from his present job. I tell him he'd do better to settle in some nice civilized country spot and write his memoirs. Or he could do a book on marriage, and call it Unhappily Ever After. I've got two of his characters all lined up for him—Bill Symes and his girl friend, Regan."

"From what I remember of Mr. Symes," said Stella, "I wouldn't think he was the sort to put up with unhappiness, or even with inconvenience, for very long." She tried to recall him as she spoke, but his face was blurred, then lost, among deeper memories.

"Well," said Miriam, "I've reached a point where I do believe I shall be glad to get out of the city."

"You know you don't really enjoy bugs, and bushes, and heat—and sunburn!" Stella told her.

Miriam shook her head. "I've reached the age at which one looks back and—if one is frank enough and brave enough—admits that there has been a criminal waste of time, a criminal negligence of opportunity." She frowned. "I should have had children—or I should have gone in for something constructive. As it is, I've lived the life of a happy parasite, and I feel—rather vaguely, I admit—I feel an urge toward penance."

"Is it the Martini, or are you being serious?"

"It's both. I have to be a teeny bit tight to face things. The trouble is, the mood—and the impulse toward penance—usually passes off with the alcohol. Then I feel somehow that I have accomplished something, and so return to my useless, contented, parasitic existence with a salved conscience." She glanced at her friend. "I sometimes wonder how many there are like me—women married to hard-working men, women who began by being intelligent, passionate, generous. Women who put off having kids till it was too late. Women who fiddled about with committees and boards and this and that out of sheerest ennui. Women who gave a pint or two of blood to help the war effort"—she took another sip from her glass—"women who have never really felt anything very much since they were twenty years old—or, maybe, since they were twenty-five."

"And you believe that life in the country is the answer?"

Miriam shrugged her plump shoulders. "Well, it's a symbol, at any rate. It always has been a symbol to Dick and me." She added gently, "Just as you and Alec were symbols of youth, I suppose. Of everything that is fresh and desirable." When Stella remained silent Miriam went on in a low voice: "I sometimes think of that first time I ever saw you, the evening that Alec brought you to have dinner with Dick and me at the Lafayette. It seemed as if the light, everywhere, became brighter when you two came in. Alec was carrying a book, and he quizzed me about some misquotation or other. What was it, do you remember?"




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Just add
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Stella watched the cat as it crept along the shelf among the bottles. It was apparently headed toward the corner beside the window, where a man sat drinking a glass of beer. The cat moved adroitly, though it had a mere inch of latitude between the edge of the shelf and the crowding bottles.

Miriam finished without waiting for an answer to her question, "I'm just a teeny bit tight now, so I don't mind confessing to you that I was filled with envy for you and Alec that evening."

Their waiter came and took away the empty glasses. A train roared by on the elevated, and the cat, coming to the end of its journey, poised a moment, then leaped onto the table where the solitary man sat finishing his beer. It was Mark Bycroft, and as the cat landed at his elbow he stroked it, his profile turned for a moment toward the two women.

Miriam noticed him and caught her breath. "I don't know," she murmured. "Maybe I'm dreaming, but doesn't he look like—doesn't he remind you of someone?"

Stella glanced up from the menu. "Doesn't who remind me?"

"The soldier there in the corner by the window." Miriam stared at him. She was shortsighted, but too vain to wear glasses.

Stella followed her gaze. "Alec." The name formed on her lips.

Miriam touched her hand. "Stella, Stella dear!"

---

**During his first campaign when Winston Churchill's son, Randolph Churchill, was campaigning for election, he often found it difficult to hold the attention of his audience. To make matters worse, on one occasion, in the middle of his speech, his distinguished father, in an effort to give him support, came into the room flanked by a group of statesmen. The audience rose in a body to give "Winnie" a rousing welcome. When order was restored the youthful orator with equanimity looked toward his father and his father's distinguished friends and said: "As I was saying when I was rudely interrupted ——" The audience then broke into cheers and listened intently to the end of young Churchill's speech.**

---

Mark rose and turned, facing them as he walked to the bar, where he paid for his beer. He picked up his cap from a neighboring chair and went out, the door swinging after him.

Miriam said breathlessly, "He was like Alec! Heavier, of course, and I'd say older. But what a weird resemblance. Stella ——"

"I'm all right," said Stella.

Miriam gazed at her in anxiety. "I shouldn't have said anything, but he startled me so, for a moment."

The waiter came to take their order and she asked him whether he knew the name of the gentleman who had just left, the officer who had sat by the window drinking beer. The waiter shook his head. "He has come two or three times, but I do not know his name. There are so many people, they come and they go." He tugged a pencil from behind his ear. "I recommend the veal casserole for mesdames. Not too much onion—just a little!" He pressed thumb and finger together in an eloquent gesture. "And the meat so tender a baby could eat it!"

"We'll have the casserole," said Miriam distractedly.

She was afraid to look at Stella, who sat gazing at the empty table by the window. The cat had returned and was pursuing a fly round the empty beer glass. For some minutes the two women sat absorbed in their reflections and memories. But in Stella's eyes there was more than memory. And when at last Miriam dared to look at her she saw no longer the sad *Pietà* but a face restored and transformed by radiance.

*(To be Continued)*



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MIXING CAKES . . FOLDING
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# The Secrets in this Creole Sauce!

WANT to transform simple, inexpensive dishes into real creations? Like to make guests think you inherited the choicest family recipes of the Deep South? Then add this easy Creole Sauce to your bag of cooking tricks.

It's as piquant as a Southern belle — and as smooth as her velvet ribbon. It has as many whispered flavors as a Southern sky has stars. All blended by the magic of Mazola — that golden salad oil pressed from the hearts of ripened corn.




Mazola makes so many good things! Serve with your Creole treats a crackly-crisp bowl of cole slaw — crowned with the famous Mazola cooked salad dressing.

Honey-chile! Yo're doin' yo'rself mighty proud!

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### HAMBURGERS CREOLE

Season 1½ pounds ground beef with 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Form into cakes about 1 inch thick. Brown on both sides in well-greased skillet or under broiler. Place in baking dish; cover with *Creole Sauce. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes. Garnish with toast points. Makes 6 servings.

### SHRIMPS AND EGGS CREOLE

Arrange 2 cups cooked or canned whole shrimps and 6 hard-cooked eggs, halved, on hot platter. Cover with *Creole Sauce. Border with rice. Makes 6 servings.

**EGGS CREOLE:** Use 9 hard-cooked eggs and omit shrimp.

### *CREOLE SAUCE

Heat ⅓ cup Mazola in saucepan; add 1 green pepper, cut in strips, 1 cup sliced onions and 1 clove garlic; cover and cook slowly until slightly tender but not brown. Add 3½ cups canned tomatoes, ¼ teaspoon chili powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 whole clove, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon celery seed; cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, about ½ hour. Blend 2 tablespoons corn starch with 2 tablespoons water and add to sauce. Continue cooking 10 minutes, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Remove garlic and clove before serving.

### COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Mix 2 tablespoons corn starch, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 2 teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika and a few grains cayenne with ¼ cup milk to make a smooth paste. Add ¾ cup milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat. Add 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten, mixed with ¼ cup vinegar; then gradually add ¾ cup Mazola, beating briskly with rotary beater until smooth and thoroughly blended. Chill before using. Makes 2 cups.

## IT'S HAM—NO FOOLIN'

*(Continued from Page 51)*

**from pickled crab apples, peaches or pears. Heat together until well blended. Baste the ham with the glaze. After about twenty-five minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., put on the decoration—this time halves of blanched almonds for petals, 3 cloves for centers. In alternate squares use strips of angelica, or tinted citron if you like it. The strips make the leaves for the blossoms. Glaze again and bake another fifteen minutes or so.**

***First things come first.*** Like the fellow who climbed the ladder from the top down, here I am forgetting to start off as I ought to—which is so like me! To begin with, we have tomato juice in a new dress.

### TOMATO-CHEESE ICE

**Cream together: 2 tablespoons of sieved or grated blue cheese, 1 package of cream cheese, ¼ teaspoon of grated onion, 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon of salt, ⅛ teaspoon of pepper and 2 tablespoons of lemon juice. Add gradually 2 cups of tomato juice, blending in smoothly after each addition. Pour into the freezing tray. Freeze to mushy stage, or until all but a portion in the center is frozen. Break up and beat smooth in a chilled bowl with a chilled beater. Quickly fold in 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Return to the freezing tray. Freeze again until just frozen but not too hard. Serve in eggcups for an Easter touch if you have them—otherwise small sherbets are the thing.**

### EGG CANAPÉS

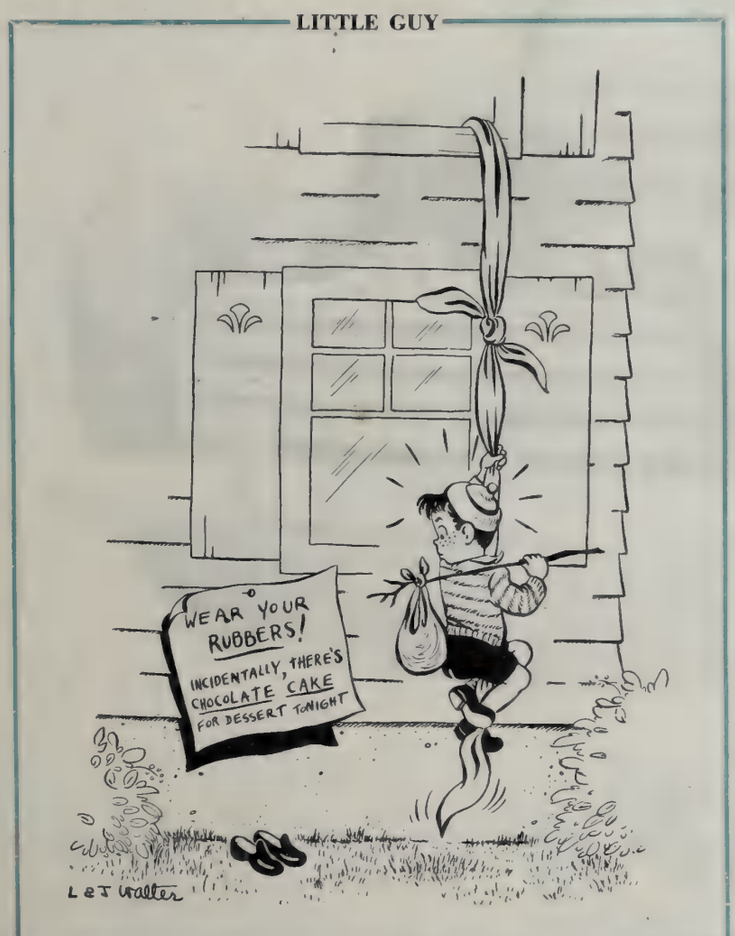
**Cut bread into egg-shaped ovals. Hard cook 2 eggs for small canapés. When cold and shelled, cut slices off the curved surfaces of the eggs—enough for a small piece for each canapé. Sieve the yolks and mix with mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper and ½ teaspoon of vinegar. Toast the "cutouts." Spread toast lightly with egg-yolk mixture. Top with rounds of egg white. Pipe the remainder of puréed yolks around the edges with a pastry tube. And garnish the canapés at one end with tiny strips of green pepper.**

***Interpolating the Easter eggs.*** The flowers in the bowl are as real as anything, but we have produced some Easter-egg flowers that no hen ever dreamed of, even on an upholstered roost. They are made this way: Hard cook as many eggs as you wish for decoration. Color in pastel shades with Easter-egg dye, or use the liquid vegetable coloring in hot water with a little vinegar added to "set" the color. To prepare the base: The cardboard cylinder on which paper towels are rolled is just the thing to set the eggs on. Cut this with a saw-edged bread knife into one-and-one-quarter-inch rings, and cover with strips of heavy white letter paper.

Now for the petals: Select a color for the petals that goes well with the color of your eggs. Our color scheme is green and yellow, as you well see. Melt 2 bars of ordinary paraffin such as you use for jelly for the petals of 6 eggs. Cool until it can be kneaded but is not set. To add the color, use a color paste. *Liquid* colors just will not blend with the paraffin. Use a toothpick to transfer the color to the paraffin. Work the wax in the hands like putty. This takes a little patience, as occasionally the paraffin gets too cold and stiff and must be warmed over low heat now and then. To get a real spring green, add a little yellow coloring in with the green. Go slow and don't get too much color. You can always add more, but you can't take the color out once it's in. To shape the petals: Pinch off a piece of the colored paraffin about the size of a marble. Stretch and pull it thin with your fingers into a petal shape. Think of a petal when you do it and you soon achieve one. Press it on the egg just above where it sets into the base. Do a petal at a time, overlapping them slightly—just as the petals of a rose are attached to the center of the rose. After the petals are attached you can pinch and pull them to give the finishing touches while the paraffin is still pliable.

*(Continued on Page 87)*

LITTLE GUY








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. . . in the Living Room

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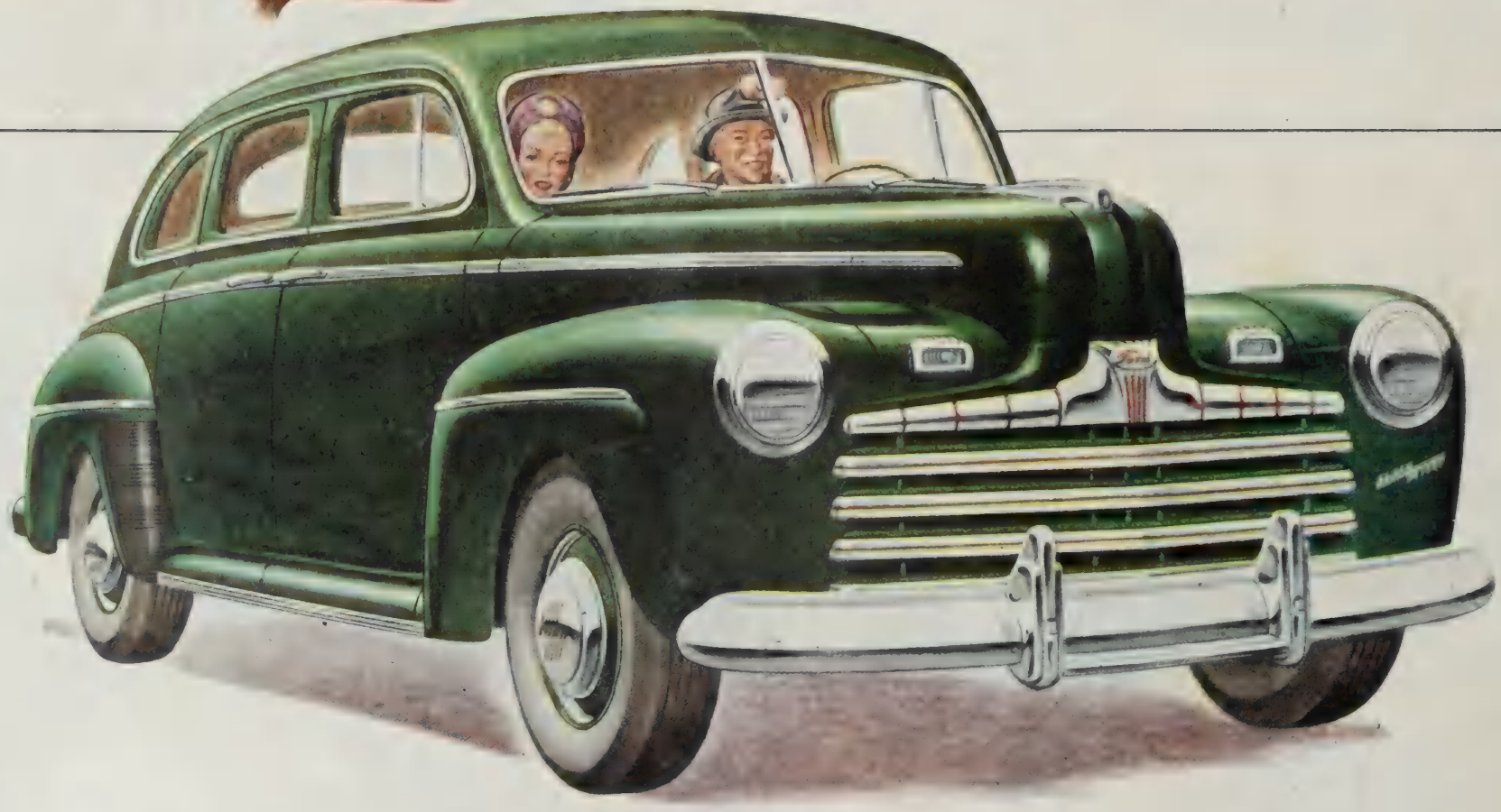
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*There's a Ford in your future!*

(Continued from Page 85)

***Speaking of flowers.*** Did I hear some ask how to make the daffodils that garnish the ham? I thought so!

### DAFFODIL GARNISH

**These are easier to make than they look. White or yellow turnip can be used for the centers, thin slices of carrot for the petals. To do: Have ready a bowl of ice cubes in water. Scrape a carrot or two. Cut a long diagonal slice off the large end. Discard this, and then cut thin diagonal slices; use a vegetable peeler or a very sharp knife. The thinner the slices are, the better they curl. Drop them into the ice water and let them stand until they curl. Cut a peeled turnip into thick one to one-and-a-half-inch slices. Cut out cylinders of turnip from the slices with an apple corer. Put 5 petals and 1 center together. Secure at the base with a toothpick. Drop each flower in ice water and let chill until serving time. This will keep the petals in curl.**

***Now to dessert.*** Rolls and spiced things and all that you will see in the picture. You've heard of those before. They are old tried-and-true friends and you may play a hundred changes. But here's a dessert, one of my *most* favorite ones. And I could eat a lot right now. In fact, here I go to see if I can find any left over.

### JELLIED APRICOT-AND-BANANA RING

**Drain 1 large can of apricots. Soften 2 envelopes of unflavored gelatin in ½ cup of apricot sirup. Heat 1 cup of apricot sirup to boiling and add the softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Purée enough apricots through a sieve to make 2 cups. Add to the apricot gelatin with the juice of 1 lemon and ½ cup of sugar. Chill until thick and sirupy.**

**Make a boiled custard. Beat 2 eggs slightly. Add ¼ cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Scald 1½ cups of milk and add to the egg mixture. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until it coats the spoon. Remove from the stove. Add 1 teaspoon of vanilla and 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin softened in ¼ cup of cold water. Stir until dissolved. Cool quickly in ice water and add 2 bananas mashed or sieved.**

**Have a one-and-a-half-quart mold ready. Rinse in cold water. Plan on two layers of apricot and one of banana custard. Put half the apricot mixture in the mold. Chill until firm. Add all the banana gelatin. Chill until firm. Add the rest of the apricot mixture. Chill several hours or overnight. When you turn it out, garnish with apricot halves, banana slices and fresh mint, if you can get it. Serve with lemon cream sauce.**

### LEMON CREAM SAUCE

**Whip 1 cup of heavy cream until stiff. Fold in 4 teaspoons of lemon juice, the rind of 1 lemon and ¼ cup of sugar. Chill and serve with the dessert.**

So April has come. The little crocuses are up and doing. The Solomon's-seal is stealing the show. And down among the rocks the dogtooth violets are breathing the soft April air. The maple-sugar season is over and done. And so is this piece.

## UNDER-COVER STUFF

(Continued from Page 5)

THREE O'CLOCK DINNER and had it accepted, thanked her colored maid and told her that if it hadn't been for her help the book would never have been written. The maid was pleased no end and told all her friends about the success of "our books." Not long afterward, at a large gathering of colored folks, she was publicly congratulated. As she told Miss Pinckney, "I took a bow for you—real graceful too."

• • •

*Remember the mystery that surrounded Ethel Vance, author of* ESCAPE, *the famous anti-Nazi novel that came out in 1939? Who was the obviously professional writer hiding behind that bland pseudonym, and why? For three years the secret was tightly kept by the publisher. But in 1942 it came out, as you may remember: Ethel Vance was Grace Zaring Stone, author of* THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN—*practically the only one of the American and English women writers who had not been suspected. The explanation was that Mrs. Stone's daughter, married to a Hungarian nobleman and living in Axis territory, would be endangered if the truth were known, and it was not until she escaped that the disclosure was made. Now both mother and daughter are safe in America and both have books out.*

**WINTER MEETING, by *Ethel Vance*, is the love story of a serious-minded New England career girl with a soldier just home from overseas, a Polish boy from the Middle West, considerably younger than the girl—a Henry James character pitted against one of James Farrell's. The problem would be difficult on any count, but Miss Vance further complicates it by introducing the religious angle. . . . MORE WAS LOST, by *Eleanor Perényi*, the daughter, is a thoroughly delightful account of life on a Hungarian estate in the days just before the war and into the war. It all happened less than ten years ago—this life as remote from vacuum cleaners and telephones and atomic bombs as were the Middle Ages. But it is gone forever, which gives the book an almost documentary interest.**

*When Baroness Perényi escaped to this country, her husband remained in Europe, but her child had the good fortune—in spite of the picturesqueness of that other world—to be born on these shores.*

Another mystery that kept the literary public guessing for not three, but ten years, was ***Joseph Shearing.*** Remember THE STRANGE CASE OF LUCILE CLERY, or MOSS ROSE, or BLANCHE FURY? Sinister, evil, ghostly, strange tales, several rounds up from the regulation thrillers? They were obviously the work of someone who knew England and France equally well, and had a thorough knowledge of both French and English criminology. When the author confessed (also in 1942, the year of confessions) it turned out that she had indeed all these qualifications. Joseph Shearing was Mrs. Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell Long, an Englishwoman who knew France only too well. She had lived in Paris as a girl, trying to support by her writing a Bohemian-minded Latin Quarter mother and an extravagant sister. To give the public what it would most surely buy, she had made a study of actual crime cases. In fact, THE STRANGE CASE OF LUCILE CLERY is the same murder that Rachel Field wrote about in ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO—the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin in Paris in 1847. Edmund Pearson, expert on murder cases both real and literary, considers the Shearing novels the best of their kind.

• • •

***And were we surprised—speaking of mystery stories and pseudonyms—to see Ellery Queen in person. It was at a party given by Pocket Books for the authors whose books had sold over a million copies. The award is Gertrude, a metal kangaroo.* NEW ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN *sold the required number, and when the award was announced from the platform, two men rose to receive it—a Mr. Dannay and a Mr. Lee. To our eyes they looked very much alike, both short, dark, slightly bald and wearing glasses.***

• • •

*Two good recent thrillers are* THE FIFTH MAN, *a Tommy Hambeldon spy tale by the inimitable **Manning Coles**, and **Robert Wilder's*** WRITTEN ON THE WIND, *the story of a tobacco magnate's murder strangely like one that filled the papers a few years back.*

■ ■ ■

THE SNAKE PIT, by ***Mary Jane Ward***, is one of the novels that are going to cause a furor. Some persons, particularly women,


*Finest* promise of a perfect prom...



*Finest*

**OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD CANAPES**

Spread rounds of bread with cream cheese mixed with salted nuts; top with bread circles; fill centers with jelly.

Wrap Stokely's *Finest* Green Asparagus Tips in bread squares spread with mayonnaise; secure with toothpicks.

Coat pecan halves with cream cheese; press together.

And to set off these snacks in the most tempting way, garnish with bright rows of pickles. Choose the spiciest, crispest pickle chips . . . Stokely's *Finest*. Samples of each day's pack of these mouth-watering pickles are carefully checked at Stokely's laboratories to make sure their quality is always the *Finest*.

*Always Delicious*

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are going to refuse to read it when they hear what it is about, as they did THE LOST WEEKEND. But those who do read it are not going to be able to put it down. At the publishing house and in the magazine office where the book was being considered, editors and stenographers were reading over one another's shoulders. The galleys had to be divided so two or more could get at it at the same time. To this particular reader it is one of the outstanding novels of the season.

LITHOGRAPH BY LUIS QUINTANILLA



*For those in bedlam there is no rest.*

Strange as it may seem in the light of the material, we were frequently highly amused. The heroine (indistinguishable from the author) has a sense of humor that saves the situation. Which is something psychologists might look into—this matter of the sense of humor. Maybe everyone with a high sense of the ridiculous has too much imagination to be quite normal. Maybe all our best jokes are moments of madness—escape—little excursions into a world of our own. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

*The heroine of* THE SNAKE PIT *is beyond a doubt one of the most delightful human beings we've ever met in print. She is sharp of eye, never fooled about the creatures she is thrown in with, patient in the face of what seems to be insurmountable tragedy, but* not *meek. She is kind in her serious judgments, and casually generous with everything that belongs to her, little though that be. If she were the heroine of a suburban-family story or a career girl or a* cause célèbre, *she'd always lose out, because she is one of those unfortunates who can't manage their own affairs or other people's lives to their own advantage. (The nicest people never can.) In the particular strange world in which this novel puts her, however, she does, eventually, come out on top.*

It is the story of a hospital for the mentally ill—not for the insane, we are told, but for invalids who have had nervous breakdowns. The difference is not clear as the novel progresses. *V. Cunningham* is one of the cases on Floor 4 when we meet her, and it is from her point of view that the story is told. Because of this angle, we identify ourselves so completely with the heroine that it becomes quite as hard for us to distinguish the dry mop from the wet mop (when both mops are dry) as for her. It is also very difficult in the laundry to be sure of not mixing the slips and the nightgowns when they look identical folded. As you see, the institution uses its inmates as household help. There is also the matter of doctors who sometimes diagnose incorrectly and are too unsure of themselves to admit it—with disastrous consequences.

**Within the covers of this book exists a world that no one knows anything about who hasn't been committed into or worked in such an asylum. It answers a thousand questions that morbid curiosity has roused. It leaves no doubt in the mind that there are better institutions to be found elsewhere, and more careful treatment, and that this is by no means typical. The descriptions are never ghastly. It is the accumulation of small details, the picture of small mean people along with good-natured lazy ones, that builds up the tremendous effect. When you've finished the book you've been an inmate of the snake pit yourself. But you're out, you're free, you know what it's all about and you needn't be morbidly curious any longer. What's more, the girl herself is out, happily married, and hard at work.**

• • •

***Jimmy Sheean*** (Vincent Sheean only in print) is a tall handsome man approaching middle age. He is six feet two, with blue eyes, red hair turned white, a high forehead and unmistakably Irish cast of countenance. When his PERSONAL HISTORY came out in 1935 it was compared with THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS, as the portrait of an American against the backdrop of his times—the troubled idealism of the twentieth century in Sheean's case, the materialistic nineteenth in Adams'. Both protagonists were the sensitive articulate voices of their day. Jimmy Sheean speaks for the postwar generation: a boy still when America entered the first war, one of the gay young despondents of Paris in the heyday of the '20's, a "leftist" during the political '30's. If Scott Fitzgerald is the Soul of that generation, Sheean is the Intellect—spokesman for the between-wars intelligentsia, emphasis on politics. The first day of his first job as foreign correspondent on the Paris Herald was the day that Mussolini marched on Rome, and he has managed to be on the spot for headline events ever since: in China in 1927, in Palestine in 1929, in Spain in 1938. During the second war he was with the Intelligence branch of the Air Forces from shortly after Pearl Harbor until late 1944: in Africa, Sicily, Italy; in China, Burma and India with the B-29 operation; in Europe from the Battle of the Bulge to the collapse of Germany, which he saw, characteristically, from the front seat of General Patton's Third Army.

INTERNATIONAL



*Jimmy Sheean starts for the spot.*

**THIS HOUSE AGAINST THIS HOUSE, dealing with World War II, is the fourth of his semiautobiographical series: PERSONAL HISTORY; NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD; and BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN. The books that the public knows least are the ones that Sheean himself likes best. They are his novels, SANFELICE, which was Franz Werfel's great favorite, and A DAY OF BATTLE, which General Patton was always quoting. We hear that he is now working on another novel. But fact or fiction, there is always a glow over everything that Jimmy Sheean writes. Like most Irishmen, he is a romantic. Like all Irishmen, he takes sides—and passionately. Incidentally, the introduction to THIS HOUSE AGAINST THIS HOUSE is a masterful review of Europe between wars—a prelude with all the interwoven themes of catastrophe.**

• • •

***Fawn Brodie*** was writing her book about Joseph Smith, the Mormon, NO MAN KNOWS MY HISTORY, for seven years. Dur-

*(Continued on Page 90)*


Finest promise
of a perfect prom...
Finest
MIXER FOR THE YOUNGER SET
2 cups Stokely's Finest Citrusip
2 cups Stokely's Finest Pineapple Juice
2 qts. sweet soda
2 cups crushed ice
20 Maraschino cherries
Chill juices and soda; mix together. Add crushed ice. Serve in punch cups garnished with cherries. Serves 20. Fill a pitcher with equal amounts of Stokely's Finest Grapefruit Juice and ginger ale, well iced. For a third choice, serve chilled Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice, garnished with long lemon curls. And as every young prom-trotter should know, perfect juices must be made only from the very finest fruits . . . carefully selected, carefully pressed. That's why you find rich, tangy flavor when you choose nothing but the finest . . . Stokely's Finest!
Finest
OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD CANAPES
Spread rounds of bread with cream cheese mixed with salted nuts; top with bread circles; fill centers with jelly.
Wrap Stokely's Finest Green Asparagus Tips in bread squares spread with mayonnaise; secure with toothpicks.
Coat pecan halves with cream cheese; press together.
And to set off these snacks in the most tempting way, garnish with bright rows of pickles. Choose the spiciest, crispest pickle chips . . . Stokely's Finest. Samples of each day's pack of these mouth-watering pickles are carefully checked at Stokely's laboratories to make sure their quality is always the Finest.
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(Continued from Page 88)

ing that time she had a husband to look out for, and a baby. She had to come in from New Haven, where they live and where her husband teaches at Yale, in order to do research in the New York public library. She had to go out to Salt Lake City to worm her way into the Mormon library, where she was none too popular. And she stayed in Palmyra, New York, long enough to read through the newspapers of the years that Joseph Smith lived in that town. (What better way to find out at firsthand what were the early influences!) But now she is through, the book is a success, and she looks fresh as a daisy. She doesn't care if she never writes another book (though she undoubtedly will): she is having her second baby in peace.

• • •

Kipling, the most popular writer of his day, has been in a slump for years, but the pendulum seems to be swinging back. **RUDYARD KIPLING**, the new biography by ***Hilton Brown***, may have had something to do with it, but we're inclined to think it's a matter of you can't keep a good man down.

*Though you'd never sense it from the hearty optimism of his stories, Kipling was a tragic little figure as a boy. Born in India, he lived there until he was six years old—in the midst of palms and sacred cows and snakes and monkeys. He knew Hindustani better than English, and with his Hindu ayah he'd go day after day into the crowded bazaar. There he'd see priests and magicians, and birth and death and sex. Being English and of the ruling class, he was a little sahib and he knew what that meant too. The tragedy fell when at six he was transported from this florid jungleland to cold, bleak England and put into the care of strict middle-class Victorian relatives, who at once suspected and distrusted the queer foreign child. For five years he was disciplined, punished, terrorized and bullied. Once he had a placard "liar" on his back when he went to school. The result was a nervous breakdown during which he nearly lost his eyesight. When his mother came home from India in alarm and went up to see him in bed, he is said to have put up his hand to ward off a blow.*

COURTESY N. Y. TIMES



*Mr. Rudyard Kipling Takes a Bloomin' Day Aht, on the Blasted 'eath, Along With Britannia, 'is Gurl.*

The end, of course, is a happy one. Kipling eventually, at seventeen, went back to India, was alive once more, wrote exuberantly for seven years, and at twenty-four had published DEPARMENTAL DITTIES, PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS, SOLDIERS THREE, UNDER THE DEODARS, THE STORY OF THE GADSBYS, THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW, WEE WILLIE WINKEE—quite enough output for any writer in a lifetime. If you've forgotten how good a storyteller he is, reread WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY; and if they don't already know them, read **THE JUNGLE BOOKS to the children from cover to cover.**

• • •

***Jim Corbett***, author of the fascinating **MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON**, is another Anglo-Indian. But his parents never made the mistake of sending him to England. In fact, he never saw England until he went there as a soldier in World War I. Mr. Corbett lives in Kumaun, in Northern India, close to the jungles, the mountains, the natives and the tigers, and from all accounts no one could be better adjusted to his environment. He is one of the great hunters of the world, but his interest is not in the kill. It is in the wild life of the countryside itself, where he has spent a lifetime of prowling and watching and listening. This book of his is not a sportsman's tale. It is a detective story: the highly intelligent trained spy out to catch the murderer—in this case the man-eating tigers who in certain cases have individually killed up to four hundred victims in a given small area. The detective-hunter makes note of a broken twig, a flattened blade of grass. He disguises himself by imitating the call of a bird or the howl of a monkey. It's hair-raising and it's wholesome, and we recommend the book as pure escape—special emphasis on the nervous and the overworked. Christopher Morley gives another reason for reading it (in his review in the Book of the Month Club News): "I suppose it would be silly to import a sex angle . . . but even as most man-eating tigers are female, most Corbett-reading enthusiasts are likely to be male. . . . I suggest that the Man of the House take it off to his den. It will teach or suggest a lot, in a very quiet way." And we add: let the Woman of the House get at it first!

***If tigers can make literary news, so can alligators. There are four articles necessary, it seems, to catch an alligator, and one of them is a book. The other three are a telescope, a pair of tweezers and a snuffbox. The procedure is as follows: You sit on the bank of a wide sluggish river, reading a dull book. It is so dull that as you read you fall asleep. At this point the alligator slowly oozes out of the slime, approaches you, sees the book and starts to read it. He in turn finds it dull and he, too, goes to sleep. But when he does so the book falls out of your lap. This wakes you. You take your telescope and look at the sleeping alligator through the wrong end. Then you take the tweezers, pick up the alligator with them, and put him in the snuffbox.***

• • •

***Maggie "Owen" Wadelton*** **has a new book out, SARAH MANDRAKE. But the thing to keep in mind about this little Irish-girl-grown-up is her two earlier books, THE BOOK OF MAGGIE OWEN and MAGGIE NO DOUBT. These gems have been neglected—her own child journals, one written in Ireland, rich, horsey, heavy-drinking, debonair Ireland upon which the child looked with complete objectivity; the other in New York of 1908, where she lived at the Plaza Hotel and went for treatment at the "Prespaterian" Hospital. "This is a great large town full up of wonders no doubt. I came into it with a great weariness upon me and was put into me bed. When I waked I peered forth and beheld the image of a gold gentleman mounted on a gold horse with a gold angel striding before him bearing a gold branch. 'Tis a United States saint no doubt." (She was looking down on the statue of General Sherman at the entrance to Central Park!) . . . It's Maggie Owen's son, *Tommy Wadelton*, who, while still a child, wrote the two books, MY MOTHER IS A VIOLENT WOMAN, and MY FATHER IS A QUIET MAN.**

• • •

*There's another Irishman in the current book news:* **AND THAT'S NO LIE** *is the life story of John Lenihan, written by* ***Beatrice Bill Talbot****. John Lenihan was born in County Roscommon, spent his youth in the stable and on the race track, and came as a young man to Boston, Massachusetts, where he has lived the past forty or so years. "I wouldn't go back to Ireland for a million dollars," says he.*

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Peace time...
Ham time...

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## ALL MEN LIKE RED

*(Continued from Page 29)*

coverings in neat, translucent coils, and red beets cooked in half the time. It saved gas. But Brent liked inspired food: a pinch of ginger in his hot cereal, and sherry and cream beaten into his baked sweet potatoes.

"I was never one for dressing up good food," Aunt Fanny vetoed. "There's no need for it. Things should taste as they're intended."

And because when she first came Abigail thought her a temporary guest, she made concessions. Anyway, with no maid, and Aunt Fanny in the kitchen, it seemed the thing to do. So the creamed asparagus went unwed to shrimp and the stewed chicken lacked its saffron.

"I used to look forward to my meals," Brent complained.

"But, darling, the vitamins are still there," Abigail assured him.

And of course that was only food.

There was the matter of the red pillow, quilted and placed by Aunt Fanny's own hand in a corner of the mist-blue sofa in the living room. "Brings it up!" she said with satisfaction. It did. Brent preferred muted, low-key tones, and the pillow was the color of an old-fashioned suit of red wool underwear, and practically as assertive as Aunt Fanny herself.

And of course there were other things, like the flowers they bought in winter. Before you had a chance to moon over them, or say "I'll fix them!" Aunt Fanny had them rammed in the tallest, narrowest-necked vase she could find, and Brent was gasping, "They're choking me! I can't breathe!"

But most trying of all were the daily steers. The guidance in matters of general living. The movies they were talked out of, and the ones they were talked into, and the radio programs—the endless radio programs! Aunt Fanny's favorites carrying every precinct by the impact of sheer forceful argument.

Brent got cagey and gave her a little radio of her own, but she preferred the one in the living room. "Not that the other isn't nice," she hastened to assure him. Aunt Fanny was always appreciative. "But I like being downstairs. There's something about a family circle; people enjoying the same things together." So Brent borrowed the little radio and sat in his bedroom, until urged down by a flood of infectious, warmhearted vigor: "Brent! I say, Brent! Do come and listen to this, will you?" As if he couldn't possibly get it on his own, until Brent, who was fundamentally sweet, came down, and from then on it was a steady run with Aunt Fanny at the dial.

PROGRAMS utterly foreign to Abigail's and Brent's tastes became household topics—spiced with human-relations problems read aloud from the daily papers. Unseen Adviser, and Dorothy Dix, and Mr. Alexander pushed world affairs into second place—though they had their turn too. Aunt Fanny was fair-minded. But the intimate side of humanity interested her most, and Brent was drawn without will into discussions of judgments on recalcitrant young and the unhappily married.

There were, however, sides of Aunt Fanny that had no flaws: like her cosseting for petty ills; her readiness with a needle, and her prompt rallying if an enemy struck—she was always loyal. And she enjoyed Brent's humor—what she understood of it.

"She presents a conflict," Brent admitted, and demonstrated a picture of a man slowly being destroyed by it. "She's lovable, but if she'd spend only four or five weeks, say, and then come back again."

The voices under Abigail had withdrawn to another corner of the garden, but still carried.

"Roses like to be in a bed alone!" Aunt Fanny's voice was dogged.

This struggle about the roses was an old battle-scarred affair dating back to the first spring she'd come. Boiled down, it was simply her effort to get Brent to move three blue

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delphiniums he liked as a backing for his Pink Radiance rosebushes.

Abigail saw his face: distressed forehead, chin elongated, eyes harassed. He was much too thin. His good frame was becoming just that—not a picking on his bones. It wasn't all Aunt Fanny; he'd always been slim, but she wasn't helping. He couldn't relax; couldn't even potter among his flowers without argument. Something *had* to be done, and soon!

As if to seal the matter, Abigail turned away and looked out her front window and saw Harvey Higgins, the district superintendent of schools, walking up the road. Mr. Higgins lived two blocks farther on with his mother. It was he who pleaded for living quarters for the art teacher, Neila Davis, last autumn, and looked distressed when Abigail refused. Though for the matter of that, Mr. Higgins usually did look distressed, because he wore his flat brown hair too long, and his spectacles had a way of sliding down his nose, making his eyes clutch at them. He was older than Brent and unmarried, and he admired Neila very much—which was a little funny, because he was so self-effacing, and Neila Davis had glamour.

Abigail considered the tall, stalking figure, then made a dash for it. "Mr. Higgins! Mr. Higgins!" she called, a little breathless from her canter. "Has Neila Davis found a place for this coming fall?"

Harvey Higgins really had a nice face if you studied it; the trouble was, nobody did. But it grew depressed at her question and his glasses slid a little farther down his nose from the shake of his head.

"No," he said. "And what she's going to do, I'll not tell you," and he looked so cooperative, you knew he would if he could. "Those people where she stayed were impossible. They fried onions practically all the time."

**The most insignificant man can be complete if he works within the limits of his capacities, innate or acquired; but even fine talents can be obscured, neutralized, and destroyed by lack of this indispensable requirement of symmetry.**

—From Maxims and Reflections of Goethe, Translated by Bailey Saunders. (Published by the Macmillan Company)

Abigail looked sympathetic. "The reason I asked," she said, "I was thinking I might have a room this fall."

"Oh, Mrs. Spears!" The gratitude in Mr. Higgins' nice gray eyes was really lovely.

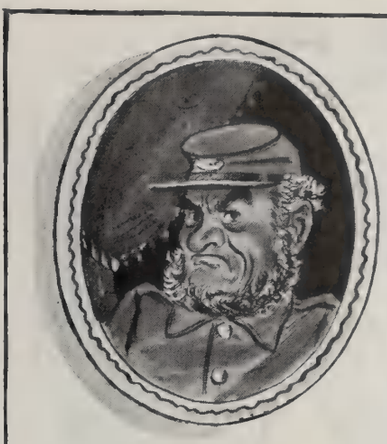
It was done. She'd tell Brent that night. Aunt Fanny could still visit. Besides, it would be fun having a young girl around to liven things.

Just the same, Abigail had the most curious feeling as she opened the screen door and went into her house. As if maybe in getting Aunt Fanny out she had let trouble in, had laid the setting for a human-relations problem of her own. Sort of a Nemesis on Aunt Fanny's behalf. What if Neila and Brent —— But that was absurd! Just the same, uneasiness brushed her until Aunt Fanny came sailing in from the garden snorting over her bout with Brent.

"Delphinium in a rose bed! When roses *like to be alone!*"

No, it was much better this way! It was Brent's home, and Aunt Fanny was financially independent. She could live in the same town with her stepsister Sue and some of her friends. And she'd always be welcome to visit, but she couldn't stay and take over.

The beginning of August, Abigail wrote Aunt Fanny a carefully worded letter stressing the room shortage, civic interest and the need of the Wynston public-school system. It was tactful and affectionate. It mentioned missing Aunt Fanny's presence, and stated how the little sewing room had been fixed up for at least an expected month's or six weeks' visit whenever she chose—its size precluding a longer stay. It even went so far as to speak vaguely of a future when rooms would be



Grandpa had a dirty face—
His photograph, I mean . . .



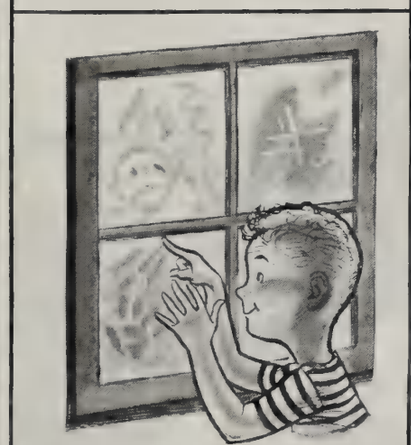
A spray of Windex on the glass
Made Grandpa shining-clean!



Mother's lipstick's such a mess!
At least, it *used* to be . . .



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So she could really *see!*



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And makes it really *gleam!*

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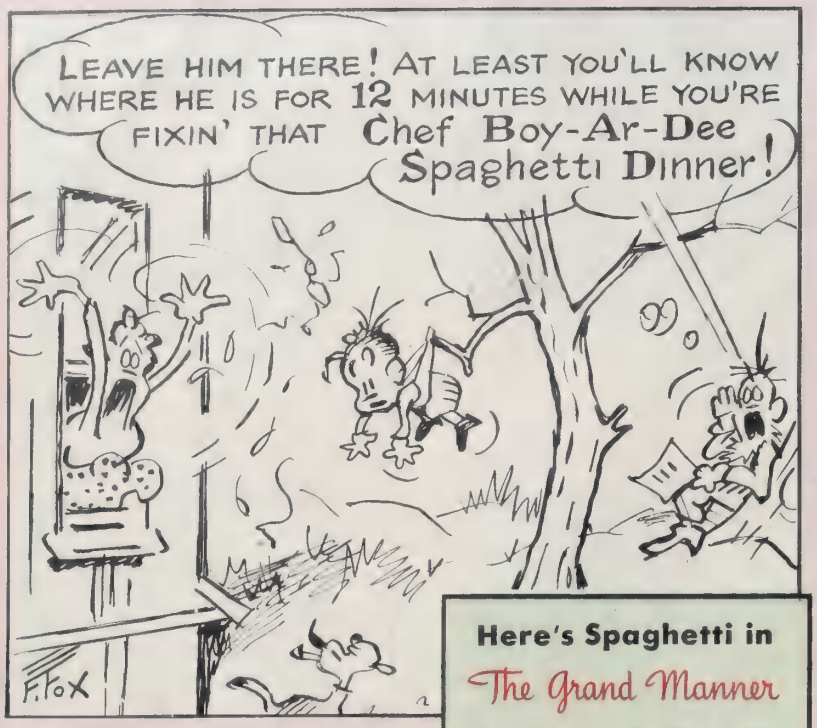
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**The sauce** is already prepared—a famous chef's own special recipe—seasoned to perfection for the American taste.

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*The Grand Manner*
***Ready in 12 Minutes!***

One handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee carton supplies everything needed for this glamorous spaghetti dinner:

1—An 8-ounce package of choice durum wheat spaghetti.

2—A large jar of Chef Hector Boiardi's* own incomparable spaghetti sauce.

3—A canister of special, ready-grated Parmesan style cheese.

Cook spaghetti in salted boiling water for 12 minutes. Meantime, let the sauce heat slowly. Drain spaghetti. (Its high gluten content means no excess starch, so rinsing is unnecessary.) Arrange spaghetti and sauce on platter, and sprinkle over with cheese. Serves three or more persons generously.

* *Pronounced* BOY-AR-DEE





plentiful and no demand made on the Spearses—a happy but remote state of affairs.

Brent okayed it and they both waited for the answer; waited a little anxiously. They didn't want to hurt Aunt Fanny; they cared for her. But Brent insisted what they did was right as rain. Certainly Brent looked better, just as he had last year after Aunt Fanny left. He ate his meals with zest and whistled as he pottered around the garden, evenings. It was nice, too, turning on any old radio program you liked, though at first they found themselves listening to Aunt Fanny's favorites from habit, and giggling as they turned them off again.

Aunt Fanny's reply came and held no rancor. She would come on a visit sometime, and had taken a room at the Hawthorne Inn, two blocks from her friend, Mrs. Turner, and four from her sister Sue. Abigail actually forgot her, getting the guest room ready for Neila Davis.

Then Neila came!

Afterward, Abigail thought about it step by step, the way you go back over things, hunting the mistake in what you did; trying to locate the first blunder, as if that helped after it was made.

In the first place, she should have had misgivings when she saw how lovely Neila was close-range; remembered her feelings when she decided to get Aunt Fanny out—but she didn't. Neila Davis had the sort of youthful glow that leaves anyone a little older thoughtful. She was tall and beautifully thin, with a clean chin line and a throat like a foal. Her hair was dark, and her eyes deep blue, and the planes of her face exciting. She wasn't artificial. That's where the trouble lay—because of Brent's taste.

She arrived joyously, the way she lived, full of silver mercury about everything. "You're *wonderful* to take me," she said gratefully.

Brent smacked his forehead, pretending to be dazzled; so Abigail threatened. "Hands off, wolf! The little gal's Higgins'!"

"Harvey's doing well by himself."

"She's not really Higgins'. He just wishes she were."

"No doubt."

## *To You*

**BY ELEANOR COLE**

**If we had never met you'd go your way**
**And live your life without a thought of me.**
**And I'd have spent this breathless fleeting May**
**Dreaming of love unknown, joy not to be.**
**I should have pictured you just as you came:**
**Tall, with fitting rhythm and a grace;**
**Gently loving, proud and calm of frame;**
**Laughter at the corners of your face.**

**My dearest love, God must have painted you**
**Inside the hidden galleries of my mind**
**On canvases of childhood's early blue;**
**He must have led us both; taught us to find. . . .**
**For you are all I ever hoped to see**
**When Love's sharp echo first awakened me.**

She was nice in the house. Abigail liked the quick run of her feet on the stairs. Her cheery "Hello." Her "oh's" and "ah's" over her meals. She liked the same foods Brent did. Borsch with dill and cloves, sorrel in omelets. She clicked with them both; but then, she would with anyone.

At first the guest room had a way of surprising Abigail with Neila in it. She was only reasonably tidy, but gay in her carelessness. She put up her own French-nude curtains that coated things warmly, propped a drawing board and sheaf of water colors against one wall, hung a batik scarf over a chair—usually heaped with books—and jumbled the bureau with make-up mirror, accessories and perfumes. Her desk was cluttered with art objects: an ivory-filigree goddess, a curled jade leaf and a moon-colored bowl. And often as not the negligee, filmy and dark, that wrapped her long thin body like the wind, trailed from the foot of her bed.

The room had been very different with Aunt Fanny. You could justifiably call the arrangements portraits of two women—and not be wrong. And with all the customary contradiction of life, Aunt Fanny's—though she made no claim to color sense, or the artistic—would have received first award; for without attempt, assembled for her needs, hers, oddly enough, had the quality of lasting beauty.

The white starched curtains, Aunt Fanny's choice, let in pure winter sunlight that touched her quietly as she sat quilting her strong, bright-colored stuffs, her reed basket at her feet. Her bent, white head, under an ivy's green tendril from a glass ball above, focused the neatly framed photographs on the walls: her parents, her home and her friends, revealing in pictorial sequence her continuity of living. Two daguerreotypes on the bureau added value, and a painted china tray, an inlaid box, the blue velvet pincushion with its filet medallion, the cruet-shaped perfume bottle and the ebony-backed, silver-monogrammed brushes and mirror; and so did the church calendar, the thermometer and her fat, well-used Bible on her desk. Even with Aunt Fanny out of the room, it still presented a study with her empty rocker and her sewing boxes. Of course detached picture value was the only esthetic advantage Aunt Fanny had—so it was nice she had that.

But Abigail was thinking a lot about Aunt Fanny these days, and the reason for this thinking started one morning at breakfast.

Neila had a man-size appetite for such a thin, young thing, and Abigail had gone to the kitchen to scramble more eggs when she heard the laughter in the dining room, Brent's and Neila's, sounding in such perfect sympathy she hurried back wanting to share it.

But neither offered an explanation, and Abigail found she couldn't ask, because in its being withheld she felt suddenly as if a door had been shut quickly in her face, excluding her. And right then, with nothing more than that, Abigail was unsure in her own house.

A singular thing to have happen from the sound of two people's spontaneous laughter, but that was the way it was. And almost in the same instant she thought of those courts of human appeal and Aunt Fanny. The situations in them arose from setups exactly like this.

After that things were evident. Maybe they had been before and she hadn't noticed. Now she did. Now she felt the excitement burning in Brent like a bed of coals under everything he did. The way his voice raised, his restlessness when Neila came in, and the silence, the stillness that fell on him when she went out again.

She wasn't sure about Neila. Wasn't sure she even saw what had happened. She seemed as natural as the day she came. Abigail studied the clear, definite coloring of the face across the table at meals. She was only five years older herself, but the contrast let her down. Made her fix her hair without a bang, try another lipstick, wear her daintiest aprons with ruffled heart-shaped bibs. Made her force smiles and affectionate interest, just as Aunt Fanny's columns advocated—only Brent didn't see.

# COMPARE

**ORDINARY PALE GRAVY**

*Like this*



*With this*

# DEEP BROWN GRAVY



*Made with*

# KITCHEN BOUQUET

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Simply make gravy, stews, meat pies, etc. your usual way. Then add Kitchen Bouquet. See it add deep brown color right before your eyes. *Taste* how it brings out the true taste of meat—magnifies its flavor.

Use Kitchen Bouquet every day. Get a bottle today at your grocer's.

*It Makes the Gravy*




—RICH, BROWN, DELICIOUS

ONE OF GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO. QUALITY FOODS


Thinking it over desperately, she saw she was largely to blame. She had gone out of her way to make Neila one of them. Arrested her flight upstairs with the evening paper, urged her to play the radio and read downstairs. And she'd begun the movie-going herself.

"There's a good picture, Brent. How about it, Neila?"

"I'd love it."

It was fun, the three of them ruffling a first windfall of leaves over to the neighborhood movie and back. Once she couldn't go herself—a friend telephoned the last minute she was coming—but she packed them off anyway, not wanting to spoil the plan, thinking nothing of it.

And so it grew, until a rainy night with Neila by the fire meant stimulus for Brent: talking about color and fabric, light and shade; talking about anything or nothing, just to be with her. And Abigail, sitting in the shadows, feeling wornly familiar and obscure.

If Neila had only had a beau! But there was no one around but Harvey Higgins, and Harvey was too much diffident to call. All of which made Abigail think painfully of Aunt Fanny.

Then the high school gave its annual fall art exhibit. And Neila asked Brent the night before if he'd go up and advise.

"We'll only be a little while," she promised. So Abigail was left with the dishes and an empty house. "I'd urge you along, but you'd be bored stiff. It's fairly juvenile. But I thought Brent might have a suggestion for arrangement."

Abigail knew she should have said, "I wouldn't be bored. I'm coming," and grabbed a coat. But she couldn't. A sense of helplessness paralyzed her. If Neila had been deliberately making a play, she could—could have fought and kicked back—but the girl didn't even see what was happening. Abigail was sure of it now; *Brent just liked Neila!*

**Modesty: The gentle art of enhancing your charm by pretending not to be aware of it.**

—OLIVER HERFORD: Quoted in Modern Humor for Effective Speaking: Edward Frank Allen (Citadel Press).

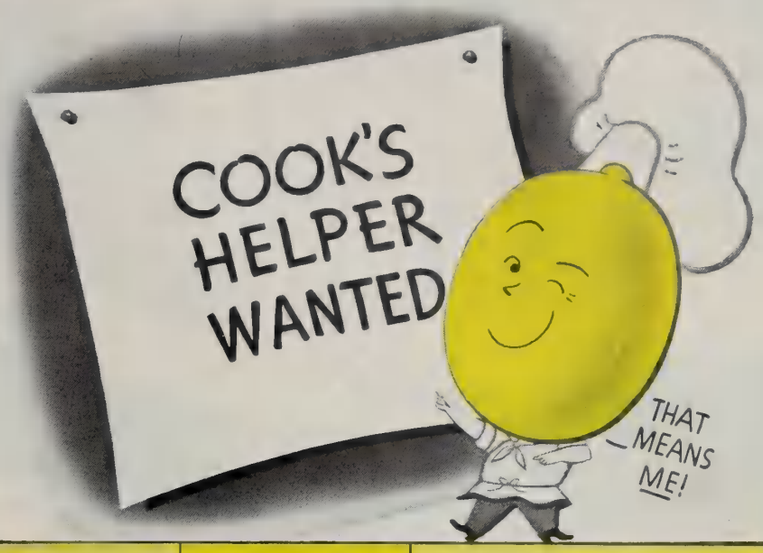
That night Abigail wrote Aunt Fanny. After the last Minton cup was polished and hanging on its peg, she sat down at the Windsor desk in the living room with an eye on the clock. Neila's "little while" had stretched to over an hour!

Abigail remembered suddenly all the homely interests Aunt Fanny and she shared through two winters and springs, and her pen scratched with feeling: "My biggest bird's-nest fern got a yellow streak down one side." *(Just like Brent!)* "And two of the jars of early applesauce we canned fermented." *(Like my life is.)* "There's talk of the junior choir getting white robes." *(I'll die and wear one, too, if Brent stops loving me.)* "And oh, yes, Mr. Teasel, the carpenter, was asking for you. He still talks about the sugar cookies you fed him." *(I wonder if Neila feeds Brent flattery?)*

It was a longer letter than she intended, because she couldn't bring herself to write about what troubled her, and she needed to; needed to desperately. The human spirit can stand only so much alone; at least hers could. So she kept on writing, looking at the clock now and then. Brent and Neila had been gone two full hours, and so she drew closer to her letter for help.

"Our guest is young and pretty. She's an artist, so naturally Brent finds her very congenial. They have a lot to talk about. Tonight she took him to the high school. She's having an exhibit and wants his opinion." Then suddenly, in a hand that got a little out of control, she added, "I miss not having you here this winter."

She stopped and pressed two fingers tight against her eyes. They came away wet. Assertive Aunt Fanny might be, but she was loyal. And it was a beautiful quality! She hadn't minded her anyway. It was Brent who had.


| THE FOOD | THE PROBLEM | THE ANSWER |
|---|---|---|
| FISH | "How can I give it a livelier taste?" | Easy! For real savoriness serve with garnish of fresh lemon quarters. (To eliminate cooking odor rub fish with lemon juice before baking, broiling or frying.) |
| SALADS | "Why don't my salads taste fresher?" | Simple! Just use fresh lemon juice as sour ingredient in any dressing (To make mixed greens crisp, add lemon to ice water.) |
| JUICES | "Can't I do something about the flat taste?" | A dash of lemon juice gives that refreshing "zip" that all canned juices need—fresh orange juice, too. Always serve with easy-to-squeeze lemon quarters. |
| DESSERTS | "What can I serve they'll *all* like?" | Mmmm! For a real sensation—Lemon Meringue Pie! FREE Sunkist Recipe Book gives 10 lemon pie recipes. Sunkist, Sec. 204, Los Angeles 55, Calif. |
| VEGETABLES | "Same old thing—where's the flavor?" | A little lemon juice, added after cooking, brings out all the fresh flavor of green and root vegetables. For a special flourish try serving with lemon butter. |
| TEA | "How do I add tang to our tea?" | Presto! You can *see* tea respond to fresh lemon—changing from brown to a clear gold that brings out the real bouquet and flavor. |
| VITAMINS | "We want all the vitamins we can get!" | Lemons are an excellent source of vitamin C—good source of $B_1$, "P". They aid digestion—help alkalinize the system. So keep a good supply on hand, always. |




*Sunkist Lemons in trademarked tissue wrappers are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.*

FOR GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD FLAVOR

# Sunkist

*California Lemons*



**Add sliced bananas,** sugar and cream to *golden-good* Nabisco Shredded Wheat. There's a breakfast that sings with "happy morning" goodness! Delicious—*yes!* And brimful of nourishment, too! For Nabisco Shredded Wheat is wholesome whole wheat—just steamed, shredded and baked.

Serve it COLD

*it's delicious either way*

Serve it HOT



**Crumble biscuits, dot with butter.** Pop under the broiler—and ah-h! out comes the family's favorite cereal, a brand-new, HOT breakfast treat! Because Nabisco Shredded Wheat can be served HOT without cooking—can be served a different way every morning in the week—it's the "breakfast planner's joy"! For the original Niagara Falls product, always ask for *Nabisco* Shredded Wheat.

The cereal you can serve a dozen ways




One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
NAtional BIScuit COmpany



"It's lonely without you," she finished, overcome.

Three days later a small package arrived from Aunt Fanny. It contained a set of antimacassars crocheted in ecru for the living-room furniture. They were a little coarse in texture, but Abigail fastened them on the sofa and chairs almost fiercely. Let Brent say *one* word! Just let him *dare!* But he didn't even notice them. For her part, she found a curious solace in having them. She found thinking went better on the sofa with her cheek against one and her hand on another. Aunt Fanny still cared for her, if Brent didn't.

Then Aunt Fanny answered her letter. Abigail felt let down. She didn't know exactly what she expected, but certainly not what Aunt Fanny wrote.

"Young life is always so nice in a house," she said. "Doesn't the girl have a beau? You ought to get her one. Four can have such jolly times together."

Then suddenly Abigail understood. This wasn't Aunt Fanny; it was Dorothy Dix, Unseen Adviser and Martha Foster rolled in one; it was Mr. Alexander and Anne Hirst working through Aunt Fanny. Aunt Fanny was only the conduit. Anyway, their combined advice was sound. She'd taken this thing sitting down. Just accepted it. And inertia never got you anywhere!

Abigail spent the rest of the morning thinking, and by noon called Mr. Higgins in his school office, her hand tight on the receiver—not through awe of Harvey Higgins, but if he turned her down, what then?

"I think," Abigail said with forced sprightliness, "it would be nice if you would have dinner with us tomorrow night. We could have some rummy afterward. . . . Oh, you don't play cards? Well, then we'll talk."

Mr. Higgins was delighted.

She told Neila and Brent at dinner.

"How nice," Neila cried, not caring; but Brent quirked an eyebrow. "Did you say Higgins?"

"I did," Abigail said evenly.

Mr. Higgins came, shy and amiable, and Abigail, in winter-blond crepe, left him to Neila, who was like something painted for autumn, in rust wool, and started her steak and mushrooms. But dinner wasn't launched before she got a bird's-eye view of everything. Harvey Higgins was on the outside—as she was. The little boy at the pantomime while Brent and Neila put on the show together!

ABIGAIL grew angry. Higgins had no right to be so grateful for nothing. With his glasses in place he was extremely pleasing in a sideline sort of way. He ought to hold up his chest and compete. It began to look as if having him were a mistake; as if he were nothing but a foil for Brent's animation. But she wasn't being fair. Harvey Higgins was trying.

"Your exhibit was a resounding success," he said, his eye on Neila.

"Thanks to the gentleman on your right," Neila said, fixing hers in turn on Brent. "Putting the big sketches along the side was his idea. And it added so much."

"Oh, nonsense," Brent said, looking delighted. "It was all your idea."

*You pat my back, I'll pat your back!* Desperately Abigail broke in. "How clever. Trust Brent!" *(If you could—she couldn't. And not being able to was making a beefsteak of her heart—raw, without mushrooms.)* "Have you read anything good lately, Mr. Higgins?" she asked.

"Let's see." Harvey reflected a minute. "Why, yes. I just finished a biography of Robert Schumann."

"Oh, really! I've been *dying* to read it!" Abigail cried. She hadn't even heard of it, but Brent and Neila weren't going to chatter, chatter, chatter, about art, feeling, nuance and light, as if there weren't anything else in this world or the next to talk about. "We'll have coffee in the living room," Abigail said, and swept them away from the table. "Your mother raises the most heavenly chrysanthemums. I love looking at them when I pass." But her little rockets fizzled and went out because Harvey wouldn't hold them up. He was too content to sit and look at Neila.

"I've had such a pleasant evening," he said, in leaving.

*Have you? I haven't!* Abigail wanted to say, but said, after he left, "Isn't he attractive?"

"Nice chap," Brent said indifferently.

THEN, deliberately as a cat stretches claws out of a round soft paw—a bad-natured cat—Abigail added, "Such a *dependable* personality! I mean there's nothing *show-offish* about him. No talking for effect. Just quiet and *genuine!*"

Brent looked offended.

But Abigail, starting to clear away the dishes that always wait when there isn't any maid, thought, *You deserved that!* Not that giving Brent what he deserved helped. Nothing helped. Certainly Aunt Fanny's advice hadn't. She'd given herself a lot of trouble for nothing, and Brent must see through it like a transparent wrapping.

**A former congressman confessed that although he was always forgetting their faces and never remembered their names, he had no difficulty being pleasant to his constituents while in the House of Representatives.**

**"When I meet someone in the lobby, whom I do not know from Adam, and I see he expects me to know who he is, I take him warmly by the hand, look straight into his eyes and say, 'And how is the old complaint?' I have never known it to fail."**

The next afternoon, around four-thirty, Mr. Higgins showed up with Robert Schumann and a bunch of his mother's chrysanthemums. "I hope you'll enjoy the book," he said, listening with rude hopefulness to the sounds overhead. But Abigail wouldn't call Neila down. Instead, she took a mean satisfaction in entertaining Harvey alone, just to teach him a lesson for not making more of an opportunity when it was given.

She put his flowers in water when he left, and set them on the dining-room table; stuck a few in a squat little green bowl to offer Neila, then changed her mind. Why on earth give flowers to a girl who was taking your husband! So she put them on her own dressing table instead.

Neila admired those on the dining-room table.

"Mr. Higgins brought them for me," Abigail said with satisfaction. "He's so sweet!"

Brent and Neila looked unmoved. Nobody cared what she thought! It was hopeless! So hopeless, Abigail wrote Aunt Fanny another letter:

"It's certainly nice having Neila in the house. Married people grow so stale. I had a Mr. Higgins for dinner last night. I liked him, but Neila didn't. Brent's more her type, I guess."

Aunt Fanny's reply came done up again in a Joseph's coat of personal-problem stamp: "Glad you liked Mr. Higgins—since Brent likes the teacher. What's sauce for the goose, you know! Have you bought any new clothes lately?"

That same evening, Mr. Higgins dropped in again. He was on his way to a lecture at the Baptist church. "I thought you people might enjoy it. Someone just back from Tokyo." He looked disappointed when he heard Neila was chaperoning a school dance and Brent was in town, and started edging for the door, but Abigail, remembering Aunt Fanny's goose, said:

"I'd enjoy it."

Mr. Higgins looked surprised, but took her along.

The lecture was good and there was a reception afterward with layer cake, salted peanuts and fruit punch. Abigail almost enjoyed herself. It was midnight when she got home, and Brent was in bed, but not asleep.

*(Continued on Page 98)*

# LOOK WHO'S HERE



Let this appetizing picture of
Pineapple Upside-down Cake
remind you to make this
wonderful dessert soon . . .
with Dole Sliced Pineapple.



To make a Fruit Cup
inviting and delicious,
include Dole Sliced or
Chunks cut into small pieces.




Yes, Dole Pineapple products are returning to civilian life . . . to give their distinctive flavor and golden goodness to your salads, fruit cups, gelatine dishes, cakes, pies, puddings and ices . . . to garnish your baked ham and broiled chops . . . to brighten every meal you serve!



Serve Dole Pineapple Chunks
"as is." The goodness stored up
in each one of those
spoon-size cuts is amazing.

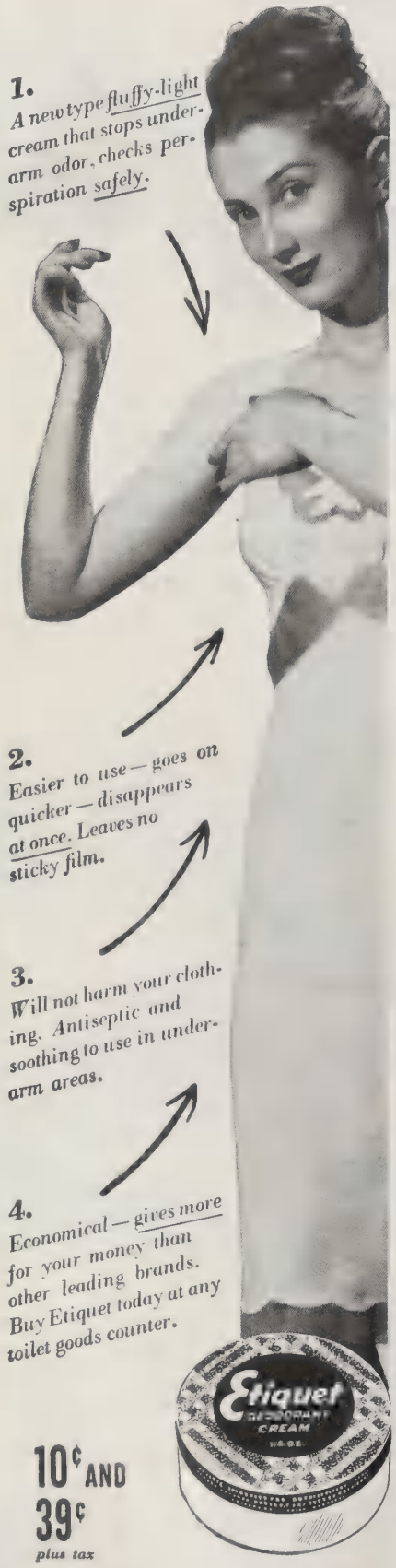


Plan to revive
the happy habit
of drinking
Dole Pineapple
Juice at breakfast
and every time
you are thirsty.

Of all pies, none is more luscious
than a Pineapple Meringue Pie
made with Dole Crushed Pineapple.



# New way to end PERSPIRATION WORRIES



**1.** *A new type fluffy-light cream that stops underarm odor, checks perspiration safely.*

**2.** *Easier to use—goes on quicker—disappears at once. Leaves no sticky film.*

**3.** *Will not harm your clothing. Antiseptic and soothing to use in underarm areas.*

**4.** *Economical—gives more for your money than other leading brands. Buy Etiquet today at any toilet goods counter.*

10¢ AND 39¢ *plus tax*

it's Etiquet

*Formula Patented. No other like it.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping


*(Continued from Page 96)*

"Out with Neila?" he yawned, as if uninterested, but not fooling her one minute, just wanting word of Neila to dream on.

"No," she said; adding after a moment's thought, "Out with Harvey."

"*Harvey?*"

"Yes. Harvey." *And not the rabbit!* she was going to add, then drew in her neck. "Harvey Higgins," she said, and her manner implied *Who else?* and she went into the bathroom and cold-creamed her face.

"Well, did everyone have a nice time last night?" Brent asked at breakfast, with a great show of impartiality.

"So-so," Neila smiled. "Chaperoning's one of those things."

But Abigail, remembering Aunt Fanny, only smiled enigmatically. She looked at Brent for the effect, but he had started his morning paper.

That evening the household went to the movies and Abigail trooped along feeling unneeded and annoyed. When they got back they found on the doorstep a book with a note in it for Abigail.

"Oh, it's from Harvey," she said softly, trying to sound involved.

The book was Anything Can Happen, by the Papashvilys. And the note said, "I hope you enjoy it. H.H."

Abigail tucked the note back in the book, then reconsidered and took it out again. Later she saw Brent flicking the leaves, and his manner when he didn't find it was disappointed. And right then she knew! *Saw what she was doing!* She was a fool—not to mention Aunt Fanny and the whole human-relations crew! She was airily juggling dynamite. Giving Brent the idea she had a crush on Harvey Higgins. Handing him a valid reason to side-step himself; even leave her—if he chose! And just the thought of life without Brent overwhelmed her so she crept silently to bed, waiting until Brent slept to weep weakly in her pillow.

Two days passed full of growing aloofness from Brent; an aloofness caused by nothing you could lay a finger on, which made it so much the worse, because, salted down, it simply meant Brent didn't care any more, and didn't mind showing it. Then Sunday afternoon, when she was alone, Harvey Higgins dropped in with a remarkably lovely chrysanthemum he'd raised himself. A big, single-stemmed variety.

"I put a paper bag over its head cold nights," he explained proudly.

Abigail had been in the kitchen feeling low. Dinner had been a strained affair, so strained she was hard put to keep from sniveling afterward; in fact, her eyes were moist when Harvey rang the bell, and in wiping them she got a lash in one and couldn't get it out. She came blinking to the door and admitted Harvey and received the chrysanthemum.

He watched sympathetically while she stood on tiptoe, leaning close to the hall mirror, unsuccessfully trying to get the lash out. "Maybe I can," he volunteered finally.

She went to a living-room window then, while he bent over her, his back to the front door, and just as he fished the lash out with a corner of his immaculate handkerchief, Brent walked in.

It did look compromising. Abigail knew it did. Harvey's back bent over her, as if he might be kissing her. She saw Brent's face. His disdainful, "so-that's-the-lie-of-the-land" look.

But she smiled at Harvey and said, "Thank you." Then said to Brent, "Harvey just took something out of my eye." But Brent had disappeared upstairs, tossing an indifferent "Hello" over the banister.

Harvey didn't stay long, and right after he left Neila came flying in and out, bent on a supper invitation. So Brent and she had a supper of cold cuts. After it, she joined him in the living room, where he stopped pacing to look truculently at the filet antimacassars.

"Where'd we get those?" he demanded.

"Aunt Fanny sent them," she said; adding pointedly, "They've been there three weeks," and wished she hadn't.

Brent didn't answer, just switched on the radio. There were some moments of garbled static, then a judicial and kindly voice said, "Now as I understand it, you say your home is being destroyed by your husband setting you aside for a younger woman, and that he has seized a mistaken attempt on your part to recapture his attention by an innocent flirtation, as an excuse to divorce you?"

"Yes, sir."

Brent got another station. But back of Gabriel Heatter's pleading for better grooming, Abigail felt faint. It was horrible and prophetic! It was her situation on the wall, and the handwriting in a nutshell! It was what she got for listening to Aunt Fanny and her whole pack of human-problem hounds!

But Brent, still pacing, said, "I had a note from Aunt Fanny."

Abigail's mouth was dry. What had Aunt Fanny said? *What had she dared to say!*

"No particular news. I answered it. In fact, I invited her down. I thought she might be company for you. You could meet her in Philadelphia Thursday."

She didn't like it. It sounded casual, sounded merely suggestive, but back of the sound she knew it was planned! The high school had a holiday Thursday, plus a week end, and Neila would be away! It was too convenient for everyone!

Abigail went somberly to meet Aunt Fanny. Something was in the wind! Brent was too withdrawn. Why should he think she'd need Aunt Fanny for company—*unless he were going to desert her?* What if he and Neila —— The myriad voices, hesitant and distressed, came back over the radio to the click of train wheels: "There was another girl." "My husband left me." Neila *said* she was going to stay with friends—*but was she?*

Aunt Fanny, looking the same, wispy-haired, fiery-eyed and commanding, kissed Abigail soundly, said she looked peaked and took her to a hotel. They shopped next day, saw a show Abigail didn't like, spent the night, then took the train and a taxi home.

Abigail gave Aunt Fanny her purse to pay the taxi and let herself feverishly in the front door. She fled up the stairs, prompted by something her heart told her was not well. In the upper hall she stopped. The guest-room door was wide, and Neila and her possessions gone! Gone to the last trinket. Not a trace of her presence left except the faint, pale scent of her perfume.

Abigail got into her own room; the note, insignificant in appearance, but monumental in effect, would be on her dressing table. It was! She saw it, startling, white and oblong, across the room. She held it in trembling hands, feeling the past fall clean of the moment; all life a broken, ashen thing, starting from now. Then she read:

*Sweetness:* Don't scalp me. I got rid of Neila. Too much extra work for you. Too many outsiders around. I'd rather have Aunt Fanny.

Love, BRENT.

P.S. Neila's taken a room at Higgins'. Harvey's mother agreed. I asked her. B.

Abigail stood dazed, flooded with relief, not understanding. Then she heard Aunt Fanny's confident tread mounting the stairs and enlightened memory returned. Brent said Aunt Fanny had written him a note!

"Aunt Fanny—our guest's gone! Brent got rid of her. Aunt Fanny, what did you write him? Brent said you wrote him a note."

The high lights in Aunt Fanny's glasses obscured her eyes, her smile was cryptic. "What I wrote Brent? Let me see. I believe I asked him to be sure and mulch Mrs. Turner good—that lily named for the woman whose daughter ran off with another man. Then I think I *did* say, 'Who is this Mr. Higgins Abigail's writing so much about?' And I asked how Brent was; was he well and happy himself?"

Abigail's laughter rose. Aunt Fanny should have a human-relations court herself! She was wonderful!

But the front door had opened below and a voice called up, "Anybody home?" And it was Brent. Abigail took the stairs and Brent caught her halfway down. "I missed you at the station by a sixteenth of an inch." His arms held her fast. "Mind what I did?" his lips against hers.

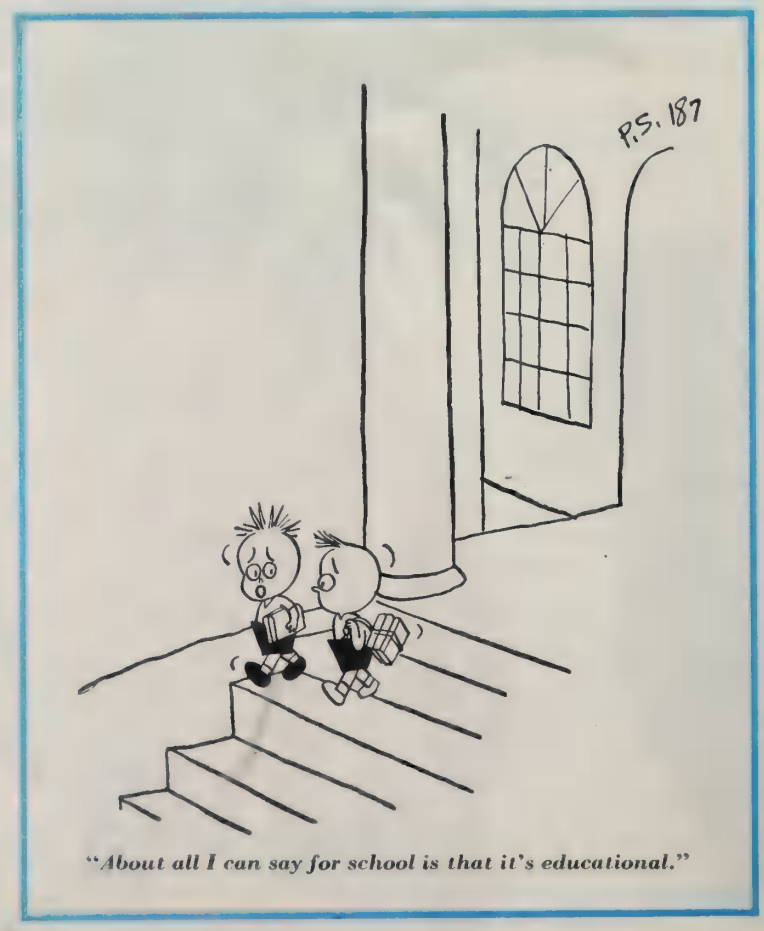
"So glad," she sighed.

Aunt Fanny beamed down from above.

"Hi, Aunt Fanny," Brent called up. "Welcome for the coming winter!"

Aunt Fanny smiled genially, but shook her head. "No, Brent, just for a month. I rented my room at the inn for the winter, so that would be poor economy. Besides, Mrs. Turner wants me to help her quilt a set of chair covers."

Abigail looked at Brent and Brent looked back. Their home was their own again. It was then Abigail remembered that the solving of one problem presents another, but she couldn't think of another problem right now. Couldn't think of anything except how happy Brent and she were going to be with just each other in their own home!




*"About all I can say for school is that it's educational."*

derly down beside the toaster. "Gotta be careful they don't escape. They're nervous," he said.

"What you got in there?" asked Big Bill.

Billy lifted a corner of the box and peered. "Look," he said proudly.

His father applied a doubtful eye to the crack, and drew back hastily. "Billy, I don't think ——" he began.

"Now, don't jump to conclusions," said Billy, lifting a piece of toast. "These aren't just common ordinary rats at all. They aren't city rats."

"Rats!" Kay whipped her skirts around her knees. "Rats!"

Billy kept one hand protectingly on the box. It began to heave slightly. "I got 'em at school," he said. "They had them for biology and honest, mom, they're trained. They're the smartest rats you ever saw. They're pedigreed too. They're foreign rats!"

**The really successful husband or wife is formed in the first four or five years of childhood.**

—DR. ALFRED ADLER.
Quoted in Delineator.

Kay was outside the door now. "Billy Walsh," she said, "I don't care what nationality they are, you can't have them!"

"Well, look, mom, they were going to kill them. And they're so intelligent—they're trained. They're the best little things. They won't be any trouble at all."

"Oh, they won't!" Her voice was not very enthusiastic.

Big Bill retired from the field and made a business of pouring milk.

"And just what did you plan to do with them?" asked Kay.

"Why can't we take them to the country? They'll love it." He added, "There's lots of room. I'll fix them a house. They're a pair."

"That's all we need to take with us," said Kay. "A pair of trained rats."

"But honest, you'd like them if you'd get to know them."

"Billy," she said, "our own Connecticut rats ate up my best down puff last winter. We have all we can do to keep them from moving over from the neighbor's barn in droves. So you think it would be nice to take an extra pair to add to the trouble. There's no use arguing. No rats."

"Aw, gee, mom—they're especially affectionate rats."

"No rats," she said.

Billy looked at his father, and then sighed. "Well, can I just let them spend the night? I'll take 'em back to school tomorrow."

"They can't spend the night in a shoe box," she pointed out. "They'll be all over the apartment in ten minutes."

"I can put 'em in the laundry tub. The drainboard'll keep 'em from coming out."

"That's fair enough," said his father.

Kay retired. "I don't feel comfortable with rats in the kitchen, even transient rats."

She could hear the two men discussing the points of the rats. Big Bill laughed. Billy laughed too. The icebox door opened and shut. She got undressed, cold-creamed her face.

Billy stood in the door. "Do you hafta do that? You look like a zombi. Say, can I have some shredded wheat for them? They're hungry." His eyes were large and wistful. Kay nodded and he said gently, "Thanks."

"They are pretty smart," said Big Bill, coming in later. "They really do tricks."

Kay laid down her hairbrush. Her mouth quivered. "I don't see why I have to have a guilt-sense," she said, "just because I won't raise rats. Rats carry things," she said. "Beriberi or something. They eat down puffs. And you make me feel I'm simply terrible, just because I ——"

"Hey, take it easy," said Bill. "You're just tired out from packing. I stood by you, didn't I?"

"You did not," she said. "You just ate and drank and then played games with them!" She got in bed and turned her face to the

(Continued on Page 103)




NOW! Get GREATER RELIEF from

CORNS

THANKS TO BLUE-JAY with Pain-curbing *Nupercaine!*

**GRAND NEWS** for corn sufferers! Improved Blue-Jay, *only* corn remedy activated with pain-curbing Nupercaine, gives gentle, effective, prompt relief!

Blue-Jay's Dura-felt pad stops painful shoe pressure *instantly!* Then gentle medication loosens core of corn; you just lift it out!

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*SELBY SHOES THE WORLD OVER—ESTABLISHED 1877*

Copr. 1946, The Selby Shoe Company

SELBY ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

(Continued from Page 101)

wall, where there was a very bad and discouraging crack. Then she turned back and said, "And you can get your own breakfast. I'm not going out there and make toast over the heads of two pedigreed rats."

Bill rattled the window. The street noises came in, so much louder now the war was over. He said, "He'll have them out by morning."

There was silence until Bill got in his own bed and turned out the light. Then Kay spoke in the darkness. "Bill," she said in a low tone, "Bill!"

"H'm?" he murmured.

"Bill, do you think he's—retarded?"

"Huh? Who? Retarded?"

"Billy. He's too old to play with rats. Maybe we haven't brought him up right."

"Nonsense, he's sound as a nut," said Bill comfortingly. "He may be a little slow developing on account of going to progressive schools so long, but he'll get over it. Take it easy. Don't worry so." There was another silence. Then Bill spoke thoughtfully. "Kay? Some fellows just naturally like animals all their lives. It doesn't mean anything. It's normal."

"You mean Billy might be a lion trainer?" Kay sat up.

"Well, no. He could be a veterinarian," Bill said.

On this comforting note, Bill began to make those whoofing sounds and Kay got up and went to the living room to relax her nerves with The Norths Meet Murder.

The next day she did the last-minute errands. Fresh oilcloth and thumbtacks and a new mop and a typewriter ribbon for Bill. They were leaving Saturday morning—if they were still alive, she thought. Billy reported by phone that Pal Sam had taken the rats. It was settled for good.

She came home at half past five and found Billy there, standing in front of her mirror and tying a bright blue tie. His face was absorbed, his eyes wide and intent. He tied the tie, untied it, tied it again, drew it off, selected another from a pile beside him on her dresser, and craned his neck to get a good view.

"What are you doing?" asked Kay, dropping armfuls of bundles. It seemed to her she was always asking him what he was doing.

"I'm tying my tie," he said truthfully.

"But you're all cleaned up!" She was dazed. "Before supper." Then she sank down on the couch and took off the worst shoe. "Billy, you had a haircut! No wonder you looked queer."

He gave her an indulgent look. "I'm going out," he said, "so I just thought I'd clean up the old chassis a bit and do a retread on the spare tire."

"Going out?"

"You know," he observed, "you're kind of getting the habit of repeating everything a guy says. It's not such a sharp idea."

"You're not going to go out and eat hot dogs again tonight and break in the gym?"

His smile was definitely kind but superior. "Well, not that," he said, tying the tie a fifth time. "Pal Sam and I are dating a couple of slick chicks from Central Park West."

"Oh," said Kay faintly, "oh, Billy."

"Now take it easy." He sounded like his father. "We haven't got matrimony in mind. We're going to Lou's shack for supper, and then ankle down to Fifty-seventh Street to Jake's. They got a hot trumpet there."

"Is Jake one of the boys I don't know?" She asked.

He laughed. "Jake's," he said, "is the best night club in this end of Manhattan."

"Billy! You aren't planning to go to a night club!"

"Pal Sam has already been there. We can get cokes and dance and listen to the hottest, smoothest trumpet—the guy really gives."

"But Billy ——"

He came over and regarded her earnestly. "Little woman," he said, "you been at me and at me to move in the social swim. Right?"

"I only thought ——"

"You been talking about how sharp it is to stagger around to a slick ch——"

"Billy, I wish you could just say *girl!*"

"You know what I mean anyway." He grinned. "One of those walking Chanel Number Fives. Right?"

"I don't think your father ——"

"He won't be old-fashioned if you aren't," said Billy acutely. "He's interested in my music. When I can sit and drink cokes and listen to the hottest trumpet ——"

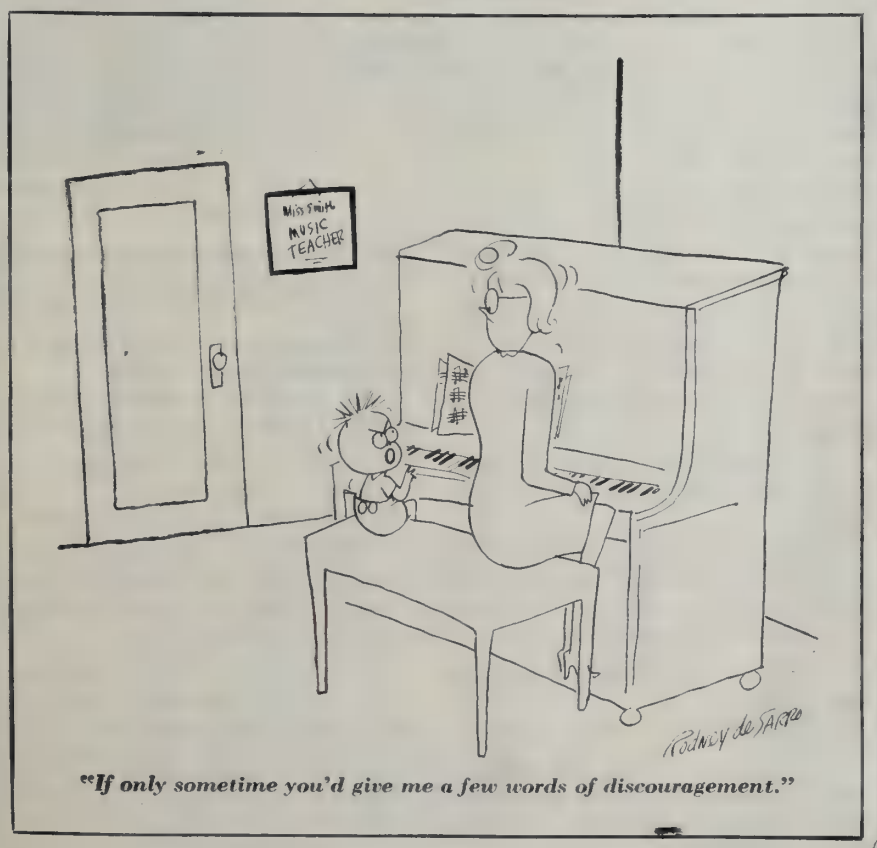
"Who are these girls?"

"Oh, just some juniors from school, daughters of idle housewives like you. Not dingy at all."

Kay gave up. "Will you be in early?"

"Definitely. My white man's burden has to get in by one. Or else." He was at his tie again, and, knowing very well the battle was over, began to sing "*We strolled the lane together; laughed at the rain—together——*"

Kay went out to think it over. Where did he pick up all that horrid language? His new strange manner seemed to spring full-blown




*"If only sometime you'd give me a few words of discouragement."*

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says JEANNE MURRAY




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FEATURING VISTA-DOME CARS
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● When the Burlington introduced America's first VISTA-DOME car in July, 1945, this promise was made—"if the public likes the VISTA-DOME idea—the Burlington plans a fleet of these cars for the future."

It didn't take long to find out that the public *did* like the idea of riding in a "penthouse on wheels." Not since the Burlington introduced America's first diesel-powered, streamlined train, back in 1934, have we seen such immediate and widespread enthusiasm.

And so—America will enjoy another "first" in modern transportation—two new diesel-powered, stainless steel Zephyrs, each of which will have five VISTA-DOME cars. These new trains are being built now. In design, construction and appointments, they will symbolize "the last word" in modernity. In terms of spaciousness, conveniences and luxurious comfort, they will surpass even the present Twin Zephyrs which they will replace in regular service between Chicago and St. Paul-Minneapolis.

So look forward to an utterly new travel thrill—to the day when you can enjoy a penthouse view as you glide along Burlington's scenic Mississippi River route "where Nature smiles 300 miles."

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AN ESSENTIAL LINK IN TRANSCONTINENTAL TRANSPORTATION

Way of the Zephyrs
Burlington Route


from nowhere. And his easy nonchalance—that was new too.

He came out presently, dressed in his best new clothes, and he looked suddenly tall and broad-shouldered—the pads helped—and terribly grown up. His hair was brushed. His hands were clean. He had a spotless handkerchief peeping from his pocket.

"Got any cabbage?" he asked.

Kay motioned to her purse mutely. "I don't know what there is."

"There's sixteen dollars," he said. "A ten, a five and a one."

"Take it all in case of an accident," she said. "But five ought to be enough."

Billy gave her a self-conscious peck on the cheek and went off singing loudly, "*I'm Chiquita Banana and I've come to say—Bananas have to ripen in a certain way* ——"

Big Bill was pleased when he came in. "Now you can just relax, darling," he said. "He's off for the races."

"I don't like the idea of a night club He's too young."

"But opportunities foramusementin New York are so limited," he said seriously. "They can't go to the movies forever, or walk up and down Times Square. Now in a small town, the way we were raised, you could do so many different things."

They had a dinner of what Kay called odds and ends. The icebox had to be cleaned out. There were one fish cake, one lamb chop, a box of frozen peas, some cream cheese, three dead carrots. They had to have both applesauce and peaches for dessert.

"I'll be glad to get to Connecticut," said Bill. "where we eat regular."

THEY went to the neighborhood movie, stopped in at Child's for a snack and came in around eleven-thirty. There was no sign of Billy. They went to bed.

Kay couldn't sleep. She wondered whether Billy had good manners with the other sex.

She went back over the time he had measles. She wondered what time it was. She looked. It was one o'clock! She got up and looked out the window. The street was dark and big. It was an enormous city. She thought with sudden panic that she didn't even know the names of the girls. Where was Billy? He ought to be in. What had happened? She felt rising terror and went in to shake Bill awake.

"Bill," she said, "it's half past one!"

"Well, he'll be in any minute," Bill said. "Just go on to sleep. Nothing to worry about."

She got in bed obediently and lay rigid, seeing assorted accidents to Billy happening all over town. Before long, Bill got up and went to the living room and lit a cigarette. Then he was standing beside her.

"Where was he supposed to go?"

"Somewhere to hear a hot trumpet," said Kay, sitting up.

"I just wondered. I was just curious," said Bill.

Time went on. At three o'clock Kay and Bill were both up. "I think we'll have to call the Missing Persons Bureau," said Kay, walking up and down.

"Now just be calm," said Bill. "Everything's all right."

"All right? At this hour? At his age?"

"What was the name of the place with the trumpet?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was thinking about it being his first date and all—and oh, Bill, we don't even know what kind of girls they went with! For all we know ——"

"Now the thing to do is just take it quietly," said Bill, his voice unsteady. "Just to make you feel better, I'll phone the police and sort of explain things to them."

Kay said, "There's been an accident, I know it!"

Bill said, "Now just take it easy. After all, he's just out a little later than ——"

"It's ten minutes of four," Kay pointed out.

"With some harmless boys and girls ——"

"Girls!" said Kay bitterly. "I wish I'd never heard the word 'girl'!"

"But you've been saying ——"

"I know it! I was just out of my mind, that's all. I wish he'd play with Pal Sam all his life, that's what I wish! He can have those old rats for all of me—if he only comes home safe!" And Kay fell on the couch and began to weep.

BILL gave her a desperate look, then strode to the telephone and lifted the receiver. And as he dialed for the police, the door opened and Billy walked in.

"Gee, what's the matter?" he asked, staring in amazement at his parents. "You sick, mom? Something wrong?"

Big Bill slammed down the receiver. "Where have you been?" His voice was cased in ice. "Do you *know* what time it is?" He began to shout.

"Boy, do I!" Billy dropped his coat. "Boy, what a time!"

Kay sat up and stared at her son with a feverish look. "Billy Walsh," she said, her voice choking, "I suppose it means nothing to you that you've driven your poor parents completely crazy ——"

"Gee, mom, you mean you were worried?" He was astounded.

"Worried!" She flung out her hands. "Worried!"

"I was just calling the police to put in a missing-persons report," said Bill.

"Heck, I haven't been missing," Billy explained. "I've been right there all the time. I'll say I have. I couldn't get out!"

"What do you mean? Why didn't you come home at a decent hour?"

Billy sat down. "I'll tell you all about it," he said patiently, "if you give me a chance." He crossed his legs. He laughed. "It was funny at that," he said. "You see, we messed around for a while and then went to Jake's where this guy has the ——"

"Skip the trumpet," said his mother.

"Well, so we sat and had cokes. Six of us. We had ten or twelve cokes, I expect. We wanted some sandwiches, but they cost too much. And we had to have something to stay at the best front table. So after a while Bimbo—that's the other guy—had to take his date home, so they left. So Bimbo said

*(Continued on Page 106)*

## *Here Comes Spring*

**By Marjorie Lederer Lee**

**Here comes Spring**
**in a daisy-sprinkled dirndl**
**and open-toe sandals**
**and a wide straw hat**
**swinging from her arm**
**like a basket of flowers;**
**what does Spring do to look like that?**

**Where does Spring go**
**when she goes to have her hair done,**
**all done up**
**with a little green spray?**
**It couldn't be Charles,**
**and it couldn't be Antoine.**
**What's the address, and how much does she pay?**

**Sure, I know**
**that it really doesn't matter,**
**and dreams like that**
**are so much tripe!**
**Even if I went they'd say:**
**"Sorry, Madam.**
**You-haven't-got-the-features-and-you're-not-the-type."**

**I'm not Spring**
**in a daisy-sprinkled dirndl**
**and open-toe sandals**
**and a wide straw hat**
**swinging from my arm**
**like a basket of flowers.**
***And that's why they'd never do my hair like that.***

He's home again! Nothing like American women! No colors like Revlon "American originals" to idealize American beauty!

*Take it from a man!* **Revlon's** *new color*

# "Bachelor's Carnation"

*breaks all the rules!*

Nail Enamel • Lipstick • Face Powder




"The handsomest things!"
"Bachelor's Carnation" Match Box set 1.75 Face Powder 1.00 *Plus Tax*

What's *this*? The one color that defies convention—*imaginative*—
like the new fashions! A capricious *carmine* . . . with a tender passion . . .
plucked from the heart of *his* carnation . . . turns *siren* on *your* matching lips and fingertips. And
suddenly . . . it's spring! "Bachelor's Carnation" Face Powder breaks all the rules, too.




# PHILCO

*...the greatest refrigerator of all time !*

*Compare and judge for yourself*

(Continued from Page 106)

She must also face the unpleasant fact that successful women are not always the most admirable; that in driving to the upper income and prestige brackets they may lose some of the warmth, humor and time for fun. Many a woman holding a less remunerative, less conspicuous job as kindergarten teacher, district nurse, town clerk is more fulfilled as a person, more beneficial to the community.

In moments of weakness the woman at the top eyes with envy the occasional leisure of the housewife, the unharried after-hours of the less executive female, the joys of total family life. The moment passes. She realizes that wanting what you don't have is an old human custom. She made her choice long ago—and her regrets are not deep-seated.

**Life is like a bed. If it is insupportably uncomfortable the best thing is to get up and remake it.** —O. SANDYS.

By the time she is installed behind a glass-topped desk, the tough sledding is over. It's fun at the top. Her job has become her hobby too. She knows what she wants, after all—and she wants what she has.

### CHECK YOUR CQ—YOUR CAREER QUOTIENT

Answer the following questions yes or no. Be honest—don't give yourself the benefit of the doubt. If 18 or more of your answers agree with ours, you should—according to best authorities—have the proper ingredients for a big-time career. But remember, there is no sure-fire formula for making good; or if there is, the discoverer is keeping it more secret than the atomic bomb.

1. If it was a dark and stormy night, would you travel back to the office—a trip of one hour—to mail a crucial business letter you had absent-mindedly left on the desk?
2. When you're seedy—your head aches, your throat tickles and you're just a nervous wreck—would you stay to do a job which *should* be in the next day, but *could* wait another twenty-four hours?
3. When a piece of work is turned back to you, do you make it your business to find out what made it unsatisfactory?
4. Can you hold your tongue without biting it when you're just bursting with a morsel of top-secret news?
5. Do you resist morning coffee, afternoon tea and general sewing-circle chatter on the company's time?
6. When you make your debut on the job, do you wait for your new associates to break the how-about-luncheon ice?
7. Do you read a newspaper daily? A magazine regularly? A book weekly?
8. Do you keep unfavorable opinions of fellow workers and superiors to yourself?
9. If the boss puts you on a controversial hot spot, do you (a) Make agreeing noises, even though you think he's more off key than your old upright piano? (b) Remain noncommittal as a sphinx? (c) Tactfully put across the idea that you do not agree with him, but are willing to let him have his own opinion if he'll let you have yours?
10. Does it take you longer to decide where to eat than to settle a point of policy?
11. Do you secretly adore a vociferous telephone, a slew of appointments, a heavy morning mail?
12. Do you wake up on Monday morning with a "back-to-work" groan?
13. Could you go back and get a job at some place where you had formerly worked?
14. Do you recover from five o'clock slump after a leisurely dinner?
15. Do you bring an important piece of work home occasionally? Often? Never?
16. Do your low-down moments show?
17. If you were planning to spend a spare Tuesday evening drawing up a suggestion to the boss—your idea of the month—would you drop the project for a run-of-the-mill date?
18. Do you ever go over the important things on your day's schedule in the morning shower?
19. Do you pass up the correction of a small error every now and then because ten years from now it won't matter?
20. Are you a girl who can't say no?
21. Can you interrupt your conversation with an office visitor, answer the telephone, then pick up your conversation exactly where you left off—in idea if not in words?
22. Do you sling a mean alibi for every mistake and misstep?

ANSWERS:

1. Yes. Noble, but necessary.
2. Yes.
3. Yes.
4. It's tough—but the answer is "yes."
5. Yes—especially when your desk is piled high with work.
6. Yes. Always. But once the ice is broken, you're on your own.
7. If it's "yes" to newspaper, book and magazine, chalk up three separate points for yourself.
8. Yes—and here's a halo.
9. Yes for (b) and (c).
10. No. Mrs. Roosevelt once explained that she was able to accomplish all she did only because she never wasted time on unimportant decisions.
11. Yes. You're the center of attention and should love it.
12. No.
13. Yes—the art of making a graceful exit should be highly prized.
14. Yes.
15. Yes for "occasionally" and "often." But a bigger yes for occasionally than for often.
16. They shouldn't.
17. It's up to you—but we think the answer is "no."
18. Yes.
19. No, no, no!
20. No.
21. Yes.
22. No.

If you score 18 or over, you're a whiz; 15–17, you're doing O.K.; 12–14, you'll pass; 10–11, if you're career-minded, take yourself in hand; 1–9, maybe you don't want a career.

## WHAT FORCE IS STRONGER THAN THE ATOMIC BOMB?

(Continued from Page 48)

daily our power to lift or to destroy mankind, and spreads with frightening rapidity to all races and nations. Unless effective moral education and great ethical religion can catch up with all this new power, begetting spiritual community, common devotion to moral aims that put justice and decency first, our science will be used to destroy us.

Any earnest dealing with this matter clearly involves our personal lives and our homes. It is easy to hand down to our sons and daughters the paraphernalia of the world; not so simple is it to hand down to them a rich spiritual culture, the great heritage of faith and ethical principles, without which nothing can be good, nothing safe.

At that major task we are not doing well. Our schools, our churches, our homes and the total pressure of man's public life are proving unequal to the task, or positively hostile to it. The kind of world our grandchildren will live in will depend on the spiritual quality that will use the powers their generation will control, powers so immense we cannot even now imagine them. Those who know what is going on in some of our laboratories are not exultant, but very sober. The new powers coming into man's hands, they say, are appalling. It is character that must be our first consideration now—character and the faiths that sustain it, the principles that direct it and the aims that give it zest and purpose.


Now, My Floors Stay Beautiful...with LESS CARE!

Self-Polishing SIMONIZ is longer lasting ... makes floor cleaning so much easier

Discover today how wonderfully easy and fast floor care can be. Enjoy longer lasting beauty and protection from the start by using famous Self-Polishing Simoniz. It's easy to apply ... just spread with cloth or mop applicator. No rubbing! No buffing! It shines as it dries. Now finishes clean up with sparkling newness. Just the swish of a damp cloth and off comes dust and dirt ... soiled spots and spilled things. Get Self-Polishing Simoniz right away. It gives the same longer lasting beauty that Simoniz made famous for cars.

And Crystal-Clear, too!

Yes, Self-Polishing Simoniz is actually crystal-clear on your floor ... lets gay linoleum colors and fine finishes "show through" with radiant freshness. Yet floors are fully protected always. No wonder millions of housewives are insisting on better-by-far Self-Polishing Simoniz. Try it today! Sold by grocery, hardware, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

*Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes*

SHINES AS IT DRIES




FOR LINOLEUM, ASPHALT OR RUBBER TILE, OR FINISHED WOOD FLOORS




"ROYAL DESSERTS TASTE MORE DELICIOUS!"



—say 8 out of every 10

**Survey of 1,526 Royal users reveals why millions are "Reaching for Royal"**

*Royal Desserts taste more delicious!* Yes, that's what eight out of every ten of these women said. That's the reason they *always* want Royal.

Many sang the praises of Royal Vanilla Pudding. "A family favorite!" they said. "So delicate in flavor!" "Always just right!" "Can be used to make so many *different* desserts." And, mother, watch the youngsters' eyes shine when you serve it with the Easter garnish pictured above.

You'll want Royal Vanilla Pudding often and those other fine Royal Puddings, too—so luscious-tasting, creamy-textured, easily prepared. *And they take no sugar!* You'll love tangy, fruity Royal Gelatin Desserts, too. *Always* look for the name ROYAL!

**ROYAL BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING** has the real old-time butterscotch flavor and smooth, creamy texture. Wonderful topped with a sprinkle of snowy coconut. Try it!

**ROYAL CHOCOLATE PUDDING** is a chocolate lover's dream—rich, luscious, *chocolaty!* For Chocolate Floating Island, make it with three cups of milk and top with generous spoonfuls of fluffy meringue.







## SEVEN HUNDRED A WEEK

*(Continued from Page 31)*

When the door of one of the inner rooms opened Stacy turned her head. She said, "Oh," and got to her feet, but somehow she wasn't surprised at all. Standing in the doorway was the young man of the day before. He looked just as handsome as he had at the Manor Club. He had a smock on too. A rather mussy smock, but his cowlick fell just as it had and his gray eyes looked quite as stunned and the least bit regretful.

Stacy gave him her best smile. "I'm Eustacia Forrest, Doctor Kelsey. You *are* Doctor Kelsey?"

"I am." He leaned against the door, unsmiling. "Come in." He stood aside and Stacy went into the office. Files and a big desk. Two phones. Doctor Kelsey gestured at the swivel chair before the desk. "Sit down." Stacy sat. The chair revolved gently as her toe touched the floor. Doctor Kelsey said bleakly, "Tim says you've come about the job. He thinks you're just right for it. I don't."

Stacy stiffened. "How do you know? I'm a good typist. I know all the people around here and every one of the dogs."

Doctor Kelsey gestured. "You think all there is to it is sitting there and answering the phone and going out and smiling at people. It isn't so." He stared at Stacy for so long she thought he didn't see her. He said at last, "It's no lark. You won't last. Just when we're getting used to you you'll up and get married."

Stacy said gently, "If I haven't got married up to this time, I probably won't for a long time to come. I've had a few chances."

Doctor Kelsey said, "I believe that." He put his hands into the pockets of his smock. "There's the rest of it. You'll have no life of your own, and I'm sure you lead a very active social life. Nine to six every day of the week. Three nights until nine. You'll get a day off now and then, and every other Sunday, but you'll hardly notice it."

"They *are* long hours," Stacy agreed. "But there are compensations, I'm sure. The work itself ——"

"The work. Yes. You'll have to help me. You'll have to hold the dogs and cats while I do treatments. Be my assistant when I operate."

"That should be interesting."

"You won't ever have your lunch in peace. You'll eat at the house, and just when you're diving into Cristabel's creamed lobster, buzz-buzz and you'll have to come over here to see who it is. Some dizzy dog owner or worse, a cat lady, and you're in for half an hour of chatter and a cold lunch to go back to if you've any desire left to eat."

STACY said firmly, "I like dogs. I like cats, too, though not as much. If the job is open I'll take it on. If not, say so."

Doctor Kelsey's shoulder lifted. "It pays fifty a week and there may be a bonus now and then, but ——" That was when the phone rang. Doctor Kelsey said, "It's the one on the left. You say, 'Manor Hospital, good morning' then you get it. It's usually faintly neurotic."

The phone shrilled again. Stacy took it up. She spoke the formula, her eyes on Doctor Kelsey. He was really ever so good-looking and he worked practically up to his dark brows in dogs. Stacy couldn't understand why he wasn't deliriously happy.

Someone on the other end said querulously, "This is Mrs. Wilson at Seven Oaks. I can't understand what is wrong with Topsy."

Stacy said, "Hullo, Mrs. Wilson. This is Stacy Forrest. I think I know what's wrong with Tops. He's been pigging."

Mrs. Wilson's voice changed. "Stacy—what on earth are you doing there?"

"I'm working here. I saw Tops rummaging in the cans behind the supermarket. Tummy, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. He's been properly sick."

"We'll pick him up. How's Deb?"

Three minutes later Stacy put down the phone and smiled at Doctor Kelsey.

"Was that all right?"

HIS cowlick quivered. His voice came deep from his chest. "Some might consider you a godsend. Me ——" He didn't finish. He said, "You'll find Topsy's card in the files, under Wilson. Enter him when Tim brings him in. Enema, I suppose. Tim does those." He started to say something else, thought better of it and left.

Tim put his head in three minutes later and grinned. It was amazing how the time passed.

Stacy told her mother all about it that night. A warm bath made her tiredness vanish. "I'll get used to it soon. The hours *are* long, but after all, it's the sort of work I love."

Mrs. Forrest asked realistically, "Is he good-looking?"

"Yes, if you mean Doctor Kelsey."

"I do. Is he married?"

Stacy shook her gleaming bob.

"Are you going to marry him?"

Stacy considered that, sitting cross-legged on her mother's bed. "Could be. He's nice and he likes the things I like."

"Does he like you?"

"He does," Stacy said definitely. "I scare him a bit because I'm good-looking, but he'll get used to that."

Mrs. Forrest sighed. "Have him over to dinner. I'll look at him. Just curiosity, of course. Scram, dear changeling."

Stacy was up the next morning bright and early, and the mornings that followed. At the hospital at nine and smocked and ready for work five minutes later Tim and the other kennelman had the cages cleaned by then. Doctor Kelsey came from the house at nine-thirty and did the treatments, and then there was the midday meal to get ready for the dogs while Tim did baths and pluckings and people came with dogs and more dogs.

Stacy loved it. Ran Kelsey was a whiz. Her first Caesarean was so fascinating Stacy never felt a qualm. It was all so quick and wonderful. A local, a tiny incision and Ran's long finger probing inside and bringing out tiny balls of fur. Half an hour later the new mother wagging her tail in her cage while she licked her mewling, purblind offspring.

It would have been simply grand if Ran Kelsey hadn't had such a dampening effect. "Wait until you've been here awhile," he told Stacy as they were washing up after an operation. "When you get that casque of yours full of dog owners and cat ladies. You'll feel differently."

"I never will," Stacy said stoutly. "Dogs are simply darling."

Ran looked at her sidewise. "Just wait."

Stacy stared at him, feeling somehow like crying. "Golly, why do you stay in this profession if you don't like it?"

Ran dried his hands carefully. "Seven hundred a week. In six or seven years I figure that even with Uncle Sam getting his slice, the overhead and what I owe on this, I should have a hundred thousand dollars. That's why."

Stacy felt all choked. "Not—not because you love dogs?"

Ran Kelsey looked at her fully. "Seven hundred a week," he said bleakly and went out of the operating room.

---

**When Scott, the Antarctic explorer, was preparing for his last expedition, he applied to Lloyd George, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, for financial aid. He was advised to see a certain rich man interested in polar expeditions. Scott did so and again called on Lloyd George. "Were you successful?" asked the Chancellor. "He is giving me a thousand pounds," was the reply, "but he has undertaken to raise fifty thousand more if I can persuade you to come with me. And I am to have a million if I can manage to leave you there."**

---

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If it hadn't been for the dogs Stacy might have quit then and there. But the dogs needed her. She told her mother that in one of their bull sessions. "He's really a terrible disappointment, but the dogs are so wonderful. And when they're ill they're just like children. So pathetically helpless."

Mrs. Forrest inquired, "So you aren't going to marry him?"

Stacy said sadly, "I don't think so."

"Too bad," her mother chimed cheerfully. "Ask him to dinner anyhow. He interests me."

So Stacy asked Ran. She extended the invitation quite coolly, because by now she had decided that Ran Kelsey was an opportunist and nothing more. But he was most certainly a disturbing one.

Ran said, "Thanks. Friday? It's kind of you."

"Mother's idea," Stacy said matter-of-factly. "We'll make it at six so you can get back to relieve Tim. It's my night off."

"Fine." He was looking at her, but Stacy didn't show she was aware of that.

She looked at the Caren card. "Rix is being p.u.'d today. Do I charge for the extra day?"

"You do," Ran said evenly. He straightened to his full six feet. "When Mrs. Caren comes let me know. If I'm not here, tell her I think Rix's tonsils are pretty enlarged. He'd better have them out." His gray eyes met Stacy's wide green ones. "A lovely new angle, and they love that. Simple operation,

**A piece of satire, tew be beneficial, should be so rendered that every man who reads it or hears it shall say to himself, That iz just, bekause it hits every buddy but me.**

—JOSH BILLINGS:
Quoted in the Scrapbook.

and it helps a lot of them, besides being most advantageous to our seven hundred a week."

That was Saturday. On Sunday there were even more people with dogs to board and be beautified. In the few free moments Stacy could look out the back casement windows and see the golfers on the club course. Dave called her and Sam Smith did. They asked without hope for dates, and Sam sprang the now hollow jest of Stacy's having gone to the dogs.

Stacy wouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for Ran Kelsey. As she totted up the week's takings and found it to be over the seven hundred she felt her heart empty. Ran could easily be such a darling, but a man who looked upon dogs as just a means of making money was something incomprehensible to Stacy Forrest.

She was sure it couldn't be so. No one as able, as talented and as sure as Ran could be just a heartless mercenary. Yet it wasn't long until the proof hit her hard and direct.

It rained on Tuesday. On Wednesday it was like a February day. Ran went off at six to an Elks get-together and Stacy had her dinner in the salt-box house with Cristabel humming hymns in the kitchen. When Cristabel left, Stacy went back to the office, switched on the outside lights and between phone calls and the three people who came to pick up dogs she made the rounds and spoke to every one of the boarders and patients. At eight-thirty the bell rang.

When Stacy came into the reception room in her clean, well-fitting smock, a little old lady was sitting in one of the chrome chairs holding a beige cocker in her arms. She got up as Stacy came forward. She was small and gray-haired, neatly dressed. Her clear blue eyes were frightened. She held out the dog, her lips trembling.

"He's ill, I think."

Stacy took the silky body into her arms. The cocker's big eyes were lackluster. His body felt hot and she could hear the rasp of his breathing. She didn't know the dog or the old lady.

The woman said, "He hasn't been eating the last two days. Now he can't hold any-

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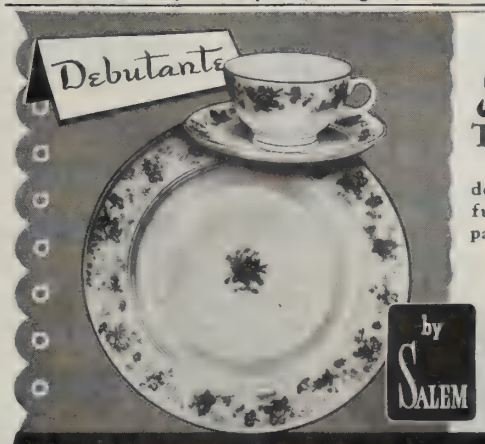
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thing. Not even water. He just lies around." Tears welled in her eyes. "Pal is my son's dog. Art is at sea. If—if anything happened to Pal, Art would never get over it." She struggled to keep from crying as Stacy held the dog close. "I suppose I've spoiled him. I've given him the best care and food. He always had meat when rationing was on even if I didn't. He *must* get well. I don't care what it costs," she said. "I'll find the money somehow."

Stacy's throat was tight. She said huskily, "Come into the office. I'll make out the card."

Mrs. Marsh. Of Edge Road. In the less fashionable section of the Manor. Mrs. Marsh put her hand just once on Pal's unresponsive head and left. Stacy carried the dog into the upstairs room and put him in a cage. Pal lay down and closed his eyes wearily.

She called the Elks and asked that Doctor Kelsey come at once. It was past nine when she heard the valve-tappet tick that was the identifying sound of Ran's car. He came into the office, big and vital.

"What's wrong?"

Stacy stumbled in her eagerness to tell him. Ran stood tall and straight, listening. His eyes darkened.

"Take it easy. Dogs get ill. Dogs die. You've got to expect that."

"But not this one. He's such a poor little thing." Stacy clasped her hands. "Oh, Ran, he mustn't die. She's such a sweet old lady and Pal's master is so far away."

Ran said sharply, "Bring the dog into the examination room."

Stacy fairly flew. She came out with Pal and set him on the metal top of the table.

Ran looked at the dog. "Did you take his temperature?"

"A—a hundred and five."

Ran was running his hands over the dog, tapping, feeling with sure fingers. "Congestion. Pneumonia, pretty certain."

Stacy's breath caught. "Oh, Ran, will he die? He mustn't."

Ran said, "Stop it. Get a pneumonia jacket. We'll give him sulpha. He'll come out of it or he won't."

Stacy felt as if he had slapped her. Her silky lashes blinked rapidly. "You're heartless," she faltered. "All you think of is money."

Ran lifted his head. His gray eyes were inscrutable. "You're tired. You get along home."

"I'm not going," Stacy stormed. "I'll stay with Pal."

"You'll go home and go to bed. The world won't come to an end if one dog gets better or not." He put his hands on her shoulders. "Out!"

It must have been sheer exhaustion that enabled Stacy to sleep that night, but she was up at seven, had her breakfast and was at the hospital by eight.

Tim was cleaning the cages. He looked at Stacy as she came into the upstairs cage room. "Got a sick dog, hey? Seems to've puked up ever'thing you give him. Sulpha tablets too."

Stacy looked at Pal, his middle covered by the wadding and muslin of the pneumonia jacket. His mouth was open, his nose clogged. He didn't move when she spoke to him. "Did—did you tell Doctor Kelsey?"

"He ain't come in yet."

Stacy ran from the hospital to the house. Ran was having his coffee. He nodded as Stacy told him.

"We'll give him an intravenous shot then." His eyes met hers. He frowned. "There are other dogs in the hospital, you know. Suppose you leave it to me and take care of things." He lifted his hand. "I know. There isn't much I can do, though. Nature does most of it. We give the dog sulpha. All the sulpha can do is keep down the rate of growth of the pneumococci so that the antibodies can cope with them. If it works, Pal gets better. If not, he doesn't. Be realistic."

Stacy swallowed. She had to keep from storming at Ran. She went back into the office and started her work, but all she could think of was the pathetic little dog lying listless in his cage.

Pal wasn't any better that day. Whenever she had a free moment Stacy went in and swabbed his nostrils. He was having such a terrible time trying to breathe. He wouldn't eat. He wouldn't even drink the red juice of raw meat.

When Mrs. Marsh called in the afternoon Stacy's heart was heavy. "He's still very sick. We—we'll know by tomorrow if—if he'll make it."

Ran was grumpy the next day. It was all right with Stacy. Her heart was hard within her. She could think only of Pal. She stayed with him as much as she could, but there was nothing she could do but pray for the little cocker. And Ran, who could have done something, apparently wasn't overinterested. Pal was just another dog. A dog to do his best for—but Pal needed more than that.

Stacy had forgotten that it was Friday. That it was the night she had invited Ran for dinner. He wasn't in the hospital when she reluctantly and wearily left. Her mother was dressed in a blue frock and there was the odor of baking cake in the apartment when Stacy opened the door.

Mrs. Forrest said, "Isn't your young doctor with you?"

Stacy stared at her mother. "I forgot all about it. I—I hope he doesn't come."

Mrs. Forrest said interestedly, "You wouldn't like to tell me about it?"

"I'll cry if I do," Stacy said and her mother nodded.

"In that case, don't. Your face gets blotchy. I'm glad I got a steak. I won't put it in until he comes."

Stacy went into her room and changed. She didn't want to see Ran. She felt she couldn't be agreeable to him when Pal was lying so still in his cage, but when she came out at seven she felt only anger—not relief. Mrs. Forrest lifted one jet brow and Stacy said bitterly:

"I'm afraid he's that sort, mother. I don't think he's coming."

"I'd just as soon have a poached egg," Mrs. Forrest said soothingly. "We can save the steak. I owe the Cahills a dinner."

Ran didn't come. Mrs. Forrest said nothing, but her eyes asked a lot. Stacy couldn't tell her mother. All she could think of was Pal struggling to breathe in his cage and Ran off somewhere making contacts that brought in business. It was all right to say that Nature would decide whether Pal lived or died—perhaps that was true—but it wasn't right to think like that. To leave it like that. She didn't have a key or she would have got her polo coat and gone over to the hospital and stayed with Pal—even if she could do nothing for him.

She went to bed at eleven and she was at the hospital in the morning when Tim arrived. He unlocked the door and Stacy ran through the examination room into the cage room. All the dogs barked joyfully but Stacy only gasped, "Good morning, dogs," and made for Pal's cage. He was lying just as he had for days, his silky muzzle on his two paws.

Stacy's voice caught. "Pal, how are you?" The dog didn't move, but his stumpy tail quivered. Stacy's heart leaped. Her eyes blurred. "Oh, Pal, you're going to live, aren't you?" She wanted to run to the phone and call Mrs. Marsh. To cry, "He knew me this morning. He wagged his tail." But she didn't know if it meant Pal was going to make it. She couldn't raise false hopes.

When Ran came in at nine-thirty she told him. He looked as if he'd had a big night. Pretty seedy. He didn't say even one word

*(Continued on Page 114)*

**That we are all lost in a world of vain illusion; and that somewhere, somehow, we must all seek Salvation and a more Abiding City—this is what old-fashioned parsons keep droning from their pulpits; and the worst of it is—what they say is true.**

—LOGAN P. SMITH: All Trivia. (Harcourt Brace & Company).



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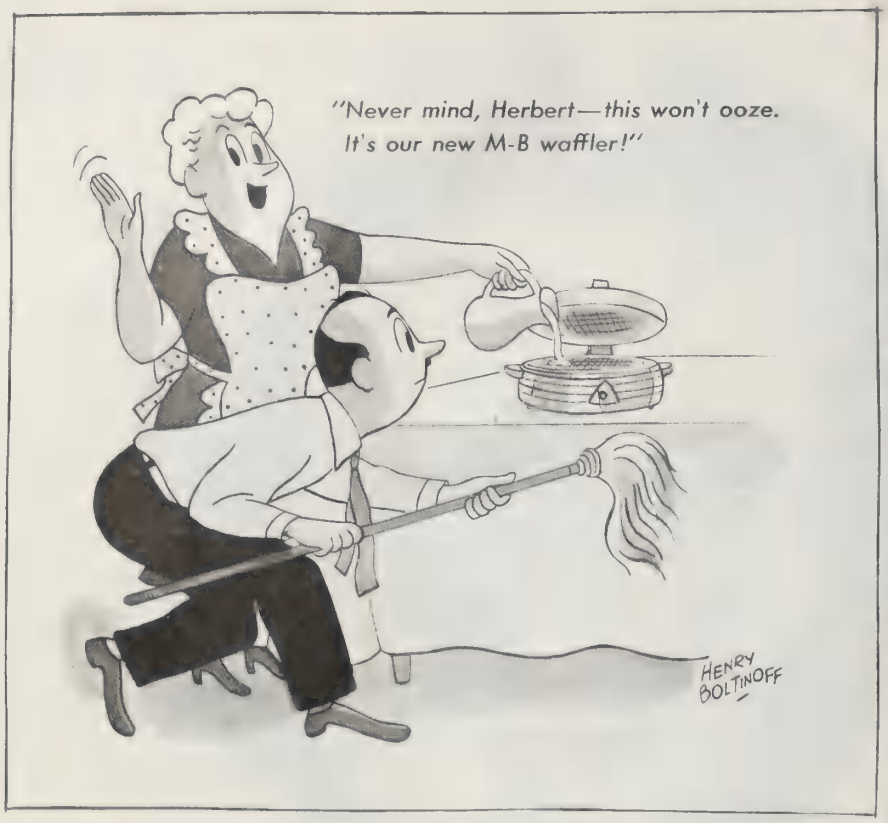
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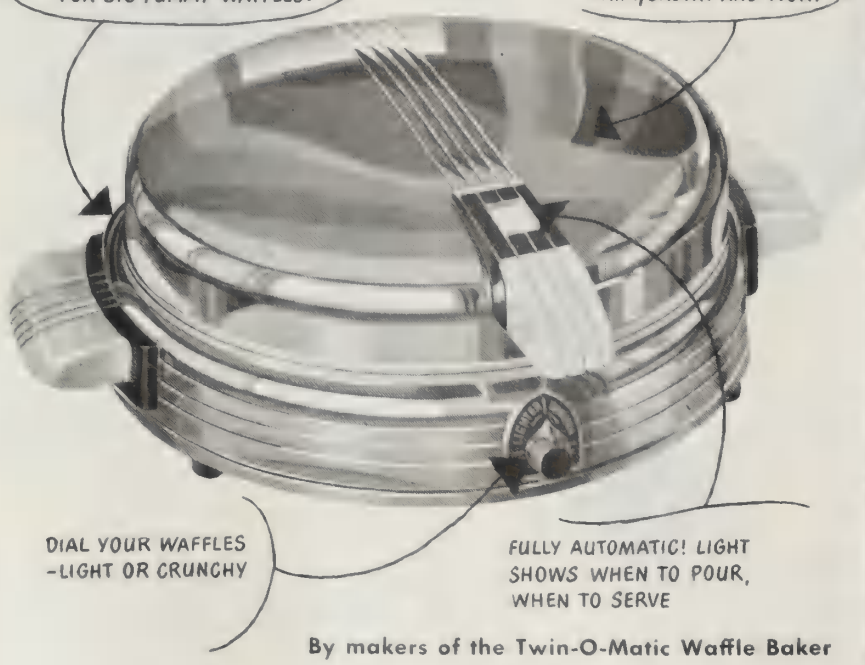
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(Continued from Page 112)

of apology about not showing up for dinner. He'd forgotten, Stacy decided, her heart hard against him. It was just as well.

Ran started his first treatment. The Appels' Afghan. He said, as Stacy held the dog's odd head and told him coldly as she could that Pal had recognized her, "I think he can make it. His temperature is down. Keep his nose clear. He's pretty weak, but he's still alive." He didn't look at her and Stacy was glad. She couldn't see for the tears, and you can't glare with tears in your eyes.

She called Mrs. Marsh as soon as the treatments were over, and the tremor in the old lady's voice made Stacy catch her lower lip with even white teeth. "I'll call you if there's anything new. He'll get well. He must."

There was a dance she didn't enjoy on Saturday night; golf on Sunday and a dull tea. She called Tim almost every hour until Tim said at last, "The pooch'll make it, Stacy. He needs a bath though." When Stacy screamed, Tim said, "I just said he *needs* one."

Stacy could hardly wait for the morning. Pal knew her when she came in. He wagged his tail definitely and lifted his head. His big eyes weren't dull any more, and when Stacy opened the cage and took him, foul-smelling and dirty as he was, into her arms, he snuggled his muzzle into her neck and whimpered.

"I know," Stacy crooned. "You've been awful sick, Pal boy, but you're going to get well. Art couldn't bear it if you didn't. Eat your meat and get well, dog."

She hardly spoke to Ran the next few days. He didn't seem at all concerned that Pal had come from the very doors of dog heaven. He frowned at the cards and told her what to soak the Amsdens, and Stacy hoped he wouldn't make the odious seven hundred this week. That made her think of Mrs. Marsh. It was going to be a big bill. At least another week before Pal could leave. Until he was strong enough, even though he was eating now and jumped up in his cage, quivering all over when Stacy came in.

The week ended with the seven hundred well passed. Dogs came in to board and dogs went home. There were several operations, and Stacy could admire the skill Ran possessed and yet be unmoved.

There was only Pal somehow. Mrs. Marsh coming in—not too often, because she didn't want to be a bother. Coming in and being so quietly grateful and happy. Pal getting better every day, until just before the week ended, and May was bright and warm, Tim gave him a bath with Stacy helping and they dried him under the drier and combed and brushed him until his pale coat shone. He snuggled in Stacy's arms and licked her and she didn't cry until Tim had taken him away. Taken him home. Well.

RAN didn't come in until late on Sunday. Stacy was figuring up the week's takings. Ran looked as if he'd had an afternoon of tennis. Sun-flushed skin, clear eyes. Ever so handsome.

He said, "You can have the evening off if you like. I'll carry on."

"It isn't necessary." Stacy looked up, her green eyes still. "We're under this week. Just five-seventy-five. Of course, there's Mrs. Marsh's bill. I made it out." She took a firmer hold on her pencil. "You—you're charging her full rate?"

Ran was behind her when he spoke. "A hundred and a quarter. She paid it. Mark the card. You don't have to send a bill."

The pencil shook in Stacy's fingers. She thought of Mrs. Marsh. She could hear her say, "I'll find the money somehow."

Stacy said, "That makes the seven hundred then." She got up. Her voice was even. "Will a week's notice be enough? I'm leaving."

Ran was leafing through a veterinary journal. He didn't turn. "I never thought you'd stay. Getting married?"

"I'm not," Stacy said with icy anger. "I just can't stand what you call the realistic approach."

Ran turned to her then. He said slowly, "You're hurt. That's what happens when you let your heart show. It gets kicked around."

Stacy said breathlessly, "You have to *have* a heart to get it kicked around. I guess I will go home."

SHE came exactly at nine the next day. She assisted with the treatments, but she didn't look at Ran, not even when she had to speak to him. Tim looked woebegone when Stacy told him she was leaving.

Stacy hoped Ran would get someone quickly. She didn't want to be around. She could still smile at people and be gentle with the dogs, but something had gone out of it all. The joy of it.

She was in the office two nights later when Mrs. Marsh came. Tim and the other kennelman had gone. Ran was probably in the house, for Cristabel was long gone, yet there were lights in the windows. Stacy had been sitting forlorn in the office. The dogs were quiet and the phones as well. She heard the buzzer and got up.

Mrs. Marsh smiled as Stacy came out and Stacy asked quickly, "How is Pal?"

"He's fine." Tiny wrinkles quivered at the corners of Mrs. Marsh's eyes. "I wrote Art. I told him all you and Doctor Kelsey have done for his dog." She fumbled in her bag and held out something to Stacy. Stacy took it. A ten-dollar bill. Mrs. Marsh said, "I'll pay more when I can, and Art will pay the rest as soon as his ship comes."

Stacy's green eyes grew wide. "But ——"

Mrs. Marsh said, "I know what it costs. And those nights Doctor Kelsey sat up with Pal. I called one night at two—I just had to—and he was with Pal. I could hear the other dogs when he spoke to me." She closed her bag. "He wouldn't tell me what the bill is, but Art will insist on paying, though money couldn't ever repay all you've both done."

When Mrs. Marsh had gone, Stacy looked at the crumpled bill. So that was why Ran hadn't come to dinner. Her lips firmed. She turned off the lights and slipped the latch on the alley door.

The door to the house was open. When Stacy came into the living room that had, somehow, no warmth to it—just a forlornness—Ran was sitting in his big chair, pipe in mouth, a book on his lap. He got to his feet, his eyes still.

Stacy held out the bill. "Does this go on last week's receipts or this week's?"

Ran didn't speak.

Stacy said gently, "Mrs. Marsh just gave it to me. On account. Why didn't you tell me, Ran?"

She saw his eyes then. Deep and somehow disturbed. "I told you. If you let your heart show, everyone takes a whack at it. You get hurt."

"Would I hurt you?" Stacy asked, her heart swelling.

"You?" His dark head was erect. "You're Stacy Forrest. There are half a dozen men with everything to give you just waiting for you to get over this whim. A week after you've left you'll forget all about this and me too. What do you know about me? I'm not like the men you know. My people never had a penny. I worked as a waiter to get enough for my first year's tuition. Summers I worked in the stockyards. I've still got it all to make—to be independent."

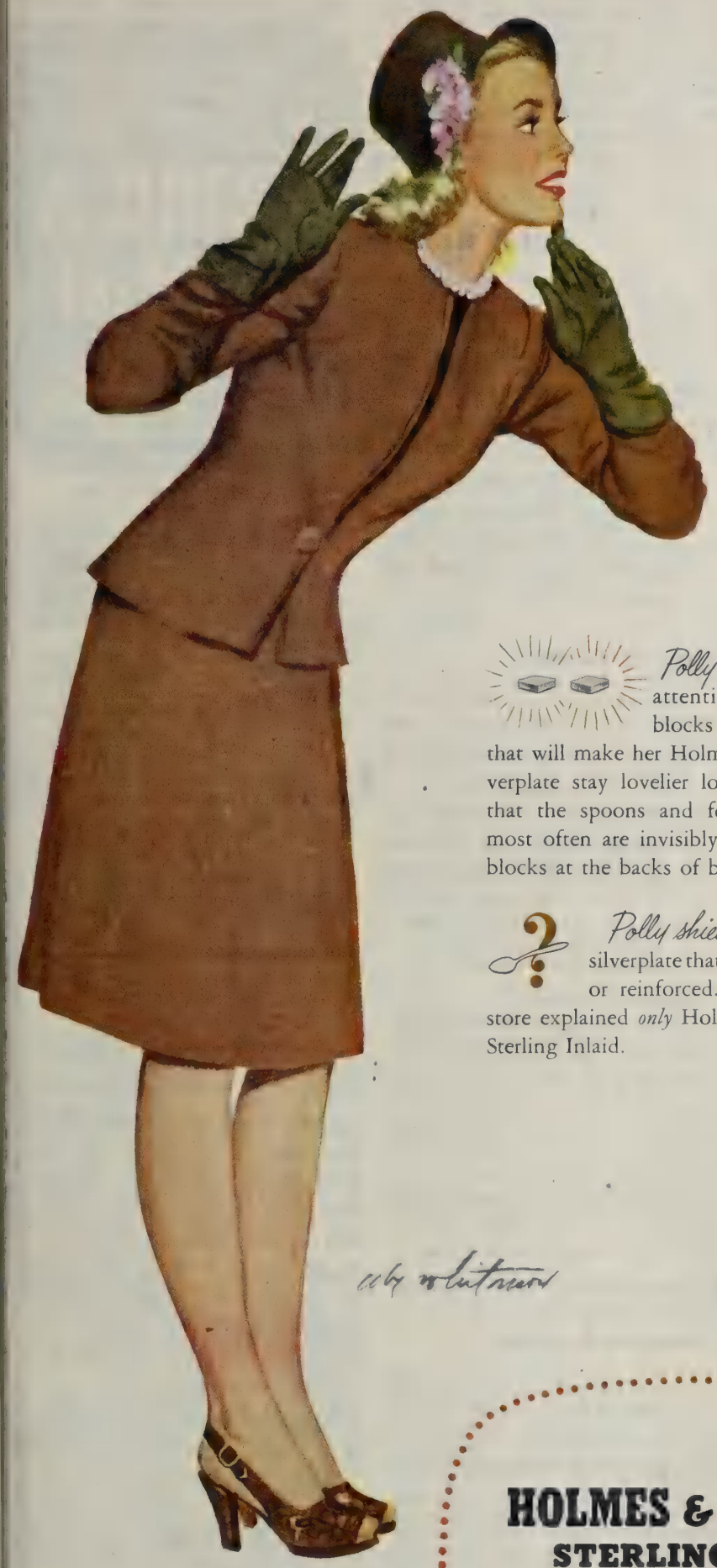
His voice went on. Stacy's green eyes grew wider. They grew deeper and more

(Continued on Page 116)

## Answer

**By Elaine V. Emans**

**Like the sun come out**
**When rain persisted,**
**Faith where a doubt**
**Or fear existed,**
**Smiles to the lonely,**
**Clasp of a hand,**
**Is your saying only:**
**"I understand."**





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JAECKEL GOWN

HAT BY MME. REINE




(Continued from Page 114)

clear and Stacy heard his voice but not what he said. She was thinking, *He's thirty, almost, but he doesn't trust anyone because he's afraid they'll hurt him. And he's afraid of me most because he loves me.* She didn't hear what Ran was saying in that troubled deep tone. She didn't have to. She thought, *We'll let Tim and his wife move in here. We'll have a house on the other side of town where the dogs won't disturb Ran after hours. We'll work her together and live there together, and* ——

Her breath went with a sigh. She looke at Ran—widely, aware. She said, "When?"

Ran stopped talking. His shoulders sagge just a little and his gray eyes looked int Stacy's with a hopeless longing. "Whe what?" he asked.

"When," Stacy said breathlessly, "are yo going to stop talking and start kissing?"

## OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

way this office works to be proud of being part of UNRRA, in spite of numerous criticisms in the American press. Believe me, there are no criticisms in the press of the receiving countries! In many cases—in fact, the majority—UNRRA is the biggest source of supply for essentials. It has literally saved thousands of lives, both from starvation and from epidemics. It certainly has proved how successful international organizations *can* be. Our mission is made up of Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, Russians, Czechs and French. It gives a really warm feeling to see everyone working toward the same goal, with never one bit of friction between persons or nations.

Love,
BERTIE.

### Teacher Was Our Pet

*Austin, Texas.*

*My dear sir:* In behalf of the national organization of 25,000 women teachers which I represent, I should like to thank you for Look Pretty, Teacher, by Ruth Mary Packard.

Unfortunately, the public still seems to hold the popular impression that teachers as illustrations must be caricatured. The fact that you have chosen to stress fashions for teachers is a step in the right direction, and one that our members appreciate deeply.

Cordially yours,
M. MARGARET STROH,
*National Executive Secretary,*
*The Delta Kappa Gamma Society.*

### Everybody Happy!

*Decatur, Illinois.*

*Dear Editors:* Women veterans of Uncle Sam's armed forces are posing no problems for A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co., processor of corn and soybean products.

Of the eleven women employees who entered the service, four have been released.

All four got their old jobs back, at preenlistment rate of pay, plus increases awarded during their absence. All four married.

All four then quit their Staley jobs.

All smart women prefer jobs at home to jobs in an office. ED.

### Then There Were None

*Ridgewood, L. I., New York.*

*Dear Sir:* We protest! Meet Three Career Girls is no more an illustration of the opportunities, experiences and obstacles faced in the average career than the three girls themselves are typical of the average business girl.

Look at the picture. Three girls from obviously well-to-do families arrive in New York and in a short space of time two land positions in fields where others have labored long and hard before approaching such phenomenal success. Of the three, the sole claimant to being anything like average is Caffie. Her salary, position and the manner in which she obtained it are most indicative of the average girl. She used no personal friends, had no softhearted bosses and is, you will note, the most poorly paid.

What of all the girls who must live in "shabby apartments" for the simple reason that their families live there—girls who must sacrifice to help maintain a home without the compensating fun and freedom a bachelor apartment affords—who have no smart tweeds to offset surrounding shabbiness?

We write as two young businesswomen, representative of the average girl mentioned above, who have had to compete with girls such as Jane and Gretchen. Usually they have proved too much for us. We envy no one their earned success. Success, if anything, is typically American, but so is fair play.

Thank you,
JO JONES and KAY SULLIVAN.

Of our three "career girls" one has been fired, one is getting married, one is going home "sick of a career." ED.

### What If There is No Happy Ending?

*Wellesley, Massachusetts.*

*Dear Mrs. Gould:* Before my husband was killed I read your wonderful stories with gusto, but now I can't bear them as they all end so perfectly.

Your stories are mostly based on veterans returning to their wives and the glorious and happy ending of four years of waiting. What of the wives whose husbands will never return?

Sincerely,
*(Name withheld by request.)*

JOURNAL fiction has not ignored the tragedy that has come to so many wives of servicemen. See, for instance: Make Room for Me, July, 1943; Captain Douglass Comes Home, October, 1944; The Road and The Turning, June, 1945; The Rendezvous, December, 1945. ED.

### Old England—Not So Merrie

The following letter was written to one of our readers, Oliver K. Whiting, of New York, by his brother. ED.

*Caversham—Reading, England.*

*Dear Ken:* You would be surprised how people here in England aged under the strain of the war years. Men and women you knew even in 1940 as young middle-aged now have white hair and seem to have taken to themselves about 15 years. . . . It is, I think, the endless little shortages that are the worst for one's nerves. Imagine trying to start a business, for instance. Try to get an office—with two million buildings gone you can't get one for love or money. Get some stationery printed—wait three months. Try and get labor—the Exchange will not send anyone. Materials? Pair of scissors? None to be had. Telephone put in? Nine months. Electric light put in? Only for invalids. And so it goes.

How accountants and professional men keep looking even decent beats me altogether. I go on washing and pressing old flannel trousers (I am wearing now a pair of yours 10 years old) until they fall to bits. I often noted the American women I met at the B.B.C. How smart they looked against my friends there—they must have caused much envy, but I hope no one showed it. Our women announcers often wear slacks and jerseys even at the microphone and almost always no stockings. At a glance, a London crowd still looks reasonably prosperous, but most keep for the street their only shirt and, perhaps, a prewar suit.

With a hopeful outlook, we will pull through to something worth having—God grant it be so.

All the best,
RON.

### Half a Loaf

*Dallas, Texas.*

*Dear Editors:* Your note—"one slice of bread wasted once a week in every U. S. kitchen adds up to approximately 4,000,000 loaves. And Europe needs loaves, of everything"—should open somebody's eyes—some of the bakers', I hope. Why doesn't some baker start selling his bread in a half loaf? For the families of two or

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three (and there are many of us) this would be a great saving; at least one fourth of a loaf is thrown away every day or so and I feel guilty every time.

Sincerely,
MRS. GLEN ROSE JACKSON.

**They Opened Her Eyes**

*Phoenixville, Pa.*

*Dear Editors:* I am a Cadet Nurse taking the last six months of training at Valley Forge General Hospital, one of the two Army blind centers, specializing in the care of the blind and plastic surgery.

We had all had two and one-half years of nursing experience, and have seen some pitiful sights, but when I was assigned to a blind ward, my heart sank. How would I ever learn how to act around a boy who might never see again? How could I get them to accept me? For those young G. I.'s are surely the most critical patients I have had. I should never have worried.

We reported on duty, and encountered for the first time the famous acrylic, or plastic, eye. The captain introduced us to one boy and asked if we could tell which was his plastic eye. S——, the other cadet, picked the left, and after some study, I decided it must be the right. The patient, a robust specimen of Southern manhood, began to roar. Both eyes were plastic!

From that moment on the boys teased us, and never stopped until the day we left the ward. It was about two weeks later that I saw on the face of a boy blinded for life—a twenty-year-old genius, whose chief interest was higher mathematics—the most hopeless expression I have ever seen. He didn't know there was anyone present, but as soon as I spoke, a big grin appeared on his face, and he began to comment on the Braille book he was "reading." Then I learned that rarely will a blind boy appear without that set smile or grin when he knows there are people about. Once in a while one of them would let down and tell me what he really thought and felt. One was quite contemptuous of the way civilians treat the blind.

"They run up to you, turn you around three times and ask if they can't help you—poor boy." One thing we *must* learn: just because a boy has lost the faculty of sight doesn't mean he has lost the faculty of thinking. These boys are healthy, normal people in every respect but one—they cannot see. I'll never forget the time one of the boys asked me to let him know when I left the room. I had thoughtlessly allowed him to go on talking to empty air when I had gone. So we started a game—"Report as directed"—very G. I. And very helpful. But you can never joke with the boys about their afflictions unless they start the joke. One of them would snarl at another, when bumping into him, "What's the matter—can't you see where you're going?" That was always good for a laugh—when *they* said it.

I'll hate to leave Valley Forge. But I'll be grateful the rest of my life for being allowed to meet the greatest guys in the world.

Sincerely,
JEANNE WERNER.

**Throwing Pies at Annie!**

*Montreal, Canada.*

*Dear Editors:* For years Ann Batchelder has been my household god. But now, apropos of pies, she says: "The British have their jelly tarts and a 'thing' called a pastry!" She can say anything she pleases about our uninspired cooking, but when it comes to pastry we take second place to none! As "American as apple pie," she says. From whom did you get the recipe? The Indians? Why, it came over with the Pilgrims from Bristol.

Almost every town in England has its own special pastry: Banbury tarts, Eccles "cakes," Melton Mowbray pork pies, with their savory jellied pork and brown glazed, rich short crust outside.

A *thing* called a pastry, indeed! Oh, Ann, how could you?

Sincerely yours,
GWEN WATKINS.

American pastry lore does indeed go straight back to the Queen of Hearts, who made some tarts, and the 24 blackbirds set before the King. But perhaps Miss Batchelder thinks that what was originated in England has been improved in America. ED.

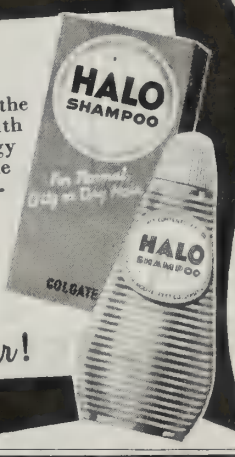
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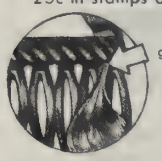


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## THE GIFTS OF LOVE

*(Continued from Page 18)*

in Cleveland with two other men named Art and Luke and played a lot of squash. There'd been an awkward moment when John asked him what his father did.

"He was in the diplomatic service, but he died before I was three."

"Gee, that's tough. Your home's in the East?"

"It was while my grandmother was living."

"Haven't you any family?" John was shocked. "Any sisters or brothers? What became of your mother?"

"She was in Switzerland with my sister when I last heard of them." That something more than annoyance in his voice again.

Marjorie suggested bridge after dinner, but they never did get around to it. John went out to the kitchen and came back with a bowl of apples and nuts.

"Anybody want an apple?"

Everybody did, and Marjorie wanted to know where they'd come from.

"The kitchen," John said lazily. "Out of a brown paper bag."

"Gosh, isn't Jane wonderful?"

The apples cracked and split when they bit into them.

"Salt, John. We ought to have some salt. 'My love is like a red red apple.' Is that anything, Jane?"

"Probably." She felt free and at ease, a familiar confidence exciting her brain—just as when she'd gone to an exam and found the questions were the ones she'd studied.

Warren was cracking nuts and dropping the meats in her lap.

"No more, thank you. I have to go." She stood up. "It's been so nice, Marjorie." What a lucky baby to be born of these people, to live in this house and share —— But some of it was hers, too, to take along and remember.

They were waiting at the foot of the stairs when she came down; Warren—she already thought of him so—in his topcoat, hat in hand.

"I'll be glad to drive you if I may."

"Thank you." She smiled. "It was a lovely evening, Marjorie. I enjoyed it, John."

The car at the curb was the raccoon-coat type: racy, long-waisted, top down and complete with full moon. He helped her in and closed the door. "How do we get to your house? The long way around."

She laughed. "I had a lot of fun tonight." It popped out like an irrepressible puppy from a basket.

"I did too. They're nice people. Nice house."

"My favorites—man, woman and house. You turn here."

He ignored her and drove straight ahead. "This makes it longer, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"John's a good engineer, and a very shrewd buyer, but I wasn't prepared for you. Friends of the wife are usually pretty deadly."

"Are they?"

"Tell me about yourself."

"You just about know it, don't you? I went to the university here, graduated a year ago June. My father teaches chemistry."

"Your mother?"

"She died three years ago."

"Sisters, brothers?"

"I've an older sister, Linda."

"And you work in the library. How do we get there? I'd like to see it."

"Well, straight ahead three blocks. No, wait. I'd rather not."

The car slowed to a crawl. "You're a strange girl."

"Am I?"

"I'll take you home. Which way?"

"Turn left at the next corner." *Look,* she said severely to herself, *don't you dare be disappointed. He's bored and impatient because he's not accustomed to being rebuffed. So all right. You don't want any part of him. Let him sulk.*

He stopped the car. "So this is the professor's house?"

"Yes." She said it curtly, defying him to think it shabby or ugly. She'd been born in this house; everything that she loved was part of it.

He turned sideways to look at her, one arm on the steering wheel. "You should get a new publicity agent. John told me you were a professor's daughter, a librarian, a Phi Beta Kappa. Not a word about your ankles, your hair, your very beautiful mouth. I almost didn't come."

"I know." She smiled. Was the implication, *Think how much she might have missed?* "And then you remembered that John's a buyer and orders are hard to get, and after all it's only one evening out of a lifetime—and the food might be good."

"So that's what you do when you sit there so quietly. Think."

"There's nothing very profound about that. I've done it too. Dozens of times. Marjorie says come to dinner. John's bringing a customer. Maybe the last time it was pretty ghastly. I'd rather have been at home washing my hair, getting to bed early."

"You mean you're there other nights—when they have other men in?"

"Of course. They're my friends."

"Sort of a professional fourth? No wonder you're good at it."

A kind of fury possessed her. "I beg your pardon."

"You should. I thought tonight was something special. Aren't you afraid you'll lose your amateur standing?"

She sat straight, hands clenched in her lap. *The only thing I've ever been afraid of is being hurt. And I felt so safe, so strong and sure.*

"I'm going to kiss you anyway. I've wanted to all evening."

She found herself staring at his face, thinking, *He's not handsome, he's cruel.*

"You may kiss me if you wish," she said quietly. "I shan't feel it at all."

He took off his hat a moment, and there was a line of moisture on his forehead. "Do they take you home and want to kiss you too?"

"Please." She found the door handle and turned it. "This is too costly—for both of us. You'll have forgotten by the day after tomorrow that I irritated you."

He was on the outside, helping her out, hand under her elbow up the front steps. "Sunday," he said. "Could we go somewhere for dinner and talk a long time?"

For a moment, she wanted to say yes. Then she remembered with relief that she'd promised to go to a tea. "I'm busy Sunday."

"I'm going to see you again. You don't want me barging in on you in your library, so you'd better name a day—and soon."

She shook her head. "We haven't anything to say to each other. We're strangers who bumped on a crowded street. There's no point comparing our bruises."

"You feel that way about it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Okay. Good night."

"Good night."

She waited till she heard his car start before she bolted the front door. *Sort of a professional fourth.* She heard again the scathing sarcasm in his voice and shuddered, one hand stretched toward the lamp dad always left burning for her.

She went upstairs slowly, not running as she usually did. She lighted the dresser lamps and moved wearily through the familiar, nightly routine: hat in the hatbox (because it was still new), gloves and bag in the drawer, coat on a hanger, shoe trees for shoes, stockings inside out to be washed. She brushed her teeth, jerked the window open, and crept shivering between the sheets. "'Our Father ——'"

*No wonder you're good at it.* She had felt quietly at ease, but to him it seemed something practice had made perfect. Men did like her—she didn't wonder about that any more. So far, she hadn't met anyone she wanted to marry, but —— *I'm a professional fourth because* —— Her eyes widened. *Tonight was different. I wouldn't admit it, he won't believe it, but Marjorie and John knew. And what am I to tell her when she asks me? How can I tell her when she invites me again that I don't want to go? I hate him.*

Hours later, she awakened shaking, sat up in bed and felt the wind chill her damp body in its thin nightgown. How awful. How disgusting. She began to cry, great convulsing sobs wrenched out of the depths of her. Nice women did not dream such things. She felt her shoulders to make sure she had a nightgown on. But if she felt beyond this narrow space on which she sat, would she find him? She got out of bed and knelt at the window letting the breeze cool her face. When the terror had subsided, she moved stiffly to the bed and lay flat on her back, arms pressed against her sides.

*(Continued on Page 120)*

Our Last Frontiers

PIONEERING dead? Not at all, the Department of the Interior will tell you. Thousands of Americans will stake their claims to America's last land frontiers—in Alaska, and within the borders of the forty-eight states. The Government expects to offer 193,300 new farms in the Western States—fertile soil reclaimed from arid wastes by modern irrigation.

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Adores her own parties — and why not? Come tomorrow, sturdy, long-lasting S.O.S. will do the work of a whole shelf-full of costly soaps, powders and scouring gadgets. *Grease goes, shine comes.*





Goes merrily a-Maying — sink work'll wait. For S.O.S. — with soap in the pad — cleans, scours, and polishes in one simple operation. And when handy S.O.S. locks horns with dull aluminum — *dullness goes, shine comes.*

# S.O.S the magic cleanser of pots and pans

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# Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia's younger crowd. To help keep her fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream three or four times a week. "It's my favorite beauty pick-me-up," she says. "I can see the results right away!"




*Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle loves the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream*

## How to glamorize your complexion—in only one minute!

Has winter coarsened your skin? Made it look scratchy and dull? "Re-style" your complexion with Mrs. Earle's 1-Minute Mask!

*Mask your face* in a luxurious white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Spread the cool, fragrant Cream over all but your eyes.

*Quick glamour-work!* The Cream works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. The Mask has the power to loosen and dissolve little skin roughnesses and clinging dirt particles! Tissue off after one minute. Off come loosened "chappings," too!

*Smoother... brighter... more exciting*—that's the way your complexion looks! And the Mask makes it *feel* so beautifully soft, too. See how smoothly make-up goes on *now!*




*Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!*

**"A quick powder base, too!"**

*"I use my Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week as a 1-Minute Mask. Other times I smooth it on lightly and leave it on—for powder base," says Mrs. Earle.*


*(Continued from Page 118)*

*You wanted him to kiss you.* The fierceness of his anger had been fascinating—as snakes, and stories about drug addicts, and movies of Chinatown were fascinating. *You thought you knew how his mouth would feel—that's why you said what you did. You wanted to feel that violence and mock it. You're not above wanting to hurt more than you've been hurt. Don't be a fool. You're twenty-two years old. You've read the novels of this enlightened age. Perhaps he even saw through your words and despises you for what you are. No! No!* She rolled her head from side to side, but her body remained rigid in its anguish. *Oh, how could I have dreamt anything so horrible?*

She pulled her hair more severely taut next morning and stood more stiffly erect. She ate luncheon alone, concentrating on the mysterious way laundries folded hotel tablecloths, and on how the steaming tea gurgled out of the chipped spout into her cup.

That night she took Plato's The Republic out of the study and went up to bed immediately after dinner. She heard the telephone ringing and dad going to answer it. *Don't let it be for me. It's not a long-distance ring. He won't call me. I don't ever want to hear his voice again.*

But dad didn't say anything about the call and she didn't ask.

The third Tuesday after the unhappy Monday brought a white envelope postmarked Cleveland, addressed in unfamiliar writing. She opened it, wondering. The paper inside was blank, folded around a green theater ticket, good only Saturday afternoon, November 7. Price: $4.40. A slow smile softened her face, and she tasted the subtlety of his gesture with the quiet pleasure she felt when a new line of poetry caught her imagination. How neat, and sharply clean.

If she went—not that she would, of course, but if—would he be waiting in the lobby? Or should she go in late when it was dark? And what would he say? *I'll have to ask John for his address—darn it—and mail this back.* But she didn't. Wondering why he had sent it was as intriguing as the kaleidoscope dad brought her when she'd had the mumps.

She didn't say, "Dad, I'm going up to Cleveland Saturday," because she wasn't going. But Saturday morning was sunsplashed and cold, just right for a winter suit, and she had the afternoon off and a theater ticket in her purse.

"I may not be home for dinner, dad."

He smiled. "I may not be either. Let's tell Mrs. Lloyd to go home when she's finished."

As easy as that. She felt debonair and worldly watching the bleak flatlands from the train window, but the feeling deserted her in the station. Perhaps he'd done this dozens of times before. It was probably No. 57 in his bag of tricks, one of his sure-fire devices. *I'll shop,* she decided, walking up the stairs. *No, then I should have sent the ticket back. After all, four-forty is—well, most of five dollars.*

"Hello."

"Why ——" Somehow, she had expected to see him in the theater lobby. That he would figure out which train she'd take and meet it —— "You're rather amazing."

"I'm glad to see you." He'd taken off his hat. "Are you cold? Have you had lunch? Then would you like coffee? There's time."

They sat on revolving stools and drank coffee out of thick mugs. Their eyes met in the mirror opposite.

"What you're thinking shows so plainly that I ought to shake you."

"Don't," she said. "I rattle easily."

"I don't believe you, but all the same, I'm going to try it sometime." He took her magazine off the counter and dropped it in the trash can.

"Really," she protested. "Your nickel gestures are just as highhanded as your five-dollar ones. I haven't finished that magazine."

"Tell me some of the other things you haven't done."

*The negative approach. I'm beginning to catch on. Not what have you done, but ——*

"Well, I've never been to Europe, nor up in


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an airplane, nor deep-sea fishing. And I've never done this before." She took the ticket out of her bag and gave it to him.

"Sure?"

"M-m-m, not death-and-taxes sure."

They were in the lobby, his coat over his arm now. Down the steep incline toward the orchestra pit. Was it snobbery to be so pleased about front-and-center seats? It was, of course.

"About your memory." He held her coat while she took her arms out of the sleeves. "Do you lie habitually, or just for effect?"

She smiled in spite of herself. "If I told you, you wouldn't know whether to believe me or not, would you?"

He bowed with mock seriousness.

They turned to their programs. Three's a Crowd. A revue in two acts. With Fred Allen, Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Tamara Geva and a lot of other names she didn't recognize. *And the intimacy of the theater is like no other intimacy,* she thought, *unless it's being read aloud to. A lot of people—strangers to each other—sit side by side, share an experience and go their separate ways.*

The lights were dimmed, the curtain rose. Libby Holman moaned low and it was beautiful and exciting. Fred Allen juggled oranges and ad libbed brilliantly, and Clifton Webb danced with breath-taking grace, but she lost her heart to the girl. *Must be Tamara Geva. What an adorable costume. Even rhinestones on her black velvet gloves. What must it feel like to stand on tiptoe that way, so beautifully arched and saucy?*

Applause, and the curtain bouncing off the floor.

"Shall we go out?"

"Let's."

"Like it?"

She nodded. "I think Tamara Geva's the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

"She's good, but I came for Fred Allen."

"Didn't you love the girl?"

"Love her?" Even his eyebrows questioned her. "You're as parsimonious with your words as Calvin Coolidge and then all of a sudden you spend a word like 'love' on a ballet dancer. What do you mean, do I love her? She's a paid entertainer. I could love that column as well as I could love her."

"She's an artist."

"Curtain going up. Curtain going up."

"My dear, you started this. Certainly she's an artist. I admire her grace and respect the hard work she's put in to get where she is. And she's probably a very nice girl who helps support an invalid mother. I only answered your question as to whether or not I love her. I don't."

## NEXT MONTH

Paul said slowly, "Don't make foolish boasts, Jeanne-Marie. What one swears never to do is not always the way one behaves when faced with reality. You don't know what you would do. None of us knows until the time comes."

But when the time came Jeanne-Marie knew. Because she was a woman she knew—as do all women—under the guise of love *all* things are possible.

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*Elizabeth Arden*

She walked on private ballet slippers back to their seats. What a nice person he was. He liked Fred Allen, the comedian. And what a decent, healthy attitude—to go to the theater to laugh.

He was also the kind of man, she discovered, who got you out of the crowd with your hat as it was meant to be worn, both your gloves, and no scuffs on your shoes.

"I'll get the car. Unless you'd rather walk than wait?"

"I'll walk." She saw shopwindows absently, music and color still vibrating in her memory. "Warren, thank you for taking me. I had a wonderful afternoon."

"You say the queerest things in the worst places. When you tell me you love me, we'll probably be hurtling through space from the top of Pikes Peak."

"Oh, I won't tell you I love you."

"A figure of speech," he said smoothly.

They drove out to see if the lake had frozen and he hummed Oh, Give Me Something to Remember You By. She felt a lazy quiet possess her. Why was November always described as bleak and dreary? It had the color, sharpness and strength of steel—a magnificent austerity that she liked. Waves slapped the breakwater with a cold, blank sound. Inside the car, the heater kept up a merry little whirring like a teakettle getting ready to bubble.

"Are you a long way away?"

"Not really." She turned to look at him. "Do you know the other song too?"

"Which one?"

"Body and Soul."

"I thought you might be thinking of the one Fred Allen and Clifton Webb sang. That odd one—'*I saw the end of it, right at the start of it.*'"

"No. But then, I never do face facts."

"I'll enter that in the left-hand column."

"What's the left-hand column?"

"The lies you tell about yourself."

"The truths on the right?"

"M'm-h'm."

"How'm I doing?"

"About even. Every other one. Know how you used to pull petals out of a daisy? She loves me, she loves me not?"

"This is where I came in."

He started the car. "Do you like French cooking? I know a place ——"

He danced as effortlessly as he drove his car, his arm around her was reassuring and impersonal. And suddenly she was wishing it all hadn't been so special, so different and set apart. She saw the end of it right at the start of it. Something she'd said on the first evening piqued him enough to arrange all this, but there must be dozens of other girls right here in town—right in his office, probably—who had everything she had and a lot more. *You've had fun. Take the moment and let go.*

"My train. What time is it?"

"Nine-twenty. When you get there, what? Is your father meeting you?"

"Oh, no. I'll get a cab. We'd better go, hadn't we? One of the other things I've never done is miss a train."

"You can check it off your list right now."

"You mean I have?"

"Just as good as. We couldn't make it with a police escort."

She was angry. "I've been incredibly foolish—supposing because you knew which train I'd come on, you'd also know which one I had to take back."

The little muscle in his cheek twitched above his straightening mouth. "Why I let you say the things you do, I'll never know. Do you want it in writing? I like you. I don't want you riding around in taxis at midnight. I'll drive you home."

"Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't think of your doing such a thing. It's seventy miles. It'll be late when you get back."

"Just try not to make me so mad."

Dad was still up when they got in, so she made coffee and sandwiches and they sat in the study. It turned out that Warren was a fisherman, too, so dad came right along to the front door to say good night, and she said, "Good night. I had fun." And went up to bed, furious. Three was a crowd, all right.



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*I could shake you, William Rankin,* she stormed to the dresser drawers. *He might have kissed me, he might have, he might have.*

She thought, too, that he might write, but he didn't.

But the next morning the Liberty Music Shop sent her the recordings of the music from Three's a Crowd, which was nice, except there wasn't a card inside and she didn't have a phonograph. He was certainly squeamish about putting pen to paper.

And then the letter came, this time postmarked Oshkosh, Wisconsin, but not a very friendly one:

I'm going to be in Allison Friday and thought we might take the Camerons to dinner. Let me know if you can make it. I called you Tuesday and heard the operator ask your father to have you call her when you got in. What do you find to do till after three A.M.? Not that I waited up for you, but I predict you'll be an old woman with wrinkles any day now and serve you right.

"Dad, did I have a long-distance call Tuesday?"

"M-m-m-m. Yes. Yes, of course you did. I told you about it. You were to call Operator Something at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Do you know someone there, Jane?"

She sighed. "Not quite. But I'm trying to. And you're not much help."

What a stubborn courtship it had been. She was by turns happy, exasperated, hurt, impatient or at deep peace with her world. The Sunday Marjorie had eight for supper and bridge was typical. Dad had been invited out to a venison dinner, so she ate off a tray and put on lounging pajamas to write letters until it was time to dress. Warren had said he'd get there about four, but it was just after two when the doorbell rang.

**If the stars would appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore: and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!**

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"You're early."

He stood hat in hand, still wearing his coat, his back against the oval-windowed front door. "I haven't seen you for over three weeks and tonight there'll be a lot of people. Kiss me, Jane."

She moved toward him automatically. This new part of herself that was entirely his doing was a strange thing that her mind and will obeyed—held in awe—and her heart accepted in quiet gratitude.

"I've missed you so terribly, my sweet," he told her.

"I've missed you, too, Warren. It's been awfully long. I've thought about you, and wondered ——"

"You wonder, but you couldn't possibly sit down and write me a letter sometime?"

*No, I couldn't possibly.* Strange to think of him being lonely, wanting letters. "My pen leaks," she said. "Go back to the study. The papers are there, and the new Atlantic. I'll be ready in fifteen minutes."

They drove out to the river and stood on the bluff watching the ice skaters, laughed at the snow in their faces, and sat for a while at the College Den drinking coffee before they went on to Marjorie's party. And all during the evening she had the feeling of being suspended in time. She ate, and apparently spoke every once in a while, but reality was outside. *But he's here. In this room. I don't have to look at the other table to know he's here. He must be remembering those moments in the hall too.* She wished it were time to go.

"Oh, I play with Warren. Good." Marjorie cut the cards and tore a page off the score pad. "Did you have fun Thanksgiving, Jane? Linda's dinner was probably gorgeous, wasn't it?"

"Complete with purée of chestnuts. Two spades."

For a second, something happened to Warren's face, but she recognized it instantly. He said nothing until they were in front of


# Are you in the know?

**If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?**

- ☐ *A suit*
- ☐ *A conversation print*
- ☐ *A fancy formal*



Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Then pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often — with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember — you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness — made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.



**What's the cure for this coiffure?**

- ☐ *An upsweep*
- ☐ *A snood*
- ☐ *A good thinning out*

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If *your* locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming . . . and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. And to safeguard your daintiness, Kotex contains a *deodorant*—locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out!



**If stranded on the dance floor, should you—**

- ☐ *Join the wallflowers*
- ☐ *Retreat to the dressing-room*
- ☐ *Yoo-hoo to the stag line*

A solid joe would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do?? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room — regain your composure and reappear later — with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do . . . but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!




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the house and he'd turned off the ignition. And then he didn't look at her.

"Where does your sister live?"

"I told you. Lakewood."

"Just outside Cleveland?"

"Yes."

"You were within twenty minutes of where I live, but you wouldn't call me."

She knew what he was thinking: that he'd driven the seventy miles between Cleveland and Allison a good many times; that he'd called her long distance almost as many times. But she offered no explanation. She had let him kiss her—wanted him to—in ways that would have shocked her a year ago. But he could never in ten thousand years say she called him up, stopped by his office, came up to his apartment.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you at all."

"Is that so important?" Wearily, silently, she began to open the door and found him ready to help her out. They'd done all this before too.

"Good night, Jane."

She heard the awful finality but only said, "Good night, Warren," and ran up the stairs to get safely in bed before she let the tears come. *I can't let him go! I can't. I can't.* But she knew that she would, if he didn't want her as she was.

Christmas was only two weeks away. She finished her shopping, ordered a turkey, wrapped her packages and decided to have an Open House Christmas Eve.

Dad was delighted. "I think that's fine, Jane. We ought to entertain more."

Things were going smoothly, until the afternoon John Cameron stopped at the library.

"I'm afraid I made a bad break this morning, Jane. Warren was in the office. He wished me Merry Christmas and I said, 'Save it. I'll see you at Jane's Open House.' I supposed, of course, he'd be coming. Marge and I thought you saw quite a lot of each other. I'm sorry I balled things up."

"Don't think about it. It doesn't matter. Is Marjorie feeling any better now?"

So he had been in town. And he hadn't called. She tore the letterhead off a sheet of the library's stationery and wrote:

Warren, I'm having Open House Christmas Eve and it goes in the right-hand column that I'll be terribly pleased if you can make it.

She mailed it at once and regretted her haste a hundred times, because as Christmas grew nearer, it was apparent that he wasn't coming and wasn't going to be bothered saying so—though that wasn't like him. And then a telegram came—two days before Christmas:

YOUR NOTE OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL CAUGHT UP WITH ME THIS MORNING. LUKE RECOGNIZED YOUR WRITING AND FORWARDED IT. I'LL COME EARLY. OKAY IF I BRING MY OWN MISTLETOE?

So it was a merry Christmas after all. And then New Year's with a new evening dress and the same old resolutions, and Easter with her first brown orchids, and Memorial Day when they quarreled because he came down in the morning instead of the afternoon as he'd said and was angry because she'd gone to the parade with Tom Watson.

She started to say "For heaven's sake, I went to kindergarten with him," but she didn't, because she remembered in time that Warren didn't have people in his life he'd known always—except Art, of course.

"Dad's going to trade in his car," she said. "We're driving up into Maine for our vacation."

"When's that?"

"Last two weeks in August. When's yours?"

He shrugged. "First two weeks. I'd hoped they would coincide, so it wouldn't be so long ——"

She smiled quickly. "I'll send you a picture post card. A nice gaudy one with spotted cows wading in a stream."

"Will you write me when I'm at camp?" he asked.

"I thought you were going fishing in Canada."

"That's on my vacation. I'll be at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds the middle two weeks of July."

"Do you get a month's vacation?"

"Not with pay—if that's what you mean. I'm a reserve officer. I told you, didn't I?"

"You did not. Explain."

"Well, I'm an active reserve officer in the United States Army. Army Ordnance Field Service. I go to meetings once a month, to camp for two weeks a year."

It was a whole new side of him and it disturbed her. He was always asking her questions about herself, but there were all kinds of gaps in his background he never mentioned. "What do you do?"

"Study. And drill, of course. And lose some weight, usually."

"What is your rank?"

"Captain. I haven't been doing much with it lately."

"Do you like it? I didn't know you were interested ——"

"I don't know that 'interested' is quite the word. I am, of course, when I'm studying, when I'm at camp, but I'm not an Army career man. I thought of resigning when I got out of school, but I was feeling so alone then, and it seemed a pretty real link with all the men I knew. A lot better seeing them at camp for two weeks every year than going back for something half-baked like class reunions. How about it? Will you write to me?"

"Of course." Six whole weeks out of the summer when they wouldn't see each other.

He wrote her, too, nice letters about what he was doing. From Canada he sent dad a box of lake trout and her a pair of fur mittens. There were movies on rainy nights and cold drinks on hot ones, and September and October were ripped off the calendars and she'd known him a year.

"Father, Warren and I are going to be married."

He dropped his paper and looked at her.

"We've decided on the last Wednesday in May. Does that suit you?"

"It's fine with me, of course. Except it's so soon."

"I know. I thought I wanted to be married in the fall, but Warren ——" She blushed and felt ridiculous.

"I think Warren's wise, Jane."

She let her eyes meet his for a moment. "That's that then. I'm supposed to give him a wedding present. Will you help me? Maybe we could go up to Cleveland some week end? I think a watch, don't you? I'll have to cash one of my bonds first."

"I can help you with money, Jane. Keep your bonds."

Apartment hunting. She dreaded it rather. It made things seem so final and irrevocable. But it turned out to be fun.

They signed a lease Sunday afternoon: living room, bedroom and bath, kitchenette and dining space, maid service on Thursday mornings. The furniture in the living room was mohair and horrible, in the bedroom brightly varnished veneer, but the windows were wide and on clear nights you could see the lake.

"Have you looked at everything you want to?" he asked. "Kitchen cupboards, the linen closet? You'll spend a lot more time here than I."

"I think it's nice. I like it."

"About money," he began. "Sign these cards for the bank sometime and mail them to me. I'll open a checking account for you, and in case the minister forgets to mention it, your 'I will' covers paying the bills. And a couple of other things I'll remind you of from time to time."

She shook her head. "Just let me have the egg money."

"You'll miss your salary, Jane. I don't want you to feel dependent."

How could she say she wanted to feel cared for? *You've asked me to marry you and I'm going to. I want ours to be an old-fashioned marriage where men manage the money and women mind the babies. Funny, we've never discussed that either.*

"Suppose you give me enough to buy the food and my clothes—though I shan't need any clothes for a long time," she added quickly. "What time is it, anyway? I'm starved."

She learned what his income was when he explained his insurance program to her, and she learned that unless she was up first in the mornings, he would be showered and shaved before the coffee started perking; that mosquitoes never bothered him, but flies made him ugly; and that though he didn't quarrel

*(Continued on Page 126)*




*"I got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning."*




**HE:**

# How can anyone so cute be such a wow at cleaning?

**SHE:**

*With Bon Ami, silly! A fast cleanser that doesn't leave dirt-catching scratches.*

**HE:** Help, honey—this is something Mother didn't tell me! Never leaves *what?*

**SHE:** *Scratches*, darling! Most cleansers leave scratches that *trap* dirt and make your cleaning twice as hard.



**HE:** And Bon Ami doesn't do that?

**SHE:** Goodness, haven't you heard that Bon Ami "*hasn't scratched yet*!"? It just *slides* dirt and grease away, as smooth and easy as you please—and polishes, too. Shines tub and sink, quick as a wink!

**HE:** What d'ya know? The girl's a poet!



**SHE:** Well, I *could* get poetic over the way Bon Ami treats my hands—it never makes them all rough and horrid.

**HE:** Then it gets *my* vote, sugar! And just because you're smart as well as pretty, you get *two* good-bye kisses this morning!

**US:** Don't forget—pure, white Bon Ami comes in two forms! There's *Powder* for sinks, tubs, pots and pans, enamel stoves, refrigerators; *Cake* for making windows and mirrors sparkle.

# Bon Ami

**THE SPEEDY CLEANSER** *that*

*"hasn't scratched yet!"*



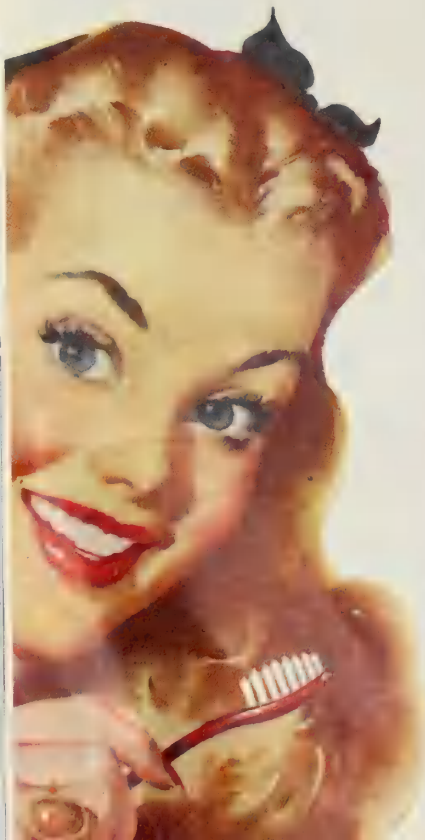

*Correct Design!* That's the reason

it's America's favorite




Cleans better inside, outside, in between...

makes teeth *Cleaner, Brighter!*



**CORRECT DESIGN** means everything in cleaning the teeth. When the brush reaches all surfaces of the teeth to sweep them clean—inside, outside and between—cleaner, brighter teeth—a more attractive smile always result.

The **Double Convex**, Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush, does this job perfectly. It was designed by a famous dental authority for that very purpose. Curved two ways, it fits the teeth perfectly, gives the correct tuft surface for sweeping *all* teeth clean.

But in addition to cleaning, Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft *polishes*, too! Its springy "Exton" brand bristling—*those miracle tufts*—puts a high luster on teeth that can result only after teeth are perfectly cleansed.

So, why be satisfied with less? Get a Miracle-Tuft today! Sealed in glass for extra protection. Guaranteed for a year.



*(Continued from Page 124)*

with painted fingernails, he hated the smell of the wet polish. So she did her nails on cleaning days when the windows were all open, and by evening the atmosphere in the apartment was fragrant with food, new love, and narcissuses in wet pebbles.

She filled the water glasses and took the butter from the refrigerator. "Dinner, Warren."

He dropped the paper and put out his cigarette. "There was a poem the boys used to read when I was in prep school," he said; "Robert Burns' To the Lass Who Made My Bed."

"I wouldn't know about that."

"You're not supposed to. But I was just thinking that if I could write a poem, it'd be to the gal who gets my dinners."

"Oh, I like to cook."

"Couldn't you say you like to cook for me?"

She brought their plates from the kitchen and he pushed her chair in. "Yes, I think I'd go that far."

He shook his head. "Break down sometime and give me both barrels, will you? What's this? Smells good."

"The lowly frankfurter, stuffed and baked."

"Gee, it's wonderful. You know that outfit in Detroit I went to see last week? They've got a new chief engineer and I had a long talk with him when I was there. This morning we got an order in the mail that'll probably run five thousand dollars."

"Is that pretty big?"

"Not from our regular customers, but it's ten times anything I've been able to get from them so far."

"How'd you do it?"

"Well, a little bit by the side door. I've an idea the man they let out wasn't quite on the level. He's been recommending purchases at screwy prices. Three different times I've bid our cost and never got a tumble. I knew I could convince this new man, Sherman, that we make a better jig than any outfit in the country if I could get at him, but I couldn't go over the purchasing agent's head without getting myself out on a limb."

"Go on. So you ——" She put butter in her roll and waited for it to melt. "How did you get at him?"

"Those birds can be so many prima donnas sometimes. I had three tickets for the ball game and asked the buyer if he didn't think maybe we ought to ask the new man. The Indians were there, you know, playing the Tigers. That was the two of them rooting for their team against mine. We went out to dinner too." He grinned a little. "Next time I'm supposed to bring my golf clubs."

She tasted her salad critically. Too much vinegar. "You like making people do what you want them to, don't you?"

"I don't like them to see it as quick as you seem to. Is there any more dessert?"

"I'll get it." She opened the refrigerator. "I wasn't sure you'd like anything as simple as gelatin."

"It all tastes different when you do it. What's in this?"

*(Continued on Page 128)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# *Ask Any Woman*

**BY MARCELENE COX**

A GIRL never has clothes enough, while more than one pair of pants confuses a boy.

They had lived together so long they spoke shorthand.

Safety "slowgan": Remember the turtle! It won the race.

More than one child has had his play spirit ruined by an ill-fitting gym suit.

Children should be had and seen.

Father to boy: "Don't worry about your voice cracking, son; the same thing happened to Washington and Lincoln."

Children raised under the constant admonition "Now don't muss anything up" will eventually burst out at the seams and tear up somebody's house.

•

Many a so-called heavy thinker has merely learned the weight of silence.

Properly selected books can save parents yards of words in teaching children the *consequences* of various kinds of conduct.

The highest goal a woman can reach is having those who belong in her home believe it is the best place on earth.

She scraped up gossip and spread it over the neighborhood as if putting jelly on bread.

The eating whims of a family can be indulged until the only thing *all* will eat is breast of fowl.

Three things a man cannot do: Tune a radio in on the hairline; raise a shade to an even point; dress himself without saying *where*.

Child psychologists and photographers should have children of their own.

A child can be made to eat his vegetables if properly handled; just tell him he can't have any.

A happy child is not one who is never unhappy, but one who is spared *unnecessary* grief, fear and emotional upsets.

The reason some parents really enjoy their children is that they take the time to live with them.

Some men can scarcely be blamed for wanting to go back to the days when all a woman could join was the Ladies' Aid.

•

Heredity: The thing a child gets from the other side of the family.

With the return of nylons no woman now has to leave the party before her stockings become baggy.

Just as most women come to the time of wanting their diamonds reset, so every marriage comes to a time when some thought should be given to a change of setting . . . while keeping the same jewel.

A man can be so useful around a house he is practically a menace, as the one who kept his wife's kitchen cutlery so well sharpened that she usually attended a bridge party with all her fingers tied up.

Young daughter explaining the amount of seasoning she has used: "It was about a spoonful of pinch, mother."

A person who can be shocked by the questions and actions of a child is not fit to be a parent.

My grandmother used to say, "Stand up for a child in front of outsiders, but when you get him in the house tan him good.

Question from a little girl: "How can I tell who looks like me?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



**Black's the thing this Spring!**

And heavy gold jewelry is lovely with it! But you'll spoil your dress, your glamour, too, if you don't guard against perspiration and odor! Use Arrid daily! Arrid is nearly *twice* as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.

## Springtime Evening Drama

The new, long Sarong skirt . . . slim and sleek. The casual black top, with the season's smartest sleeve! Wear it with short daytime skirts, too . . . but always protect it (and you) from perspiration and odor. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely . . . only Arrid!




★ *In the same familiar package . . . marked with a star above the price*

# Announcing the new Improved ★ POSTWAR ARRID

## No other Deodorant

**stops perspiration and odor**

**so effectively, yet so safely![1]**

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort . . . liquid or cream . . . meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

**so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!**

## Only safe, gentle Arrid

**gives you this thorough protection**

1. *No other deodorant* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely. 1
2. *Nearly twice as effective* in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. *Safe for skin.* Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!

**39¢** plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

**ARRID**...nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

*(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.*

**SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID**

*Carol Bruce · Barbara Bel Geddes · Georgia Gibbs*
*Grace Moore · Jessica Dragonette · Jane Froman · Diana Barrymore*




*"Never nags me when I'm late for supper. Knows I've a weakness for fine clocks. So she surprises me with this Seth Thomas* electric for my desk. Says I've absolutely no excuse now for missing the 5:35!"*

**There's a Seth Thomas** self-starting electric or spring-wound clock for every purpose ... home ... office ... or as the "perfect" gift. Traditionally famed for accuracy, dependability and long life. Many new, smartly styled models are on their way. They're beauties. You'll see these fine clocks soon in better stores everywhere. Seth Thomas Clocks, Thomaston, Connecticut.

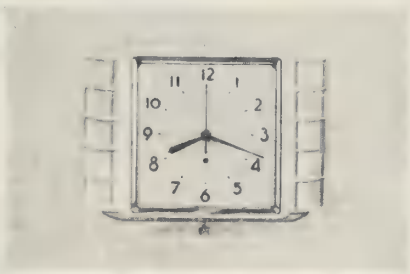
*Seth Thomas is Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CAPSTAN—bright and cheery, distinctly nautical. An electric clock that appeals to men. $10.95*



CONSOLE—modern electric clock strikes hour and half hour. Rich mahogany case. $22.50*



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PYPER—a new electric alarm in ivory plastic case. Plain dial $4.95.* Luminous dial $5.95*

*No tax included.

# Seth Thomas

*"The finest name in clocks"*

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC OR SPRING-WOUND

*A product of* GENERAL TIME *Instruments Corporation*

*Pictured on the desk: The "Yukon"—framed in black and gold color.*


*(Continued from Page 126)*

"Sherry. What are you figuring up?"

He turned his spoon thoughtfully. "Let me see how to say it. Dinner was swell. I know I'm well nourished as well as well fed, but you did it for less than a dollar for the two of us, didn't you? Does it mean your food money's running low?"

"A little. I bought something I wanted, and for ordering early, I got a discount."

"That's nuts, Jane. Why didn't you tell me and I'd write a check. I don't want you worrying about making ends meet. What'd you buy anyway?"

"Something I wanted."

"I hope so. Well, how much did it cost?"

"Warren, please. It was something extravagant, but it's all paid for now and I've enough left to feed us till next Wednesday."

"Jane, was it clothes?"

"No." She began clearing the table.

"Something for the apartment?"

"Oh, dear. It was a symphony ticket."

"Just one?"

"No, for the season."

"You didn't get that for less than fifty dollars."

"Sixty-five," she said wearily. "It's the evening series. They're better than the afternoon ones."

"Wait a minute. You couldn't possibly have saved sixty-five dollars out of what you get. You used some of your own money."

"Not very much. And what if I did?"

"I asked you not to."

"Well, then you can pay me back."

"I'm not sure I want to—now. If you don't mind, why only one ticket? Don't you want me tagging along?"

"Warren, don't speak to me that way."

"What am I supposed to do when you're at the concerts?"

"What you always do on Thursday nights—play poker. Oh, let's not quarrel. I don't mind your playing. I just thought it'd be a good night for me to be gone too. And I've wanted a season ticket for the symphony ever since I can remember."

"Have you figured out what we do about the car? Are we going to alternate—or just flip for it?"

"I can take the Rapid Transit. I won't be dressing."

"It doesn't matter to you that I don't want you out alone at night. Jane, don't you want to be married?"

"Does being married mean that I have to explain everything I do?"

"I think it needs explaining that when I tried to give you a checking account, you wouldn't have any part of it, and for some obscure reason, you won't ask me for money."

"I'll ask them to refund my money," she said dully. "I didn't know you'd feel this way about it." She walked toward the living room.

"Appeasement," he said, following her, "is not solution. Don't you think you ought to know how I feel? And don't you think you should let me know what you——"

"It's not exactly a secret that I like to go to the concerts."

"All right, you were ahead of me on that. I haven't thought about next winter yet. It's still July."

"Well, I don't expect you to give up something you've been doing for years, just because you're married."

"Jane, don't say that again. 'Just because I'm married.' Don't you know I'd like to tell Luke and Art poker would be some other night or they could count me out—that you want me to go to the symphony with you on Thursdays? Don't you know I want to do things for you? And doesn't it mean anything to you that for the first time in my life I can decently and honestly make claims on another human being?"

She crossed over to where he was standing, but she didn't touch him. "I can only ask you to believe that I didn't mean to hurt you. I don't want to. I'm awkard because I can't make myself believe you love me as much as you say. Write a check for two tickets if we can afford it. And kiss me, please."





*"Lily of the Valley"* LUNCHEON SET BY BUCILLA

Bucilla DECORATIVE LINENS

The Mark of Good Taste and Good Value

Dainty as its flower name-sake ... this 5-pc. hand-printed bridge set by Bucilla. Smartly done in two-tone design on durable Duratex—with an affinity for tubbing. Just one of Bucilla's refreshing ideas for ready-to-use Linens ... towels, cloths, luncheon sets. At all good stores.

Other Famous Bucilla Products

Stamped Needlework — Knitting Yarns
Embroidery Flosses — Crochet Cottons

230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

"Warren, do you believe this?" She flipped the pages of a magazine. "It says here that the most successful marriages are those contracted between two first-born children, scaling down to the least successful, those in which each partner was an only child."

"What of it?"

"Well, we're both second children with no one younger in the family. And they'd probably say you were brought up as an only child."

"Got two strikes on us before we're married a year? He's making generalizations—we can still be the exception."

She smiled. "All the same, I don't like his saying what he does."

"He probably wasn't talking to you. Confine your recipe reading to cookbooks."

"You have the soul of an oyster," she said, but she thought what nice, sensible minds men had. She'd fortified herself with a hundred articles on the adjustments required in marriage and what happened? Nothing. It was like scanning the sky, loading yourself with rubbers, umbrella and raincoat, only to have it not rain after all.

**Humbly we thank those who are helping us to rise. Once we have succeeded we only thank our own merit.**
—JOHN PETIT-SENN.

"What are you talking about?" He was reconciling his bank statement and she was mending his socks.

"Us."

"Well, say it out loud."

She tapped her thimble on the wooden darning egg. "I was thinking I'm very glad you asked me to come live with you and be your love."

"I'm smart."

Only very recently had he begun this tongue-in-cheek talk and it pleased her. The Siegfried-Brünnehilde side of their loving was too violent for twenty-four hours a day and out of key with homely details like getting the oil changed in the car and sending their winter clothes to storage.

He put down his pencil. "My dear, shall we retire?"

"No. I want to hear Paul Whiteman. Maybe Ramona will play Get Out of Town."

He went back to his figures. "And me, a traveling salesman."

She smiled, and turned to change the radio station. Slip covers, draperies and bric-a-brac had done a lot for the apartment, but the radio was so ugly. "Warren, when we get rich, let's buy a radio with a phonograph in it. I saw a nice little one the other day—a Salem chest."

"I'm mad at you."

"Will it take you long to get over it?"

"About half an hour. I'll give you a discount if you make me a sandwich."

"Okay." *Women's minds are all fuzzy at the edges,* she thought, slicing tomatoes. *They want so many little things and work so hard to get them, they haven't time for living. Why, if Love, himself, nudged them across the counter at a month-end sale, they'd give him a dirty look and snatch at a bargain house dress.* But Warren had known exactly what he wanted out of marriage, and made her know too. *A suitable epitaph for me would be: She did her learning the hard way.*

And then summer was over. People were sending in for football tickets, dusk came earlier, and crooners lamented faded summer loves. Warren was to be out of town from Monday till Friday, but instead of going home as she usually did, she decided to shop and get her clothes in order for fall. She found just the blouse to perk up her old beaver-trimmed suit, a really stunning antelope bag, and a marvelous wool dress that was neither green nor gold and had just the right kind of sleeves for mother's old bracelets, but there was not a brown hat in the city of Cleveland she could wear. They either looked like something Mrs. Haskell might pick up at the church rummage sale or what




"Don't go in, Dear! I'm sure I smell

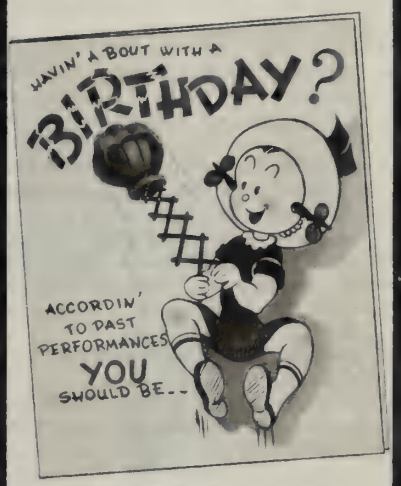
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GREETING CARDS!




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Many Stanley Cards now feature this famous comic-page character. Ask for them at your favorite dealer.




Now, plan a...
Beautiful
Wedding

Veils and cake, bridesmaids and breakfasts, charming home and sterling silver . . . these replace the furlough wedding with "good-bye" almost immediately following "I do." Gorham Sterling offers you a choice of about 12 favorite patterns in basic six-piece place-settings comprising tea spoon, luncheon knife and fork, salad fork, cream soup spoon, butter spreader, averaging about $23*. When you buy Gorham Sterling, you buy solid silver with a great tradition, the aristocrat of American dinner tables for over a hundred years.

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*America's Leading Silversmiths since 1831*
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*Gown by Jay Thorpe*




HAPPY NEWS! Larger quantities of ScotTowels are now being rushed to dealers. Far more are being made than ever before.

So begin to make fuller use of these wonderful "Thirsty Fibre" towels—the towels you don't have to wash!

ScotTowels save wear and tear on good linens. And the whole family will enjoy having a clean, fresh towel each time they wash their hands.

In the kitchen, ScotTowels make a dozen daily chores easier, cleaner, faster—at a cost of only 7¢ a week. 150 to a roll. Sealed against dust and handling. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

**Save Time!** Use ScotTowels to drain bacon, flour fish and catch vegetable peels. Then—in just one motion—throw away both towel and scraps!



**Save Bother!** Use ScotTowels to wipe up spills and clean grease from frying pan. No stained towels and dishrags to scrub out and boil!



**Save Towels!** Use ScotTowels to dry pots and pans—and keep them handy for the children. Fewer dishtowels and hand towels in the wash!




*Made Strong to Work Hard!*

Trade Marks "ScotTowels" and "Thirsty Fibre" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


Best & Co. illustrated in their catalogue for teen-agers.

"I'm sorry, madam, that's everything I have in large head sizes."

She'd heard it so many times she'd almost bitten a hole in her lip to keep from crying out that she didn't have a big head. They'd done something treasonous to the hats. Finally, one girl, nicer than the rest, didn't bring any hats at all.

"Nobody young has long hair any more," she said. "At least, the only hats we have that will accommodate a knot are for older women. Have you thought of cutting your hair?"

She hadn't, but the idea was rather exciting. Linda's had been short for a couple of years, and Marjorie cut hers last Christmas. Really, now that she thought of it, everybody had short hair except her.

She tried a couple of side-street milliners, and then—more idly than intentionally—went up to the beauty shop where once in the early summer she'd gone to have her hair thinned.

"Emil, what do you think about cutting my hair?"

"No. I wouldn't cut it. You're different looking. It's becoming as it is."

"I can't get a hat."

"Wear last year's."

She was leafing through a magazine of hair styles. "This is pretty. Would mine look anything like that?"

"Well, yes—but short hair's a lot of trouble."

"I think I'd like it for a change. I'll make an appointment."

"I can do it right now if you've decided to have it done."

She felt the paper neckband like a dog collar on her throat, saw herself shrouded in

**The difference between salary and income is that salary is money you get for what you do yourself and income is money you get for what your father did.**

—Western Mail:
Quoted in Esar's Joke Dictionary. (Harvest House)

the white barber's apron, and closed her eyes quickly as the first long lock fell to the floor. She was swung this way and that, but still she didn't look toward the blue-framed mirror. And instead of feeling jaunty like the new hats, she felt as foolishly naked as a clipped puppy.

And she looked awful. Emil must have known she thought so because he said, "It's a simple style, but perhaps you'd better let me set it for you this time."

"Please do." Oh, why had she been so mad?

The drier was a new experience, too, and she marveled at the other women reading so complacently under their whirring silver hoods. But of course, they knew what they'd look like.

The girl said she was dry and sent her back to the booth. Emil shook a comb from its paper bag.

"Well, now we'll see." He took the pins out and combed and brushed, combed and brushed. And it looked darling. She smiled delightedly.

"I like it."

"And it makes you look so much younger—youthful."

Well, she supposed it did—though that hadn't been the point exactly. Twenty-four wasn't too terribly old—long hair or short.

There was still time for hat hunting, and now there were dozens to choose from, and she decided on a brown suède exactly the color of her bag. It was a Robin Hood hat, cocksure and laughing. That was Tuesday—still three days till Warren would be home. By Friday, she'd almost forgotten her daring and concentrated on his favorite foods: salmon steaks and baked potatoes, asparagus with hollandaise. She whipped the cream for the apple-crumble pudding and set the gate-leg table in the living room with candles and bronze button mums and wore her stiff silk house coat.


*Don't be a* **RUBBIT!**



A Rubbit is a silly slow-poke! She spends hours rubbing and scrubbing at smutchy, crusty pans with a spineless, no-count rag. She needs a spunky square, metal-fiber Brillo pad!

**BRILLO** *shines 'em quick!*



Just a brisk swoop with a Brillo pad *wipes* off scorchy crust! Whisks grease away! And Brillo's special-formula polishing soap shines up pots and pans like new! Brillo is fast! Brillo is easy! Brillo is *neat!* Brillo's *grand* for keeping aluminums bright. Don't be a Rubbit! Today—stock up on Brillo.

**BRILLO**
*—made 2 ways both easy—both quick!*

★ **Brillo Soap Pads**
—soap-filled pads. In the *red* box.

★ **Brillo Cleanser**
—separate pads and soap —*green* box.




**Keeps aluminum brilliant!**

She heard his key in the door and ran to open it. "I'm so glad you're back," she said, kissing him. "You've time for a shower." The narrow dark corridor was entry as well as connecting line from the living room to the bedroom.

Men weren't supposed to approve of only candlelight, but Warren had never objected, and the rough plaster walls were on the hideous side. She heard him close the closet door for the last time, put the evening paper by his chair and waited on the hassock.

"You look awfully good to me," he said lazily. "I keep forgetting I married a beautiful woman."

"Oh, Warren."

"All right, you're an ugly good-for-nothing."

"That's probably truer." She kept waiting and waiting for him to say something about her hair. Of course, she had worn it different ways when it was long, and he hadn't always noticed. The coffeepot was empty and she went to the kitchen to refill it.

"Jane, have you done something to your hair?"

"Uh-huh."

"Come here."

She came back with the coffee.

"You've had it cut off."

"Yes," she said. "Do you like it?" She was filling his cup, not looking at his face.

"I do not. Why did you do it?"

It seemed so silly now: *I couldn't get a hat.* She raised her cup. "I wanted to."

Dinner was over without ever having ended. He went to his chair and opened the paper while she cleared the table and ran water in the dishpan. He always helped with the dinner dishes. Two hot tears burned on her cheekbones.

She finished cleaning the sink and put hand lotion on her hands. Well, she couldn't stay in the kitchen forever, so she'd have to walk through the living room where he was sulking in his outraged masculinity. As if cutting your hair had anything to do with "for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health."

He was still behind his paper and she intended to pick up her book and—when she felt like it—go to bed. But she couldn't. They were quarreling. And they hadn't quarreled since that business of the symphony tickets. She went to the bedroom, powdered her nose, put on fresh lipstick, and went back. There wasn't a thing to be done to her hair. *And if he says one word about crowning glory, I'll crown him.*

"Warren."

"Yes." But he didn't drop the paper.

"LOOK at me, please." She'd seen that anger before too. The night they met. *Sort of a professional fourth.* But that was two years ago. Now they'd been married four months, living together and loving. She sat on the footstool. "Are you being fair to me?"

"That's my line, isn't it?"

"I don't think so. If you decided to part your hair in the middle or grow a beard, I might say I liked you better the other way—if you asked—but I'd still feel it was your prerogative to do as you wished."

"We're discussing feelings," he said, and his voice was tight and arrogant. "They aren't necessarily reasonable."

"I know."

"Then don't be so smug about what you'd feel. It doesn't follow that that's what I'm going to feel."

She sat very still. "I love you. I wouldn't knowingly hurt you."

"You're my wife." There was all the weight of possession in the way he said it, and none of the pride. "Other men dance with you, and you are in their arms; we go swimming and you're more naked than when you go to bed at night."

"Warren, you're being fantastic. My swimming suit's less cutaway than anyone else's. And I don't dance ——"

"I KNOW that, Jane. I'm trying to explain. When men look at you—and they do—I think, 'Well, look; she's mine. She belongs to me.' I try not to watch when you're dancing with someone else. I try not to wonder what he's said that's making you laugh. I tell myself you love me. I remember that when we get home, you'll ask me if I'm hungry, if I've set the clock, and you'll take the pins out of your hair and let it fall behind your shoulders. They don't see you that way. They don't see you soft, complying ——"

*Complying.* She might have said "I do belong to you" and felt his hands gripping her wrists, his mouth on hers, but it wouldn't have been true—then. The room was quiet, waiting.

"I didn't know," she said slowly. "Again, I should have, but I didn't. I'll let it grow long."

It was peace—of a sort—but she was suspicious of it. Something was gone. Something much more than the knot of hair at the back of her neck.

They had dinner in town one night and she wore her Robin Hood hat for the first time. Their eyes met above the stiff menu cards, and he nodded.

"Very nice. You'd make quite a cover girl."

That from him. "Are you being deliberately cruel?"

"No-o." His tone said he was tired of the subject. "Just a variation on my usual theme: you're very beautiful." Not: "I've married a beautiful woman." She wanted to beat her fists against his chest, to sob out that he couldn't do this to her—to both of them—but she only sat there in her gay, cocksure hat and lifted her chin, and drew her mental cloak more closely about her.

The next morning she couldn't remember what they'd eaten, or what the movie had been about. She pushed the vacuum cleaner into an awkward corner.

"I'm going to Pittsburgh for a couple of days. Will you go home?"

"Yes, I think so."

But she didn't. She couldn't trust herself to face dad. His eyes saw too much. So she stayed in the apartment. What was wrong? Something more than having cut her hair. She'd tried terribly hard to be the complete wife. Well, he'd be home tomorrow.

She went to bed early and was awakened a little after midnight by his key in the lock. She waited for him to turn on the light and discover her, but he went to the living room. She frowned, listening to his aimless walking around. But of course. He thought he was alone. She reached for her robe and tiptoed down the hall.

Only the bridge lamp burned, a pool of yellow at its base, the rest of the room in shadow. He was standing at the bookshelves, still in his topcoat, and one by one he picked up the three little antique cups that said "A Gift," "From a Friend," and "To My Love." And then, still without taking off his coat, he slumped into his chair, hands covering his face. Oh, was he crying?

"Warren, darling, what is it?" She was on her knees beside his chair.

*(Continued on Page 133)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Return*

**BY JEHANNE DE MARE**

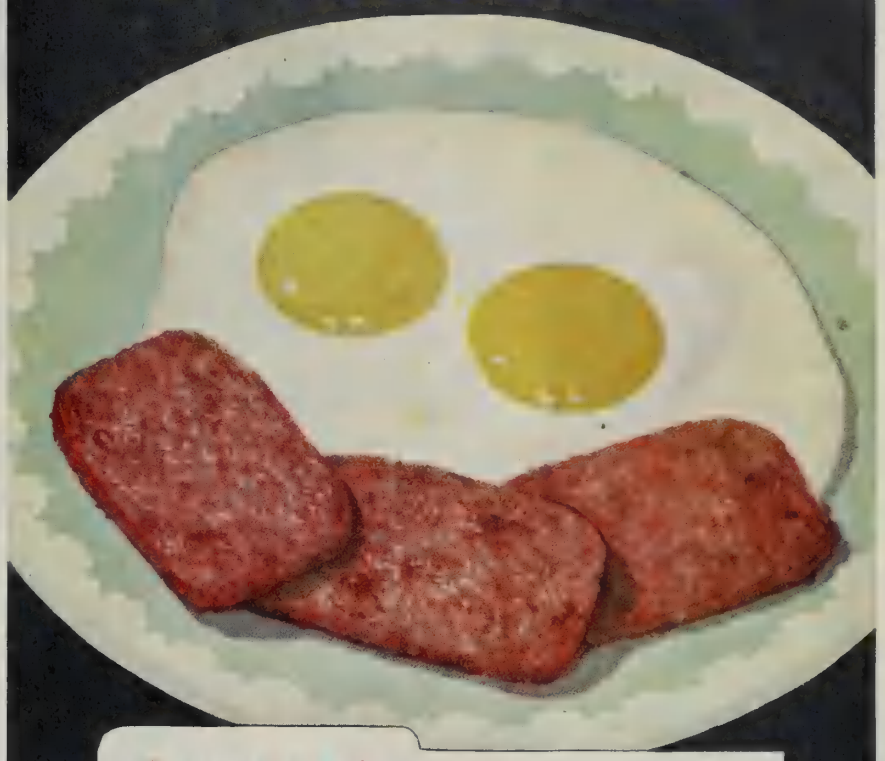
**I shall not walk the flower-spangled meadow**
**Lest sure remembrance destroy the heart;**
**Where poppies, amethyst and crimson,**
**Unfold spring's iridescent start.**

**This is the field where we had walked together,**
**But this is not the grass blade, nor the leaf,**
**Nor do you walk beside me; and the earth**
**Is desolate, except for grief.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★


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(Continued from Page 131)

"Oh, hello, Jane. I didn't know you were here."

"What is it, dear? Did something go wrong on your trip?"

"Nothing—just thinking. When'd you come back?"

"I didn't go."

"Why not?"

She shrugged. "A little private penance. Oh, Warren, I've been so lonely. I'm letting my hair grow. You can't stop loving me just because ——"

"Get it straight. I don't stop loving you. But I do wonder if you aren't in this with the top of your mind and little of your heart."

He did know then. How awful. She smiled, a futile, foolish little weak smile. "I love you with all that's best in me," she said. "Isn't that enough?"

"If it's true, it's enough, and more than I deserve, probably."

"Then let's be happy. Think, we're having a whole extra night together we didn't know we would." They ate grilled-cheese sandwiches and drank coffee and laughed at bad dreams. "How'd you happen to come back tonight?"

His hand under her chin was vise-like. "I was homesick. I wanted to smell your perfume, to use our towels and sleep in our bed. Even without you, it's ——"

Was this love—this awful urgency, this dreadful desperation? It must be. You couldn't think otherwise. Yet in the very act of surrender and being possessed, the unrelenting mind repeated its foolish little words: *I'm Jane. This is Warren whom I love.*

He'd said she needn't be alone, yet she always was when she needed most a wordless reiteration that he loved her for something more than this. Possession attained, he slept. Love slunk away with averted face, leaving her devastated and alone in the darkness. Painfully, patiently she set about gathering up the bits of her shattered composure. Perhaps if he were less subtle, if he didn't know so exactly how to fathom the depths of passion without violating the surface stillness? But no. She bit her lips, pressing cold hands against her lean thighs. He'd called her "my dearest" tonight. He hadn't done that for a long time. He'd come home because he'd wanted the comfort of their things around him. She relaxed slightly. He loved her. She'd been stupid and awkward, but she wouldn't be again. She could make him happy and content without being less herself, without letting him become indispensable to her peace.

*Saturdays*, she thought, setting the breakfast table. *When I get rich, I'll have a whole month of them strung right after each other and I'll have bacon on every one with two cups of coffee and a brand-new New Yorker to boot.* She poured cream in the pitcher and put bread in the toaster.

"Warren ——"

"Present."

She jumped. "It's downright indecent the way you lurk around ——"

He carried the coffee cups to the table. "It's my house and I can lurk if I want to—but I wasn't. I was thinking very nice thoughts."

"For instance."

"That you're merry as a Morris dancer."

"I don't care for it—sounds like something with hips."

"That'd be disgusting, of course." He squinted at the thermometer outside the window. "Frost last night."

"Was there? I'll get the other blanket from the locker. Is this the janitor's day off? I want to borrow his screw driver."

"Why do you want to borrow a screw driver when there's a perfectly respectable one right in the family?"

"Honestly? Where?" She buttered more toast and refilled his cup. "Imagine us having a screw driver. It sort of makes us respectable. Almost as good as having a basement."

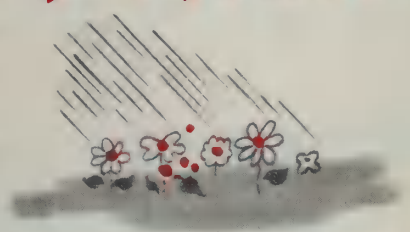
"Aren't you happy here? Don't you like living in an apartment?"

"Of course I do. Will you get the screw driver before you go?"

(Continued on Page 135)

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—so says the old rhyme. But if you really want a flower garden you'll have to add your own labors to April's raindrops. The experienced gardener as well as the novice will find JOURNAL booklets helpful. Study our list and order those you think will be best for you.



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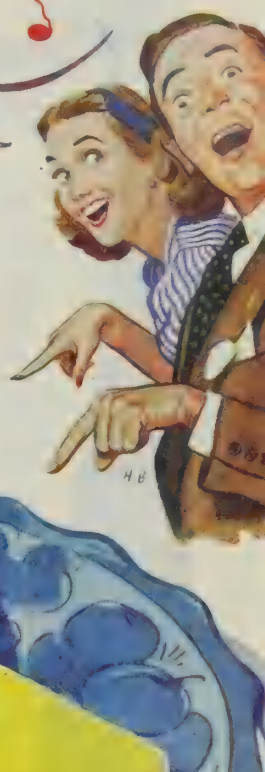
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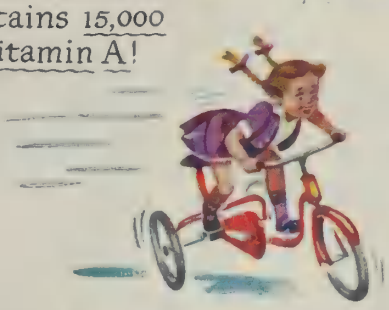
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Make 4-decker "salad sandwich" as shown, with drained pineapple slices and cream cheese softened with pineapple syrup. Chill 2 hrs., garnish with cheese balls and red gelatin. For formal service, quarter pineapple slices before making "sandwich."

Use remaining 4 slices in "Tropic Gingerbread" dessert. Warm slices in the syrup, serve on hot gingerbread.

**All this from one No. 2 can of Del Monte Crushed Pineapple.**

Remember, a delicious pineapple meringue pie takes only 1 cup of crushed pineapple. Remainder (about 1½ cups) can top red apple and cabbage slaw made with boiled dressing (as shown). Mix some of the pineapple in slaw if desired.

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*Del Monte* PINEAPPLE

(Continued from Page 133)

"If you're a nice girl, I might even fix natever you want repaired. Unless it's a ntraption for a canary."

But of course he had to finish the paper st, and then take the golf balls out of his ig and wash every precious one—with her ilbrush, she suspected—and fill his lighter. e'd finished the dishes and changed the d and he still hadn't gone down.

"Warren, Luke'll be here in ten minutes."

"Luke's kept me waiting a good two ndred hours in ten-minute intervals. And st because it's Saturday morning, you n't have to start pushing me around like vacuum cleaner. Where'll I find the anket?"

"In a white box, underneath ——"

She'd just finished the vacuuming when uke rang the buzzer. Next to John, she ked him best of all Warren's friends. He as handsome in the movie-hero style of rling black hair and crinkling eyes, as iendly and direct as Warren was reserved d distant.

"Hi, beautiful."

"Hello, Luke."

"Just in time for breakfast?"

"Do you want some coffee?"

"No thanks. Just take the padlock off the oky jar." He sat on the kitchen table, vinging his legs. "Where's Bobby Jones?"

"Getting some things out of the locker. on't you want a glass of milk or some-ing?"

"Okay, thanks."

She could feel his eyes following her, aking her vaguely uncomfortable.

"You're a nice gal, Jane," he told her. "You're just feeling our oatmeal cookies, ren't you?"

He snorted. "You now, Art and I had ou figured for a dud efore we met you. We lt sorry for poor old Warren, chasing eventy miles down to llison every week end nd coming back mad s a hornet all the time. Well, here's looking at ou. I gotta say the boy knew what he as doing, sure enough."

She smiled a little ruefully and stared out he window. *Something in me brings out he best in everybody. Did I ask for his oyish confidence?*

"Jane?"

"Hello. We're in the kitchen.'

"Might have known. Hi, Luke. Here's our screw driver, madam. And your blanket. Remember this, Luke?" He shook out a rumpled suède jacket. "I've been looking or it for three years."

"You've been trying to collect the price of that jacket from Art ever since that week nd ——" He stopped. "Are you all set? They'll be waiting for us."

"Jane, give this to the dry cleaner when e comes, will you?"

"Thanks for the titbits, Mrs. G."

THEY were gone, and the apartment was unhappily still. She sifted flour on the breadboard with noisy impatience. Luke didn't mean a thing, of course, but he or Art was always making allusions to some week end before —— She sprinkled brown sugar and nuts on the soft dough. *I'm silly. I haven't got good sense. Warren had hundreds of week ends before he met me, and dozens of girls—pretty ones, too, probably.* There was a knocking on the door.

"Coming." She dusted her hands on a towel and ran. "Oh, good morning. I'm glad you stopped. This suit is to be cleaned and pressed. And this jacket cleaned, I guess." She went through the pockets as she spoke. A paper of matches, a half-empty package of cigarettes, two golf tees, a couple of papers, and a card. No—a snapshot. She put them on the hall table. "Be careful of the jacket, please. It's a favorite."

She closed the door. Men and the stuff in their pockets. Well, they'd never smoke three-year-old cigarettes. She dropped them in the wastebasket. Matches from the Sweetheart Inn. She opened a thin, yellow paper, a florist's bill. The Flower Shop—opposite the Commons, Boston. Mr. Warren Gregory. One white-orchid corsage, $20.00. It was stamped paid in purple ink, August—blur—1930. That was the summer she began working in the library. He'd never sent her white orchids, and she was rather glad now. There was something a little disgusting in being one of a number of girls to whom a man had sent white-orchid corsages. Or maybe there had been only one girl who rated them?

SHE remembered the spray of tawny little ones he'd brought her the Easter before last. Now would that have cost twenty dollars? Or only seven-fifty? She hadn't thought of the money they represented till just now. But what had happened to the white-orchid girl? Would he rather have married her? Had she been faithless? Or did she bore him after a while?

"I hope," she said to the yellow slip, "he doesn't want you for his files." She was about to drop it in the wastebasket when she read on the back of the snapshot: "Darling, you're being utterly ridiculous and you know it." The writing was a small, meticulous backhand in green ink. "I'll expect you Friday. B."

Slowly, she turned the snapshot over, but her hand shook and the picture fluttered to the table where it lay face up, returning her stare. It was a picture of a very beautiful girl, dreamy-eyed and exquisite, with luminous blond hair falling in a cloud on bare white shoulders. After a while she stopped looking at it, but she went right on seeing it. "*Darling, you're being utterly ridiculous and you know it.*"

She went back to the coffeecake. *I'm being ridiculous, too, and I know it, but there doesn't seem to be anything I can do about it. I'll wash my hair while this is in the oven. Soap and water's supposed to make your nails grow. Hair's in the same category. Why did I cut it anyway?*

After she'd finished her hair, she gave herself a facial. While the mask was doing its utmost, she experimented with polish on her toenails. When the coffeecake was frosted, she did her hands, bathed, and put on her best brown hostess pajamas. She dusted the hall table. "*Darling, you're being utterly ridiculous and you know it.*" She studied the snapshot with stubborn hatred and then put it with the florist's bill in the bottom desk drawer where Warren kept his papers. What did "B" stand for? Something fancy like Beverly or Beryl, probably.

She remembered that she hadn't eaten since breakfast. And there was the screw driver—just where Warren had laid it. She hadn't even put up the little shelf. The red chintz ruffle for it was finished and pressed. Her copper ladles and spoons were to hang on the wall underneath it. The elevator door clanged open and the rumble of men's voices came down the hall.

"Jane?"

"Hello. How was the golf?" Four men their size just about filled the living room.

"Dunt esk." That was Luke. "Honey, you're sure nice to come home to." He lit a cigarette. "The Sweetheart Inn, for gosh sakes. Where'd these come from?"

She turned quickly. "I found them in your jacket pocket, Warren." Her voice sounded casual enough.

"Oh, did you?"

"That was a week end." Art put his feet up on the footstool. "Did we ever tell you about that week end, Jane?"

She laughed, but it occurred to her that she didn't like Art. Never had. "What about your checkered past?"

"Mine? I like that. First I get accused of taking the old man's jacket, now you try to hang his ——"

**"What does your husband work at?" one woman asked another.**

**"He's an efficiency expert in a big office downtown," replied the other.**

**"Efficiency expert? What are his duties?"**

**"It's hard to say exactly," explained the second woman, "but if we women did it, they'd call it nagging."**

—Esar's Joke Dictionary. (Harvest House.)


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Bob Mitchell said, "Wonder how State's doing?" and turned on the radio.

They were alone finally and she began emptying ash trays. Warren stretched out on the sofa. "I'm tired. What'd you do? Did the screw driver work?"

"I just put two *x*'s to mark the spots. Warren, I don't think——" She was going to say she didn't think she liked Art, but Warren was already sleeping. It was just as well, probably. He'd grown up with Art, and Luke lived with him, and it wouldn't help matters for her to—— But why did the girl have to be so beautiful? And why did he have to fall asleep the minute they were alone? "Warren, it's quarter after six."

He jumped up. "Gosh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sleep. How long before dinner?"

"We'll have to eat out. I didn't shop today."

"Oh, all right. I'll step on it. Janie, I'm sorry about falling asleep. It was a crumby thing to do." He leaned toward her and she stiffened.

"It doesn't matter."

The lights were soft, the music low, the menu excellent. She suspected it while they were eating; before the end of the second act she knew she was bored. And it wasn't the play's fault, because they'd seen dozens of "B" pictures and only laughingly threatened to demand their money back.

"Shall we go somewhere to dance?" he asked on the way out.

"I'd just as soon go home."

"You're not saying that because you think I'm tired?"

"No." *I'm thinking only of myself—for a change.*

She put herself to sleep making ■ careful study of her life as a divorced woman. She couldn't go back to dad and Allison, of course. And she couldn't stay here and run the chance of meeting him on the street. But she'd never lived alone in her life. It was probably a good thing they hadn't bought a house and a lot of furniture. What'd you do with the wedding ring you no longer wanted to wear?

She wakened at her customary seven o'clock vaguely apprehensive. And then she remembered. Divorce Warren? She sent his hunched shoulders a wordless apology. *I've a gnat's mind.* She slipped out of bed and dressed on tiptoe. *There are times when I don't like you,* she told her reflection in the bathroom mirror. *You wouldn't know a penny whistle from a magic flute.*

It was bitter cold, but she made herself walk all the way to church.

We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. . . . We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us.

She almost ran home, she felt so relieved and good. *I don't use the brains I was born with. I'll tell him about that crazy picture. Maybe it'll comfort him a little to know that I'm not immune to jealousy.* She ran up the stairs because she couldn't wait for the elevator and split the thumb of her glove getting her key in the door.

"Hello."

He looked up from his paper. "Hello."

"I've been to church."

"I wondered."

She felt her mood chilling a little. "Have you eaten?"

"Yes."

"Could you be persuaded to drink a cup of coffee?"

"No, thanks."

The kitchen gleamed, but he hadn't squeezed any orange juice for her. Oh, well.

**"Yes," said my friend reflectively, "she is not a brilliant woman: she is not even an intellectual one, but there is such a thing as a *genius for affection* and she has it."**

—HELEN JACKSON.



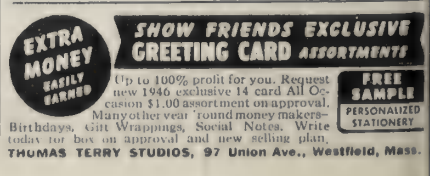












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She opened the breadbox. "Warren, you didn't eat any coffeecake." She faced him accusingly.

"I didn't know if you were saving it."

She turned slowly and went back to the kitchen. And then, of course, she saw it—the little shelf neatly screwed on the wall just exactly where she wanted it. She turned around again, facing him without quite looking at him. "This is your house. There'll never be any food in it you can't have if you want it. And—thank you for hanging my shelf."

"You crazy nut." He took the coffeepot out of her hand and held her firmly by the shoulders. "Just how do you suppose I feel waking up and not finding you?" He shook his head slowly. "I'm not even used to the idea of you yet—much less able to eat a lumberman's breakfast when you've gone off without——"

"Sometimes I have to go off."

"Do you? Do you, Jane?"

"Not for keeps though."

He kissed her and mussed her hair. "Let's have the works. I'm starved. All I had was coffee. And it was terrible."

How easy it was to lie, she thought, especially to yourself. You thought what you wanted to think, believed what it made you comfortable to believe. She told herself again it was settled this time, they were beginning to understand each other now. And maybe that much was true—of the surface of their lives. They didn't quarrel about who took which shower, and managed to keep out of each other's way while they were dressing, and they were both pretty good about getting places on time. Once in a while he referred to the bathroom as clothesline alley, and she'd remember that her stockings were still on the towel bar where she'd hung them to dry, but she thought he didn't mind too much. But looking back on it, she knew her fool's paradise was on the edge of a precipice.

They made Christmas lists and put them under each other's breakfast plates—though Christmas was still nearly two months away—and then she wondered if that wasn't carrying practicality a little too far. Christmas to him was probably white orchids and ermine wraps and bare-shoulder photographs. It wasn't trying to find a two-dollar tree that looked like five.

They walked in the park in the rain, but she was reminded almost in the middle of a laugh that "B" would never be caught drenched to the skin like this. "B" probably moved in eighteenth-century drawing rooms and never exerted herself beyond pulling the bell cord, and she most certainly never wiped up the bathroom floor when the cleaning woman didn't come.

Like a furtive thief, she slipped the taunting snapshot from its hiding place and stared at it. Why hadn't she said, simply and naturally, "These things were in your jacket pocket"? The answer was obvious. She couldn't because he was different too—in spite of being terribly thoughtful and frighteningly intense. They were so marvelously considerate of each other, so sensitive to nuances, so cautious of impulse.

And then one Monday morning the invitation came to the dinner dance Harlan was having at the country club to celebrate Linda's birthday.

"Shall we go?" she asked dubiously.

"Don't you want to?"

"Yes, but——"

He tuned the radio for news. "No butterfly costume?"

"I've got a dress."

"Let's go then. And send my suit out, will you? Wonder if it still fits?"

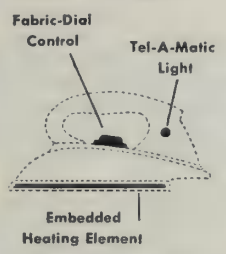
It did, of course, and something more than that. She watched while he went through the motions of making sure he had cigarettes, keys, billfold and money. There were party people, she thought, like Linda and her set, and there were people like her: dressed to play the part, but really only ham actors underneath—nice when you got to know them, maybe, but whoever did at a party? And then there were people like Warren, who could assume the party mood at will.




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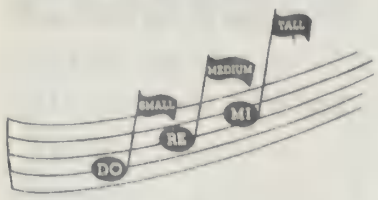


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All the way over to the club he was—well, amusing was as close as she could come to defining it. He was gay, and debonair, and clever. Almost as if they were on a date and not married at all. Almost—though the word wasn't subtle enough—flirting with her. And that was frightening because he was asking for a response it wasn't in her to give. And he looked so beautiful in his shiny tall hat, so smooth behind the wheel of his extravagant, man-about-town car that she felt like a stowaway. What if no one asked her to dance but Harlan?

There was a parking space close to the entrance and he pulled into it, ignoring the doorman's signal to drive up to the porte-cochere.

"Do you mind? It's been so long since I've kissed you."

Why was she trembling? Why did she want to cry? But it was a party kiss, deft and light, and it wasn't enough. She wanted him to kiss her deeply, fiercely, possessively—any way at all but this touch-and-go. Most of all, she wanted him to say he loved her, but he only smiled. His connoisseur's smile.

"You're beautiful, Jane." (Not "My Jane.") "And very desirable. But you know all that, don't you?" He opened the door for her.

She stepped out and felt the wind cold in her face, slashing at her ankles. She stood very straight, only the tips of her white-gloved fingers on his arm.

A young woman at a corner table scribbled notes on her pad that would appear in Sunday's Plain Dealer under "Society." Mrs. Stokes' sister, Mrs. Warren Gregory, was stunning in ivory satin, the off-the-shoulder line of her dress banded with mink. Her only jewels were a single strand of pearls, repeated in the Juliet cap she wore on her dark hair.

What the girl didn't know, of course, was that it was her wedding dress made over. That the pearls had been Warren's grandmother's and, oddly enough, were real, but the Juliet cap was a last-minute invention mothered by necessity. Her hair was just long enough to be awkward now and too short to stay pinned up more than ten minutes.

She found her place card on Harlan's right, next to Mr. Clyde Stafford's, who turned out to be a tall, beak-nosed, silver-at-the-temples man. Harlan was fond of saying he had buckets of ducats and was his best customer.

"You're Mrs. Stokes' sister?"

"Yes."

"Beautiful girl."

"Yes, she is."

"And it's your husband she's talking to?"

That was a masterpiece of understatement.

"Yes."

"Fine-looking chap."

THERE was no answer to that either, but Mr. Stafford was obviously trying to be nice. "My wife's across the table," he said, "near the center. In green."

"Yes, I know. She's lovely." She was gorgeous; petite, titian-haired, and not half his age.

"Isn't she?" Almost anxiously. "She's terribly clever too. Does textile designs."

"I saw some at Halle's. They're very original."

*That takes care of the soup course. Now it's my turn, only nothing I can think of is fit party patter.*

Harlan said, "You're so quiet, Janie. What were you thinking just then?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, you were. I can tell."

Suppose she said it? *I feel like the country mouse at the city mouse's party.* But not to Harlan. She liked him. They were friends in spite of being in-laws.

"Aren't you having fun, Janie?" Harlan went on.

"Of course, but I don't get around much. This sitting between the lion and the unicorn——"

It wasn't as funny as he pretended, but it did something for the tension. "Hey, Clyde, Jane's got a hot one. She calls us the lion and the unicorn."

"Oh, you do, do you?" Mr. Stafford crumpled his napkin impulsively. "For that you'll dance with me. And I'm a very bad dancer."

Actually, he wasn't hard to follow. They talked about The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas and the new mystery in The Saturday Evening Post. Linda and Warren danced past.

"I've never known such unlike sisters!" he exclaimed.

She smiled, and refrained from reminding him that he'd just said Linda was beautiful. You got used to things after twenty-odd years.

"Do you like books?" he asked. "I mean collections?"

"I used to be a librarian."

"Really? How swell. I've got a pretty nice library. At least, I think it is. I collect samples of bookmaking—extra-illustrated editions—that sort of thing. I have some Didots, 1795, of La Fontaine. Look, Doris and I—my wife, you know—are having some people in a week from Sunday. Do you think you and your husband could make it?"

The waiters were taking the silver hats off steaming plates. Harlan smiled and patted her hand. "Good girl. Never lets the family down. Honey, he's hard to know!"

So it was going to be a nice party after all. She settled down to enjoy it, not feeling a bit like the country mouse any more. A shadow fell across her plate and Harlan stood up.

"Oh, hi, Buck. Jane, this is Buck Daniels." He didn't finish the introduction, and she found herself looking up at football shoulders and a face so homely it was fascinating.

"Will you dance?"

"I'd like to." She wondered where he'd come from, and why—unless he'd been especially instructed—he'd made such a point of coming way down to their end of the table to ask her. He was only a little taller than she, but he was a marvelous dancer. She liked him instantly and thought Warren would too.

"I had a lot of things all planned to say to you, and now I can remember only one of them."

She smiled. "Suppose you start with it. One thing may lead to another."

## IDIOT

**In ancient Greece, if you were not a seeker after public office, you were an idiot. The men who preferred to live as private citizens became known as *Idiotai*. Their modest tastes, their lack of ambition, their indifference to the political life of that civic-minded day were set down to an inferiority of intellect.**

**Today "idiot" implies the absence, usually congenital, of intellectual or reasoning powers. In the field of psychology the term is compared and contrasted with the terms "imbecile" and "moron," which are technical designations of the degree to which a person is mentally deficient, "idiot" designating a person of the lowest grade. It is probably in this sense that Millay uses the term in her line: "April comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers." An appreciation of the meaning of the term gives deep significance to Macbeth's characterization of life as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."**

**Mark Twain has an interesting use of the term in Following the Equator: "In the first place God made idiots. This was for practice. Then He made school boards."**

**—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.**

"Okay. I love you."

Her eyes widened. Was he drunk? She remembered the odd reluctance in Harlan's introduction. "Where I come from we don't throw words like that around."

"No, of course you don't. And believe it or not, I don't either. You gave me the wrong cue."

"You've got the wrong script, haven't you?"

"Don't say that. I've thought about this so long—meeting you, hearing you speak—I'm rattled. I'll see if I can start somewhere near the beginning. Do you remember being at dinner at the Union Club with Harlan and Linda and your father the first Friday in May? I was at the club that night too. Sat facing you. And all of a sudden I wanted to ring bells and blow whistles. I said, 'Buck, old boy, your bachelor days are over. Yonder sits the future Mrs. Daniels.' Wait. Don't say anything yet. I called Harlan the next morning and asked him who you were and if you were married. I said I wanted to meet you and he said he'd speak to you. Then this thing came up at the office and I was sent to England. I just got back yesterday. I called Harlan and he invited me to this party. I knew you'd be here."

"I was married in May," she said carefully. The orchestra went right on playing Sophisticated Lady.

His thick face turned white. "You mean it? You are married?"

"Yes."

"I probably owe you an apology or something. Or do I?"

"Suppose we just change the subject."

"I haven't anything else to talk to you about. I haven't been thinking of anything else for six months." He shrugged, and it was an ugly gesture. "There it is, my dear. Wear it pinned to your furs. I love you. I wanted to marry you. Right out of a novel by good old Thomas Hardy, isn't it? If, if and if. Am I boring you too terribly?"

She kept her eyes over his shoulder, but she didn't see the faces whirling past her.

"Come. Don't look like that. You should be thrilled to a peanut. Two men loving you and wanting to marry you at the same time."

She knew why he said it. He was a little boy turning sick at the sight of his own wound. "How did you feel when you found a stray dog on your doorstep and your mother told you you couldn't keep it?"

His eyes held hers. "What're you trying to do? Make it tougher for me? All right." He was no longer patient and intelligent-looking. "It's not your fault I love you. You can't help the kind of face you've got any more than I can help mine, but it is your fault I told you. If you're married, why don't you look like it? Why do you look so cool, and untouched, and virginal?"

Why did people bother to insult her, she wondered wearily. She thought of several not-too-bad retorts, but didn't bother to make them.

"Don't look like that, Jane. I'm terribly sorry I said that, only you don't know what it's like—counting so——"

"Please. It doesn't matter."

The music stopped, and he drew out her chair. She sat rigid to control her trembling. When she did look up, there were Warren's eyes, compelling, demanding, and she could only smile, begging him to be patient. If only they could go home. But no. They had to stay here with the glamorous, gay people, with the brittle, bright people who dropped their love in your lap as if it were a quarter on the cigar counter.

She escaped to the rest room and locked herself in one of the booths. The heavy outside door opened, letting in a blare of music and a tangle of voices.

"Have you danced with the brother-in-law?"

"Has anybody but Linda?"

"Isn't he marvelous?"

"I wouldn't know. Linda seems to think so."

The rest-room door opened again. Another shaft of music came in.

*(Continued on Page 141)*




# *Prelude to Love*

You know this must be the theme song of your life! You never felt the earth quake before. You never touched the stars before. You never heard this rhapsody racing up and down the keyboard of your heart. This is the moment you knew you'd know. And his eyes tell you he knows it, too.

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(Continued from Page 138)

"Here's the birthday gal. Marvelous
urty, Linda."

When the room was silent for several
inutes, she thought it would be safe to
me out, that she was alone; but Linda was
tting at the dressing table making up her
outh.

"Having fun?"

"It's a wonderful party."

"Your dress looks good. I take it you're
t sentimental about it."

She let that go.

"Buck Daniels is getting stinko. Know
ything about that?"

"He's the one I danced with, isn't he?"

"Call it that if you want to. I've an idea
arren might not agree entirely. Not that
's any of my business, infant, but do
u ——"

Their eyes met in the mirror: brown and
ina blue.

"No," Jane said evenly, "it isn't any of
ur business. Are you ready?"

Warren was waiting at the edge of the
ance floor and she wondered for a wild mo-
ent if he wasn't going to ask her to dance.
he'd ask Linda again instead. But his in-
itation, though wordless, was for her; and it
as the security of heaven to have his arm
ound her, his fingers closed over hers. Their
eps matched, they were the right heights
each other; and she looked up at the
miliar sternness of his face gratefully.

"Warren ——"

He smiled down at her—his white-tie
mile. "Hello. What's it like—being the
elle of the ball?"

She bit her lip. Marriage. Garden spot of
merica. But she'd lost her temper enough
r one evening. "Warren, that nice Mr.
tafford asked me if we'd come to their
ouse a week from Sunday. He collects rare
ditions ——"

"And your prize fighter. Does he want to
how us his etchings? Or didn't he mention
e?"

*You say you love me, but your delight is in
estroying me.*

"You can't dance with your wife here.
t's against the law." Harlan's hand was on
er wrist. "Get moving, fella. This is my
lance." He was all brother now. "Take it
asy, Jane. I should have told you about
Buck, but I forgot the whole thing till he
ame down to our end of the table. Warren's
nad, isn't he? I'll explain to him."

"No—no. It's all right."

"You're a *femme fatale*, honey."

"I know. Isn't it marvelous?" *That's
what you think. I'm Chicken Little and the sky
eally is falling. Only nobody worries about
ne. All I wanted was a rocking chair in a cor-
er by the window.*

She danced on, pulled like a masked marionette from one pair of black broadcloth arms to another until the orchestra played Good-night, Ladies, and Warren said, "Let's get out of here."

They were silent all the way home except for the moment when he said, "Keep that robe around you." She undressed while he put the car away and then waited in tense dread while he dropped the things from his pockets on the dresser, while he brushed his teeth, turned out the lights, opened the window, and finally lay down on his side of the bed.

Twice she started to say, "Good night, dear," but the words wouldn't come, and waiting dragged on. He must say something. But he didn't seem to be even breathing. So this was marriage: a man and a woman lie down together with hatred. In marriage there's no room of one's own, not even a bed of one's own. *If you're married, why do you look so untouched and virginal?*

*Why*, she wondered, trying to console herself, *are things done to you that you wouldn't dream of doing?* The words had cut like whiplashes, and she remembered her anger and humiliation, but she no longer understood them. Slowly, stiffly, she sent her hand across the bed toward his. It didn't matter what he did to her. It was what she did—to herself and to him. Perhaps he was sleeping. She'd expected the hollow of his hand, to feel his fingers lock around hers. She found a hard fist.

"Can you see my side?" she begged. "There won't be anything left of me if you take your love away. I thought if I didn't let you know how much I really cared, you could never taunt me—or be contemptuous. And I would not grovel, nor beg." She took a deep breath. "But I have no love that isn't yours. That's what you wanted me to say, isn't it?"

She withdrew her hand. She'd said what needed to be said. There was no relief or comfort—not even disgust, though that would come—but it was said.

"Yes." His voice was a crude shock in the silence that for so long had been broken by only her voice. "That's what I wanted. But I wanted you to be glad in your giving, and generous. You're begrudging it even now, and you're only giving it because you'll pay any price for peace. And that kind of peace is simply endurance. It isn't living, and it certainly isn't love."

She had no will for argument, only a stubborn, selfless adherence to truth. "I don't expect peace. I only know I can't go on this way."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I told you. Being hurt. Of having you one day come to despise the decent and best




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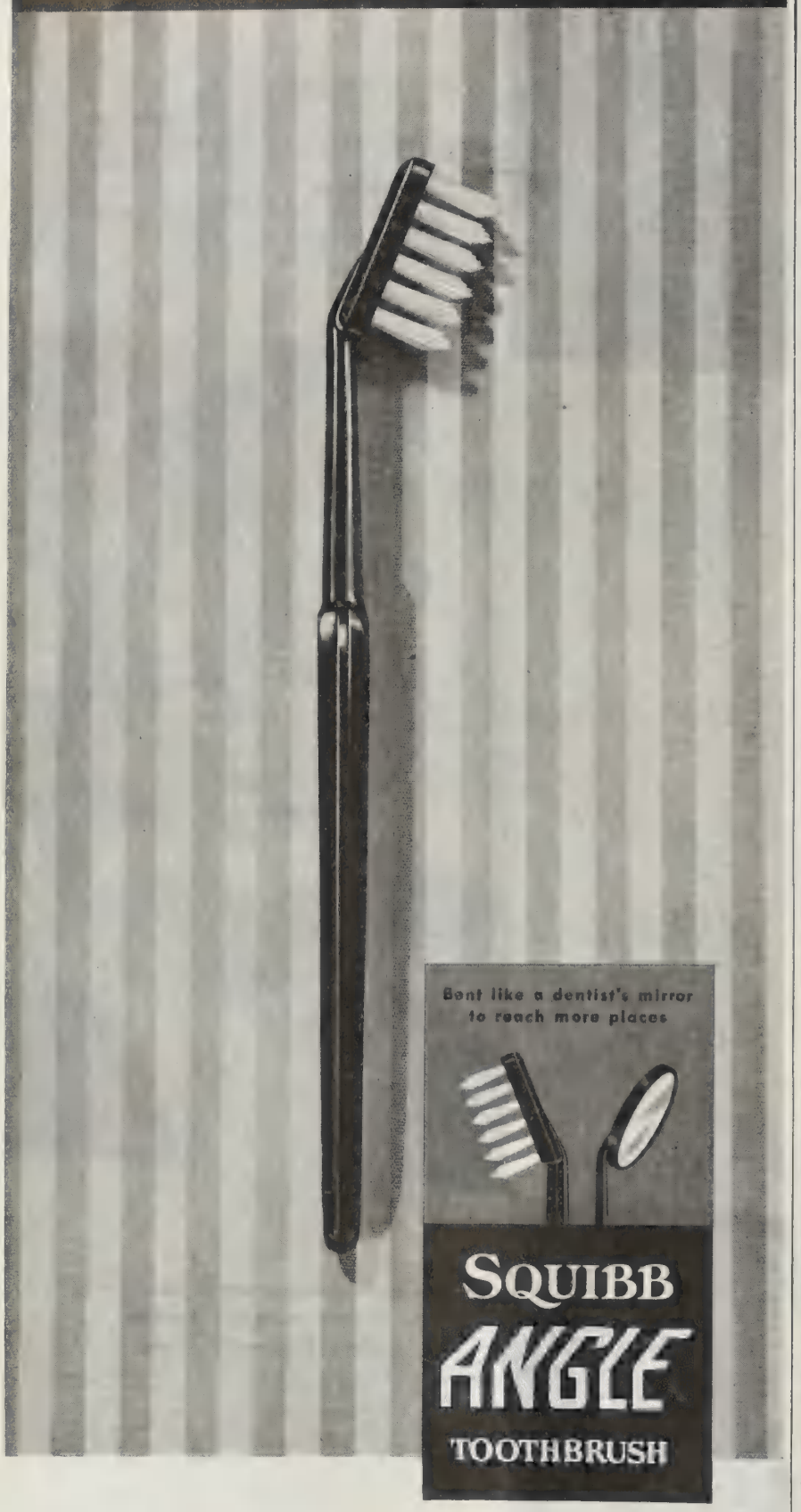
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thing in me—and not want it, as you had wanted it."

"How could you let yourself love me at all if you thought I'd ever do that to you?"

"I didn't let myself love you. I just did."

"Dearest, listen." His arms drew her to him, cradled her head in the hollow of his shoulder. "We're all alone in the world. The pain and ugliness—the mean stupidity —— We're only safe together." He kissed her closed eyes, her quiet mouth. "Love me, Jane. Let me look at you and know you're glad to belong to me—that you're not afraid any more."

"I love you." She spoke the words because they were the true words, but all feeling had been stripped from her. This was the drifting before drowning, the wandering beneath the layers of thought or feeling.

"Dearest. My lovely."

OH, the traitor body exulting in the ecstasy of feeling again while the mind, protesting the violent siege that sought to lay waste its loneliness, writhed and wept. *Not this. Not this.* She shuddered. He knew too much. She must be alone now, have time to restore the violated —— Where was your security unless —— "Please." She stiffened, but felt herself being led on, away, out of herself to an unknown level of experience that —— "No. No."

"Yes, Jane. This for all time." The voice was gentle, and infinitely patient, deep with understanding while it denied her wish to retreat.

The steep ascent. Beyond struggle and surge, harmony with all the rhythms of the earth: the grace of snow drifted across fields, the majesty of mountains blended into distance. *I am no longer Jane. There is no I nor he.*

Two solitudes protect and touch. So many things were suddenly clear: why young faces were sometimes wise, and old faces sometimes not ugly. Solitude seemed a sterile thing compared with this richness of belonging.

"Warren, I love you."

"Dearest."

She awakened once and waited for the old feeling of revulsion, but it didn't come. Why had she been frightened? Tomorrow would not be like any yesterday. There was no need for denying in the heart, tomorrow or ever, the things ——

"Jane?"

"I'm here, dear."

Jane opened one eye, closed it, yawned, and then remembered. It was Saturday, of course. The electric alarm clock said seven, and rang at this time five mornings a week, but not Saturdays or Sundays. She slid out of bed and tied the belt of a beige silk robe monogrammed in brown: JRG. Its mate, in a man's size, initialed WHG, lay across the foot of Warren's side of the bed. They had been handsome six years ago; now they were just old. She'd bought them the first summer they were married because they were good-looking and the idea was amusing; they'd assumed the importance of a first love letter, the song they played when I met you. She remembered how uncomfortable she'd been, listening to Warren praise them. Did men always say too much or not enough? Then, perhaps. Not now.

She padded in bare feet to the bathroom down the hall, showered and dressed quickly, tying the bow of a brown dress splashed with white daisies.

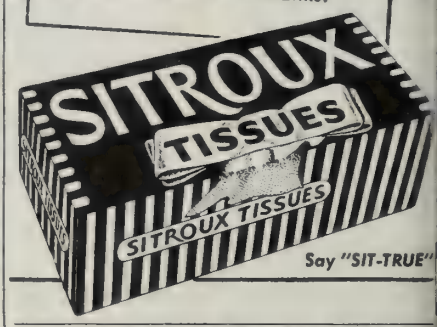
There was a charm about Saturday mornings that no other day of the week knew, she thought. The virtuous, good-and-faithful-servant feeling of beds aired and changed, the week's mending finished and piled neatly in drawers, Sunday's coffeecake set to rise and only the marketing left to be done. Downstairs, she opened the top half of the kitchen Dutch door and looked around the garden. The phlox and delphinium nodded pink and blue heads. The morning was cool, without glare, but it would be sweltering by afternoon. She started the coffee and prepared two grapefruit halves, took the milk from the chute and put it in the refrigerator. Occupation: housewife. There might be less rebellion,




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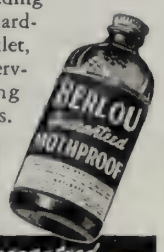
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she thought, if there was space on the census reports for a description of the house you kept, the man whose wife you were.

She ate alone, making notes on her grocery list, skimming the morning paper. Then she ran upstairs and stood a moment in the bedroom doorway.

The master bedroom, it had been called on the blueprints, but it had been "our" room nearly five years now: a ruffled-curtain, hooked-rug, chintz room with a big spool bed in a white petticoat. She paused at the side of the bed, her mouth curved in tenderness. Only in sleep did his face lose its habitual stern look and reveal the gentleness he was capable of and reserved so stubbornly for her.

"Warren, dear."

"Hi, wooden shoes." He dragged himself up out of sleep. "Got the street scrubbed?"

"I'm going."

"What time is it?"

"Just eight. You can sleep as long as you want to—your coffee's in the vacuum jug."

He punched his pillow and watched her at the mirror. "Is there any pie for breakfast?"

"No, silly. Now I have to fly." She kissed him vaguely and ran downstairs.

In town, she dropped her parking stub in her bag and crossed the street, studying the window displays, sometimes catching a wavy reflection of herself. Did she look twenty-nine? Probably. Long hair was completely out and hopelessly associated with sensible heels and a settled look. Well, she'd been all over this before, and she was settled—even if her legs were still good and she hadn't taken on any weight. She hoped she looked the way she felt: happily married and a little prosperous. It was enough that sometimes in train stations, shops, or when he came home at night, Warren's eyes said she was nice to look at, and more than enough,

**Two foreigners met.**
**"You spik de English, not so?"**
**"A few. And thou?"**
**"Small."** —Edinburgh Evening News.

the way he said, "Jane, this is Mr. Westcroft. My wife." He thought she was something, and other people took her at his valuation.

She smoothed her gloves across the backs of her hands. *What I'm trying to fit into words, I suppose, is that Warren and I have the same scale of values. And I suppose, really, that's the basis of friendship, and love, and any other kind of liking.*

*She scanned the store directory: Q, R, S. I'd have made my old suit do if we were just going to swim at Emma's cottage with Fred and the boys, but Harlan and Linda's country club —— Oh, all right,* she conceded impatiently, *it's because I won't be poor relations. Is that a crime?* Curious, that she and Linda, who were so far apart now, should be married to men who so obviously liked each other.

She got off the elevator at the negligee floor. Funny place for swimming suits.

"May I help you?"

The voice interrupted her absorption in a high-lighted swim suit of brown plaid satin—a silly, adorable trifle. She turned toward the voice. "Yes. I'd like to see a swimming suit."

"Something in a dressmaker style?"

"No, I don't think so."

"I can't show you much. I have this one."

It was navy-blue dull sharkskin, neatly but not very dramatically cut, and not so very different from all the swim suits of her life.

"This is priced at seven-ninety-five; I have just the one in your size. If you'd care to go a little higher," the voice purred, "our dressmaker styles start as low as eleven-ninety-five, and then I have a Hollywood original—that brown satin you were looking at on the model."

"This one will do." She spoke more curtly than she intended.

"Charge or cash?"

"I'll pay for it." She laid a ten-dollar bill on the blue suit and looked again at the Hollywood original. *You're lovely, all right, but you'd be bad for me.* She took her package




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# "I want to make a confession"

PLENTY of people make mistakes, but few are as honest about admitting them as Mrs. I. O. Siler, who lives down in Mesena, Georgia.

She wrote us a letter recently, and her first words were: "I want to make a confession . . ."

What terrible thing had Mrs. Siler done? And why confess to *us?*

Well, it seems that her "sin" was to go along for years thinking Pequot Sheets were too *luxurious* to buy for her household of five. Until a good friend *gave* her a pair of Pequots. And *then*, says she:

"Being experimental-minded, I proceeded to make a detailed comparison between those Pequots and my lower-priced bed linens. I found I had been cheating myself shamefully!"

Not only did those Pequot Sheets *last much longer*, but, says Mrs. Siler:

"They were so comfortable, and so easy to keep white. From now on, my budget calls for Pequots, and Pequots only!"

If you are the hard-to-convince, "show me" kind of gal, there's nothing else to do but make your own comparison. Buy several brands of sheets, including Pequots, and see for yourself which gives smoothest comfort and longest wear.

But if you'd like to enjoy the best *at once*, why not benefit by Mrs. Siler's "confession"... and buy Pequots *exclusively?*

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and change and pushed the elevator button. Then, stupidly, she wanted to cry. *I could have had it. I've got enough money.*

"Going down."

She stepped into the elevator and faced front. *Why don't I do what I want? Or rather, why don't I know what I want?* But she wouldn't go back, of course.

"Main floor."

"Hello, Jane."

She turned. "Why, Harriet. Hello." They shook hands and the feeling came back that came every time she met Harriet: that they were people meant to like each other and prevented—by what?

"Out pretty early, aren't you?"

"Practically opened the place up. I bet you love the office's being closed on Saturdays."

"It's heaven. I came down to cull the sale rack for a cotton suit." She was handsome in the deep-breasted, blond manner of German goddesses, intelligently competent and serene. But she worked in your husband's office, and once, just before you were married, you had thought Harriet and Warren might have meant a lot to each other. But Harriet wasn't like Art and Luke; she never made references to other week ends and her reticence was the kind you understood, and it didn't make you uncomfortable.

"I have the car, Harriet. Can I drop you anyplace?"

"No, thanks. I have some other shopping to do. How about dinner and a movie some night when Warren's out of town?"

"I'd like to. Thursday?"

"Swell. I'll meet you. How's the Cleveland about six?"

"Good."

She drove around a half hour, hunting a parking space at the market, and then began her weekly tour of the stalls. Warren said they ate cheese in any language including the Norwegian. If it was unpronounceable, Jane bought it.

The round, white-aproned dairyman lugged the huge red disk to the corner of the block and poised his long knife. "Some Swiss today too? And Roquefort?" Warren would eat Roquefort-cheese salad dressing seven days a week if she'd give it to him. "Yes, madam. How about some nice *nokkelost?*"

She bought a crusty round loaf of pumpernickel bread, dusty tins of anchovies, black olives, a basket of vegetables, and a newspaper bouquet of gladioli. And everywhere around her was the smell of foreign foods, the sounds of foreign tongues, the laughter-wrinkled, leathery faces of lusty, robust people who fascinated and repelled her, whom she half loved and didn't quite trust.

SHE was on her way to the car when she saw her in the corner window of an Italian shop: a shapeless mountain of a woman with dark hair strained to a knot at the back of her head, worn gold loops in her ears. She was squatting on a low box behind a counter of evil-looking sausages, crooning tonelessly to a petal-skinned baby nursing at her breast. There was nothing furtive or bold in what she did, only a natural simplicity.

Jane pretended to read the labels on the cartons stacked in the window, but it was only to look longer at the woman and her baby.

Had the dark woman really given birth to such fair, diminutive beauty? Had she wanted to? Or only endured? As she held him in her arms now, did she remember the nights of loving that preluded his birth? Or had dreaming and beauty died for want of care?

She drove home slowly. She'd never thought much about it, and now—all of a sudden——

She stood in the terrace doorway, holding her bags of groceries, studying Warren's profile and wondering if he knew how terribly handsome he was. He was listening to the radio, with his feet on the ottoman, and the sprinkler practically flooding the petunias.

"WARREN, I'd like a baby. Would you?" If he said something dewy and started folding her in his arms, she'd die. But he scarcely fluttered his eyelids.

"At the moment, all I want is a spot of lunch—when you get around to it."

That was all right then. She turned her spectator pumps kitchenward, propping her groceries against the breadbox, and letting cold water run for the flowers. "What time are we supposed to meet them?"

"Around three. Was it hot in town? Anything doing?"

"I met Harriet Canfield. We're having dinner and going to a movie Thursday." She took off her hat and fanned her face with it. "She reminds me of Juno—or maybe Dido."

"Why them—particularly?"

"I don't know. Don't you think so?"

"Never thought much about it. Did they know anything about engineering? Harriet does."

"You're making me feel like the little woman: long on fingernails and light on brains."

He smiled with his eyes and only the corners of his mouth. "You're only light on weight. Do you feel all right, Jane?"

"I will when I get out of this misnomer called a two-way stretch."

"For heaven's sake, do you have to wear a girdle to buy a swimming suit?"

"Mind your own business. It holds my stockings up."

"I could think of a better way."

"Get a patent on it. We'll be rich."

She came back in an abbreviated blue tennis dress and dropped into the swing. "I probably ought to do something about lunch. Is it too hot for coffee? Want lemonade?"

"Coffee."

She peeled hard-boiled eggs and chopped celery. Potato salad, ham—what else? Cheese, of course. They could have fruit for dessert and the almond macaroons if he hadn't eaten them all. She decided to wear her white crepe. The pleats looked nice dancing.

They ate and loafed until it was time to dress, and it got hotter and hotter.

"'Mad dogs and Englishmen,'" she said coming down the stairs.

"Oh, I don't know. You look like a vanilla ice-cream cone. Don't you think you better take a coat? In case it's cold coming back tonight?"

"I can't imagine anything more wonderful than having my teeth chatter, but I'll take one."

They found Linda, like an ad for sun-tan lotion, stretched out in a deck chair at the club pool; her face masked behind enormous white-rimmed sunglasses. But even next to naked, she looked rich and scornful.

"Hi, punks." She pushed a gaudy bath rug out of the chair next to hers and reached for Warren's hand. "Sit, sweetheart. Isn't

*(Continued on Page 146)*

## *Crickets*

**By Elizabeth-Ellen Long**

**Who loves a wind-blown orchard more**
**Than any well-groomed park**
**Will find no city substitute**
**For crickets in the dark;**

**Who loves a ragged meadow more**
**Than any tailored squares**
**Will never hear from city streets**
**A song as sweet as theirs;**

**For only he who has not lost**
**His heart to country things**
**Can live content in towns whose nights**
**Are not the kind which sings,**

**Can live in towns and never miss**
**His three score ten years through**
**A music which was old when all**
**Earth's other songs were new.**

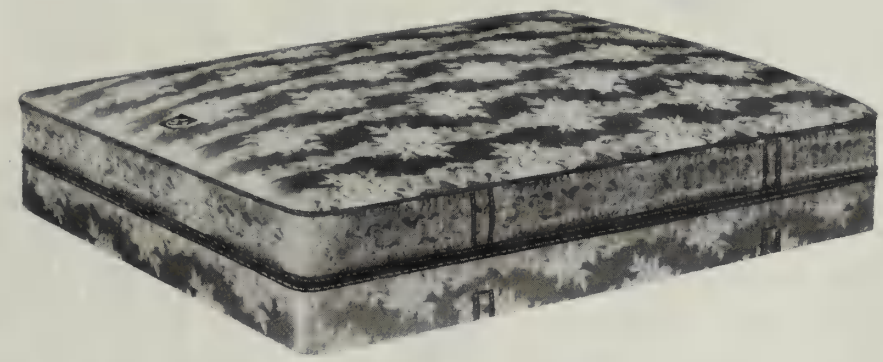


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Lover's Knot Lipstick . . . . $1.00
Lover's Knot Rouge . . . . . 85c
Lover's Knot Nail Polish . . 25c
(All prices plus tax)

*Barbara Gould*
Distributor New York

*(Continued from Page 144)*

this heat beastly? Harlan's around somewhere, Jane." Her red fingernails made impatient gestures in her shining gold hair without disturbing its deliberate casualness. They matched the enormous red poppies on the bra of her white suit.

"I think I'll change."

"Why don't you?" She turned to Warren. "Long time no see. Sit down and stop acting as if you were at dancing school."

He laughed. "Bossy wench."

Jane bolted the dressing-room door and slid out of her clothes. *Linda shouldn't be so blunt about how much she likes him and he'd like her a lot more*, she thought, but there was no elation in the knowledge that for the first time in her life she had something Linda would like for herself.

She fastened the straps of the blue suit. All it needed was "Property of the YWCA" embroidered across the front. Even cut down to the waist in back, it was as exciting as a ham-on-rye. She looked at herself critically. *I got about what I paid for*, she decided, *but I wish I'd bought the brown one.*

She pushed her dark hair under a white skullcap and made a neat, unspectacular dive from the edge of the pool into the limpid, green surface. She came up blinking the water from her eyes.

"Hi, Janie."

"'Lo." She smiled lazily and accepted Harlan's outstretched hands.

"Gee, I'm glad you could come. Honey, you should wear swimming suits all the time. You're better than Venus."

"'And what's more, I've got arms?'" She stood wet and dripping beside him. "You're silly."

"Me 'n' all the other boys. See those men over there? Behind me? We were grading

**He is not fit to live who is not fit to die, and he is not fit to die who shrinks from the joy of life or from the duty of life.**

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT: Quoted in Under the Bridge, by Ferris Greenslet. (Houghton Mifflin.)

the gals: C minus, B plus. You got triple A from all of us."

"That kind of thing gets boys in trouble," she said, but she thought he was sort of sweet.

"Come on. Race you to the other end."

"Okay."

"You weren't even trying to win," he reproached her. "Janie, you think too much. Give the gray matter a rest. Can't you ever just play?"

*Nobody ever wants me just as I am*, she thought. *Except Warren, of course.* "A dollar I can beat you back."

His whole face lit up. "Five."

"I said one."

"Your one to my five."

"That's a screwy bet. Call the signals." She won, of course, but she could never be sure he hadn't let her.

"Your money. Come on up. I'll pay you now."

Warren was in the chair next to Linda's. "I just won five dollars from Harlan."

"Sit down." He indicated the rug at the side of his chair. "You looked good."

She felt his hand, warm and dry, on her shoulder, and felt contentment like a kitten's purr somewhere deep inside her. She kept her eyes on the shadows in the pool. There was something to be said for the lotus-eaters.

"Anybody got a cigarette?" That was Linda.

Nobody did, so Warren offered to go for some, and Linda decided to go with him.

"Linda thinks Warren's tops," Harlan said generously. "He is too. Almost good enough for you, Janie."

"That's what I keep telling him. It's nice here, Harlan."

"It's all right." Their eyes met for an instant. "Linda needed an excuse to walk around," he said. "How yuh been this summer? Manage to keep cool?"




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"I guess I don't mind the heat so much, and our house really is comfortable."

"You and Warren sure bought at the right time. Nice house too."

"M'm-h'm." She closed her eyes against the glare of the sun on the water.

"Holy smoke, Jane! Did I snore?" Harlan jumped out of his deck chair, sleep-wrinkled and contrite. "Gee, I'm sorry. We were out till all hours last night, but that's no excuse for —— Gosh, I'm sorry. Why didn't you wake me?"

"I was dreaming myself. What do you suppose happened to Linda and Warren? What time is it?"

"After five, I imagine. There's Warren. Linda's with him."

"Hi." Warren sat on the grass beside her chair. "Have any fun?"

"I've been lazy as a lizard."

Harlan said, "Thought maybe you forgot what you went after."

"Don't try to be funny," Linda interrupted. "You're not."

Warren stood up. "Guess I'll see what the water's like. Come with me, Jane."

She was too relaxed to make the effort, but she knew why he asked her and got up obediently. They swam slowly, twice around the pool, but the water was too warm, or she was too tired.

"I've had enough." Somehow she didn't want to be alone in the dressing room with Linda. "Think I'll go in."

She pushed her wet suit to the floor and left cool as a glass of ice water. *Wonder what Warren thinks about having a baby.* She sprinkled bath powder on her brown legs and white body. *My dolls used to look like this,* she thought, *their arms and legs never matched their bodies either.* She took the pins out of her hair and watched the maid wring the water from her suit.

"My, you've really got long hair. Shall I get a drier for you?"

"No, thank you. It'll be all right." She pinned the braids high on her head, painted her mouth scarlet.

She dropped her beach bag in the car and found an empty chair on the shady side of the porch. The pool was almost deserted. There was a scraping of chairs and the clatter of dishes from the dining room.

"Hi."

"Hello, dear."

"Harlan's down there muttering in his beard because he fell asleep on you. Do I look like a mastiff?"

She smiled. "Did Linda lead you around?"

Warren frowned. "I've met everyone in the place, including the gardener. She's dizzy. Harlan ought to lock her up."

"Then Linda'd be like me." She spoke quietly, almost to herself.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I wonder if I'm a complete person. I feel like ——"

"Like what?"

"I don't quite know. It sounds extravagant and silly out loud. Like a violin. A thing to answer your moods, that only you can tune properly, and ——"

He shook his head. "You don't seem at all like that to me." The sun dropped quickly behind the solemn pines. "I think of you as a tree with roots deep in the earth and branches far over my head. I'm foolish enough to think that a picket fence around you makes you mine, but I know that part of you belongs to everyone you meet, and part of you will never belong to any of us."

Harlan's voice came around the corner of the veranda. "Here they are. I found them, Linda. Come on, you two. Let's eat."

She walked beside Warren and for one second let her hand touch his. That two solitudes ——

"Janie, you look like an owl." Harlan opened his napkin with a flourish.

"I'm hungry." She read the complicated menu and heard Linda debating between cold madrilene and cold consommé Bellevue, and remembered the Saturday-night suppers at home: bacon-and-tomato sandwiches with milk for Linda and her, peaches





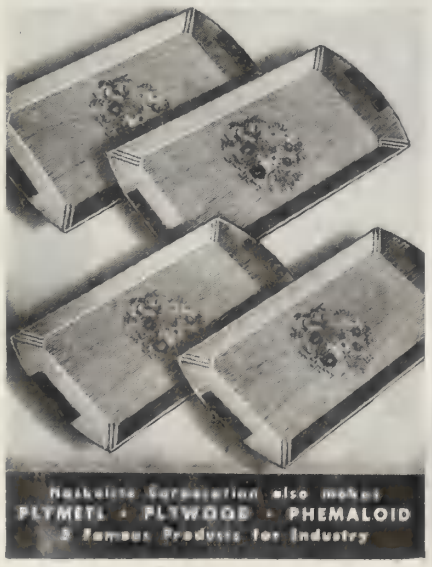


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in a sauce dish and maybe a piece of slightly stale layer cake. That was the kind of thing Warren had missed, growing up with only his grandmother. They sat a long time over coffee and cigarettes.

Marjorie and John always invited Warren and her to Allison for the Labor Day week end. They'd gone every year since they were married, and the road was dotted with sentimental landmarks, but Warren was stubbornly silent all the way down.

She thought he looked almost greedy, picking up the paper after he'd hardly said more than "Hello" to Marjorie and the children, but when John came, he did the same thing.

"Well, looks like they're in for it."

Warren nodded. "It's been a long time coming, but this is it, I guess."

What was to have been a lazy, peaceful week end was tense with foreboding, staccato with news flashes. Warren bought every edition of every paper and then threw them aside in tight-lipped impatience.

"Hitler Blockades Gdynia." Where was that? "The free city of Danzig ——" Warren had told her about that months ago. "Hitler has laid his cards on the table in a way that makes a mockery of democracy."

They stayed up late Saturday night, pretending to play bridge, but Warren was already downstairs when she wakened Sunday morning.

"New Deadline Today for Hitler as Britain Delays War Decision."

She drank her coffee in moody, stupid silence while Marjorie and Warren and John talked. War? It was a word coming out of the radio. A word in thick black letters across the top of the paper. It didn't mean anything to her—not really. The last war had been pledging allegiance to the flag at school, knitting blocks for soldiers' blankets, saving for Liberty Bonds. A war now? In the middle of her adult life? No, that wasn't real—yet.

But Monday it was. "British Ship with 1400 Aboard is Torpedoed as Europe Goes to War."

"Warren," she said, when she couldn't bear his isolation any longer, "I think I know how you feel, and why it's upsetting you so, but there isn't anything we can do about it, is there?"

He said, "Look, Jane, if someone in your family was ill, needed money and blood transfusions, would you argue about the cost, say it wasn't your illness? Or would you fight and try to borrow wherever you could? Hitler and his kind of thinking is a world disease and it's malignant. England's been trying to stave it off six years. Now she's got to go to war. Fight or succumb."

She thought she was finally beginning to understand, and was ashamed of how long she'd been oblivious of what was going on.

The whole family came out to the car to see them off Monday afternoon. "We'll be up the twelfth of October whether we're invited or not," Marjorie promised. "What day is it this year?"

"I don't know yet, but you're invited."

They'd had a housewarming the twelfth of October after they moved into their house, and it turned out to be such a good party, they'd had one every year since. There was something good and right about inviting everybody they liked to celebrate the anniversary of the night they met. Not that they defined it, of course.

Was tonight's party better than all the others? she wondered a year later. The candles flickered without dripping, the logs were just dry enough to burn to Warren's satisfaction. She'd made dozens of tiny pastry puffs and filled them with minced chicken and anchovy paste, fried a hundred small meat balls and served them hot on the ends of colored toothpicks. There were shrimps on cracked ice around a bowl of cocktail sauce, cheese biscuits spread with spiced ham.

"Had a marvelous time, Jane."

"Swell party, Warren."

"Good night, good night."

Warren carried ash trays and glasses to the kitchen and folded up the extra chairs. "Nine years with one woman. My average used to be four months."

"You're bragging. And you'll have me mixed up in a minute. We won't be married seven years till May. Or will that make eight?"

He picked up a deviled egg and shook his head. "You're terrible. A year one way or the other—what's it to you?"

"Do you want any more of these? It was a nice party, wasn't it?"

"Swell," he answered. "I thought Harriet looked good."

She stared at him, a little frown between her eyes. "Warren, if you weren't you, I'd hate you for saying that. Why shouldn't Harriet look good? She's stunning. You sound surprised that she still has her own teeth—just because she isn't married. Harriet's got a good job, a beautiful apartment, and a mind of her own."

"All right, Susan B. Anthony. I just said she looked good."

"I know, but when Art saw her tonight, he asked her how single blessedness was. Why is an unmarried girl so pitiful and a bachelor so glamorous—in his opinion? If you ask me, it irritates men that a girl like Harriet can get along without them."

"As I've said before, you keep out of Art's way."

She was about to untie her apron, but put her hands on her hips instead. "I like that. You're the one who always wants to invite him."

"I'm sentimental. We swiped apples from the same orchards. Art's all right, he's just never outgrown his unholy delight in horning in on my gals."

"I wouldn't have him for a barrel of wormy apples."

He laughed. "Maybe that's why I have him around. Just to show him he can't cut me out any more."

"Doesn't seem like much of a basis for friendship to me."

"It's my own fault. If I hadn't let him know it bothered me when he walked down the hall with my girl, maybe he wouldn't have. I sent a girl a valentine when I was eleven, and Art found out about it and sent her a great big fifty-cent job. When we started going to parties, he always went stag—where he could—and spent the evening rushing my girl. I was engaged once—to a girl in Boston ——"

"What happened?"

"I broke it. I don't think she cared a bit for Art, but she couldn't resist playing up to him. I guess the only thing she really liked about me was making me jealous."

"What was her name, Warren?"

He tilted her face upward, smiling his crooked, sad smile. "Poor Jane. I'm a heel. It was years before I met you, and it wasn't anything like us. You made me mad and I kept coming back for more. Beatrice made me mad and I quit."

"I hate her."

"She's not worth it." He brightened. "That's why I have Art around—look what he saved me from, and for."

"That sounds suspiciously like the answer you think up on the way home, but I'll go for it. Only it doesn't make me like Art any better, and the next time he takes a crack at Harriet ——" She stopped.

He was leaning against the refrigerator. "I had a few dates with Harriet before I met you. She stayed late at the office one night doing some work for me and I asked her to have dinner and drove her home. There were a couple of other times—enough for Art to get an idea ——"

She didn't say anything, for how could you say you wished you didn't know, wished it weren't true?

"There wasn't anything in it, Jane."

Maybe there wasn't. *Just because you loved him after the first time you had dinner with him is no reason for being so positive Harriet had too. She certainly doesn't look eaten away with unrequited love.* But it explained why Warren had been so lukewarm and silent about her liking for Harriet, and how often they saw each other.

"I suppose we'd better go to bed," she suggested.

"I love you," he said. "You have such wonderful ideas."

She waited at the foot of the stairs while he pulled a couple of chairs into approximate position. "Never mind them. I'll clean up tomorrow." He turned out the lights. "Warren, I wouldn't like your kissing some other girl behind the dining-room door."

"That's putting it mildly, I hope."

"Well—no." Her finger traced the curve of the newel. "Since we seem to be on the subject of the women in your life, what about Linda?" They were standing in the dark, only the light from the upstairs hall showing faintly the white V of his shirt. She felt his hands on her shoulders, making her face him.

"The women in my life, as you call them, were all in the discard before I met you. I wanted you, and you are all I want."

"Linda's beautiful."

"She is—but not for my money. Look, Jane, you know me better than that. Suppose I had met her instead of you, suppose her face excited me as yours did—though it couldn't have. From an entirely selfish point of view, would I ever have had a minute's peace with her? Linda only wants what she hasn't got—and isn't sure she can get. You know that."

"Then why are you always ——"

"Don't you know that either? Think. Your family is my family now, and all I have. I don't want anything happening to it. How can I say it without sounding holier-than-thou? As I see it, everything's been too easy for Linda. She wanted a lot of money, so she married it. What she does with her marriage is Harlan's lookout, not mine; but what she does to the family—well, that does concern me. Somewhere along the line she got stuck with the idea that she wants me."

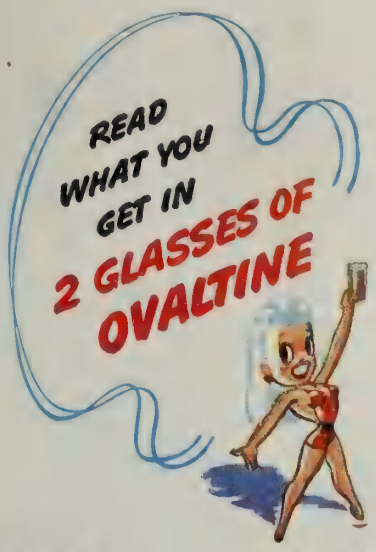
"So you have to ——"

"No," he corrected her, "I don't have to. I don't even want to, but if I can help it, she's not going to mess things up for Harlan and the kids and your father, because that'd mean messing them up for you too. She's going to play

*(Continued on Page 151)*



*"Do you think there's anything wrong with her, doctor? She never asks me any embarrassing questions."*




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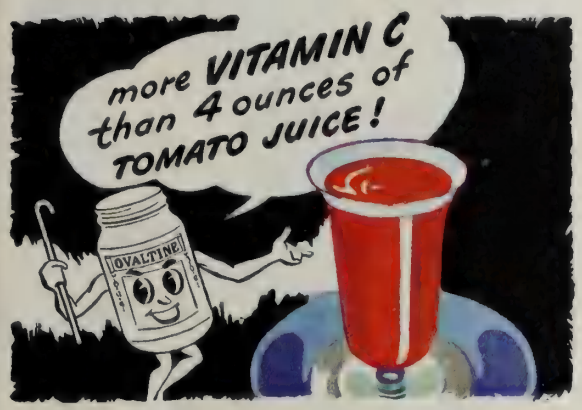
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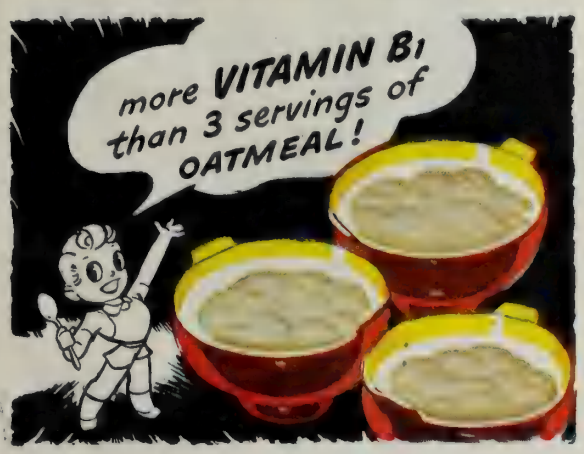
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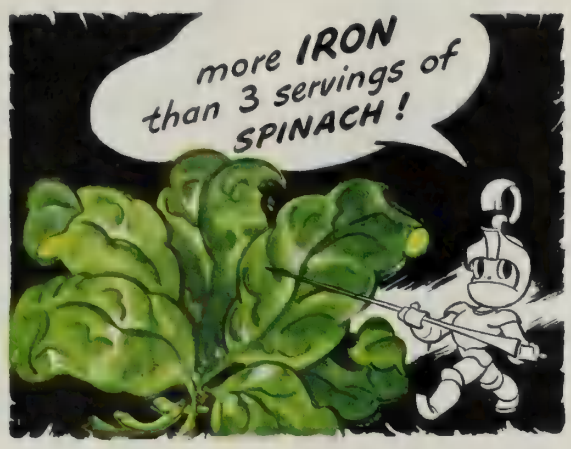
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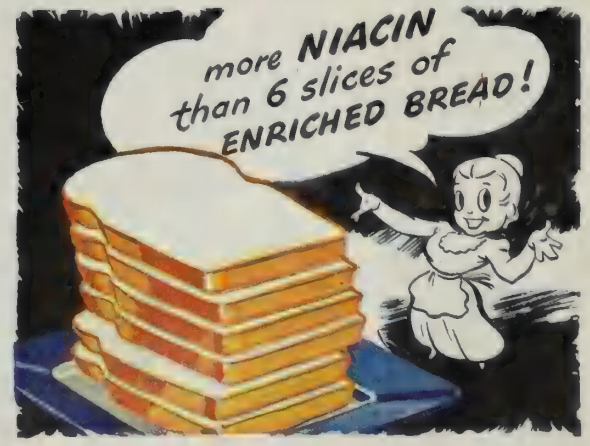


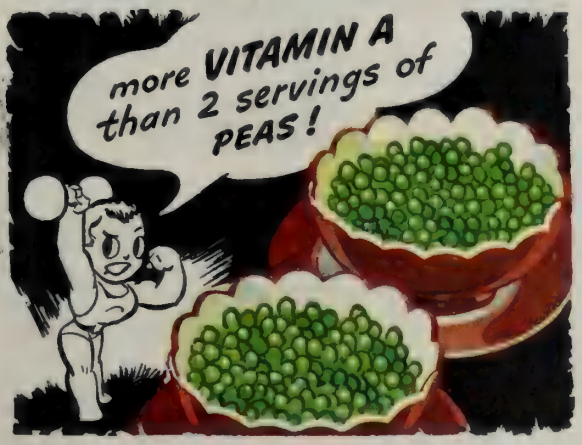
















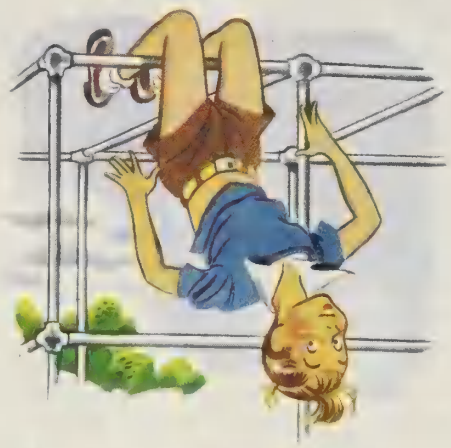
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**Man is what a woman marries. Men have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar button or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material; the only difference is that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy surrounded with suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties—prize, surprise and consolation prize. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture and common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity. It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet thing like woman should enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay-rum-scented thing like man.**

**If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.**

**If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown toque and tailor-made suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.**

**If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are the modern type, an advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are surly he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you are not, he hesitates to marry a wallflower. If you please him, he seldom mentions it, but if you displease him, he never fails to tell you about it, especially if you are his wife.**

**That's all.** —M. E. PERRY.

*(Continued from Page 148)*

around—you know that—and she doesn't think she'll get burned. Well, she won't—as long as she takes it out on me. Harlan knows that, so does everybody else—except you, apparently. And you should have, Jane." She didn't say anything and his hands tightened their grip. "You believe me, Jane, don't you?"

"Yes, but ——"

"You're the one," he said meaningly, "and the only one. If it makes one scrap of difference to you that I kiss Linda under the mistletoe, I've done it for the last time."

She knew exactly what would happen then: there'd be no more gay foursomes of the Rankin girls and their husbands, no more family reunions with dad. She sighed. "Kiss me, why don't you?"

His footsteps behind hers on the stairs had a pleasant reassuring sound.

"Warren, this Selective Service thing they were talking about tonight—that you're supposed to register for next week—is that the same as the peacetime conscription in England you told me about?"

"Yep."

"Where do you do it?"

"I don't."

"Why not?"

"They've already got me. As a reserve officer ——"

"Oh." It was almost a whimper. "Then if we—if this country should get into the war, you'd be one of the first to have to go?"

"Yes."

"Have you known this long?"

"Look now," he said, "let's cross that bridge when we come to it. Go brush your teeth like a good girl."

Live without Warren? She saw her eyes, wide and almost foolish, in the medicine cabinet mirror. *Quit harping on it,* she told herself severely. *How do you suppose he feels?*

Two pillows were punched; two books opened.

"Warren, I saw Doctor Jewett today. He has the report. He says there isn't any reason why I can't ——"

"All set?" he asked irrelevantly. "Shall I turn out the light?"

*I've embarrassed him,* she thought. *After nine years. No, almost seven.* Or was he going to change his mind now and say they shouldn't have a baby?

March 5, 1941, Jane wrote on the green check. Collector of Internal Revenue. She looked at the note Warren had clipped to their income-tax return, and made the check out for that amount. *His secretary,* she thought distastefully, *me—that loved mending socks and baking pies.*

The eighth year of her marriage didn't make any sense and the ninth promised to be just like it. Perhaps because it wasn't marriage? Warren was at Camp Gordon and she was saucer without cup—the same saucer, but not much use. Even working half days at the library and three nights a week at the Red Cross with Harriet, there were nine hundred and ninety-nine days in a year.

She took a sheet of stationery from the desk drawer and began her letter to Warren:

I've written the checks you asked me to; from here out I'll write I.O.U.'s. I'm not working too hard. It just sounds like it on paper. Remember how I used to wonder about time? Where it went? How it flew? I'm finding out. They put it in cold storage for now.

She straightened up the desk and decided to go to bed. He was a magnificent soldier and the Army recognized it—though he'd tried hard to minimize his promotion to a major's rank.

She read herself to sleep and awakened at seven, thinking she mustn't forget to put her letters out for the mailman; but as she swung her feet out of bed and felt for her slippers, the floor came up within an inch of her face. *Why, I'm going to be sick,* she thought, dismayed. *I mustn't be.* She ran down the hall. "Oh, no," she sobbed, wringing out a towel in cold water and pressing it to her face, "not again."

She felt better by noon, but she still couldn't imagine what she'd eaten to upset her. By evening when she stopped for Harriet to go to Red Cross, she'd forgotten all about it. She'd been put in charge of the files and worked doggedly to keep them as meticulously as the ones at the library.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. She was dressing for church and stopped suddenly to stare at herself in the mirror. Five mornings in succession. *Why, I wonder if I could be* ——

Monday morning she called Doctor Jewett's office for an appointment. What if she really was? A baby after all this time. She looked at her watch, trembling with excitement. Imagine! She didn't even cringe too terribly during the examination, she was so anxious to know. He only said "Relax, if you please" once, and mumbled things to the nurse.

Dressed again, sitting across the desk from him in his office, she thought she'd try upsetting his inkwell if he didn't soon say something.

"It's really much too early to say, Mrs. Gregory. Suppose you come back in two weeks? If by that time ——" He smiled. "Just as a matter of precaution—in case you are pregnant—we'll have to restrict your diet carefully." He consulted the white card in his hand. "The measurements are all very small."

She wanted to shake his conservative glasses off his ultraconservative nose. *A fig for you and your measurements. Five-foot-six in my stocking feet, I am.* She thought





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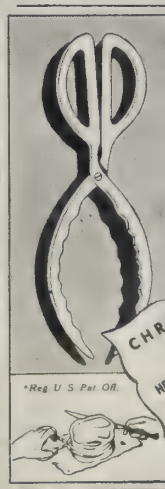


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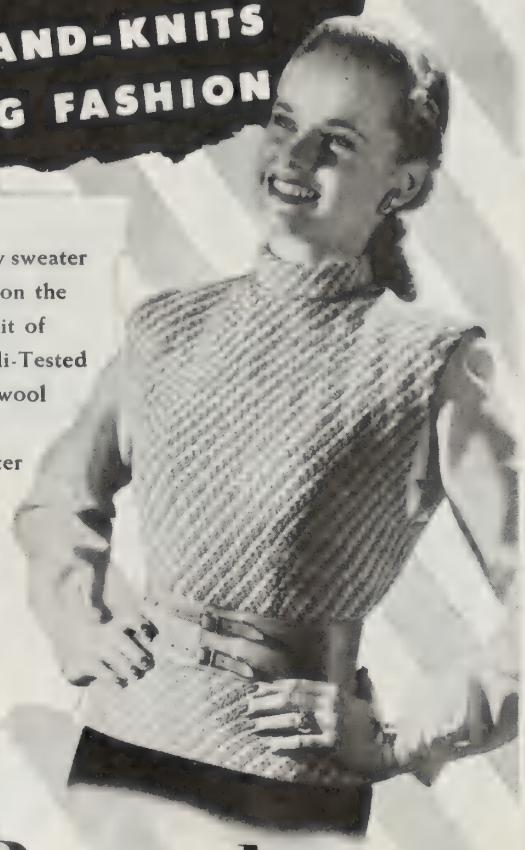

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she'd die of disappointment if she wasn't sick the next morning, but she was. She wanted to write Warren, but what if it weren't true? She'd better wait the two weeks out anyway.

His telegram asking her to leave Thursday came the day before she was due at the doctor's. Now what? She smiled wryly. *If I could get decent train accommodations, it might not be too bad.*

She explained to Doctor Jewett, but he shook his head.

"No, no. I'm sorry, but I can't give my consent to your traveling now—even if you think you could stand it. A little later, the danger is less imminent. A hillbilly Army camp is absolutely —— No. No."

"Just as you say." She rose and wanted to hug him, because he surely wouldn't be so fussy unless he was pretty sure. Only how to tell poor Warren?

"I can't come," she wrote on the yellow telegraph blank. "A letter's on the way."

What a letter. She wasted half a box of paper on false starts. How under heaven did you tell your husband he was about to become a father—in two hundred and fifty-seven days?

I'll come later—if you don't mind how I look. Just now I'm sort of rocky. Being at the library afternoons now is better, but I'm only staying until they can get someone to take my place.

His letter came at last, thin, frightening. He wouldn't be pleased, she decided quickly. She must get used to that idea right now. But not because he didn't love her, or wouldn't love their baby, but because he was Warren. She read the pages slowly:

I was out on maneuvers when your letter came. Since then I've been trying to discover what my reaction is. I guess I don't know because I'm not sure you're honest in what you say. I don't know that you're not being brave and taking this on the chin. I don't believe the rot about babies being the fulfillment of love. Our love is. You don't have to have a baby for me to know. Oh, Jane, darling, what do you want me to say? What will make you happy? If I were at home, seeing you every day, sure that you were all right —— If I could believe this baby would make you less lonely, my worrying about you would be a small enough price, but —— I've written Doctor Jewett. Hope you don't mind. I had to. I believe everything you say when I can see your face, but I suspect that when you take your pen in hand, you cross your fingers. And I suppose I love you for that too. Only please be careful.

It was all right, then. She hugged her new security close.

June. July. August. She was washing the lunch dishes, wearing a blue gingham pinafore with a string-and-gather attachment at the waist when a car came up the lane and stopped. It sounded something like the mail car that brought the packages and specials, but she decided not to go look because that was bad luck, and the mail'd be for next door. She poured scalding water over the dishes and shook out a clean towel. *Think I'll call Harriet and ask her if she'd like to come out for dinner.*

"Jane."

She stopped, trembling, because that was Warren's voice and it couldn't be. A shadow fell across the kitchen and she looked nervously toward the open door.

"Warren!"

"Hello, Slim." He dropped his bag and she ran to him. And then stopped—because she'd feel awful to him—and held out her hands.

"How beautiful of them to let you come to me."

For just a second there was something wrong with his face, then his hands were on her shoulders and he kissed her nose. "You look like ten years old."

"How could I? You've been gone a hundred. Oh, my darling. Sit down. Have you had lunch? Would you like a shower while I get something ready for you?"

He looked at her face—not any place else—but there was something hurt in his voice when he spoke. "I'd like to put my arms around you."

Then she couldn't look at him and knew she was blushing. "I'm so awkward and ugly."





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"Are you? Other women seem awkward and ugly to me because I compare them to you."

She went to him then. "Don't scold me." She raised her arms and put them around his neck. "We just didn't want to be forward—my baby and me—and we are, sort of."

"Oh, my crazy darling." He kissed her fiercely, deeply. "I've worried so about you."

Cooking was fun again. The silver coffeepot came out of its flannel and there were candles on the dinner table. "Warren, tell me about you. Are you happy?"

They were sitting on the swing, his fingers laced around hers. "I'm thirty-eight years old. Suppose that's old enough to start getting perspective? It seems to me I've only been really happy since we've been married. I was miserable as a kid because my setup wasn't like everybody else's." He shook his head. "I was even jealous when Art's father whaled him. Actually, of course, I had it more than decent, and my grandmother was wonderful to me. I see that now. It couldn't have been easy for her—taking me in—she wasn't young. I suppose we loved each other, but we didn't talk things over."

"But you said she gave you steam engines and trains."

"Oh, she did. But what I wanted was a mother and a father, like other kids. Do I sound like a heel? I'm telling you how I felt, not how I acted. I could explain my father's death as a tough break, but I never got over the fact that my mother didn't love me, was bored and annoyed with just the idea of me. I'd have stayed on with her though, if she'd put up a single argument when my grandmother said she was taking me home with her, but she didn't. It suited her swell to have me out of the way."

"You've never heard from her?" she asked.

"I saw her once the year my grandmother and I traveled in Europe."

"What happened?"

"I told you she was a tramp. She flirted with me, that's what happened. 'But you are handsome, dear boy! Beautiful! Not impossible at all!'" His face was ugly with disgust.

"What else about when you were little? Did you go to camp? Did you have a dog?"

"Sure. When I was graduated from prep school, the headmaster told my grandmother I was the best disciplined boy in the school and she was to be congratulated." He smiled reminiscently. "I can hear her yet. She looked at him. 'I take no credit for that, sir; he disciplined himself.' I liked college. I was beginning to appreciate how really fine my grandmother was—and then she died. It's awful to be all alone in the world, Jane. I'd meet a girl, start thinking —— Oh, you know me. I'll never forget your face that night at John and Marjorie's. I had to ask you right out if you lived in town. I was so afraid you might be staying with them all night and I wouldn't have a chance to see you alone."

"And then we quarreled," she said sadly.

His fingers caressed her face. "Don't regret that, Jane. We had to quarrel to find all this."

"How are things now? Do you have to work as hard? Are you happy?"

"It isn't a question of happiness, Jane. I eat well, sleep all right; I'm busier than I've ever been in my life, but it all rubs me the wrong way. There are too many people, too close. They're all men, and they all wear the same clothes. I'm never alone. I read your letters over and over. I dream of you —— Remember you asked me once why I had Art around? It's probably a case of arrested development, but every once in a while I had to let him know I was living like other people at last—and a lot better. I had a beautiful wife, a house, a good car and a decent job. Wait'll I tell the big lug we're going to have a baby."

"You are pleased?" she asked hesitantly. "Do you really feel all right?"

"Wonderful. Nothing to it—though it will be nice to see my feet again. I've sort of missed them. I'm not doing anything unheard of—having a baby. It'll be good for me to have something important to do until they let you come back to me."

He was resting his face in his hand. "I may not be able to come when you have to go to the hospital. And there is always the chance that I may be sent overseas."

That, of course, she had never believed or considered. She bit her lip. "Why? I thought defense ——"

"Don't use that word any more," he said briefly. "We're at war now—whether it's been declared or not. We sent naval and marine units to Iceland last month. Japanese assets in this country have been frozen, we've warned them to keep their hands off Thailand, Italy is in, France has already surrendered to Hitler. Just last week Japan warned us she'd force her way through our 'blockade' *with force* if necessary. There aren't two ways of interpreting that."

"Is the whole world going to war?"

"God only knows, but I don't see how they can miss."

She listened tensely, patiently, knowing that he was only telling her now to spare her a future shock. She knew, too, it was her part to pretend she wasn't getting it.

"Look, Jane, you aren't to worry. Hear? Think about me—not what I might have to do—and I'll be all right."

She'd said too much. "Okay. I've got everything down in my notes. I'll read it over after you've gone. Meanwhile, there's tonight—now."

But now was a golden ball, juggled tantalizingly for a moment and then gone. Tomorrow was today, and he was going. She shuddered. *I can't bear it. I don't want a baby. I don't want anything but to be with you. I'm afraid. Oh, I can't bear it. I'm more than afraid. I'm lonely.*

She stood awkwardly beside him while steam hissed from the waiting train.

"Look at me, Jane."

"Don't," she said harshly, "don't come again. I can't stand this. I'll come to you—after while—if they'll let me. Don't you come again."

"All aboard!"

## *Return in Spring*

**By Dorothy Boicourt**

**It was not spring the day the first kites flew**
**In blue and crimson patterns on the sky,**
**And even when the geese went over, high**
**Above the trees where hidden leaflets grew,**
**It was not spring. The lilacs blossomed white**
**And purple. Breathlessly I watched the small**
**Gold crocus shake its petals, and the tall**
**Gray-silver willow shimmer in the night . . .**
**And still it was not spring. Then came the hour,**
**The bright split second of spring's wakening.**
**No bluebird heralded the time, no flower**
**Was token of the season's blossoming—**
**But spring's enchantment flooded all the land**
**When you returned, and took me by the hand.**




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She felt his arms around her and his lips on her face, but she didn't raise her eyes, or wave, or move until the last car had thundered out of sight. She walked slowly up the stairs.

Doctor Jewett took her blood pressure and made a note on her card. "You're a very satisfactory patient, Mrs. Gregory. You're doing fine."

*Ho!* she thought, stepping out into the street. *One word of praise from him, and I'm silly. Crazy as a loon. I'll call Warren and tell him. But it'd be a waste of money. I know. I'll go downtown and buy baby clothes. Wonder if it'll be a boy or a girl? I wish I knew if Warren had a preference, then I could concentrate on that.*

It was in Infants' Wear that she ran into Linda. Linda reached for a chair and sat. "Are you going to have a baby?"

Jane was elaborately casual pushing a hairpin back where it belonged. "So they tell me."

"You goon. But that's swell. Sit down. Let me buy the first present. Something flossy. Gad, do you think you've been married long enough? Eight years, isn't it?"

"Last May." She took her list from her bag and the clerk began opening and closing the glass drawers. "Will you and Harlan be the baby's godparents?"

"Angel, we'd be thrilled to pieces! Look, you go ahead and finish up here. I'll see what's doing in bassinets. Do you want pink or blue? When do you expect it?"

"About Thanksgiving," Jane told her. "Sometime the end of November."

"Gosh, that soon? We can't talk here. How about coming out for dinner? I'll call Anna and tell her to set an extra place, and then we'll look at bassinets. Maybe I can think of someone to make a fourth at bridge. I haven't been so thrilled for ages." Linda came back elated. "It's all fixed. I just had a brain wave. I called Clyde Stafford. Doris is in New York, and he's coming out."

Jane sat at the library window, watching the wild arabesque of the September garden. It would be cold so soon now. What was Warren doing at this moment? She looked at the telephone and looked away. When he was at home, she'd seldom called him. There was no need. She always knew when he'd come. Now that she so often and so desperately wanted just the sound of his voice, the telephone was as useful as a penwiper in the rain. She dropped her head on her arms. *Warren, I'm so lonely. Everything's so long and wrong.*

Harlan came in, friendly, handsome. "Jane, it's pretty swell—you and Warren having a baby. Nice going."

SHE hadn't felt self-conscious meeting Harlan, but what about Clyde? He didn't know she was pregnant. How must she look to people who hadn't seen her for a long time?

It turned out to be a wonderful evening. Harlan built a fire in the fireplace and they listened to a lot of Bing Crosby records before they settled down to bridge. Once when she'd been especially lucky and made a doubled bid, Clyde reached across the table and shook her hand excitedly.

"Jane, you're wonderful! That was swell! Write it down, Harlan. You doubled us. Six spades."

Warren played bridge when he wasn't studying, she thought, but this kind of thing didn't happen to him. Old friends, the vague feeling of having done the same thing before weren't part of his life now. Of course, thousands of other men were living their lives just as he was—but not quite the same, unless they, too, were trying to live two lives on two levels, in two different places.

Clyde buttoned his coat. "You drove out, Jane? I'll follow you home."

"I won't hear of it. It's miles out of your way."

But he was beside her at every traffic light, right behind her all the way. She wondered about Doris and her textile designs. Clyde was so sweet and generous, and he seemed so alone. It wasn't always the women who waited then. He opened the garage door and pulled it down again when she came out, offering his arm as they went up the walk.

"So you're going to have a baby, Jane." There was something almost wistful in his voice. "Harlan's right, you know, you really shouldn't be coming home alone at night."

"I don't often—and I'm not quite as alone as I seem. I know all the people around me, and they're very good about everything."

HE hunched his big shoulders inside his coat. "If there's anything I can do, I'd be very glad to help."

"Thank you, Clyde. I'll remember."

He took her hand at the door. "Yes, you'll remember, but you won't call on me. And I understand why you won't. Good night, Jane."

It took a long time to get to sleep that night, a longer time to think the evening through and relate it to Warren. All the platitudes bubbled to the surface: life wasn't lived in a vacuum—even with your husband a thousand miles away; the hand extended in friendship didn't imply the arm encircling in passion. Warren—or Doris either—couldn't in fairness object to —— *That's how dope fiends get started: just a little to ease the pain.* She stirred restlessly. *I'd better stick to Harriet and the movies.* She hadn't realized it'd be so much fun having dinner with men again, being helped into and out of the car, not having to close the garage door herself. *Oh, Warren!*

**Make it a rule of life never to regret and never to look back. Regret is an appalling waste of energy: you can't build on it: it's only good for wallowing in.**

—KATHERINE MANSFIELD: Bliss and Other Stories. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

Father had said he would drive up the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, and his car turned into the lane just as she finished her letter to Warren. She felt awkward and hideous going down the stairs. If only she could get safely through Linda's Thanksgiving dinner. She wasn't sorry the twins were at Culver this year and not coming home till Christmas. She'd had enough of curious eyes the past six months.

"Hello, father."

"How are you, Jane?" He hung his coat in the closet, and lowered himself stiffly into Warren's chair. "You look tired, dear. Aren't you sleeping well?"

"I'm all right. Just impatient now, I guess."

"I've been thinking," he said slowly. "It's really unwise of you to be alone here, Jane. What does your doctor say?"

"He's a man of two words: yes and no. And what he thinks, he writes on a white card and covers it up with his hand—as if he thought I might copy."

He smiled. "When does he expect your baby?"

"This week end, I guess."

"When we go to Linda's tomorrow, why don't you take a bag and plan to stay on with her until you go to the hospital?"

*You too,* she thought. *Doesn't anyone understand why I must do this alone? I want Warren. Since I can't have him, I'll manage by myself. What's so wrong about wanting to keep just a few things——*

"I'd feel better about you," he said.

She frowned. "I'll make out all right."

"For me?" he asked. There he was again—trying to make a centerpiece out of an orchid and a sunflower. "If you wish," she said wearily. It didn't matter.

Friday, November 21, 1941. She replaced the telephone, looked at her watch and began putting things in her bag. Habits were pretty nice to have around at a time like this. Brush your teeth, shower, dress, put on your

(Continued on Page 156)

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*(Continued from Page 154)*

face, comb your hair—just like every other morning of your life. Her eyes closed, and she clung desperately to the back of a chair, biting her lip, waiting for the pain to subside. When it had gone, she sat down at the dressing table to file a rough spot on her nail. Now she knew how the target felt when the amateur archers came for practice: never knew where it'd be hit. *I didn't know you had pains in your legs.* She left the room without looking back, because it wasn't her room and Warren's. It was Linda's green-and-silver guest room.

She stopped halfway down the stairs, clutching the banister, swaying crazily. *I-must-remember-not-to-fall.* "Look, Sylvanus," she addressed the writhing mass within her. "Let's try to behave as gentlemen. I didn't invent the system, and I don't like it a bit better than you do." But already "Sylvanus" had changed his identity, was no longer a part of herself she sheltered, but an enemy she struggled with.

Harlan came into the hall from the dining room. "Why, good morning. Oh, Jane, you're sick! Why did you bother with your bag?"

"I hoped you hadn't gone. Will you drop me off at the hospital? I've called Doctor Jewett. He's going to meet me there."

"Is Linda ready?"

"Don't call her—or dad. I'd rather be alone."

The sounds, the lights, the smells. The men and women in white. Doctor Jewett could talk after all. He was giving more orders than a government bureau.

*Was that I who groaned? How horrible.* "I'm being so much trouble," she apologized weakly.

"Give her a hypo."

Oblivion again—but not quite oblivion. She tried to remember what she'd read about pain. If you welcomed it, hurled yourself against it, its power over you was lessened—as if it were a sword that could go into you only up to the hilt. *I'm glad Warren isn't here. He might remember this—how I look. It's better this way. I wonder if I'm an awful sissy? I'm glad I told him it wasn't to be till the first of December.*

She opened her eyes and moved her body tentatively. "Has the baby come?"

"Yes."

"What kind, please?"

"Girl. Like to see her?"

She looked at the wrinkled pink face in its blanket nest and trembled. *So you're the one. Hello, angel. I thought maybe I wanted a boy, but I guess it's better this way.*

THE weeks went by: one, two, three. She'd been planning what she'd say all that time, but the saying was something else again.

*Dearest*: Don't worry about us any more—and thank you for all the wonderful, long letters, but what are you doing for sleep? Mary is a love. Looks exactly like you—which, my favorite nurse tells me, is a sure sign she'll be smart.

About Linda—it's hard to explain. The people at the hospital say they've never seen such devoted sisters. If I protest at having my temperature taken, she says what do I think she spent a hundred and fifty hours becoming a nurse's aide for? She's wonderful with the baby and I'm seven times seventy heels if I forget how terribly good she's been to me. Harlan too.

The christening is a week from Sunday. Linda has bought a new dress for the occasion and is planning a party in the afternoon. I've asked Harriet to be the other sponsor. All right?

Again the weeks went by; then the Friday Mary smiled in her bath, when the last Christmas package was wrapped and stuck with silver stars, and the mailman brought a fat letter from Warren.

She looked at the date—December 20—and felt something inside her tighten. Now she, who'd been so oblivious, remembered everything he'd ever told her about the war and his part in it; but now, of course, when she needed so terribly to know just what he was thinking, he said nothing because she had a new baby, and she was just home from the hospital.

She picked up the jade-handled letter opener and slit the envelope. Her eyes moved slowly as if to prolong the pleasure. Then she read it over again—quickly—and wished again that he weren't quite so conscientious about censoring his own mail, quite so considerate of her. Surely he could be a little more definite?

"Linda." She raised the little flower basket knocker and let it fall.

"Come on in." Linda waved toward the chaise longue, took the astringent-soaked pads from her eyes, and stuck her elbows in two jars of cream. "This party tonight'll be a binge. Thought I'd see if I could nap. What's cooking?"

"WARREN'S in California. It's a maddening letter. Every time I read it I think he means something different. I think he wants me to think he's going to be out there for some time, but he doesn't want me to bring Mary. On the next page, he talks about a furlough, but we'd lose so much time by his traveling that why don't I come? And at the end, he says he'll let me know."

"Write and tell him you can come at the drop of a hat. If, after you get there, it looks as if you might stay, we'll bring Mary out to you. Or you can come back and get her. Jane, don't do everything the hard way. And don't say 'thank you' to me again."

*I'm going to see him,* Jane thought excitedly. *I'm going to see him soon.*

**The frequency of the expression of affection is a very important thing in human life.**

—CHARLES ELIOT NORTON: Quoted in Under the Bridge, by Ferris Greenslet (Houghton, Mifflin)

Linda sprinkled astringent on the cotton pads. "Scram. I'll give Mary her water when she wakens."

Warren's telegram came Wednesday, but Harlan couldn't get accommodations for her until Saturday.

She wanted to go, of course, had to—but she hadn't known it would be so hard to put a sleeping baby back in its bassinet and know that it would be how long before your arms —— She closed the door softly.

Departures at seven o'clock in the morning couldn't be gala, she told herself, even wearing Harlan's brown orchids and carrying the new book father had given her. People didn't dig themselves out before dawn on Saturday morning to see you off—but Harriet did. She was waiting at the marble rail, shaking the snow from her coat, holding a ribbon-tied box.

"Harriet, how darling of you!"

"I love seeing people off. I'm so glad you're getting to go. You look wonderful, Jane. Get a lot of rest and have fun. And call me when you get back."

The train was late and she hadn't been able to eat at breakfast. Her coat was heavier than she needed and she felt dirty and tired. What if Harlan hadn't sent the telegram? Where was her purse? She took a deep breath and started down the aisle.

She couldn't find him at first; there was so much khaki. Then she saw him before he saw her, a thinner, browner Warren. What had they done to him? *Oh, God, let me say the right things,* she begged. *Don't let anything be not just the way he wants it.* She deliberately stood behind a fat woman to give him time to find her—watched the quick movements of his eyes over the crowd.

"Hello, Jane."

"Hello, dear."

His little cap disappeared and they kissed, his hands on her shoulders. "It's a fake. You don't look a bit like a mother."

"Nevertheless, I —— Warren, could we eat? I'm so hungry."

"Of course." He led her out of the station and across the parkway to a long-waisted, underslung, cream-colored convertible with its top down.

*(Continued on Page 158)*

# Kleinert's 75th Anniversary — 1871-1946



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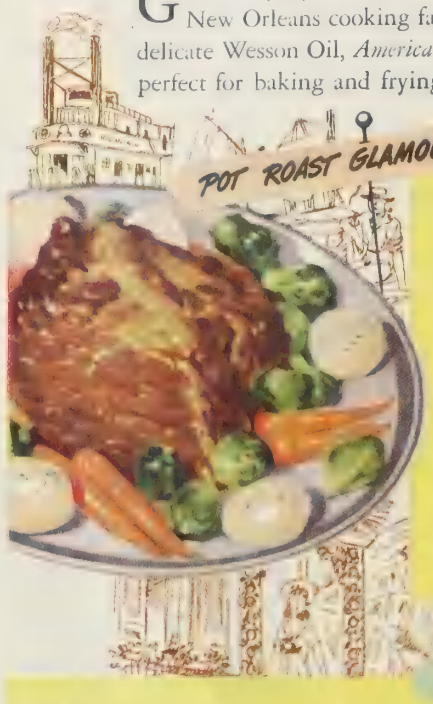
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WESSON OIL IS LIGHT AND DIGESTIBLE!

## TRY THIS "SECOND HELPING" SALAD!



Into your salad bowl toss crisp, well-dried greens such as lettuce, romaine, endive, chicory, watercress, plus sliced radishes, tomato quarters, and sliced hard-cooked eggs, if desired. In a small jar put 1 *teaspoon salt,* ½ *teaspoon pepper,* ¼ *teaspoon cayenne,* ½ *teaspoon celery salt,* ¼ *teaspoon dry mustard,* 1 *cup Wesson Oil,* 2 *tablespoons vinegar,* 2 *tablespoons tomato juice. Add* 1 *clove garlic, grated.* Shake and pour desired amount on greens. Toss and serve.

WESSON OIL BRINGS OUT YOUR FRESH SALAD FLAVORS!

## EASY GINGERBREAD GLORIFIED!



Stir ½ *cup molasses* and ½ *cup sugar* into 1 *beaten egg; beat well.* Sift 1½ *cups sifted flour,* ½ *teaspoon cinnamon,* ¼ *teaspoon cloves,* 1 *teaspoon ginger,* 1 *teaspoon soda,* ¼ *teaspoon salt.* Mix into molasses mixture. Add ½ *cup Wesson Oil* and ½ *cup boiling water* combined; mix to a smooth batter. Mix ¼ *cup Wesson Oil* and ⅓ *cup brown sugar* in a square cake pan. Arrange canned peach halves on bottom. Sprinkle with ¼ *cup chopped nuts.* Pour in batter; bake in moderate oven (350°) about 35 minutes. Serves 6.

USE DELICATE WESSON OIL WHENEVER THE RECIPE CALLS MELTED SHORTENING!




# Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS


(Continued from Page 156)

"I suppose this is a standard papa car? Or did Marlene Dietrich just lend it to you for the afternoon?"

"Isn't it a honey?" He was trying not to act in love with it. "That all your luggage?" He tipped the porter and got in beside her. "I've rented it for while you're here. I want to impress you."

"Oh, dear. I planned on relaxing and taking off my shoes."

"It's all right, isn't it? This is sort of our holiday from safety pins and sense. We've got it coming to us."

"You won't have to work?"

"Nope." He put his hand on her knee. "I've got us a pretty good setup too. Sitting room, bedroom and bath. You won't approve of the bed. It's velvet and voluptuous and bigger than Billy Rose's. I stayed there last night." He took his hand away. "I love you, Jane. And I've missed you terribly."

"I know. Just give me a minute. My heart's acting like a potato masher."

"We can stop any place along here and get you something to eat, or we can go up to the hotel and you can shower while I order something sent up for you."

"Yes."

"Which?"

"Whatever. You do our thinking for us," she said. "I'll just do nothing but purr."

"You're glad to be here?"

"It's like coming home."

The boy put her bags inside the door and left the window shades as they were — surprisingly. She looked slowly around. It was so large. So elaborate. The picture window was hung with mist-gray gauze and draped with delft-blue satin. There was a kidney-shaped sofa in red velvet curved around a bleached-mahogany table. It was like no hotel room she'd ever seen, and yet it had the look of all hotel rooms: of never having been lived in except temporarily—in snatches. Three pictures of her stretched across the chest of drawers in a folding leather frame.

"It's beautiful," she said. "I feel like Cinderella." She knew then. He had his orders. This was good-by. He'd planned all this, arranged all this to tell her he loved her before he said —— This was the end. And all her life, she'd hated —— This time he was going so far away there'd be no use hoping for the sound of his voice, much less the chance of —— "Would you kiss me, Warren?"

*Don't cry out that his hands are breaking your bones, his mouth cruel in its bruising. You'll have long enough to forget, and little enough to remember.*

"Say you love me," she begged. "Say you always will."

"Silly Slim. You belong to me." He held her head in his hands, his thumbs pushing the skin on her temples up to her hair.

IT would be nice—just to let him comfort her for the handful of hours left. "You win," she said. "I'm impressed. But I'm still hungry." She picked up her coat and walked slowly toward the bedroom. "Will you bring my bags?" She opened the closet door and saw his few clothes. "Cinderella would like to know—when is midnight?"

"I won't be able to see you after Thursday."

She caught the gasp before it could do any damage. This was Monday noon. "You haven't planned every minute, have you? You've left us a here-and-there now-and-again?"

"I've got tickets for a show tonight and there's that dinner dance tomorrow I wrote you about."

"Sounds nice." She slid out of her dress and into her robe. It was so long since there'd been anyone in the same room with her while ——

"You should try getting out of a strait jacket sometime. I bet you could."

"Oh, hush." She shook out a brown velvet hostess gown. "This is what the girls are wearing for intimate dining."

She gathered up her shower mitts and dusting powder.

"Did you bring any new snapshots?" he asked.

SHE wanted to hug him, but she said as casually as she could, "In the little bag, in that writing case. There's one you'll love. I guess you have to be six weeks old before you begin looking like much."

She turned the shower on full force. *See?* she said, scrubbing herself jubilantly. *You thought he didn't want to see her. He's a better mother than you are.* The steam crinkled the new hair around her face, the gown was even nicer than when she'd bought it. She looked at herself in the long mirror and knew she'd never look better—or feel worse.

"Here I come—ready or not. I hope you ordered me something under bell. That always sounds so fancy." She paused in the doorway and felt his eyes go from the part in her hair to the rug under her feet. *Don't look so hard, or how shall I ever get across to where you are?* But he managed even that for her.

"Come look at these dishes and tell me if they're all right." He held up a little blue cup from the tea set near the fireplace. "They're not marked, but they're supposed to be the real thing. I bought them for Mary. It's an English nursery tea set, see?"

"Why, Warren!" She studied the tiny dovecotes and castles. "They're exquisite. Wherever did you find them, and how come you know so much about little girls? You haven't been a father that long."

"I read a book," he told her. "Jane, if you cry, the house detective will come and think the worst."

"If I don't, will you take me to the shop where you got this?"

"You spoil everything. I was going to surprise you with that." He looked at her closely. "Aren't you awfully thin?"

"The word is 'svelte.'"

"You will take care of yourself? What're you doing about getting regular help? I expect you to keep your same symphony seat and not miss any of the plays, and buy yourself and Mary the kind of clothes you want, but I'll raise thunder if you refurnish the house while I'm gone."

"I thought I'd put her in the little room. What do you think?"

"Funny," he said, "you and she will have a life together in which I won't even be a dim memory."

There it was: the blunt stone you kept bruising your heart on. "I know," she began. "But look how stupid I was when you tried to tell me this would happen. I won't know or understand more than a fraction of what you'll experience while you're gone, so it's good that I, too, will be absorbed in a new work. When you come back, Mary will adjust to a little less of me for some of you. I've loved you too long—too much—to be diverted ——"

"I know that." He got up to answer the knock on the door. "Should be our lunch."

They ate slowly and had their coffee in the blue nursery cups.

"The Army likes me," he said. "I did something a couple of weeks ago—before I came out here. The general invited me to his quarters."

## *Rock Pool*

**By Anne Einselen**

Tide out.
And a child is bent
Frogwise,
Wondrously intent
Upon a tear the sea
Has wept in the night.

Magic
Is to find it so
New-shed,
Holding the rainbow
Of the new-washed morn
To child's delight.

Strange transiency
On which to feed
Discovering sight.

"What did you do?"

"Nothing spectacular. A tough little ser-ant was raising Cain with the morale of his oup, and none of us could dope out why. ne day I looked up his record, and discov-ed that one of the privates under him was om the same town. It was a poor-boy-rich-an's-son feud. I talked to the kid—got to now him pretty well. He was thorny, too, oor devil."

"And now he loves you?"

"I suppose."

"When you were with the general—were ou excited?"

"A little, maybe. He said some pretty de-nt things. Then he asked me about my rly Army training, and about you, and if I ad a family. I didn't tell him—but I anted to—that if this war had come along n years ago, I'd have been court-martialed he first month after I was inducted."

"That's silly."

"No, it isn't. I hate the Army. I hate any ind of discipline that isn't self-imposed, and y infernal jealousy would have got me icked out in short order. But there isn't uch for me to get jealous about any more. nd that's your doing. I get mad, but I don't o anything screwy because I remember that 'm married to you, and you love me. I re-ember that I own a corner of the earth ith a house on it, my name on the mailbox, nd my chair by the fireplace. There just n't a thing for me to envy any man."

Sometimes, she thought, your cup did run ver. Against the long and lonely nights to ome, facing his empty chair, would be the emory of his voice saying those words. *I ave sent my love to war with peace in his eart.* That much was good. Beautifully ood. And when he did come back, Mary ould be there to ——

Wednesday the telephone interrupted hem at their late breakfast.

"Yes, yes. This is Gregory speaking." He looked at his watch. "Eleven-thirty? I'll be there." He turned back to the table. "Don't look that way, Jane. It's all right. I have to be gone for a couple of hours. Can you find something to do?"

"Of course."

"One-thirty then. I'll meet you down-stairs in the lounge—if that's all right."

"Fine."

*Now it is Wednesday evening*, she thought, and this was their last night. Warren pushed the sofa to face the window and they sat side by side, their feet on an ottoman, watching silently while the light faded and the sky line became a smudgy sketch in charcoal. Everything was intensified by the quiet and the twilight: the feel of the material of his coat against her arm, the scent of her perfume, the rhythm of his breathing.

"Warren—it's foul of me; it's grisly and possessive, but—do you believe in immortality?"

"No," he said, and she had the horrible feeling that he was trying to be gentle. "I think this is probably the whole show." There was a pause. "I imagine our immortality is pretty brief, and in direct proportion to the impression we make on a few people, the gap our going leaves in a few lives. To that extent, perhaps, parents have a little longer—my grandmother to me, your mother to you. But they won't be real to Mary, you know, except as we transmit ——"

She sat quiet, waiting.

He said, "It doesn't matter, you know, what I think. Much wiser men than I have believed as you do."

"I'm not married to them—and I don't love them."

"Help any if I promise to think about it?"

"Yes, but it doesn't matter. I love you, Warren."

Did they sleep that night? She'd always been impatient with the people who said they didn't get to sleep till two, or three, or five. How in the world did you know at what precise moment you dropped off? And she had never believed the people who said they




**NEW SPRING LUNCHEON SALAD**

*Easy for entertaining or special luncheons!*

**WHITE CAP TOMATO JELLY**

(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold tomato juice
1½ cups hot tomato juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
2 tablespoons minced celery
1 cup cottage cheese
2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives
1 tablespoon chopped chives

Soften gelatine in cold tomato juice; dissolve in hot tomato juice. Add lemon juice, salt, and celery salt. Cool. Combine cottage cheese, celery, olives, and chives; shape into 6 balls. Pour a thin coating of gelatine into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. When firm, put a cheese ball in each mold. When remaining gelatine begins to thicken, pour into molds. Chill until firm. Serve with mayonnaise. Garnish with additional cottage cheese.

**THIS** gay "White Cap" salad is fancy, yes, but *easy* to serve because—like all Knox dishes—you can make it ahead of time, whenever convenient. And, like all dishes made with pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine and *real* fruits or vegetables, it gives you all their wonderful *true* flavor (and good vitamins!)...so much more delicious than factory-flavored products.

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KVP PIE TAPE

# So You're Skeptical?

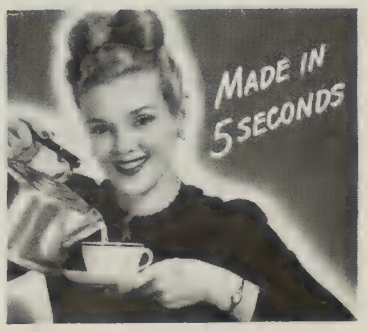


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No wonder thousands are changing to G. Washington! For G. Washington, with 25 years' experience, *knows how* delicious instant coffee should be made! There's no coffee pot; no grounds; no waste. It's ready in 5 seconds. And it costs no more! The 2-oz. container is equal to a full pound of ground coffee. Ask for the New G. Washington at your grocery or delicatessen store today!




**SEE HOW EASY IT IS to make G. Washington! Just add hot water to *one-half teaspoonful* and it's ready! Saves time, work—and it's *delicious!***

*IT'S ALL COFFEE!*




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# is your husband "old hat"?





Your husband is your best beau! ■ Does your good provider still provide you with a feeling of pride when you're out on the town with him? Does he reflect that look of importance, that flair for gracious living that first captured your heart? Look for one of the top answers in his hat . . . ■ Is it a new hat? Does it make the most of his very special personality? Is it shaped, shaded, and styled especially for him? ■ If it's not up to par, link your arm in his—and steer him to a *Recognized Hatter*. That's where experts make the most of the head of your family.

RECOGNIZED Hat Research Foundation HATTER

**This Plaque Identifies a Recognized Hatter**

The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.

**a new hat on your husband helps you look smarter**


didn't sleep a wink all night, but she was beginning to think now ——

A clock struck somewhere in the dark night, but she missed the count. Warren jerked spasmodically, shook himself, and sat up. "Aren't you sleeping either?" he asked.

"No."

"Mind if I smoke?"

"No, of course not. Warren, have you any idea where you're going?"

"Yes. Australia. But that's confidential."

"I know."

"Jane, my errand this morning wasn't Army business. I made a will. Appointed Harlan executor. All right? They're sending it on to his lawyers."

Her fingers closed around his wrist. "That frightens me. I feel so shut away from you."

"Now who's foolish?" he teased. "Let's plan what we'll do when I get back. Do you still want to go to Europe—what's left of it? We haven't gone deep-sea fishing either. That was the other thing you hadn't done, wasn't it? Oh, Jane, my sweet."

The end of desire attained, they lay motionless beside each other, only their fingers touching. *Tomorrow you will not cry,* she told herself severely. *You'll not gnaw your hands, nor avoid his eyes. Think where you'll put the little blue tea set. You'll have to make a ruffle for Mary's bed. Invite Harriet to dinner a week from* ——

The cream-colored convertible waited under the marquee, her bags beside it.

"Good-by, Mrs. Gregory. Good-by, colonel. Enjoyed having you."

She wore the brown suit she'd worn coming out. "Warren, if you should want anything,

**When one longs for drink, it seems as though one could drink a whole ocean—that is faith; but when one begins to drink, one can drink only two glasses—that is science.**

—ANTON CHEKHOV.

you'll be sure to write and ask for it, won't you?"

"Yes."

"I've had a wonderful time. Everything was beautiful."

"You'll keep me up-to-date on Mary?"

She nodded. "You'll take care of yourself—for us?"

They walked across the little parkway to the station. The porter showed them her compartment and they sat down.

"You'll eat three decent meals a day, Jane? And go to bed early?"

"M'm-h'm. And see my dentist twice a year. I think you'd better go, darling."

"Yes, I suppose so. I'll be loving you, Jane."

"Yes, darling. Good-by."

Time went by in the heart, Jane thought, not recorded in hours or events, but in simple statements like the writing of schoolboys on wood fences: "Jane loves Warren." The war years were large blank calendar pages that she filled with words as you filled in crossword puzzle forms. But there was no relation between the vertical and horizontal, no real connection between a baby's learning to say "mother" and the commentator's adding "Guadalcanal" to his vocabulary; no parallel in the world's reading its papers and shouting "D Day" and Mary's pointing to a photograph and murmuring "Daddy."

Creativeness had gone out of living when Warren went into the Army. You did as you were told to do by established habits and unrelenting self-control. She reached toward the table and picked up the letter that had come that morning:

9-4-'44

I have the snapshots on the table here, but the dampness and heat have already made them curl and start to crack. You can't imagine how maddening it is to try to work or even think in this awful steam with nothing but mud, mud, mud—and bugs. We eat and breathe the things and they crawl all over us in spite of everything we do.

Mary is pretty, all right, but as I look at the two of you, all I seem to think is "clean." You




"Stop it now, Henry! I'm *convinced* a Wilson Brothers Duratwill Tie doesn't slip, slide or wrinkle!"

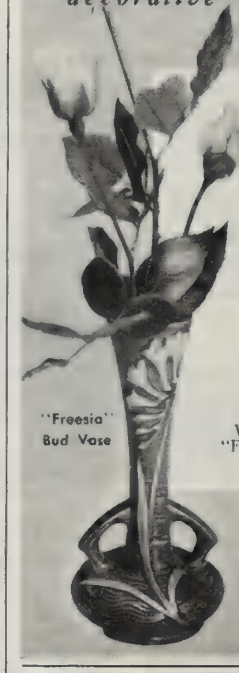
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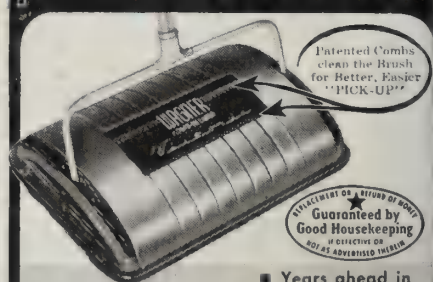
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Lint from woolens gathering in the cracks is the ideal breeding place of moths!

Fill the cracks with Plastic Wood

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both look so clean. I can almost smell our linen closet just looking at you.

I know the Cole Porter song you mentioned. Some of the fellows have worked up a pretty good glee club, but I go outside when they sing You'd Be so Nice to Come Home To.

She refolded the pages and put them back in the envelope. In the almost three years he'd been gone, when the doorbell rang, when the news from the Pacific was bad, she'd prepared herself a hundred times against the possibility of his death, and each time the anguish left her less resilient. Miles and interminable waiting with only letters and remembered images between them now where there had been the intimacy of eating the same food, hearing the same sounds, sharing the same bed. She knew the strain was telling on her, but she didn't know what to do about it—except, of course, not to let it touch Mary.

She hadn't written Warren the stormy rebellion she felt, but he had written it, and when loneliness and wanting became intolerable, those few letters were the ones she went back to.

I can't sleep. I want you. If I could see you —— I can see you, but I can't feel you. I want you stretched out beside me, your arms around me. I want to hear my name as you whisper it. Oh, Jane, must you leave me so alone with it?

She had answered that letter—not at once, but one night when her mood echoed his, when she realized the comfort there was in just being able to read what you already knew:

Dearest, you aren't alone with it. I miss you—just the way you said. Sometimes I think I won't sleep in our bed, I'll move over to the guest room, but I can't. So I do all sorts of foolish things like getting out a pair of your pajamas and wearing them, or sleeping on your side of the bed. But none of it's any good. I go on wanting you—just as you said.

She sat a while listening to the slow, almost petulant drip of the rain. Another autumn and then another winter. *No, no. Don't think about it. Harriet's coming to dinner tomorrow. What shall I have?*

Harriet came at six-thirty, handsome, easy, intensely alive.

"Oh, Jane, it smells wonderful. I've had a ring around this day ever since you called me. How are you?"

"Fine," Jane replied. "Let me have your coat. Mary ——"

"Hello, Aunt Harriet."

"Hello, angel-face," Harriet said. "How yuh doin'?"

"I'm going to pass something that's a secret," Mary told her. "And my mother made a pie for dessert. And I made the little crow's feet in the top."

"You did? I'm getting little crow's-feet in my top too. Gee, she's cute, Jane. Looks like Warren when he isn't leading with his chin. But she's got your mouth, lucky gal. Say, the boss spilled something today. I'd been telling him some of the things Warren did as a matter of course that dope Davis still hasn't got next to, and he said, 'See here, Miss Canfield. You seem to think it was my idea Gregory went into the Army. You may remember some pretty steep telephone bills to Washington the three months before he left? I wasn't trying to fix up a golf date with Harry Hopkins. I tried my best to keep Warren here, and the Army tried just as hard to get him away from me. And they won. But they wouldn't have had a chance in spite of his being a reserve officer if he hadn't thought it was his duty to go!' Did you know anything about that, Jane?"

"Well, Warren's version wasn't quite like yours, but I did know there was a choice involved since he was in an essential industry."

"And you let him go?"

"Oh, Harriet, I didn't have anything to do with it." She'd been glad so many times that she hadn't tried to influence him, remembering how oblivious she'd been to the whole war impetus.

"You don't know how wonderful it is to be invited out to dinner," Harriet said. "It's so late when I get home at night now, and




"You men, you never learn!"

**WIFE:** Here you are, bringing Bobby another pair of sneakers. You know he'll just wear them all the time.

**HUSBAND:** Whoa, not so fast. These canvas shoes have "P-F"!



**WIFE:** And I suppose "P-F", whatever that is, makes a big difference?

**HUSBAND:** Indeed it does, my dove. "P-F" means Posture Foundation and it makes all the difference in the world.



**HUSBAND:** You see, "P-F" is built right into the shoes . . . keeps the bones of the feet in their natural, normal position. Guards against flat feet and strained leg muscles. Most wonderful improvement since sneakers were invented!



**WIFE:** I see I have to eat my words. Tell me, wonder man, do all canvas shoes have "P-F"?

**HUSBAND:** Nope. "P-F" is a Patented Feature. Only canvas shoes made by B. F. Goodrich or Hood Rubber Company have it.

SEE HOW "P-F" PROTECTS FEET




1 This orthopedically correct, rigid wedge keeps the bones of the foot in their natural, normal position. 2 This sponge rubber cushion protects the sensitive area of the foot.

"P-F" means Posture Foundation

*—a Patented Feature found only in canvas shoes made by*

B. F. Goodrich *or* HOOD RUBBER CO.

# SAVE SUGAR

**NO SUGAR NEEDED for this Brer Rabbit Molasses Layer Cake**



**DEVIL'S FOOD LAYER CAKE**

½ cup shortening—½ cup **Brer Rabbit GREEN LABEL Molasses**—2 well beaten eggs—2 sqs. baking chocolate, melted—1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour—1½ tsps. baking powder—½ tsp. baking soda—½ tsp. salt—1 cup milk—1 tsp. vanilla.

Cream shortening. Beat in molasses and eggs. Beat in chocolate. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add alternately with milk and vanilla to first mixture, blending well each time. Bake in 2 greased and floured 8" layer cake pans, in mod. oven (350° F.) 20 minutes or until done.

**Fluffy Frosting.** Put 2 egg whites and 1 cup corn syrup in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with rotary beater continuously for 7-9 minutes, or until frosting peaks.

**BRER RABBIT**
NEW ORLEANS
**MOLASSES**

OVER 60% NATURAL SUGAR — **That sugar** in Brer Rabbit Molasses comes straight from sugar cane. *Real* sugar in natural form.

RICH IN IRON — **Iron is essential** *for good red blood!* Brer Rabbit Molasses is one of the richest sources of food iron.

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so hard to find anything in the stores after six o'clock, that I eat out all the time and grouse about the food."

"I can imagine. Has your cousin found an apartment yet?"

"Not yet. What's the news from Warren?"

"He sent some snapshots of the camp where he is. I'll get them and then we'll eat."

Harriet was wonderful to cook for, she thought, clearing the table. She was so honest in her attitudes.

"Come, Mary, say good night. The papers are over there, Harriet."

"Good night, Aunt Harriet."

"Good night, sweet."

Mary looked at the soldier doll flattened against her dress. "The really Warren's my dad," she explained, "and he doesn't sleep here on account of the war. But he will when the war's over. Then he'll come home every night for dinner. Won't he, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

In a way it was easier—asking a favor with your hands in soapy water and your eyes on the dishcloth. "Harriet, would you consider coming here to live and letting your cousin and his wife have your apartment?"

"I would not. Why in the world should you get hooked just because there's a housing problem in the Canfield family?"

"But I'm not being generous, Harriet. I'm in a spot myself. I'd like you here—unless you think Mary would get in your hair?"

Harriet's eyes narrowed. "Aren't you afraid of being struck dumb for a crack like that? Mary's adorable and you know it. Jane, has something happened to Warren?"

"No—no. I had a letter yesterday, written a week ago, and he was fine. You don't have to decide now, Harriet. I'll understand if you think you'd rather not uproot yourself."

"I can root in a glass of water and you know it," Harriet told her. "Let's talk dollars and sense. If I pay you what my rent is and let the kids assume my lease ——" She was thinking out loud.

"Harriet, the room's upstairs not being used. I'll take your ration book, and something for the food if it'll make you happier ——"

"Food? Jane, you nitwit, you don't want to feed me?"

"But of course. Oh, I know you have a lot of friends, and there'll be plenty of times when you'd rather not come right home from work. I don't want to take over your life, but ——"

"Just all the comforts of home without the headache. I don't get it."

"Yes you do. I'm lonely. And I don't want Mary to become mother-dominated. It'll be good for her to live with someone besides me, and she loves you. I thought perhaps we might try it for a while. If it shouldn't work ——"

"Lady, you bought something and you're stuck with it. I'm moving in."

HARRIET stepped into their lives as easily as if she'd been rehearsing the routine for years, and Mary bobbed around behind her like a little rowboat being towed by an ocean liner.

"It's just like having company all the time, now that you live with us, Aunt Harriet."

"'Tis, eh? How about if we make the beds and surprise your mother?"

Jane heard them whispering about their secret while the bacon sputtered and the coffee bubbled in a comfortable Sunday-morning way. They came down from upstairs.

"Bacon!" Harriet cried. "Mary, your mother's magic. Let me tie your bib. Jane, don't you really think you could leave with me tonight? I've got a drawing room. A week in New York would do you good. I'm not expected to work evenings. We could see some plays."

"I know, but I'd feel guilty traveling now."

"Okay. You'd better get on your horse if you're going to church. It looks like a good day. Maybe Mary and I will walk down in time to meet you."

Harriet came back Friday, bringing presents and a great relief. "Gee, it's good to be home." She turned to Mary. "How're you, lamb?"

Mary looked at her reproachfully and smoothed the soldier doll's wrinkled suit. "You were gone too long, and we were lonesome for you."

"I missed you too. Come see what's in this box and give me a love."

When Jane came down from putting Mary to bed, the dishes were finished and Harriet sat at the window knitting.

JANE tuned the radio. "I think a lot of things I never get around to saying, Harriet, but it's wonderful having you here."

"Don't, Jane. I may be completely self-centered, but I hope I'm not so dull I can't read a score card straight. Anyway, why do you suppose I came home early? Still five days left of my vacation. Did you make arrangements with Mrs. Earle to come every day so we can go places next week?"

"We're all set."

"Good."

It was to be a ladies' week: Town Hall, antique shops, a bridge luncheon. They counted their gas coupons and decided to splurge on a trip out to Gates Mills and Painesville.

Monday night they had dinner in the Statler's Terrace Room before they went to see The Voice of the Turtle. Tuesday they took Mary and three other little girls to the zoo and brought them back for chicken dinner. Wednesday they went to Town Hall and drove out to Gates Mills and Chagrin Falls.

Thursday morning Jane was awakened by Mary's excited stage whispers and the smell of coffee.

"Good morning, dear."

"Mother, you slept a long time. And Aunt Harriet's going to bring your breakfast upstairs for a surprise."

"Then I'd better hurry and brush my teeth. What kind of a day is it?"

"This is bonfire day, don't you remember?"

"Sure enough." She combed her hair quickly and ran a lipstick over her mouth. "Hi."

"Hi, yourself." Harriet put down the tray and raised the shades.

"You're a sleepyhead, mother."

"I certainly am. This is awfully good, Harriet. You're spoiling me."

"Could be, but you can stand some spoiling. Though I will say you look better than when I moved in six weeks ago."

"I feel wonderful." She would never be able to tell Harriet how good it was to have her in the house, to have a day-to-day life with an adult again, to share the news and small talk. She got into brown slacks and blue jersey shirt, and tied a printed scarf around her hair. "Get your overalls, Mary, and we'll rake leaves." She buttoned her brown jacket and took a pair of gloves from the drawer.

"Very natty." Harriet came out of her room with an armful of stockings. "That's the best looking outfit I've seen. Or maybe it's what's in it."

"I betcha. Here, Mary, mittens too. Come out when you've finished, Harriet. Looks like a beautiful day."

The sun was warm and brilliant. Mary tumbled delightedly in the piles of leaves they raked. "Look how they're playing ring-around-a-rosy, mother!"

A car stopped beside them. Jane looked up.

"Gregory? Mrs. Warren Gregory?"

"Yes."

"Telegram."

She leaned her rake against her shoulder and took the pencil he offered.

"Mother, I want to ride my bike now."

"All right, dear." She wheeled the blue tricycle onto the drive. "Stay on the sidewalk, Mary. I'm going in a minute."

**If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of other people would not harm us.**
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.




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She pulled off her gloves and took the letter pener from the hall chest. Harriet came histling up the stairs from the basement.

HE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO XPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR USBAND LIEUTENANT COLONEL WARREN AMILTON GREGORY WAS KILLED IN CTION IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY IN OUTH PACIFIC AREA OCTOBER 21. LETTER OLLOWS. THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

Her eyes closed. One hand gripped the abinet edge.

"Oh, hello. I thought you were —— Jane, hat is it?"

"Warren," she said dully. "Warren's een ——" She offered the trembling yellow aper and walked slowly into the living room. istlessly, she pulled the scarf from her head nd felt the fine wool fringe between her ngers. Mary's red corduroy legs pedaled urdily up the hill. Vaguely, she heard sob- ing in the hall behind her, but thought was nprisoned in two words. Warren. Dead. She reathed slowly, with one-at-a-time effort.

"Oh, Jane, my darling." Harriet was sob- ing wretchedly. Jane stood behind the wing hair—Warren's chair—her hands tense on 's curved, high back. Harriet buried her ead in her arms and pounded her fists on he desk. "Oh, why did it have to be him? Vhy did it have to be someone so swell? Vhy couldn't those yellow rats have missed im when there are so few decent people in his rotten world?"

The grandfather clock in the hall struck he hour: one-two-three-four-five-six-seven- ight-nine-ten-eleven. The room was still gain.

Harriet searched futilely for a handker- hief.

"Here." Jane pulled the white square om her jacket pocket and crossed the room. Don't, Harriet." She put her hand on the erking shoulder.

"No," Harriet said thickly. "I shouldn't, hould I? He was your husband, not mine. t didn't make any difference to him that I ould have loved him—almost let myself. ou were the one he wanted. The only one."

"Harriet, don't."

"I'm a pig. You know I love you, don't ou, Jane? I was glad he'd found you. It early killed me, but I knew you were ood enough for him. I knew you could give im what I'd never in a million years —— hut me up, why don't you?" She ground er teeth against one another. Something— lmost surprise—came into her face. "You an't cry, can you? Well, you've got to, do ou hear?" Her hands were on Jane's houlders, shaking her. "Jane, let go! Don't ou know you can't go on keeping it all in- ide you this way? He's dead. He's not coming back. You're never going to see him again."

There was a mittened thumping on the front door. "Mo-thur. Mo-thur."

Harriet rushed past her, up the stairs. The door of her room slammed. Jane walked slowly toward the vestibule. "Hello, honey."

"I'm too cold."

"Come in then." She was on her knees, pulling red mittens from small pink fingers. "I'll blow on them. That'll make them warm. Better?"

Mary nodded. "I'm sleepy."

"I'll carry you up." She felt the cold little face pressed against her neck, felt the baby arms tight on her shoulders, the soft little body relaxed against her own. She buttoned the blue sleeper, drew the shades. "Sleep tight, honey. You aren't cold now?"

Mary shook her head. "Mo-thur, are you saying prayers now? At nap time?"

"I guess I was." Jane got up from her knees and moved the blankets a little. "I'll see you after while."

She walked slowly down the stairs, her hand following the familiar smoothness of the banister. A crumpled yellow paper lay at the edge of the rug and she picked it up.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR ——

A pattern called a war —— No. She went to her chair by the window, saw the wind stir the leaves she'd raked and whirl them down the street.

*"We're all alone in the world, Jane. The pain and ugliness, the mean stupidity ——"*

Her eyes closed, her mouth trembled, the tears were hot on her face. For a dizzying second she seemed to feel the hard muscles of his shoulders under her hands, his face against hers. "Warren, I love you so."

She reached for a handkerchief, remembered she'd given hers to Harriet, and went into another pocket for Mary's. He was gone. She was alone. The years ahead stretched like a vast gray ocean—monstrous, endless emptiness.

*You are the water at the earth's end.*

A little gasp escaped her. *Ah, yes. I've loved you too long, too well, to be diverted—* "Even by your death," she whispered. All he'd given her—comfort, love, peace—he'd given her for all time. She thought of Mary, and remembered Warren's words. "I could explain my father's death. . . . I'll be loving you, Jane."

She stared at her thin, white hands, at the wide carved band of her wedding ring. She was not alone. The years of their love would shelter her always. She could walk in peace if she remembered to be glad in her giving.

(THE END)




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GRANDMA'S STRENGTH WAS AS THE STRENGTH OF TEN—BUT HER GRANDDAUGHTER HAS TO BE ALL TEN.

# I'm Tired of Grandma!

BY EVELYN ARDIS WHITMAN

I'M tired of grandma. I'm tired of her to the marrow of my bones. I'm tired of hearing how hard she worked how sterling was her character, how strong her sense of duty. Especially, I am tired of hearing women my own age say wistfully, after a day of work which would kill a horse, "Oh, well, I guess we just haven't the stamina grandma had!"

It's time someone debunked grandma. It's time the modern woman wrote her own saga. For millions of women today work so hard and under so great a strain that grandma's vaunted dawn-to-dark day would look, to them, like lovely Victorian leisure!

Let me introduce myself and, with me, the women who are my friends and of whom I write. I am forty years old, the wife of a professional man and the mother of two children. I live in a little home—bought recently after years of hard saving—in the suburbs of an Eastern industrial city. I have no domestic help of any kind. I am a college graduate with, I hope, some talent for leadership. The group I represent numbers in the millions and is growing rapidly—the group of women who, for reasons of education, natural ability or conscience, are taking the duties of their homes seriously and working for their communities as well.

And I suspect that grandma—my grandma, at least—was much less typical of her day than I am of mine, although she was precisely the kind of grandma of whom everyone talks with such wistful admiration. She lived on a farm, she had five children, she milked the cows and fed the pigs and knit the family socks and made her own soap. She canned and pickled, washed and scrubbed and had the hired men for dinner in haying time. Her life was much more strenuous than that of her city cousin who, if the Victorian novels tell a straight tale, kept a hired girl, read Ruskin in the Culture League, and had time to retire to bed with the vapors on a summer afternoon.

But I accept the challenge of the traditional grandma and insist that, in peacetime or in war, modern women work harder than grandma ever did and under a strain so much greater that to precipitate grandma into the midst of it would come near to unsettling the poor darling's reason!

Let's open the door and start right in, in the sphere where grandma was a specialist—her home. Admittedly, house cleaning was a harder job for grandma than it is for me. That is, it would have been. But grandma knew how to offset that difficulty. She just didn't keep her house as clean as I keep mine! She didn't have to. For the simple truth is this: *Our rising standards of cleanliness have not only kept pace with but have even outdistanced our rising standards in laborsaving devices.*

In the first place, grandma maintained only a nodding acquaintance with her front parlor. Most of the family living was done in the kitchen, which, for cleanliness, efficiency and order, resembled the modern kitchen just about as much as a country store resembles Macy's! The windows all over the house were kept hermetically sealed against all dust and dirt from outside; garden shoes were taken off at the door; and the spectacle of half a dozen neighborhood youngsters playing on her parlor rug—as they are playing on mine, at this moment!—would have turned grandma's hair gray at an early age.

Then, if it be true that many possessions are a burden to the soul, grandma's soul journeyed on light wings. For I am convinced that I own three times as many books, papers, dishes and articles of clothing as grandma did and, until the incredible closets of the ultramodern houses catch up with me, I shall be forced to continue wasting precious moments while I wander about like a lost soul, my possessions in my arms, seeking just one more inch of shelf space.

And, speaking of clothing, my family washing would have left grandma gasping. Oh, the mountains of shirts and socks, of shorts and slips, of sheets and towels!

Grandma and grandpa—let's face right up to our unsanitary pedigree!—never dreamed of such cleanliness. Grandma's bathtub occupied about the same status as the parlor. Like the parlor, it received guests once a week. On Saturday night all the members of the family were duly dunked in it, supplied with a clean shirt or dress, a pair of stockings and a pair of drawers apiece. And if they had a shampoo once a month, they were doing well.

Grandma's descendants have very nearly made the bathtub America's national emblem. Who, not wishing to be branded a social outcast, will own up to taking a bath less often than once a day? That we thus use up five to seven changes of underwear and an equal number of towels a week each does not deter us from listing the bathroom as a laborsaving device!

Grandma's comparatively unwashed family gave her a great break. Their simple tastes in cookery gave her another. It's true that grandma's woodburning monster and my gas stove aren't sisters even under the skin. But did grandma ever try to make vichysoisse or cream puffs? Did she serve formal dinners, complete from salad to nuts, to exacting guests? On the contrary, she knew how to prepare only a dozen or so simple dishes, and they were enough for her hungry and uncritical clientele. Furthermore, grandma never heard of vitamins and balanced diets, of baby formulas measured to the spoonful. True, she preserved, canned, pickled and made jelly. But victory gardens have made the modern woman grandma's equal there too. At this very moment, there are nearly three hundred jars of home-canned fruits and vegetables in my cellar, and any of my friends could put on a display that would rival grandma's.

And what grandma didn't know about interior decorating! I doubt that she ever even heard the words. She put down the Axminster carpet, hung lace curtains at the windows, put a red cloth on the table, lined up the sea shells on the mantel and called it a day! The modern, intelligent woman, on the other hand, must have an artistic eye and skilled hands if she is to rate at all with the homes around her. She is expected to understand the principles of mass and shadow and color harmony, to know a good period piece when she sees it, and to understand what makes an antique valuable. And, though she may not make patchwork quilts and hooked rugs, the imprint of her hands is on her home no less than was grandma's imprint on hers.

Leaf through any woman's magazine if you doubt it. We are the women who make the ruffled slip covers for the living room, the chintz curtains, the appliquéd bedspreads. We paint the woodwork, too, and grow flowers in the rock garden and line our closet shelves with cretonne and put stencils on the bathroom walls. For we, the women of the twentieth century, have looked, through the open door of books and magazines, at the house beautiful. A deep sense of inferiority is inevitable if, through our own lack of intelligence and resource, we are unable to reproduce that pattern in our own homes.

The complexities of housekeeping serve as a start on the modern woman's agenda, but as little more. It must now be pointed out that we are still having babies in 1946 and the stork still isn't bringing them! It is true we don't have so many as grandma did, but we are forced to bring them up by a complicated process unknown to grandma.

Grandma never heard of suppressed desires—though, I am sure, she encountered them often and suppressed them blithely without even troubling to call them by name! She knew nothing of extroverts and introverts, and worried not at all about inferiority complexes and unsocial behavior. All these things bedevil the modern mother who lies awake wondering what deep-rooted anxiety causes Mary to bite her nails, and hastens to the child-behavior clinic to find out why Junior did not hit Sammy when Sammy put a tack on his chair!

Harried thereto by troubled inner pictures of the child who grows up with repressions because he can't confide in his parents, she tries to make herself Part of His Life. She hurries with him, not only to the doctor and the dentist, but to dancing school and music lesson, to the Walt Disney movie and the zoo. She listens to his lessons, informs herself on his hobbies, tells him carefully chosen bedtime stories, tries to guide and spur his "awakening mind." Grandma, as far as can be discovered, let it awaken by itself, even deterring it from time to time with a judicious application of hairbrush!

Grandma, apparently, spent little time worrying about her husband either. Grandpa was a good man, a deacon, a pillar of the church. Grandma let God take care of any possible wavering faithfulness and, at forty, gave up and settled back to grow old with comfort and serenity. She never dieted a day in her life; she did not "consult her personality" when she went to buy a dress; she never had a facial or a manicure and she never even heard of a permanent. She simply put on her black dress, pulled her hair back into a tight knot, kept reasonably clean and let it go at that.

I certainly spend as much time on my appearance in a day as grandma did in a week. Nor am I being vain or frivolous. I am trying, as my friends are trying, to keep ever young and lovely, to live up to the sporting shibboleth that if you can't keep your husband, you shouldn't complain if someone else gets him!

American women are said to be the most attractive in the world; and well they may be, for the middle-class American woman does not shirk one item of the care bestowed on the lady of society by her maid. It is for her that the ad writers perspire at their tasks.




She is the pictured lady who is besought to buy her cosmetics in color harmony; to select the right face powder, the right cream, the right lipstick; not to forget to wash her undies every night. Until this very generation, these were niceties unknown outside of the leisure class.

Unknown, too, was the strenuous occupation labeled "keeping up with your husband." Grandma rode to church with grandpa on Sundays in the old family buggy, listened to him respectfully when he discussed politics and helped with the haying when that was necessary. But she didn't have to *play* with grandpa.

Modern women do. We ski and skate, play golf and tennis, shoot and dance and swim and fish. These activities, it is true, were somewhat in abeyance during the war, but the "let's have fun" glint is coming back into the eyes of returning servicemen and weary war workers alike.

Even sex has become a matter for study in the twentieth century. That the sexual relationship of man and woman is an art requiring competence, skill and imagination was a thought which certainly never impinged on grandma's mind. It impinges on ours, believe me!

We keep up with our husbands mentally too. Grandma had no notion of business and international affairs, of the latest in books and current events, and it certainly never would have occurred to grandpa to make that a cause for divorce. Yet, in the twentieth century, a man is tacitly excused if he leaves his dull, kitchen-bound wife for his sparkling modern, mentally alert secretary.

As a matter of fact, our community obligations require us to be mentally alert even if our husbands do not. Community activities, social-service work, war work, church work constitute a mountainous burden which falls almost entirely on the shoulders of the educated or semieducated middle-class woman. Who else would look after the Red Cross, the church choir, the infantile-paralysis fund, the Russian-relief drive, the day nurseries, the Parent-Teachers meetings, the civic cleanup campaigns?

I, for instance, am on the board of the League of Women Voters, with the task of chairman of the Foreign Policy Committee, and I am legislative chairman on the board of the college club. I teach an adult, forum-type Sunday-school class and am a member of the executive board of the city's Council of Churches. I am frequently called on to speak. I interview state senators, asking their support of bills that will give my youngsters and yours better schools. I discuss the problems of petting with factory girls at the Y.W.C.A., and plan mass meetings to help put my country behind Bretton Woods and the San Francisco charter.

HUNDREDS of other women in my city do these and similar things. I know women who have almost every afternoon and evening taken up for weeks ahead with some civic activity, and every day brings a new plea for help in some genuinely worth-while project.

For let no one imagine we accomplish nothing. Each organization I work in does so much for its community; in the aggregate, with other similar organizations, so much for the nation that, however pushed I am, I cannot bring myself to give them up. But, all put together, they make grandma's once-a-month meeting of the Ladies' Aid look like small peanuts indeed.

Since the war, many of us have had to "work" as well. Urged thereto either by reasons of patriotism or by the low melting point of the family income in wartime, many have gone into stores and factories and worked full-time days. I, myself, am a substitute schoolteacher. You will often find me ironing at one o'clock in the morning, or washing clothes and cleaning house on Sunday. And, if the standard of living continues to outstrip salaries, as it has done for several decades, the wives of professional men and white-collar workers will have to work in peacetime as well as wartime to support their families.

We take our final burden to bed with us at night. After the curling and brushing and cold-creaming ritual is out of the way, we climb into bed and lie awake trying to figure out how to relax! We know, for "they" have told us, that women who are tense and keyed up, who fret and nag and speak sharply to their families, are not handling their lives right. Can a husband be expected to love a wife who is always on edge? Will the children remember their homes as serene and beautiful if mother is a nagger? Can a woman keep her looks if she doesn't learn how to relax? Well, we'll have to start all over again, we tell ourselves as philosophically as we can, and try still another new system.

IS it any wonder that nervous breakdowns are so common among us, that our faces, for all our care and attention, look so tense, so keyed up? Perhaps we aren't working too hard—the doctors say we aren't, and they're supposed to know!—but the conflict which underlies all neuroses, the conflict between what we *want* to achieve and what we *are* achieving, is always unbearably there like a steady, jumping toothache. It is worth reiterating the simple truth: *We are not yet, in America, using laborsaving devices to decrease labor, but only to increase standards!*

Let me say, at once, that I wouldn't change places with grandma for the world. Life, for the educated modern woman, is rich and zestful and creative. If only every day would not, so stubbornly, contain just twenty-four hours.

A solution must be found, for the educated woman has surely enough to contribute to family and community to make it worth while to help her. We shall have to feel our way, for, though very numerous, she is still an anomaly, a newcomer on the scene, and the community has, as yet, made no plans for her.

But an obvious first step toward solution is simple understanding. The absurd myth that the modern middle-class woman has nothing to do, that she exists in a kind of bored vacuum created by washing machines and dishwashers—which only a few women own, anyway—has been responsible for a sadly unrealistic approach toward a dozen problems extending all the way from birth control to nervous breakdowns. Just being understood would help a lot.

A second step, of course, would be to make the much-vaunted laborsaving devices cheaper and, therefore, more accessible to the wives of white-collar men who, at present, cannot always afford them. Or—a still better solution—bring the salaries of white-collar men to the laborsaving devices! Efficient part-time domestic help would mean a great deal, too, and some communities, prior to the war, had intelligent plans worked out for neighborhood maid service.

Then we ourselves can do a great deal by co-ordinating community activities and refusing to have anything to do with those which are time-wasting and trivial.

Finally, Americans can well afford to lower a little their terrific standards of shining neatness, to remember that home is not an exhibit but a place to live in; to keep in mind, too, that life is short and that it is good to have time to lie in the sun, to think a little and dream a little, and, maybe, even grow a soul!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Decoration Day*

**By Hortense Flexner**

**And when this ash, this I,**
**Has nourished the root of lilac**
**Or cellar drain**
**A thousand years,**
**Will the Sunday couple**
**Running out, hands clasped,**
**To place the wreath,**
**Believe you are dead?**
**The more fools they.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Who said Give in to Periodic Pain!"



*Not you?* Certainly not! Because you, modern miss, *know* that functional pain of menstruation is quickly relieved by taking Midol!

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## IS YOUR MAN NORMAL?

*(Continued from Page 49)*

4. *Is he sociable, shy or unsociable?*

The sociable men are friendly; they like people and parties; they are good mixers. The shy fellows want to be friendly, but they are awkward and embarrassed and have a hard time taking part in social affairs. The unsociable or asocial men just do not like their fellow human beings and prefer their own company.

The next question has to do with the way the fellow runs his personality in thinking and doing, how the engines of his soul work and by what they are directed:

5. *Is he self-driving, or self-conscious and introspective, or inhibited?*

These are higher functions that have to do with will power. If a fellow is self-driving, he is always forcing himself to do things, particularly when he does not want to. Such a young man always has to be busy, just because he feels guilty when idle; he can never sit down and let things go. The self-conscious fellows turn this mental energy inward and are perpetually examining themselves and their thoughts and actions. This habit makes them self-conscious because they imagine that other people are also examining them and watching them. The inhibited persons are always torn by doubts, indecision and the conflict between what they want to do and what they think they ought to do. They are likely to get nowhere because they are usually stalemated by their internal strife.

The last question is a general summing up of personality traits on the basis of how they work together to make a man well balanced, efficient and dependable.

**When the famous criminal lawyer Earl Rogers was in his heyday in Southern California, a high-bred old Chinese called on him. The Chinese wanted to know how much Rogers would charge to defend him for murder. The old man then sat down and began counting out the coins. Then with a courteous bow he started to leave the house. "Wait, come back," called Rogers. "Where are you going?" "I go kill man now," answered the Chinese, "then I come back."**

6. *Is he well integrated, poorly integrated or overintegrated?*

The fellows who are well integrated or organized are dependable, thorough, sincere, trustworthy and predictable in their behavior. The poorly organized or less well integrated are erratic, unreliable, unstable, and often lack common sense and judgment. Their activities are likely to be badly directed. The overintegrated or overorganized fellows are rigid, excessively systematic, and so enslaved by routine that if you upset their habits or disarrange their personal effects they are likely to become totally disorganized.

### How the Personality Traits Go With Physical Types and With One Another

The various scientists of the Grant Study took at least twenty hours on each individual: classifying his body build, examining his health and physiological processes, and determining his personality traits. To find out how these different things go together is a big statistical labor, but, once it is done, the results are likely to provide short cuts in sizing up personalities. Then you need not go through the whole list, item by item, but, by observing a few of the most important characteristics, you may deduce the rest.

Obviously the easiest and quickest clue is personal-appearance—body-build. If we can hitch up certain easily observable aspects or types of physique to some of the more outstanding personality traits, we can then come to a conception of how the total individual hangs together. There are three general aspects of the physique that enable us to make these connections. The first is the

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body build as described earlier—whether dominantly mesomorphic (bone-and-muscle), dominantly endomorphic (fat-and-guts), ectomorphic (linear, skinny), or more or less evenly balanced. The second set of tests has to do with "strength in masculinity" as expressed by body structure; the third with what Doctor Seltzer, of the Grant Study, calls extremely disharmonic relations of one body dimension to another (as for example a very small circumference of the chest compared with that of the head).

Beginning with mesomorphy, endomorphy and ectomorphy, we find that the typically mesomorphic boys are on the whole likely to be "vital affect," "practical organizing," "friendly" and above all "well integrated." On the other hand, the dominant ectomorphs incline to be sensitive, ideational, asocial and less well integrated. Of course, not all mesomorphs have the total first list of traits, nor all ectomorphs the second. The endomorphs tend to resemble the bone-and-muscle boys in the personality traits associated with their physical type rather than the tall, slender lads. Also, the anthropologist of the study was able to show how degrees of weakness and strength in masculinity of body form go with the various personality traits. More men with a "strong masculine component" are well integrated than are found among the weakly masculine; nearly twice as many of the men weak in the masculine component are incompletely or poorly integrated. However, both types of personality often have either trait. The overorganized or overintegrated men are slightly more common among those with weak masculinity. The men of strong masculine component are most likely to have the vital and allied characteristics, while those of weaker masculinity lean toward the sensitive, ideational and inhibited.

The bodily disproportions such as markedly flat chest, small leg circumference relative to chest circumference, and so on, seem to show a similar trait association. Men with six or more striking bodily disproportions show more than would be expected of bland affect, ideational type of mind, asocial disposition and less well-integrated personalities. On the other hand, men with no disproportions at all are clearly inclined toward the following traits: vital affect, practical organizing and well-integrated personality.

Putting physique aside for the moment and considering only the way the personality traits clump together, we may say that the traits most usually associated are well integrated and practical organizing. For a more subtle grouping, the best contrast is between men of respectively vital, bland and sensitive affect. Both vital and bland men have the strong tendency to be well integrated and practical organizing. However, the vital men tend to be interested in political affairs, to be verbalistic and sociable, whereas the bland men seem to lack fixed values in life and are inclined to be both inarticulate and inhibited. The third variety of affect, sensitive, is likely to include more men who are incompletely integrated and self-conscious, and fewer who are of the practical organizing turn of mind and the worldly attitude. They are more verbalistic than the other affect men, but lack the sociable nature of the vital boys.

**He is so full of himself that he is quite empty.**

It must be emphasized that none of the relationships indicated is absolute or invariable; many peculiar and sometimes contradictory associations of traits and physique do occur. You may discover that your own particular man displays a quite different combination from anything described above. He may be unique, but still normal. The most interesting personalities often fail to fall into the usual patterns of relationship between body, mind and temperament. Geniuses are nearly always peculiar; so are lunatics.





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If you have found out your friend's personality to your own satisfaction, it is up to you to bid or to pass. The following questions ought to help you make a crude diagnosis and classification; but recall that this is a tough job even for a battery of expert scientists.

Here are the commonest conventional patterns or stereotypes of the "normal" Harvard young men, slightly oversimplified.

I. *Commonest type*

PHYSICAL: Dominant mesomorph (bone-and-muscle), strong masculine component, few or no disproportions.

PERSONALITY TRAITS: Vital affect, well-integrated, practical organizing, social, verbalistic.

II. *Also common*

PHYSICAL: Dominant mesomorph, or endo-mesomorph, or balanced type, strong to medium masculine component.

PERSONALITY TRAITS: Bland affect, well-integrated, inarticulate, mechanical and physical sciences, asocial, inhibited.

III. *Less common*

PHYSICAL: Dominant ectomorph (linear, skinny), strong masculine component, few disproportions.

PERSONALITY TRAITS: Vital or bland affect, well-integrated, scientific or practical, sociable, interested in humanity or in political affairs, verbalistic, self-driving.

IV. *Still less common*

PHYSICAL: Dominant ectomorph, weak in masculine component, many disproportions.

PERSONALITY TRAITS: Sensitive affect, incompletely integrated or over-integrated, ideational or creative and intuitive, shy or asocial, self-conscious or inhibited, often inarticulate, often lacking in purpose and values.

V. *Very rare in Harvard "normals"*

(An insufficient number for more than a guess at personality traits; probably common enough in general population.)

PHYSICAL: Dominant endomorphs (round, soft type), medium to strong in masculine component, few disproportions.

PERSONALITY TRAITS (??): Bland affect, well-integrated, practical, inarticulate or verbalistic, sociable.

Remember that these types are merely suggestions as to the commoner personality traits that go with certain body builds in a limited sample of normal young men. Many other types may and do occur in "normals."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Anniversary Sonnet*

**By Joanne de Longchamps**

**Because we cannot hope to know again**
**The dual pleasure of love unpossessed**
**And unexplored (the first shy moment when**
**Emotion was a bird heart in the breast),**
**We can be grateful for this winter hour,**
**The red ballet performing on the grate,**
**A teacup at your elbow, and the flower**
**We picked before the frost and blooming late.**
**Enough to be together in this place**
**With warmth and mingled light—to be alone.**
**I watch the lamp glow curve about your face**
**And feel your deep glance lifting to my own.**
**Our restless love has found a softer mood—**
**We are fulfilled within this quietude.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### QUIZ

#### PART I. PHYSICAL TYPING

1. Has he a heavy, bony head and face, strong neck, broad sloping shoulders, big chest tapering to compact belly, bulging muscles, big wrists, ankles, hands and feet? If so, he is an extreme mesomorph.

2. Has he a soft, round face and neck, high deep chest, big stomach, heavy limbs tapering to small, chubby hands and feet, generally so well upholstered his muscles do not show? If so, he is an extreme endomorph.

3. Does he appear to have been squeezed from side to side and front to back so that he has a narrow head, long hatchet face, long thin neck, narrow shoulders, flat chest, insignificant belly, long stringy arms and legs with narrow hands and feet? If so, he is an extreme ectomorph.

4. Is he more like 1, but with a secondary overlay of fat and some other features of 2? If so, he is a dominant mesomorph with secondary endomorphy.

5. Is he like 1, but with very long and well-muscled though not heavy arms and legs and with other features of 3? If so, he is a mesomorphic ectomorph, a dominant mesomorph with secondary ectomorphy.

6. Is he like 2, but with very broad shoulders, big hands and feet and considerable muscular strength and little appearance of "softness"? If so, he is a dominant endomorph with secondary mesomorphy.

7. Is he like 2 in the body but like 3 in having very long limbs and narrow long hands and feet? If so, he is probably weak in the masculine component and in muscular strength—an ecto-endomorph with endomorphy dominant.

8. Is he like 3, but with fairly good shoulders and chest, moderately heavy bones and sinewy limbs without muscle bulges? If so, he is a dominant ectomorph with secondary mesomorphy.

9. Is he tall and slender, but with pinched waistline, rounded full hips and a slightly undulating walk? A dominant ectomorph with secondary endomorphy and weak in the masculine component.

10. Is he neither fat nor thin nor yet ruggedly muscular and heavy-boned, with limbs neither long nor short, neither fat nor skinny, smooth but not gnarled and bulgy? Does he seem to unite symmetry and smoothness in the strength rather than in the fragility or flabbiness? He is then a balanced type.

#### PART II. PERSONALITY TRAITS

1. *Is he vital, bland, or sensitive in affect?*

(a) Does he impress you as overflowing with energy and strength of personality without trying to be dynamic, without forcing himself to be assertive, without attempting to "sell himself"?

If answer is "yes," your man is "vital."

(b) Or does he seem calm, "dead-pan," poised and impersonal, with little desire to express himself or to show his emotions, so that he appears serenely indifferent to people and events?

If answer is "yes," your man is "bland."

(c) Is he jittery and unrestful, with his facial expression constantly changing in a bewildering way? Is he so thin-skinned that he has to be handled with kid gloves? Does he blush, go pale, sweat, shiver, swallow, gulp, sigh at the slightest provocation?

If the answer is "yes," your man is "sensitive."

2. *Are his interests scientific, practical organizing, ideational, or creative and intuitive?*

(a) Is he more interested in the processes and materials that produced the atomic bomb and in how it works than its effect on mankind and civilization? Does he think of progress in terms of inventions and labor-saving devices rather than in terms of better or worse human behavior, happiness or misery?

If so, he is "scientific," in the sense that he is motivated toward physical and mechanical science.

(b) Is he the sort of person who is asked to head a drive for collecting money, or one who promotes new organizations designed to accomplish something practical (such as re-




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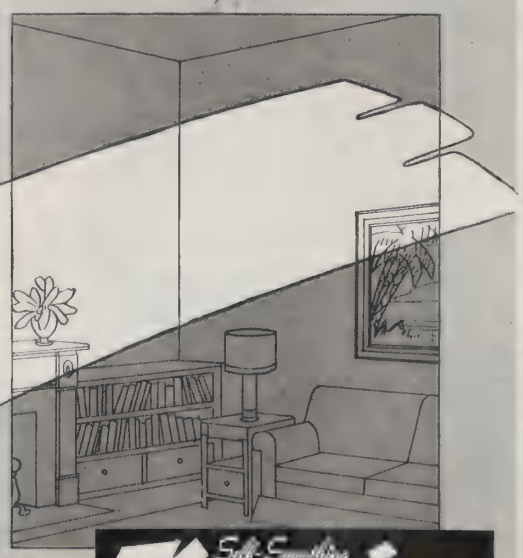
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duction of taxes, residential zoning, city planning), or one who is likely to be on committees having to do with carrying out projects rather than developing new ideas and methods? Are his business interests management and production rather than sales and advertising?

Such a man is "practical organizing."

(c) Is he full of ideas on the reorganization of business, government, education, relations of labor to management, international affairs, and does he like to talk and argue about better methods, efficiency, economic planning?

If so, he is "ideational."

(d) Are his interests rather in producing something new in the realm of thinking—some intellectual innovation that will make people revise their old ideas, or some startling departure from the usual in art, architecture or even in business and government? Is he the sort of person who is likely to flash out with some revolutionary idea or process that seems to have come to him from his instinctive understanding of people and things rather than by a slow tedious method of trying out this and that until somehow or other he manages to hit the right solution?

If so, he is "creative and intuitive."

**The envious person feels as if the praise given to others is taken away from his own.** —JOHN PETIT-SENN.

**Man grows through misfortune. Not only does he learn more about others, but most about himself.** —GOETHE.

3. *Is he inarticulate, or verbalistic?*

(a) Does he keep still while others talk and hesitate and get all balled up when he tries to express himself? Or has he just "nothing to say"?

He is "inarticulate."

(b) Does he monopolize conversations, carry on monologues and get up and speak often and long whenever he can grab the floor at a meeting?

Such a fellow is "verbalistic."

4. *Is he sociable, shy, or asocial?*

(a) Is he always at parties and other gatherings, calling everyone by nicknames, usually in the middle of a group, and a perpetual "glad-hander"?

He is "sociable."

(b) Does he go to such gatherings, but tend to stand off by himself, on the edges, looking ill-at-ease? When he tries to mix and be friendly, are his efforts awkward and forced?

He is "shy."

(c) Does he avoid meetings and parties as he would the pest, only appearing at one of these affairs when he is dragged there, and then glowering and sullen? Does he appear to lack friends and associates and to prefer to keep by himself?

He is "asocial."

5. *Is he self-driving, self-conscious, or inhibited?*

(a) Does he rush about in a flurry from one place or task to another? Is he overconscientious about being on time, doing his duty, taking on disagreeable tasks that others avoid? Does he never know when to stop working or exercising, no matter how tired he is?

He is "self-driving."

(b) Does he always seem to be so concerned with the impression he is making on others that he is nervous, uncertain, awkward? Is he so wrapped up in himself that he is afraid to walk before an audience, even to take a front seat? Is he afraid of being laughed at or criticized?

He is "self-conscious."

(c) Is he ineffective at what he tries to do, because he always seems to be indecisive, hesitating, stumbling and trying to go in several entirely different directions at once?

He is "inhibited."

6. *Is he well-integrated, incompletely integrated, or overintegrated?*

(a) Does he seem to have himself well in hand, so that you are confident of his ability to get what he wants? Does his whole personality seem well rounded and stable? Can you bet on him?

He is "well-integrated.'

(b) Does he appear to have flaws or weakness of personality that make his behavior unpredictable, so that you hardly know what to expect of him? Is he likely to weaken in a crisis?

He is "incompletely integrated."

(c) Does he have to have everything "just so"? Does he throw a fit if anyone moves the furniture in his room or the objects on his desk, or asks him to have lunch an hour earlier? Is he overparticular about manners. conventions, all sorts of rules and his personal appearance? Is he rigid in habits, thoughts and general behavior?

Such a man is "overintegrated."




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## MAN'S GREATEST ENEMY—MAN?

*(Continued from Page 6)*

men to "labor commodities," by gearing the rhythm of their lives to machines, by humiliating them before their wives and children, through unemployment, by reducing their personal dignity. They compensate against this by aggressiveness.

Chronic hunger breeds psychical and emotional aberrations. "Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look," was, in Shakespeare's words, a description of a dangerous individual. Inadequate nourishment depraves the mind and soul, for it gives a purely animal instinct priority over all higher yearnings.

The reduction of the erotic instinct to the purely physical aspect of "sex" also degrades the human being, and bars him from those outlets in sublimation, which are the source of all art, thought, manners, decorum, and civilization itself.

These things are as well known to psychologists as bacteria to biologists, or the ingredients of nuclear energy to physicists. They were known to the philosophers and the great religious leaders, centuries ago. But Man has concentrated more brains, energy and organization on perfecting the material world than on perfecting himself, or he has thought that material progress alone was enough.

It is obviously not enough, for, by and large, mankind is better off materially than ever before in history, but worse off psychologically.

Except as the accompaniment or aftermath of war and revolution, which are man-made catastrophes, men seldom starve; they live longer and more healthily; they have fewer bodily diseases—but they are more often insane or subject to neurotic aberrations. So Man is *not growing less dangerous*, while his weapons are infinitely more so.

**The problem that confronts us is therefore a purely human one, and it demands that political and economic leadership concentrate their primary attention on creating societies in which people are *psychologically happy*. For only then are they *safe*, in their relations with one another.**

If hundreds of thousands of people are to spend their income-producing time at tasks which make them mere cogs in machines, working hours *must* be shortened, regardless of any other considerations, and opportunities *must* be created to encourage other creative activity.

Canned recreation does nothing to cultivate that self-respect and self-expression which are necessities of the human ego.

The decentralization of industry, which would make it possible for men to live in their own detached houses, cultivate their own gardens and meet their fellow men as

*(Continued on Page 172)*




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*(Continued from Page 170)*

neighbors, might not appear immediately as "economic," but it would pay off in happier, because more creative and more self-respecting, people.

No man can be particularly proud of a production in the creation of which he did no more than rivet a single bolt. Yet our modern work system is collective, and the infinite division of labor does create fantastic material values. All the more reason, then, why a much more intensive *private* life should be encouraged. For man cannot satisfy his ego collectively. He has to be able to point to *my* work, *my* wife, *my* home, *my* garden.

Hollywood has created erotic ideals which the ordinary man can never realize. The glamour girls are rich men's flesh. The average man's sweetie cannot be a Powers model. Why can we not more often present the female of the species as she is—generally broad in the beam after middle age, even if she is a queen, even if she was born and raised on Park Avenue? Why does not mass entertainment and education more often celebrate motherhood as it is, fatherhood as it is and children as they are? The erotic instinct has its base in sexuality, but it encompasses all beauty, tenderness, protectiveness, parenthood, friendship and the most fundamental societal impulses. "It's love that makes the world go round," but not the clinch and the Grand Passion that as often as not end in a divorce court and the bitterest disillusionment.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Returned Soldier*

**By Catherine Haydon Jacobs**

Up the avenue and toward me,
New arrival of the day,
He walked with each step knowing
The months he'd been away.
Up the avenue and toward me. . . .
The whole street
Seemed to echo with the rhythm of his feet,
Seemed to catch, as I did
His clear eye
As it searched the city's towers,
Saw the sky.
And to us who had been standing
On war's rim,
There was a look of God on him.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Just at present there is a boom in the idea that the people are masses and must all be organized twenty-four hours a day, as objects of machinelike rationality—all guaranteed a minimum of 2500 calories, and so on. If God (or Nature) has thus designed men, there certainly would not exist the subversive fact that no two of them are exactly alike, not even identical twins. The old nursery rhymes about Jack Sprat and his wife, and pease porridge hot, have more sense. Man (or woman) is a creature of infinite variety. Some like music, some are tone-deaf, some are enraptured by pictures, others are color blind, some adore to tinker with radio sets, some like to build cabinets, some like salads, some only enjoy eating meat, but every last mother's son of them likes to eat something, build something, love something.

Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is Man." So while we are disintegrating atoms, setting up UNO's and bouncing echoes off the moon, we had better devote our chief energies to asking:

What makes people happy, creative and reasonable?

Otherwise, one of these days, Man, the most reasonable of animals when happy, the most terrifying when frustrated, will blow up the world simply because, on the whole, it makes him sick.


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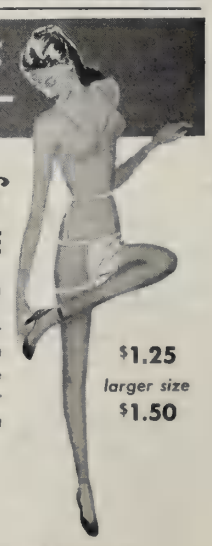
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# Why Not Let Your Child Alone?

By H. J. Heltman

"WAIT for your child to grow up." That is the simple advice I am giving to the young mother whose distressing letter lies on my desk before me. She tells me that her not-quite-three-year-old daughter has been stammering noticeably for several weeks, and she wants to know what to do about it. Being an intelligent woman with training in child health and welfare, she feels that with some suggestions on correction she will be able, as she puts it, to clip any habit of stammering before it becomes established.

The somewhat complete history of the case gives a pretty accurate description of the usual progress in speech development from the time of the first monosyllables to the much later correctly spoken words and simple sentences. Indeed, quite early this particular child mastered the *l* sound, which comes rather late for some little ones, and also the somewhat difficult *k* and *g*, which in the average youngster may be sounded as *t* and *d* until well into the fourth year. From the story, I gather that the child's speech is developing just as it should, with a slight balance on the superior side.

What disturbs this mother is that what the baby has to say doesn't run so smoothly as it ought to. Her speech sounds as though what she has to say "just does not come." It seems to those around her quite as though there is a lack of co-ordination between mind and the speech organs. Here are some of the actual expressions: "Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo wants the ball." . . . "I want, I want, I want, I want to stir that." . . . "Give, give, give, give Jo some soup." . . . "I, I, I, I, I, I can do that now."

In her attempt to do something about it, the mother has been making the child stop speaking—telling her to think what she wants to say, and then say it. In some instances the desired words are spoken for the little one. To quote again, "The former expedient often only makes her self-conscious, and say nothing. The second procedure more than likely results in her allowing me to do her talking for her."

**The doctor came out of the husband's room. "It's his nerves," he informed the wife. "He drinks too much strong coffee and you mustn't let him have it, as he gets too excited."**

**"But, doctor," protested the wife, "you should see how much more excited he gets when I give him weak coffee!"** —EVAN ESAR: Esar's Joke Dictionary. (Harvest House).

**Keep thine eyes wide open before marriage; and half-shut afterward.**

—THOMAS FULLER: From Reperusals and Re-collections (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

THE description given above presents an excellent picture of what seems to be stammering in children, and also of the way in which parents often try to deal with it. Yet the thing that is bothering this mother is a perfectly natural aspect of developing speech.

Several years ago, Dr. Max Steer, director of the speech clinic at Purdue University, conducted an experiment which demonstrated, with regard to the hesitations and repetitions in the speech of children between the ages of four and thirteen, that there is little difference between those who are supposed to be stammerers and normal boys and girls.

Later, Dr. Wendell Johnson, of Iowa State University speech clinic, from another investigation pointed out that, almost universally, it is in cases where parents have been unduly concerned about the natural clumsiness of their children's speech that the real stammering disorder later puts in its appearance.

The advice I am giving this mother should be followed by every parent: *Wait for your child to grow up.* When your youngster gets up on his hands and knees for the first time, pitches forward and takes the skin off his nose, you do not stand him on his feet and say, "Now walk." Nor do you carry him from one spot on the floor to another. If he picks up his cup and drops it, spilling the contents over the table, you do not give him a slender-stemmed goblet, at the same time admonishing him to hold it gracefully and drink. Neither do you deny him further use of cups. Rather, you wait patiently and hopefully for him to develop the necessary skill to perform these acts through many a clumsy attempt and frequent failure.

ISN'T it rather odd, then, that people who expect little ones to have considerable difficulty in learning to perform even the simplest acts common to all human beings, should be so disturbed when these same children have trouble talking like grownups, even before they are old enough to go to school? When baby first begins to use a spoon he holds the utensil in his fist, spills the food on himself and on the table and floor, and generally makes a discouraging job of it. Your comment is merely that he is just learning to eat with a spoon. When he gets on his feet and totters a step or two and then falls, often painfully, to the floor, you are delighted to know that he has taken his first step. But when he makes the clumsy attempt to learn the much more complicated process of speaking like adults, a good many parents are inclined to forget that here, too, he is only growing up, and with the proper encouragement and patience he will learn this skill, too, quite as certainly as he learns to walk and eat like his elders.

The mother who writes me this letter is to be commended for her good sense in seeking professional advice, since she feels that something is wrong. Too often nothing at all is done in hopes that in the end everything will turn out all right, that the disturbance will be outgrown. Or, on the other hand, there is sometimes an inclination to take the advice of neighbors who have presumably seen cases "just like that." The wise parent would no more follow such a course than he would ask the recommendation of a corner druggist when a physician should be consulted.

If you have in your family such a problem as occurs in the story told in this letter here before me, your procedure is not so much in knowing what to avoid as it is to know what would be best to do to prevent the development of stammering as a fixed habit or permanent speech disorder.

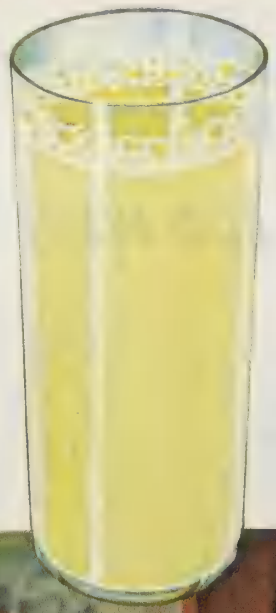
Following are five rules which, if they are observed, will give your son or daughter the best possible chance of growing up with speech which is free from this distressing handicap:

1. Keep your child in the best possible physical and mental health.
2. Encourage and direct him in plenty of speech play so that he may come to enjoy the mere use of his vocal equipment.
3. Listen with quiet patience when he tries to speak, even though he has a great deal of difficulty getting it out.
4. Respond to him in such a way that his efforts to speak are pleasant to him, rather than expect him so to manage it that it will be pleasing to you.
5. Get used to the idea that it may take a long time for his speech to be at its best.









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# FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

# Oh, My Aching Stomach

## BY ROBERT J. LANDRY

**Even after a hundred years some Americans haven't quite forgotten how angry their great-great-parents were at Charles Dickens and Mrs. Trollope for writing harsh words about what Americans ate and how they cooked it. So, when Robert Landry's gaily mordant piece about British cooking of today came into the JOURNAL office we editors wondered whether, if we printed it, we might not be precipitating another International Incident upon a world that seems to have about as many of them as it needs. But Dorothy Black was on hand to reassure us. "I agree with every word of this," her comment reads. "It is not only funny, it is true, you are unnecessarily kindhearted and thoughtful for our feelings. The British attitude has never been, 'Love me, love my potatoes.' We have no delusions about our pastry. Indeed, I think we have a sort of stoic pride in being able to take it."**

**Anyway, turn and turn about is only fair. And after all, we've waited a century and more for our turn.** ***—The Editors.***

THE most "normal" value in postwar Britain is British cooking. Food is scarce and rationing is rugged, but British cooking is much as before, neither better nor worse, just normally bad. They still overboil all vegetables and underbake all pastries. Coffee is still created by pouring scalding water on grounds and serving, uncooked, at once. In a posh London hotel, dinner still consists of three waiters to serve you, four forks, three knives, three spoons, gold service plates and dirty potatoes. There is no truth in the rumor that British toast is made on Monday for the rest of the week, but the "tradition" of serving it uncovered encourages hardening, and hence British toast tends to be resistant to the bite. As for British margarine, which is also never covered, this enigmatic lubricant occasionally lapses back into the idiom of the garage.

British cooking is apparently immune to disaster and wisecracks equally. It survived six years of bombing, submarine blockade, food warehouses gutted by fire, the comments of outspoken G. I.'s and the constant lecturing of the British Ministry of Food. Neither the terrors of the enemy nor the tears of critics could dissolve the rooted idea that bad cooking was somehow splendidly British, and in consequence not lightly to be abandoned.

The sympathetic American visitor may at first politely refrain from noting the cooking. He realizes that food is drastically limited in amount and variety. He sees that this nation is "tired." But after a while the suspicion grows that it's not just what they get to eat but also how it's laid before them that is contributing to this tiredness. The French, Belgian, Armenian, Greek, Turkish and Spanish cooks of Soho and other London districts provide the invidious comparisons. With the same rations and handicaps as everybody else, these non-British operatives manage to make food at least moderately zestful and tasty.

British cooks and housewives complained to us, in their own defense, that the long absence of onions from the market had been a dreadful handicap to their practice of fine cuisine. Nobody could deny the difficulties thereby implied, but their "no onions" excuse was not altogether convincing. When onions did return (and they were reasonably plentiful while my wife and I were in Britain) the foreigners used them to advantage, whereas under purely British supervision the onion appeared, in our experience, not as an ally of the potato or a friend of the meat or the fowl, but as another boiled (until blah) vegetable.

The visitor is struck repeatedly by the ingenuity of the adult Briton, male and female, in the pursuit of added items of food. An occasional rabbit, or pheasant, or catch of trout does materialize. Next to a welcome food package from the United States or Canada, such windfalls keep alive the spirit of hope. From cabbie to countess everybody is discussing his or her stomach and how it has fared of late. It is no longer bad form in Britain (as it once was) to be hungry or interested in appeasing hunger. Meals are incessantly reported, analyzed, recalled. But with all this wistful concern for food, the prized items, once turned over to the kitchen, are regularly and systematically, and with a dreadful refusal to depart from old habits, rendered dull and disappointing by the treatment accorded them.

Our first, but not our last, gruesome experience with culinary sabotage and aesthetic outrage was in the North-of-England home of some cherished friends. We were watching our hostess prepare breakfast and feeling guilty about being there, although we had meticulously brought along our temporary food cards from London and a donation of packaged foodstuffs from the United States. When our hostess produced bacon we felt especially self-conscious, for bacon was scarce even at home and we knew that the official postwar allotment in Britain was but one and one half slices per person per week. We nodded appreciatively as our hostess referred to the frustrations of going to market under present circumstances. With what we deemed to be loving care she separated the few skimpy strips of smoked pig. In combination with some "reconstituted" (that is, powdered) eggs we were to have bacon and eggs for "an American breakfast." Touched, we sensed that this was indeed a gala occasion. Then as we looked on we saw our British friend (and we love her) take the oh-so-precious bacon, every bit of it, and toss it indifferently into a pan of cold tap water under which she brought up a gas flame. Our American stomachs first fluttered, then somersaulted, as the meaning of her action became manifest. This bacon was being condemned to the dreadful British ritual of boiling. And there was worse to come. When the fatty content had nicely vanished (poured down the drain with the water) the bacon was then set aside to harden, and when finally placed upon the breakfast table the result was cold crusts of slightly greasy, stiff, grayish blubber.

During seven weeks in postwar Britain my wife and I were repeatedly assaulted and shocked by such casual atrocities of the British scullery, both public and private. We saw three-day-old gravy converted by the addition of a little water, and nothing else, into the soup *du jour*. We saw pies galore in which the crust might just as well have reposed on a separate plate, for all the connection with the filling. We were prepared from previous trips for the tyranny of the cabbage, the Brussels sprout and the runner bean, and were not therefore surprised that these stand-bys were still offered to the human palate as immemorially since the Battle of Hastings, overboiled, limp, faded and tasteless. A wartime pamphlet of the British Ministry of Food sadly agreed on this point: "No country in the world grows better vegetables . . . or cooks them worse." We were prepared, too, for the inevitable soggy or suet, or suet or soggy, steamed pudding, and for that crankcase rinse which the British admit as coffee. (Will Rogers once told a London Coliseum audience, "Your coffee is so bad, I hate to get up in the morning.") But having discovered in a matter of hours after our arrival how stringent were the food shortages of Britain and how desperately preoccupied everybody was with the subject of eating, we were not quite prepared to find British cooking still fast in the embrace of tradition. The war had perhaps embarrassed, but it had not really changed that carelessness in the kitchen, that inexplicable but notorious tolerance for food spoilage which has long been typical of an otherwise highly urbane society.




It's conceded in London that the British housewife is "excessively conservative" and changes her kitchen behavior patterns slowly and grudgingly. If well-to-do, she expects others to bother with the cooking anyhow, and it would be beneath her class to take an interest in the details. If she is her own servant, milady's rules of procedure seem simple. Vegetables are, in her book, immersed in water and brought to a boil. Pastries are rushed into and out of the oven in order to avoid baking, underdone being deemed proper for doughy morsels. What more does she need to know about cooking? Oh, yes, perhaps how to prepare mincemeat at Christmas.

Afternoon tea remains the only "meal" into which millions of Britons really put their hearts. This is even now the one layout of the day in which a certain artistry of design and planning can be detected. Teas, and especially

*(Continued on Page 210)*

The English adventures of a man who came to dinner.




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WESCOTT

*Bob and Georgiana's courtship began with a hosteling trip. Since their marriage they've done a Cook's tour of United States en route to jobs in Utah, Nevada, Tennessee.*



# "THE WORLD IS OURS"

*Meet the Feeneys, of Oak Ridge, Tenn., Elkins Park, Pa., and all points west—a gay, growing family out to take the world in their happy-go-lucky stride.* ★ BY HILDEGARDE DOLSON

Georgiana Feeney's letter, which came to the JOURNAL, began sedately:

*Dear Editors:* It's becoming apparent even to me that if Bob and I are not following excitement, then it must surely be following us! In four and a half years of marriage we've painted, scrubbed and made livable thirteen different dwelling places (all without bathtubs) ranging from a Nevada-desert trailer to our current demountable house on stilts in the mud of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Here, in this amazing, so-long-secret city, Bob has had a part in the atomic-bomb development.

Now, once more facing an uncertain future, we are advised by our dear, conservative parents in Philadelphia, "Come home, settle down, build a house, have security." And we answer "Yes, but not yet!" First we have a date with a couple in Mexico, and we must dash over to Japan to visit my brother in the occupation troops and somehow squeeze in three years for Bob to get his doctor's degree in chemical engineering, and we want six children. (Our two-year-old Griff is the start.) In 1950 we plan to settle down and build a house, after deciding which part of this wonderful country is our favorite. I feel confident we're not asking any more than is possible for us to find, enjoying life to the brim.

When you get three Feeneys, plus a mansion-size police dog, fifty record albums, a typewriter, easel and several hundred books into a four-room plywood house on stilts, that phrase "enjoying life to the brim" already seems like sluggish understatement. Walk in on the Feeneys spending what they call a quiet Sunday afternoon at home: Six-foot Bob is studying Russian out loud while he sandpapers a coffee table. Blond-as-a-new-moon Georgie is either banging a typewriter (she sold her first story last month) or sprawled on the floor sketching. Two-year-old Griff squats happily beside her, listening to the music-box kangaroo sent him by doting grandparents. For spirited competition, the phonograph is playing The Marriage of Figaro, which

★ **5.9 per cent of America's families earn between $5000 and $6000 a year.** ★

*Georgie lived in substantial suburban home first twenty-one years of her life; was married in church with "white trimmings" on ■ week's notice, piled her luggage into Bob's car and drove to Salt Lake City. The Feeneys moved eleven times the first year. Griff—now two years old—was born in California, christened in Nevada, blew out his first birthday candle in Tennessee. Both Bob and Georgie have firm convictions against cluttering up their lives with material things, but can't bear to part with old magazines, seed catalogues, gardening tools or high-school themes.*

MUNKACSI







*In Boulder City Georgiana hunted apartments for three luckless weeks, worried because they were spending twice what they earned living at local hotel. One afternoon she went into town, blew the family nest egg on a model-T trailer—later discovered that there was no heat and no running water at the trailer camp. Before gas rationing made of Boulder City "a period of exile," the Feeneys took jaunts to Las Vegas, Yosemite Park, Mexican border on "the extra $5 in the household kitty." Georgie visited swank Western night clubs in a shirtwaist dress, felt completely at ease. Their budget allows $400 a year for vacations, $100 for clothes, $180 for books and records.*

Georgie gave Bob on his last birthday, and Blitzen, the dog, barks a cheery accompaniment as he bounds from Feeney to Feeney, licking faces.

Conversation at the Feeneys' follows the same informal pattern, so that at first a newcomer feels like a seal trying to juggle six balls on his nose. Georgie's mind generates so many ideas that her voice rushes to keep up with it, giving off sparks of delight as she talks. In contrast, Bob speaks slowly, almost shyly, but his wife will tell you "Bob's interested in *everything.*" Among the scrambled notes I made during my first half hour with the Feeneys, I find:

"Have been reading about Sweden's new co-operative houses and would like to live in one if they go to Europe. . . . Bob excited about St. Johns College experiment (using the classics as textbooks). . . . Georgie wants to be conscious while having one baby. . . . Bob thinks Griff old enough to sleep out in a sleeping bag on trip this summer. . . . Georgie has been teaching eighteen two-year-olds, including Griff, in Oak Ridge nursery school. . . . Bob's Russian class Tuesday nights and G. is member of Monday evening Society of Artists."

At this point in the conversation Georgie said explosively, "Of course, we're in such a rut here," and I thought to myself dazedly, *If this is the Feeney idea of a rut* ——

Seen from the outside, their house looks depressingly like all the other rainy-gray prefabricated houses on muddy South Seneca Road, in the least attractive section of Oak Ridge. When the Feeneys jounced east from Nevada in their old LaSalle in the fall of 1944, all they knew about Bob's new $4200-a-year job was that he'd be working on a top-urgent, top-secret war project in a town nobody seemed to have heard of. The personnel representative of the mysterious Manhattan Project who hired Bob out West had arranged to have their furniture shipped to Oak Ridge and moved into "adequate living quarters" before the Feeneys arrived. One glimpse of their new home, and the Feeneys remembered that this was their thirteenth dwelling place, and that thirteen has never been famous for luck. The floors and walls were filthy. A waddle-legged coal stove ate up most of the space in the small living room. The handsome functional desk, bookcase and wall seats Bob had made for their last apartment in Nevada were too big to fit in gracefully. On the credit side, the back windows had an exciting view of the blue-hazed Smoky Mountains, the kitchen was equipped with electric stove and refrigerator, and the rent, including fuel and electricity, was $30 a month.

Oak Ridge, where cars are searched entering and leaving, where factory-fortresses lie behind bristling fences and guard towers, is, as Georgie says, "a place that makes you feel as if you're poaching on Mars." In three years it had grown from nothing to the fifth largest city in Tennessee. Seventy-five thousand workers and their families lived with the world's most explosive secret practically in their laps, and managed to keep quiet. The hardest thing for the Feeneys to get used to was Bob's not being allowed to mention anything about his job to Georgie, except to tell her when he got a raise. (He got two, is now making $4600.) Before starting to work as a chemical engineer in Y-12, one of the biggest factory-fortresses where U-235 is processed, he signed the A-secrecy pledge, which contains such solemn phrases as "I stake my personal and scientific reputation on not divulging ——" Because of the nature of his work, Bob knew from the first about the atom bomb-to-be. Once during the tensest period of secrecy he said to Georgie broodingly, "It's a good thing you don't understand Einstein." But as she remarks, "That's the only time he even gave me a hint, and he knew I wouldn't catch on."

The morning President Truman announced the news of the bomb, Bob and the other key workers in his section acted drunk with relief, went around slapping one another on the back. Georgiana was making the bed when the girl next door came running in to tell the news she'd just heard on the radio. "I was so dumfounded," Georgie remembers, "that I found myself standing on the bed in a sort of trance, saying 'So that's what Bob has been up to.' I didn't get the bed made till midnight."

Bob feels strongly that scientists should be allowed to go ahead and work out constructive uses for atomic energy, with all UNO nations pooling their information. "The way things stand now," he said, "a scientist could be jailed for experimenting along those lines. There's been too much scared talk about the bomb, and instead we ought to be harnessing that energy to improve the world."

In spite of Bob's sensitively chiseled scholar's face and shy manner, he's no ivory-tower addict. Georgie says, "I've never once heard him say anything is impossible. He just goes ahead and tries it." On the husbands-are-human side, she says Bob puts the groceries away so scientifically she never can find anything, and yelps when she wears his bathrobe and slippers. He's also disconcertingly honest: when Georgie gave him a Christmas present of leather folders in which to keep magazines, he said, "That's a dumb idea" and lugged them pronto to the attic. If a guest bores him, he makes sturdily forthright remarks about how late it is. Being charming to people is as natural to Georgie as breathing, and she fusses sometimes because Bob doesn't smile often enough. "He's happy inside, but it ought to show more," she explains. When Bob does smile, it's a warm, engaging business. He has very white, even teeth, brown hair with a little-boy cowlick, and his 165 pound slimness makes him look much younger than twenty-eight.

Twenty-six-year-old Georgie is five feet seven and has gained twenty-five pounds since marriage, so that she weighs as much as Bob now, but you'd never



***The Feeneys make it a not-so-quiet evening at home with a recorder duet. Georgie's proud that "Bob is not a one-sided mechanical man," says his background in classics puts hers to shame. She does most of family reading now, sieves out best current books for Bob. He's teaching her plane geometry, fine points of boogie-woogie. "We agree on all the important things," they say. "We think children shouldn't eat with grownups till they're school age; we love a lavish Christmas, and we're just fools about dogs."***

MUNKACSI



*"Sure we'll settle down," the young Feeneys assure their worried families. "But first we have a date in Mexico, an errand in Japan, and a year to see how the rest of the world lives."*

*Bob and Georgie want five more children, hope they'll all have voices that "will pass in a chorus so we can have family part singing." Recent census reports that women with four years of college education average less than one-and-a-fourth children. In Boulder City Georgie bought an old piano for $15, moved it in while landlord was out. Friends came for evenings with enough instruments for an octet.*

★ ★ ★

*Biggest Feeney problem: "We want to do too many things." Georgie wants to bring up children herself, play the clarinet, have a big garden, sell short stories to help Bob through college. Bob has sights set on becoming top-notch consultant engineer, learning more about geology, traveling in Europe.*



guess it to look at her. She dresses mostly in sweaters and skirts, has the silky-spun hair and fresh-skinned prettiness of a teen-ager, and eyelashes so light that even her mother implores her to use mascara. Bob says Georgie dabbles in too many things, and thinks in terms of thousands instead of tens, but he adds with a nice grin, "I've had a lot more fun out of life since I married her."

In Philadelphia's Cheltenham High School Robert Feeney was three years ahead of Georgie Magargal, loftily disinterested in women, and she thought he was too studious. ("I went for football captains then," she says.) Both of them had lived in Elkins Park, a suburb of Philadelphia, all their lives, but with only a "hi-ya" acquaintance until college. Bob was an only child; his father is the successful businessman-commuter type, operating coal mines in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Magargal (pronounced Muh-gargle) owns a small lumber business that provided comfortably for his wife, Georgie, and her younger brother Sam, now a technical sergeant stationed on Okinawa. When Bob and Georgie talk about their childhood and gangly adolescence, they agree that their parents allowed them to make their own decisions in everything that mattered. As Georgie puts it, "I was strictly brought up as far as manners go, but to show you what I mean, when I was sixteen mother and dad said it was entirely up to me to decide whether I smoked or not. So I decided not to."

After Georgie entered Beaver College, in Jenkintown, the Magargals were also remarkably hands-offish when she insisted on earning her own spending money in rather strenuous ways. On Wednesday nights she ran an elevator at Strawbridge & Clothier. During a summer vacation she waited on table at a Lutheran camp in the Poconos, for the princely sum of 75 cents a day. She also tutored, worked as part-time secretary in the Beaver English department and, after winning first prize in a Mademoiselle dress-design contest, sold designs to Philadelphia and New York clothing manufacturers at $5 apiece. Meanwhile she wrote poetry, sang in the glee club, edited the college magazine for two years, and decided to be a nonmarrying career woman. This brisk decision was doomed from the evening Bob Feeney arrived stag at a party with a friend. The friend asked Georgie to dance, and told her smugly, "Bob is one man you'll never get your claws into."

Georgie, being a woman, accepted this challenge on the spot. The studious young Mr. Feeney, already making a brilliant record in the engineering school of the University of Pennsylvania, was dazed but gratified when Miss Magargal evinced a sudden, passionate interest in the bicycle trip he'd taken through Europe the summer before. "You *will* come over Saturday and tell me more about it," she begged prettily. Bob came, armed with the journal he'd kept on the trip. "He was maddeningly impersonal," Georgie recalls. "But he said something about wanting a lot of kids and seeing them all around the dinner table, and I began to be interested right then."

Young Feeney, a less tempestuous type, went home and waited three months before asking for another date. This time he suggested Georgie come along on a hosteling trip over Easter vacation. She learned to ride a bicycle the morning they started out, rode thirty-five miles that first day, and ate dinner standing up, her backside blistered to a fare-thee-well. "I couldn't back out," she says, "because Bob had invited a little brunette trick he'd met hosteling in Europe to come too. There's no romantic pairing off on those trips, but I wasn't taking any chances." When the blisters went away, Georgie invited Bob to Beaver's May dance, where one of her sorority sisters made a big play for him. Georgie wrote indignantly in her diary later that night, "I'm serious about this and I *don't intend to have other women cutting in.*"

With fine feminine illogic, she then went rushing off to proms at Yale, Lehigh and Annapolis, and fumed because Bob never asked for a date farther than a few days ahead. Bob says, "I figured she'd eventually keep evenings free if she really wanted to see me." He figured right. Just before Christmas of 1939, they went together to pick out the engagement ring. Bob, having been graduated with an average of over 90, was working as a chemical engineer for the Scott Paper Company (research on paper pulp), at $25 a week, in Chester, Pennsylvania. In deference to his budget, Georgie picked out a modestly small diamond. The next day Bob went back to the jewelry store alone and said masterfully, "The same setting, but I want a diamond twice as big."

Georgie was graduated in June of 1941, and their big conventional wedding was planned for October. Bob had been transferred to the Brunswick, Georgia, plant of the Scott Paper Company, but several months before their marriage he came back North, to work at the Frankford Arsenal, in Philadelphia, doing research on fuses and shells, at $35 a week. He already had a job lined up with the Government Bureau of Mines, and in late July he was told to be ready to go to Nevada within a week. Georgie tossed aside plans for the big wedding and decided to be married immediately, in a street-length blue dress. When her father heard of this, he let out a roar. "No daughter of mine is going to be married in a short skirt." He carried on so that Georgie rushed down to a Philadelphia department store, got a dandy buy in a beautiful white satin dress that had been worn in a fashion show, had it cleaned the day before the wedding, altered the next morning, and drifted down the aisle looking so completely like a storybook bride her father was beamish. The maid of honor was resplendent in a new evening dress borrowed from her kid sister, but the six would-be bridesmaids, not having time to scrounge suitable raiment, sat with the Magargal family during the double-ring ceremony in Ashbourne Presbyterian Church. The date: August 2, 1941. Georgie was twenty-one, Bob was twenty-four, and both of them say if they had it to do over again they'd get married even younger.

Georgie's domestic accomplishments in those first weeks of marriage are best summed up by a telephone query to a friend. After explaining that she wanted to cook a potato, Georgie asked, "And do I use the top or the bottom part of the oven for it?" As she says now, "It was certainly lucky Bob knew how to make French dressing and broil a steak."

*"Success in our minds has nothing to do with getting rich," the Feeneys explain. "We don't underestimate money, but don't want to reach a standard of living we'll have to live up to." Bob graduated fourth in his class at University of Pennsylvania, earned $25 a week on his first job, has merited two raises at Oak Ridge; he considers himself feet-on-the-ground scientist, is learning Russian, "the coming language in science." Georgie's taking a stab at Russian, too. Oak Ridge is "rut" for active Feeneys, but welcome rut. "After months of socializing in Boulder City we were ripe for binge of reading and relaxing." Bob plays prize-winning bridge, moves mean pawn in chess. Georgie wishes that he wouldn't use scientific method in putting away weekly grocery order. "I have a tough time finding things," she says.*

*"If you teach in a nursery school, you soon find that other two-year-olds do the same cute things your own youngster does," observes Georgiana. She gave up full-time nursery-school job in Oak Ridge because she was dog-tired at night, didn't think it was fair to Griff or Bob. Georgie read thirty-seven child-psychology books while son was infant, made up her own mind about conflicting theories, firmly believes that "what you give your children before they're six or seven is more important than material things you do for them later." Griff's a husky, earnest child; plays hard, eats hard; likes noise, and is regular fiend for exercise.*

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI, WESCOTT





MUNKACSI

*"Hey, throw me a towel. I'll be out in a minute," shouts Bob while Georgie puts dinner on the table. Bob's convinced he's fast dresser, can shave in ten minutes. His wife says confidentially he's "poky," takes at least half an hour. In Boulder City Bob wore khaki trousers, field boots, often worked past midnight, was called out of bed for emergencies. At Oak Ridge he wears business suits, ties—but overtime is generally prohibited in strictly supervised atom-bomb plant. Both Feeneys dislike hot, humid summers, long and muddy winters in Tennessee, but love seeing spring with laurel and rhododendron after two years in the desert.*

## How the Feeneys Spend Their Money

| | |
|---|---|
| In 1945 Bob Feeney earned | $4590 |
| Georgie earned | 1090 |
| | $5680 |
| Income taxes | $ 550 |
| Savings in War Bonds | 2250 |
| Rent, water, electricity, coal | 360 |
| Old-age tax | 30 |
| Insurance—Bob | 260 |
| Georgie | 26 |
| Food and milk | 600 |
| Hospitalization | 50 |
| Other medical expenses | 75 |
| Clothes | 100 |
| Christmas | 175 |
| Books and records | 180 |
| Trips and vacations | 400 |
| Car upkeep | 154 |
| Sunday paper | 5 |
| Charities and church contributions | 75 |
| Baby sitter and amusements | 108 |
| Laundry and cleaner | 150 |
| Gifts and miscellaneous | 132 |
| Total | $5680 |

The Bureau of Mines sent Bob first to Salt Lake City. The young Feeneys had just arrived there, taken a lease on an attractive apartment and sent a wire to Georgie's mother saying "Send on all wedding-present silver and china because we want to give big dinner party," when Bob was transferred to Boulder City, Nevada. There he was put in charge of a pilot plant doing research on domestic chromiums for war usage, at a salary of $2600 a year.

Boulder City had all the elements of a war-boom town and frontier settlement rolled into one. Until the OPA moved in, the sky was the limit on rents. One local resident stood on her front lawn and auctioned off her house to rent to the highest bidder, then went to Florida on the swollen profits.

Bob and Georgie lived briefly in an auto court, then in an $18-a-month tar-paper house. Restaurants were so jammed that Georgie learned to cook in a hurry, even made her own bread. On their first anniversary they were flat broke, but Bob bought a Chinese cookbook for a dollar and he and Georgie whipped up a Cantonese banquet to celebrate. Georgie says, "I used to be terribly finicky about food, but he's got me now so I eat everything but sauerkraut."

The high point of the Feeneys' nesting flurries came when they bought a battered trailer for $300. They painted its dingy walls turquoise, the ceiling coral, and hung beige monk's cloth at the windows. After five months there they moved into a roomy Government apartment, where Bob planed and hammered and sawed, making the blond-wood furniture. Life in Boulder City was lively, with lots of Bob's bachelor engineer friends dropping in for dinner, or for cider and some fancy part singing. Every three months the Feeneys drove to Los Angeles for a week end of theater, concerts and dancing.

Because of the lack of adequate hospital facilities in Boulder City, Georgie also went to Los Angeles to have her baby, and Mrs. Magargal came West to stay with her. "I'd timed it all so beautifully," Georgie says. "I thought Griff was due on a Sunday, so Bob and mother and I were going to a concert Saturday evening, and then they could drop me off at the hospital just in time to give birth." Unfortunately, Griffith Feeney decided to arrive a month late, and Georgie's mother spent a hectic month dashing about Los Angeles with her restless daughter, to fill in time until the baby came. He was born October 7, 1943, and Georgie had rather a bad time of it. "But the thing that really upset me was the maternity weeps that month afterward," she says. "Somebody ought to warn all young mothers that they'll bawl like mad, for no reason." She cured the weeps by giving a christening breakfast for Griff, and inviting a mere thirty-five guests.

At the age of two, Griff is now rambunctiously healthy and outgoing. Before he was born, Georgie read thirty-seven books on child psychology. "Then I winnowed them down for Bob so he had to read only ten," she adds. Both Bob and Georgie feel the most important thing is to make a child self-reliant as early as possible. "And then let him make his own decisions." (Presumably, Griff has already made his own decision—affirmative—about camping out in a sleeping bag.) Last summer he went through a brief period of throwing spoons and even his cereal dish to gain attention, but his parents felt he was really justified, because they'd been having a lot of guests and neglecting him. He's been sick only once, when he ate two bars of dye remover. Georgie explains casually, "Bob saw Griff eating the stuff, but thought it was only soap, so he didn't stop him." After they realized it wasn't li'l' ole harmless bars of soap Griff had consumed, they filled him with every emetic listed in the first-aid book, and dangled him upside down, trying frantically to get results. When that failed, a Government car rushed him to the Oak Ridge hospital, where doctors applied a stomach pump with admirable results. Griff came home that same night—cheerful and ravenous. "He ate three eggs, four dishes of oatmeal, bacon and I forget what else," Georgie says.

In Boulder City the Feeneys acquired not only Griff, but Blitzen and his twin police dog, Donder. On the rollicking trip East to Oak Ridge, the dogs jumped through the top of the 1937 LaSalle, and ate most of the front-seat upholstery. To add to the jolly confusion, the car broke down every few miles; the Feeneys were towed into Dallas perched on the back wheels like Roman charioteers, with Griff leaning out shouting "Hi" to admiring Texan bystanders.

Due to the fact that it was early December when the Feeneys arrived in Tennessee, their new neighbors on South Seneca Road were understandably puzzled when tall, pretty Georgie kept rushing out her front door to call "Here Donder, here Blitzen." Even in the mushrooming atom city, where anything could (and did) happen, this apparent cry for reindeer had a certain piquant novelty. Eventually the neighbors learned that young Mrs. Feeney was merely summoning her dogs home. Donder roamed away several months ago, and the Feeneys still hope he'll turn up, although, as Georgie's mother pointed out, "One police dog in this house is already the equivalent of an elephant."

Books take up even more room than Blitzen, in the little demountable house. They spill over into the bedrooms and kitchen: Moby Dick next to Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet; Thurber wedged in between Greek Architecture and The Maltese Falcon. The only close friends the Feeneys have in Oak Ridge are the couple next door, who also came from Boulder City, and they stay home most evenings. The money earmarked for recreation in their budget has gone into books and records. Both Georgie and Bob worked like inspired beavers fixing up the house. In Griff's room, they covered the walled recess for the crib with spanking-fresh blue-and-white-striped cotton. Bob made the charming child's table with red-cushioned chairs, and the window seat with toy compartments underneath. He also built an impressive butler's pantry into the kitchen, with shelves for their wedding-present silver and china, and the colorful demitasse cups they've been collecting. For living-room curtains, Georgie dyed sheets a sunlit yellow, and hung them to the floor in unpressed pleats.

Until recently, she taught at the Oak Ridge nursery school, got up at six every morning and, with Griff, spent five days a week, from 7:30 to 3:30, at the school. In the late afternoons she did a whirlwind job of cleaning the house, bathing and feeding Griff, and getting dinner started. Bob always *(Continued on Page 209)*

# "What does a DUZ family wear on Sunday?"

Writes Mrs. J. R. St. George, Milwaukee, Wisconsin




## "From your ads, you'd think people always dressed like this,"

Mrs. St. George writes. "All the DUZ ads *I* see show women hanging out the same three things . . . towels, overalls and undies!

"Sure DUZ is tops for getting *towels* white and *work clothes* clean. And we all know it's safer for *undies* than other 'big-name' washday soaps. But your ads ought to show that DUZ is best for the *whole* wash—for Sunday duds and dozens of other things that folks wash every week!



## "Don't their kids ever get dirty?

"You can dress kids up in their Sunday best and they'll still get good and grimy. DUZ gets my youngsters' grimiest clothes clean as a lick and yet it's safe as can be for washing their best colored outfits.



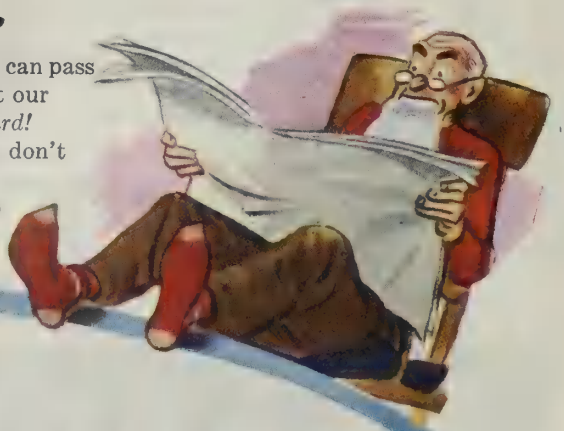
## "How about their Sunday dinner cloth?

"Don't folks spill things on it and get the napkins dirty? Why don't your DUZ girls tell how DUZ gets those spots out easy as winking and show how gleaming white their table linen comes out?

## "What about Grand-pop's socks?

"Men's socks are a real washing test and DUZ can pass it with colors flying! DUZ is such a favorite at our house I even caught Grandpa DUZzing his *beard!*

"Seems to me you're missing the boat if you don't get those DUZ ladies to show that DUZ does more—and can't be beat by any washday soap for cleaning *quick* and washing *safe!*"






# DUZ does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

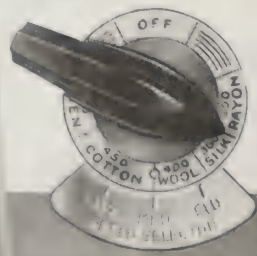



Even tempered Heat

MAKES EVEN TEMPERED IRONING
Actual heat prints prove the amazingly even Proctor Heat Pattern that gives easier, smoother ironing . . . saves time and temper.

PLUS "PUSH BUTTON" IRONING
Proctor, most even heating of 7 most popular 1000-watt irons pre-war, now brings you virtually 100% even heat—no cold spots to cause wrinkling and drag—no excessively hot areas to encourage scorching. Result—you do better ironing with fewer strokes, less re-ironing of wrinkles.

This, plus the "Push Button" action of the new Proctor Never-Lift Iron, coming soon, means the easiest, quickest ironing you've ever known. No lifting. No tilting. See your Proctor Dealer for details.




FIRST WITH PROCTOR — the "SPEED SELECTOR" FABRIC DIAL . . . gives you complete ironing control . . . correct ironing temperature for varying thicknesses and dampness of fabrics at the ironing speed you want—fast, medium or slow. You set the iron to suit your ironing, instead of ironing to suit the iron.

PROCTOR
AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
PROCTOR ELECTRIC COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA 40, PA.

# We're Planning Our Life

*By Georgiana Magargal Feeney*

BOB and I both love to plan, but our methods were very different at the start. My original contribution was daydreaming; Bob's was systematic preparation. Now I have reformed to the extent of studying catalogues, a procedure specific enough to take away my guilty feelings about daydreaming, and Bob's plans have gained added romantic color from association with mine!

All through the long war years, during which we were very lucky in being together, planning was almost the only amusement open to us. Long lines strung out in front of the cinema, crowds waited at the tennis courts, dance halls were jammed, gas was rationed. But at home our big corner couch would hold both of us and a fat round globe of the world, and atlases open at maps—glamorous red and green patches and wide blue seas. There were desk drawers of folders with luring legends on their covers: COME TO MEXICO . . . LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN . . . THE EMERALD ISLE . . . SKIING IN SWITZERLAND. There were graduate-school catalogues, fat with facts and figures about courses, but between the lines adventure seemed to beckon to us.

At the beginning, our planning was merely a lighthearted way of passing time in dull and disagreeable places, but as the years passed it seemed to us that many of these dreams were things which we had come to want too much to give up. Then we began to sort the pastime dreams from the ones we hoped to make into reality, and to make a few actual preparations for our planned life.

For example, one of the things we are sure we want to do is go to Mexico. We couldn't go there during the war, but we were able to study Spanish so we might enjoy it more whenever we *could* go. Bob, of course, would not have thought of leaving his work on the atomic bomb to go back to school for his doctor's degree—but he did prepare himself by studying Russian and German and doing a great deal of technical reading. And I spent a lot of time and study on schemes for doing without an income when and if we undertook those three extra years of college.

Of course, we realize that we may not be able to do all these things. This article is only a chart of what we should like to do if it is possible. As we get older and more experienced, we know some of these plans will change to accommodate our developing ideas.

For example, when we first went out West, we were determined to travel forever, to raise our children in all sorts of wild and strange places, and never, never, to settle down! We had been born and raised in the suburbs of Philadelphia, gone to the same schools and camps from kindergarten up, remembered the same friends and places. How much more exciting our children's lives would be! Then we met many people who had had that kind of upbringing, and it was they who changed our minds.

They had been born in one country, reared in several others, spoke six or seven languages, and had memories of schools and holidays in every conceivable place. Almost without exception, they felt their lives would have been happier and more secure had they considered one place home. Especially during the adolescent years, changes seem to bring heartache and maladjustment.

Since we are convinced of that fact, our first big long-range decision called for a radical change in the original plans. We decided, if we could, to settle down in one place long enough for our children to go through school there. Since we want to have at least six children, this calls for quite a long stay in the chosen place! Our first little boy, Griffith, was born in October, 1943, so the tentative date we have set for this decisive move is September, 1949, at which time he will begin first grade.

I was asked to make this article specific. With misgivings, then, I offer the following list of ambitions which we hope with luck and hard work to accomplish by that time:

1. At least two more babies.
2. A doctor's degree in chemical engineering for Bob.
3. Trips to Europe and Mexico.
4. One more tour of the United States, with an eye to determining the place where we want to live for the next twenty or thirty years.
5. A reasonable degree of competence in the field of writing for Georgie.

The immediate project will arrive in July—our second baby! How wonderful if it should turn out to be twins—that would really set us ahead on the schedule! Until May or June we plan to stay at Oak Ridge, where Bob is still needed, and save every cent we can in preparation for our years at school. We hope to have the summer in or near Philadelphia, since we have not spent much time near our families in the past four years, and the time will be spent—for me, in writing and having the baby, and for Bob, in studying Russian and German intensively in the hope that he will be able to pass his comprehensive examinations immediately upon entrance and thus have one large task off his mind.

Our second actual decision was whether or not Bob should spend the three years necessary to get his Ph.D. He talked to many technical men before making his decision, and some felt another degree was not necessary and that he would lose more than he would gain. Others felt that a higher degree in his field is almost essential to the highest kind of success. Some warned us gloomily that, while two fine jobs are now open to Bob, by the time we get out of school there will probably be a terrible depression and he won't be able to find any work at all! However, Bob's decision is that although he is now prepared for many interesting jobs, with his doctor's degree he will be equipped for anything in the field, including teaching and consulting engineering, either of which may possibly turn out to be what he eventually will want to do.

Bob now plans to enter Yale, M.I.T. or Cornell in September, 1946. His choice

**Two Years Can be Twenty**

"I'M twenty-four and feel like forty-four," sobbed Martha Anderson the day her husband came home. For two years she had done a singlehanded job of keeping four hundred noisy chickens from starvation, of persuading a temperamental furnace to stay in order, of juggling a slender budget into the black, and attending to the twenty-four-hour demands of three vigorous youngsters. The house was dusted, the children were neat; but Martha's once lovely hair was unkempt, her nails ragged. Can a man in the house mean the difference between tears and laughter? Meet Tom and Martha Anderson—

*How America Lives*

IN THE MAY JOURNAL

ill be determined by how much financial aid available, and on the housing situations in e towns in which these schools are located. o one knows better than we how hard it ill be to find a suitable place for two children d still stay within our limited budget.

It will be quite a drop from an income of out five thousand a year to a possible no-come-at-all, but we have a little pile of ar Bonds which we scrimped and saved to ay so that we would be prepared for some etty lean years. These will be available for nergencies, but our hope is that we will be le to finance ourselves as we go, and begin r post-school life with most of our bonds ill on their way to maturity.

We have several schemes in mind. The st year at least, Bob may teach, which ould insure a small but definite income. I ave done considerable study in the field of ursery-school education and have had ex-erience teaching in such a school, since I lt that this was one full-time job I could un-ertake without being separated from Griff. Both Bob and I feel strongly that my first uty is toward our children, and that if we annot go back to school without defaulting that duty we cer-ainly will not go at ll.) Even with a new aby, I think I could anage a small pri-ate half-day nursery chool for children of riff's age. Or, if it ould prove more ractical, I could take wo or more foster hildren on a twenty-our-hour basis. We ould try to lease an ld-fashioned house ith lots of extra pace, and rent rooms o other graduate stu-ents. Around a uni-ersity there are often obs one can do at ome, such as typing r tutoring, for which would be qualified. But much more im-ortant than any of hese temporary ex-edients is my writ-ng, which shows ome promise now of ringing financial re-urns, and on which I would much rather pend my time and ffort.

The one thing we ope *not* to do in order o complete these chool years is to work n the summers. Since long before we were ngaged, travel has been an obsession with oth of us, and the next few summers may af-ord us our last chance for a long while to ome. We hope that every single vacation, ong or short, will mean one more place to o and one more thrilling experience to re-nember!

For example, we will stick closely to usiness from September, 1946, until Christ-nas, but then the baby should be about ripe or a visit to grandma, and Griff, Bob is sure, will be able, at three, to share the fun of a ski rip in the Laurentians! Perhaps spring will ind us in Bermuda for a week, or Nassau. We have both had experience in leading groups, and in case of an empty bank account we plan to finance these short trips by taking along several junior-high-school-age boys and girls, and sharing the responsibility for their care and amusement.

By the summer of 1947 our favorite dream will come true! We have read that Europe will be ready to welcome visitors by then, and we are more than ready to be welcomed! July and August will find us biking along the English roads, sleeping on the deck of a freighter bound for the North Cape, and eating in French restaurants that Bob has described so glowingly during the long discouraging food shortages. We will probably have to take a group to pay for this trip, but hope by the next summer to be on a firm enough financial footing to go again with our children.

This brings us up to the autumn of 1948, and sometime during this last year of school we should like to have our third baby. Bob should finish in June, 1949, with his doctor's degree, and we plan to start our quest for a place to live. Bob hopes to arrange interviews in various parts of the country, and then in keeping these appointments we can weigh the advantages and disadvantages of each place. We both like being near the water, so it will probably be on the Atlantic or the Pacific, or possibly the Great Lakes. We should like either to live near a large city, or in a town with a first-rate college or university. An excellent library is a must, as are good school and hospital facilities. We love Utah, and California is irresistible—the pull to the West is very great. On the other hand, our families and ties are in the East, and we love New England. Where shall it be? We don't know. That is one of the always exciting things about the future. In this, as in everything, Bob's happiness in his work will be the important factor.

Now at last we are ready to settle down, and build our modern house on a hill! We don't care at all about living in an exclusive section. But we would like lots of trees and plenty of ground, and fences to keep children and dogs out of the paths of automobiles. We need space for big-family projects such as tennis courts or a swimming pool. In the house we want closets to hold all our scrapbooks and hobbies, shelves for many books and records, and space for group music and informal parties. The house is to be babyproof and childproof—and sometime, too, in the next five years or so, we want the rest of the babies! We'll need a dining room with a big table to accommodate welcome and unexpected guests, and to serve for family council meetings. We want privacy for every child and lots of doors connecting with outdoor terraces and gardens, and planned facilities for easy outdoor eating and entertaining.

Perhaps it is unseemly for these bright and hopeful plans to come out of the birthplace of the greatest destructive power ever known to mankind. But atomic power, of course, like any other great power, has enormous potentialities for good as well as evil.

In any case, we see no virtue for ourselves or our children in pondering whether or not the world is coming to an end in the next ten or one hundred years. We realize all too well how many things are woefully wrong with the world, but we have no patience with the prophets of doom. We believe that enormous happiness and great satisfaction await our children in the world, and we want them to be prepared to take advantage of it. We hope we shall be able to raise them to love God and their fellow men. We want them to try to do unto others as they would be done to. We hope they will be internationalists and interracialists and, if possible in their time, thinking, active pacifists. We want them to have definite ideas and to understand them so thoroughly that they can make other people believe in them too. We don't want these ideas to be ours—we want them to be *better* than ours! And we know that if we succeed in even a few of these we shall be happy and lucky parents.

## *Gift*

**By Alma Robison Higbee**

**She brought strawberries in a little square box,**
**All wrapped and tied with a scarlet string,**
**Ruby berries from among the rocks,**
**Tanged with the sweetness that May winds bring.**

**The box was lined with scallops of green,**
**To keep the berries dewy and cool,**
**Emerald frosted with velvet sheen,**
**That grew by the side of a woodland pool.**

**When she brought me berries she brought a dream,**
**Dream of a hill and a star-white spring,**
**She brought a path and a singing stream**
**All tied up with a scarlet string.**





IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Ah, Spring! When birds are a-twitter . . . when the sap begins to run again (*no offense, Junior*) . . . and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

Now's the time when harried mothers are more than ever grateful for Fels-Naptha Soap. With clean shirts in constant demand, it's a real relief to use this faster, gentler soap. . .

There's relief from endless hours in the laundry. Relief from ordinary washing wear on collars and cuffs. Not to mention relief from wear and tear on Mother's disposition.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Youth!
(*and from the ladies, in chorus*)
A-h-h-h, Fels-Naptha!




**Fels-Naptha Soap**

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

*This is a basic room which grows up with the child. Small changes from time to time keep the room attractive and usable for many years.*

# Room to Grow In

## BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

*Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

ONE of the most satisfactory ways to furnish a child's room is to plan features which can grow up along with the child. For the first five years the bed, closets, tables, chest and other furnishings are designed to serve his baby needs. Then, as he grows older, small changes and adjustments keep the room suited to his size and expanding interests. A fresh color scheme every few years keeps the room new-looking and in character with the child's maturing personality.

Mrs. Feeney is planning a progressive room of this kind for her son, Griffin, just as soon as the space is available, meantime using the basic idea in her tiny "closet" nursery. Here is the way a growing-up room is developed; and you can, of course, start planning for a child of any age:

Using simple construction and without altering the permanent wall, build in two closets as shown in the photograph. Thirty inches is a good depth, and the width is determined by your room size. But be sure to leave enough space between the closets for an adult-size bed, with headboard placed to the wall. Inside the closets, build sliding trays, deep shelves and drawers to hold everything a child or adolescent uses. Into the recess between the closets goes the bed, centering all the living requirements in that one end of the room.

A window seat is almost a necessity in a child's room. The space beneath the seat accommodates awkward toys when the child is young; roller skates, ball bats and mechanical devices when he is older. The seat does not have to be recessed, but can be made like a box couch or a sturdy bench with a padded top, and finished with a pleated flounce. Children like seats better than chairs and they save space. Be sure also to have several deep bookshelves and a low, wide adult chair.

A homemade, initialed toy chest like the one shown in the photograph at right—the initials are put on with brass-headed upholstery nails—becomes a sea chest when the boy is older, or a *(Continued on Page 197)*




*On this wall is a pin-up board which is kept at a convenient height by being raised as the child grows. The nested tables, planned for his increasing size, all are usable at any age. The toy box turns into a chest for sports gear or feminine trifles later on.*

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

# "I had a feeling I was being followed!"

"IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—in the town's biggest department store.

"I heard footsteps. Felt eyes on my back. A moment later, as I stepped up to the counter to buy my first beautiful new Cannon Percale Sheets since the war, came a tap on my shoulder!

"There stood a cute little wide-eyed gal with 'bride' written all over her. Seemed she was out to buy the first sheets of her life. Didn't know beans. Was just waiting for some one who looked hep to come along. (That was *me.*) Hoped I could give her some tips!

" 'You've asked the right person!' I grinned. 'Me—I'm the original Cannon Percale Sheet fan! Got 'em for *my* trousseau back before the war. Picked 'em because they were so soft and smooth and wonderful. Been congratulating myself ever since on the way they *wear!*'

"By that time, the salesgirl had my new Cannon Percales out. 'Blissful!' sighed the bride. 'I don't care if I *am* extravagant—'

" 'Surprise—you don't *have* to be!' I beamed. 'Cannon Percale Sheets give you percale's own luxury and lightness for prices that would bring a grin to a porcelain piggy bank. Honey child—here's where you live up to your trousseau dreams!' "





| IF THIS IS YOUR DREAM | CANNON PERCALE IS YOUR SHEET |
|---|---|
| **A sheet that's a beauty!** | So fine-woven—so smooth-textured. Touch one. Feel that blissful, slip-you-to-sleep softness! |
| **A sheet that's a wonder for wear!** | Just ask the gals who were lucky enough to own Cannon Percale Sheets during wartime. Under long and hard wear, Cannon Percale Sheets prove themselves real troupers! |
| **A sheet that makes housekeeping easier!** | Bedmaking and home laundering are less work with Cannon Percale Sheets—they're so light. Yet they're woven of fine, soft, long-staple cotton—with 25% more threads per inch than best-grade muslins. |
| **A sheet you can depend on!** | That Cannon label assures you you're getting your sheet-$$$ worth every time! Cannon Percale Sheets are wonderful anywhere, anytime, in any store you find them! |

*P.S. Another real Cannon value is Cannon Muslin Sheets—well-made, long-wearing!*

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Cannon Percale Sheets

**Cannon Blankets • Stockings • Towels ★ Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.**

*America Will Love*

# APRONS MATCHED TO DRESSES

**From coast to coast, pretty young housewives like Georgiana Feeney are doing their own work. Some dress the part. Others wear any old thing, and dread the doorbell. Mrs. Feeney always wears aprons, designs and makes them herself. The JOURNAL designs a collection to match morning, marketing and afternoon-at-home dresses. You can make both dress and apron matching in color and fabric; or do an apron in a style and color to go with a dress you have . . . some from your own scrap bag; others from toweling, or remnants of chintz, ticking, calico, gingham—many costing as little as $1.00.** ★ ★ ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**

Back and other views, and sizes of Hollywood dress patterns are on page 233. For other views and sizes of Journal apron patterns, turn to page 223.



PHOTO BY LESLIE GILL

*Mrs. Feeney loves simple classic dresses like this pink linen; wears aprons to protect them; is always ready to answer the door.*

*Navy-blue linen-weave rayon, coat-style home or shopping dress, easy to iron. Hollywood Pattern 1610, 25c.*





*Sturdy ticking apron for cleaning, cooking, polishing; glove and pot-lifter patterns included. 2262, 15c.*







*White cotton bib-apron trimmed with bands of ging-*

*Gay gingham apron, pretty over any simple dark dress; could also be made of water-*

*hambray basque dress; double-puff sleeves and full skirt, Tollywood Pattern 1815, 25c. Matching apron 2265, below.*



*Matching Guatemalan cotton dress, dirndl apron; for luncheon a home. Dress, Hollywood Pattern 1719, 25c; apron 2265, 15c*

*Kitchen-toweling apron, with appliquéd fruit or flowers cut from gay printed fabric. 2263, 15c.*

PHOTOS BY GENE FENN



*The chambrays—a mother-and-daughter fashion; child's dress, Hollywood Pattern 1805, 15c; child's apron 2266, 15c.*



**Buy Hollywood dress patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.**

**Journal apron patterns must be ordered by number from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. 15 cents for each of the apron patterns.**



© HOLLYWOOD

*White poplin coverall apron with red rickrack, over the checked gingham dress, brightens routine, launders like a sheet. 2267, 15c.*

*The gingham bow dress, cool and practica for housework. Hollywood Pattern 1577, 15c*




*Freshly cleansed and free of all make-up, Georgiana Feeney's masklike fairness is ready for color to waken her pretty face.*




*A warmly flesh-toned base is applied all over. One eye is given a melting look with bluish shadow and brown lashes.*




*Eyes seem to twinkle more as make-up progresses. Powder with a peachy-beige cast and rose lipstick increase sparkle.*




*Georgiana emerges as the ideal American girl. Make-up has brought out her best points, dramatized her personality.*

PHOTOS BY STUART

# WAKE UP WITH MAKE-UP

*By Louise Paine Benjamin*

**Beauty Editor of the Journal**

GEORGIANA FEENEY'S unusually fair coloring makes her an ideal subject for make-up. When she is freshly soaped and washed, guiltless even of face powder, she is so uniformly light of skin, hair and eyebrows that the effect is quite startling. Step by step, as shown in the pictures, we relieved this whiteness. A richer look was given to her skin. Her pretty blue eyes were framed with darker lashes and brows, and deepened with a soft blur of eye shadow. Her laughter-loving lips were tinted with rosy—not too dark—lipstick. No theatrical exaggerations, only a deft stepping up of her own natural assets. Skillful make-up has a triple purpose: to emphasize good points, minimize defects, and contribute a subtle enrichment of color. The object is to *build* up, not *cover* up; to dramatize personality, not cosmetics. Fortunately, any woman can learn to do a smoothly professional job on herself. She must be willing to experiment, to practice patiently and to be *completely honest*. The first step in a triumphant make-up is the ability to face oneself unshrinkingly in a good mirror and a strong light. Wishful thinking will work no transformation, but a cunning assortment of complexion aids and a steady hand, restrained by good judgment, will produce a masterpiece. Perfection comes through experiment and repetition. As in all creative work, evidence of genius is apt to lie in masterly understatement!

★ ★ ★ **HOW AMERICA LIVES** ★ ★ ★

## *Do Your Face-Making This Way*

✔ **First step:** A clinical consultation with your mirror, **without make-up.**

✔ **Before applying any preparation,** consider your eyebrows. Too heavy? Uneven? Too near together? Judicious streamlining and the removal of stragglers are desirable, but avoid a finely plucked look.

✔ **What color are you?** Light hair does not mean a blond skin. Be realistic about your coloring; nothing contributes more to the success of your final appearance than a make-up base which "does something" for skin tone as well as texture. This base may vary from a solid cream to a semiliquid powder, depending on whether your skin is dry or oily and whether you live in a dry or a moist climate.

✔ **If you are ripely colored,** try to match your skin.

✔ **If you are pale, mottled or sallow,** use a slightly warmer, darker base.

✔ **If you tend to get red-faced,** choose a beige foundation.

✔ **Your rouge** should be placed where your natural color appears when you are fresh, glowing and looking your best. Never hurry on this part of the job. Badly applied, excessive, rouge has done more than anything else to give make-up a bad name.

✔ **Eye shadow** is applied to upper lids, away from nose, except when eyes are unusually far apart. Best daytime colors are gray-blue or gray-violet, which give a misty look without being theatrical. At night, experiment with more positive colors. If eyes are deep-set or lids dark, apply only oil.

✔ **Complexion finish** can be powder, cake make-up or a combination of the two. The shade may be lighter than your base, but not lighter than your own skin. Go lightly about nose and mouth, where oil glands may affect color.

✔ **Next: eyebrow pencil and mascara.** Pencil should be applied in a series of light short strokes and brushed carefully afterward. Mascara on upper lashes only, and put on as delicately as if you were brushing butterfly wings!

✔ **Lips** should not be drastically reshaped, but they can be encouraged to look fuller or more symmetrical. Make a careful outline first, then fill in. Many make-up experts prefer to do this with a lip brush, which takes longer but is also more lasting. Lipstick color is an individual problem. In general, blood tones are more becoming than "high style" colors; crimson or rosy shades make the skin look clearer than the yellow reds; very dark shades should be used warily after forty!




EASTER AIR — across the park, along the avenue, exciting sparkle of "Bond Street"— some fragment, in its whispered spell, of every broad and glamourous thoroughfare where beauty walks. Yardley brings it to you in "Bond Street" Perfume, $13.50, $8.50 $4.50 and $2.50. Toilet Water, $2.50 and $1.50. Prices plus tax.



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ADV. OF N. W. AYER



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A THOUSAND TIMES A YEAR—"

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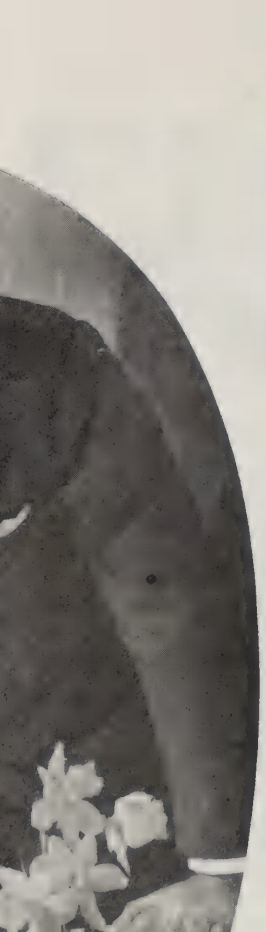
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*A Group of the World's Most Beautiful Sterling Patterns*






*Practice makes perfect! G-Ann and Bob are quite expert with chopsticks. Chinese dishes are specialties of the Feeney house.*

# CHOPSTICKS AND COOKBOOKS

## *By Louella G. Shouer*

HERE'S a girl after my own heart! She'll find a place in yours, too, particularly if you collect cookbooks; find food and cooking it fun; go in for the new and strange in foreign foods and get creative pleasure out of the little but wonderful things of home, like setting a party table, inventing a new dish or frosting a cake for a small son's birthday.

Nothing seems to be too much for G-Ann. She'll attempt anything. This "just go ahead and do it" habit she's learned from Bob. If you can imagine serving a party dinner to eight guests—deer steaks, at that, and without any previous acquaintance with this delicacy or the how of cooking it—*and* pulling it off at the end of a social day with a luncheon at noon and tea at four, you have some idea of her gay, take-it-as-it-comes approach to everything—not just dinner parties.

Then there was the time in Boulder City when a bedroom was their home. They had a party nevertheless. "We just pushed the beds in a corner." Here's the menu she served to eighteen guests:

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**Fruit Salad in Grapefruit Shells**

**Individual Sandwich Loaves**

***(Rounds of bread put together with the following three fillings: egg salad, tuna fish, pimiento cheese; frosted thereafter with seasoned cream cheese. She even took time to decorate them.)***

**Chocolate Éclairs**

**Coffee**

***Party philosophy.*** Many of Bob's bachelor friends drop in for Sunday breakfast or come home with Bob for dinner. G-Ann has ideas on being a hostess: "If you eat every day as if you were having company—and we do—a guest or two never floors you."

"We never have anything for guests we wouldn't be having for ourselves."

"We'd rather have people around, and a good time more often, than not to have them because it would be too much work."

In addition to her many cookbooks, G-Ann has a super loose-leaf scrapbook. She takes recipes where she finds them—on box tops, in advertisements, as well as from cookbooks and magazines. Nothing gets into this scrapbook unless she's tried it and she and Bob have pronounced it "super."

Collecting recipes by the hundreds is one thing, but trying them and making them your own is the real way to increase your repertoire. There'll never be a dull meal in the Feeney ménage, you can bet on it.

***Chinese Modern.*** G-Ann's favorite and most-used cookbook is one published by the United China Relief. The Feeneys look forward to a someday trip to China, read everything they can get hold of about the country and are collecting accessories—rice bowls, cups, China spoons and chopsticks to serve their party dinners.

Bob insists on using chopsticks whenever they have a Chinese meal. Both Feeneys handle them expertly, guests not so well, but it provides considerable fun and merriment.

Chinese cookery appeals to both of them. "It's such a palatable way of eating vegetables," explained G-Ann. "I'm ashamed to say I never liked vegetables much, but I feel I must eat them, as Bob says it's the civilized thing to do. The recipes in this book are just right for us, as they do not call for any of the hard-to-get Chinese foods. Of course, there are no carrots and peas in China, but these Americanized versions suit our way of life."

Here are the menu and recipes for their Chinese dinners—whether you use chopsticks or not.

**Chinese Pork With Vegetables**
**or Beef With Asparagus**
**Rice**
**Green Salad**
***(sometimes omitted)***
**Fresh Fruit Cup *or* Sherbet**
**Almond Cookies Tea**

**HANG-YEN-YOK-DING**
***(Pork with almonds and vegetables)***

**Blanch and chop ¼ cup shelled almonds. Cook in 1 tablespoon salad oil until crisp and golden brown. Drain and set aside. Shell 1 pound peas, or you could use 1 small package frozen peas. Prepare 2 cups raw carrots diced small. Cook together in boiling salted water about five minutes. They should be just tender, still have crispness. Cut 1 pound lean pork into ⅓-inch cubes or strips. In a large skillet sauté the pork with 2 cups sliced fresh or canned mushrooms in ¼ cup salad oil. Season with 2 teaspoons salt. Stir frequently and cook until golden brown. Now add 2 cups finely diced celery and 1½ cups chicken broth or strained canned chicken soup. Add the cooked carrots and peas. (Any vegetable liquid left over after vegetables are cooked could be substituted for part of the chicken broth.) Cover and cook over low heat about five minutes. Blend together 2 tablespoons cornstarch, ⅓ cup cold water and 1½ tablespoons soy sauce. Add to pork and vegetables. Stir until the juice thickens and mixture is heated through. Serve with fluffy cooked rice. Serves 4.**

**NA-SHUN-NGOW-YOK**
***(Beef and asparagus)***

**Cut enough cleaned fresh asparagus diagonally into ½-inch pieces to make 2 cupfuls. Cook in boiling salted water until almost tender—not more than five minutes. Drain. Frozen asparagus may be substituted for fresh. Cut 1 pound beef round steak into thin slivers about ⅛ inch thick. Brown the beef in ¼ cup salad oil, stirring frequently. Use a large skillet for this. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Now add ¾ cup beef bouillon—or you can use hot water and bouillon cubes, meat paste or powder. Stir in 2 tablespoons chopped onion and 1 clove garlic, finely minced. Cover pan and cook until meat is tender. During this time, sauté 2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms in 1 tablespoon salad oil. Add mushrooms and asparagus to beef. Blend 1 tablespoon cornstarch with ⅓ cup cold water and stir into beef. Stir constantly until juice thickens**

*(Continued on Page 196)*



***Collecting cookbooks—to date she has twenty-two—is just one of G-Ann's many enthusiasms. "I love to read them for sheer excitement," she says. "It's like reading a novel. We're both keen about foreign dishes, and cooking with herbs has been a very real adventure."***



***G-Ann simplifies entertaining. "Less work, more fun" is her motto. She serves the first course and dessert in the living room. If the dessert can be served in a sherbet glass, minus plates, it is. So far they haven't acquired a coffee table, but G-Ann curls up beside the tray and serves her guests from the floor.***





"Why don't you picket someone your own size?"

# Collective bargaining may come to this . . .

## *unless mothers give rennet-custards to the whole family*

It takes just one raid on the ice-box to tell the folks baby's getting all the best of it when Mom gives him rennet-custards! And they know their seniority rights . . . they want rennet-custards too, if they have to strike to get 'em!

And why not? Rennet-custards are *dee*-licious desserts—true; but they're all milk, too . . . milk glamorized and made even more readily digestible by the rennet enzyme in "Junket" Brand Rennet Powder and Tablets. They've got all the precious food values of milk itself. And they're easy as "Pooh!" to make, 'cause they need no eggs—no cooking.

Better give in, Mom . . . serve rennet-custards tonight and often to the whole family. A different color, different flavor, different topping every time!

## *Make* RENNET-CUSTARDS *with either:*

**"Junket Rennet" Powder**—already sweetened, in six popular flavors: Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Maple. At all grocers.

**"Junket" Rennet Tablets**—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste. *Also make delicious ice cream.* At grocers and druggists.







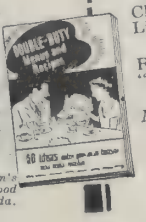
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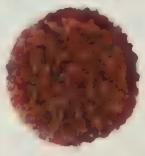
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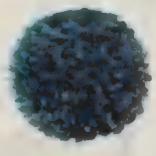


# Our downstairs is "looking up" with Mohawk *Foundation Colors*

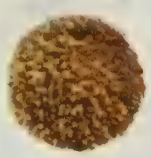
Our whole downstairs is blended into harmonious beauty . . . each room in itself and each with its neighbors . . . all coordinated by lovely new Mohawk Carpets. Mohawk's Foundation Colors are wonderful. Created by a famous color authority they have a "blending-in" quality which seems to make everything go together.



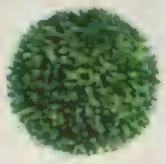
**1. For our living room** we chose this dusty rose carpet in Mohawk's new "lustre-carved" Wilton design called Raleigh . . . a delightful foundation indeed which has given refreshing accent to the gold and nutmeg overtones of our other appointments. Our salesman gave Mohawk's "Color Guide," a leaflet that makes selection easy.



**2. For our dining room** our choice was this soft blue in the same Raleigh pattern—a perfect foil for the grey walls and salmon rose draperies. Carpeted wall-to-wall it has given the room a new air of expansive luxury. It's a joy to know that our Mohawk's *Balanced Construction* means we can count on years of wear.



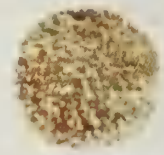
**3. The hallway** opens off the living room, and for it we chose a darker, harmonizing tone called rose cedar . . . and a heavier weave because the hall carpet gets so much more wear. I found that Mohawk makes every type of carpet—the only mill that does.

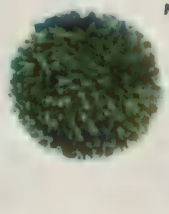


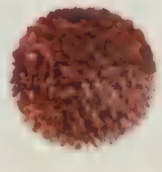
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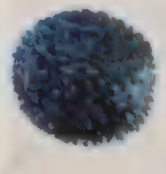
*Beauty that endures*

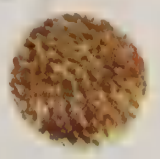
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# Their Home is Young and Gay

**KEEPING HOUSE UNDER DIFFICULTIES IS JUST AN EXCITING CHALLENGE TO G-ANN'S SUNNY ENTHUSIASM!**

PHOTOS BY STUART

*"Get it in writing" is the effective G-Ann method of pinning her pep and zest down to real accomplishment. Thus, "Georgie's skedge" for the day—Bob's and Griff's too—is chalked up each morning on the family bulletin board. "There's no escaping once it's up there looking at you, and I love to make the check mark that says 'done!'"*



*Off with the door, on with some shelves, and Bob's clever hammer and saw transform a shallow, rather useless closet into a bookcase with wide thin drawers for their beloved scrapbooks. "The Feeneys," says Georgie, "will always need more room for books and records than clothes, I guess." Bob has made record cabinets from orange crates.*



*Stenciling on cloth is one of Georgie's new discoveries. She's happily at work now decorating some old-new window draperies, with a head full of future plans for tea towels and place mats to be stenciled.*

By Judy Barry

"GREEN thumbs" is the happy phrase for describing the genius some folks have with growing things. But as far as I know, even the Greeks didn't have a word just right for expressing the way some women have with homes. Yet, nameless as it is, that art of making a little oasis of order, comfort and friendliness bloom around them wherever they go, no matter how short their stay or slim their budget, is a real talent, and Georgie Feeney is one of the lucky ones who have it in abundance. With it, she's made a dizzying succession of furnished rooms, bare apartments, hut houses and even a trailer feel like Home with a capital *H* to Bob, her husband, and their two-year-old, Griff.

Secret of her success is the fact that she's enthusiastic about every facet of life and living, especially her job as homemaker. The sparkly champagne quality of her enthusiasm for housekeeping makes everyone around her happy, too, makes even dun-colored, dirt-grimed walls seem rosy! Not that any walls which were going to be Georgie's would stay dun-colored for very long. She would have scrubbed and painted them to match her own gay spirits before the Feeneys had lived with them a week, and would have had a good time doing it too!

Her enthusiasm, however, bubbles up from a deep well of common sense, for she knows that while a "this will be fun" approach is half the battle in doing any job well, planning it intelligently, learning more about it constantly, are what make it keep on being fun.

Georgie's planning of both time and money is the "orchids on your budget" variety. There's nothing grim or constricting about it, yet it's wise and completely workable for them. Her work schedule is designed to dispatch all must-be-dones in the quickest, easiest manner possible, so there'll surely be room for all the want-to-do's. That, of course, is the kindly purpose of all plans and schedules and even budgets (a thing that it's awfully hard to make those who think they're just horrid words appreciate!).

***"Get it in writing"*** is one of Georgie's firm directives to herself, her way of getting everything done when it should be. "If I don't," she confesses, "I'm just like the girl in the cartoon—the one with springs shooting out from her head like curls after a permanent!"

You know the feeling? Her memos to herself are very detailed—on a blackboard for home, in copious notebooks for marketing or trips downtown, even tables of contents pasted inside the lids of various suitcases and boxes. Her shopping notes for trips to town are really "road maps," planned to save time, steps and gas by mapping her route out in her head before she stirs from her desk, so that, with any luck, steps never need be retraced.

"Of course, I love to wander through the stores just mooching, but I have to be stern with myself about it—I just can t afford the time. And there's one consolation—lists and such are wonderful for the morale, I think. It makes you feel so efficient when you've finally worked through to a whole page of check marks!"

***A firm believer in lighthearted housekeeping,*** Georgie's quick mind welcomes every new "how to do it better" idea she finds in *(Continued on Page 244)*



*Up they go! Believe it or not, the stenciled curtains were made of an aged sheet which had worn thin down the middle. Starched and tinted, they look fresh as spring. The fabric's beautifully drapable.*

## CHOPSTICKS AND COOKBOOKS

*(Continued from Page 193)*

**and mixture is well heated. Serve with fluffy boiled rice. Serves 4.**

### G-ANN'S ALMOND COOKIES

(This recipe is really Russian. It's called *Lepeshki*. It was given G-Ann by a friend. "I didn't have a recipe for Chinese almond cookies," she said, "so I use this and decorate the tops with blanched almonds. No one knows the difference.")

**Cream together 1 cup butter or margarine and ½ cup confectioner's sugar. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon almond flavoring and ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Work in 2 cups flour thoroughly. Chill. Roll in small balls, flatten them and decorate tops with whole or half blanched almonds. Bake on greased cooky sheets in moderately slow oven, 325° F., twenty minutes. Makes 4 dozen one-and-one-half-inch cookies.**

And here are two other favorite company menus:

**Spaghetti With Meat Sauce**
**Green-Salad Bowl**
**Italian Bread**
**Fruit Platter With Sherbet Balls**
**Demitasse**

**Tomato Juice**
**Casserole Feeney**
**Green Salad**
**Ice Cream Chocolate Mint Sauce**
*or*
**Baked Alaska**
*or*
**Strawberry Shortcake**

### *CASSEROLE FEENEY

If G-Ann expects a crowd, she makes up three casseroles—two for company, one to warm over next day or to give to a friend, if the mamma is on the sick list. A nice idea, don't you think? This casserole is a put-together you can easily reproduce. It's one of G-Ann's stand-bys for such affairs.

**Make up 1 pint good medium cream sauce. Cook and drain 1 six-ounce package noodles. Rinse with cold water. Have ready some diced cooked chicken or 1 seven-ounce can tuna fish drained of oil and flaked, 1 small onion, chopped, and 1 green pepper, chopped. In a greased casserole, put a layer of noodles, then a layer of chicken or tuna fish, raw chopped green pepper and onion and part of 1 can mushrooms drained. Have three or four layers, adding sauce as you go and seasoning with extra salt and pepper. Top with butter crumbs or paprika. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly hot. This may be prepared in advance and kept in refrigerator until time to bake.**

***Chocolate mint sauce.*** G-Ann makes her own chocolate sauce or buys it in a can. She serves it hot on ice cream with a little peppermint flavoring added for piquancy.

***Another dessert for company supper.*** Here's an idea which I consider quite a trick. Instead of making plain floating island (chilled boiled custard topped with sweetened meringue poached in milk), Georgina Feeney tops the custard with chocolate meringue.

### CHOCOLATE MERINGUE

**Beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add 5 tablespoons confectioner's sugar a spoonful at a time—beating after each addition. Melt 1 square unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Drizzle into meringue a few drops at a time or in a fine stream so as not to thin the meringue. Beat a turn or two as it is added. Add a pinch of salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Top the custard with spoonfuls of the chocolate fluff.**





WILSON'S B-V "MEAT MAGIC" for STEWS



by George Rector
Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

Brown meat, salt lightly, cover with water and cook until tender, adding vegetables for last 45 minutes. Thicken and add Wilson's B-V to taste—from 1 to 2 tsp. per lb. of meat. *Super taste*. . . . Wilson's B-V is a delicious blend of concentrated meat extract and selected vegetable flavors.




Makes it taste better



Home Made Lemon Pie that's My-T-Fine

For a special treat, delight your family with a luscious lemon pie made with My-T-Fine Lemon Pie Filling. So quick and easy . . . just follow the simple directions on the package. They'll love it!

5 delicious My-T-Fine desserts
Lemon Pie Filling
Chocolate
Butterscotch
Vanilla
Nut Chocolate



## ROOM TO GROW IN

(Continued from Page 186)

hideaway treasure chest if the room's occupant is a girl. Notice particularly the nest of tables, all of which are useful at any age. The low ones for letter cards, cutting out, reading or games for the small child; the higher ones for study or hobby work when he is older. There is a height for every age, and the remaining ones are usable and convenient as lamp or book tables in numerous places.

The pin-up board, to hold pictures for the young child, becomes a bulletin board for the school-ager, and a handy place for sports clippings, news items and sketches in the teens. Raise it to eye level, of course, when the child outgrows its height.

To help you adapt the room attractively to your child's age, here are some specific suggestions. The room as shown is suitable for either a girl or a boy until the child is five years of age, then the baby bed is changed to youth size. Later, replace the bed with a single or three-quarter size, or twin beds if there is room. Of course you may use a pink or blue scheme if you prefer it to our yellow and turquoise, but the scheme shown is more versatile than the pink or blue, when you are ready to make changes.

> **Do you wish people to speak well of you? Don't yourself.**
> —BLAISE PASCAL.

***For a boy 11 to 16.*** Upholstery and hangings: blue-and-white-striped ticking or red, green or gold cotton duck or sailcloth. Choose the color that goes best with your rug and painted walls. Use a solid-color candlewick spread to match your preferred scheme. Keep the backgrounds neutral in ivory or a light tint of your new color. Change the picture to a good print of horses, birds or dogs. Add an adjustable reading light.

***For a girl 11 to 16.*** Upholstery and hangings: pink, blue or green gingham, plain or checked, in a color harmonizing with the rug you already have. For a particularly feminine child or in a period house, use buttercup or rose-sprig muslin, with bedspread of the same material, quilted. Change picture to a romantic fairytale print or the child's own painting. Keep walls and woodwork a tint in harmony with chosen color.

***For a boy 16 to 21.*** Curtains, upholstery and slip covers of rough cotton in maroon, emerald, Canton blue or gay Scotch plaid. Paint walls and woodwork neutral beige or cream. Inside of closets may match the fabric color, such as the maroon or emerald. Both the rug and the bedspread will probably be changed at this time and should match or pleasantly contrast the new fabric color. Add a big lamp and a pull-up chair. This time the picture should be chosen by the boy himself.

***For a girl 16 to 21.*** These are the dream years when most girls want romantic decorations in their bedrooms. Most satisfactory are slip covers, curtains and spreads that will launder. For swish, use eyelet embroidery and organdy, threaded with soft-toned ribbons. For general good style use pastel chintz or flowered sateen with pleatings or ruffles finishing the edges. Add another chair and pottery or crystal lamps. The walls and woodwork can be the same color as the background of the chintz, or lighter. Pick up one of the flower colors for the closet lining. With the white eyelet embroidery use a pastel wall or flowered wallpaper. For a modern effect try coral, chartreuse, turquoise or deep lime in a plain fabric, against neutral or matching walls. Linen rugs in soft plain colors are ideal for all youths' bedrooms.


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THE SANDWICH SPREAD OF THE NATION
*Branded with the devil...but fit for the gods!*






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GOLDEN EGGS 'n' PEAS, CARNATION
*A meal-in-one "find"—for Lent!*

⅓ cup butter
⅓ cup flour
1 tall can Carnation Milk mixed with
¾ cup water
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Dash white pepper
6 hard-cooked eggs, in wedges
1 cup cooked peas

For the cream sauce—also perfect with any fish, poultry, meat, or vegetable—heat butter in double boiler, add flour, blend thoroughly and add milk mixture gradually, stirring constantly; add seasoning and cook over hot water 5 minutes or till well thickened. Add eggs and peas and heat over hot water for 5 more minutes. Serve on toast and tomato rounds. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6 to 8.

WHEREVER *MILK* OR *CREAM* IS CALLED FOR, USE CARNATION
THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK.

*"From Contented Cows"*

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FOR MUSIC with a velvet blend: the new "Contented Hour," Monday evenings. For daytime drama—"Lone Journey," Mon. through Fri. See newspapers for NBC stations.

FOR BABY ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, fortified with vitamin D—universally approved for babies and children.

To give your house that "lived-in-look", try decorating it with four small children.

# WHY MOTHER'S AGE IS SHOWING

By Hilda Cole Espy

**Author's Note—Two years ago the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL published a piece of mine about my children, entitled Three's a Crowd in Seventeen Months. Since then Mona and Freddy, the twins, and Joanna, the next in line, have been joined by a fourth little girl, Cassin. They are all under five. Though the years of their babyhood have been wartime years when help was scarce, we've had some wonderful times together. Managing a houseful of tots, however, must be put down as an extremely rugged occupation. To prepare rookie mammas for The Works and to amuse the vets (I hope), I have written down one aspect of my experience, showing how sometimes all your troubles can indeed be little ones. Please don't forget that I dote on my children most of the time. But not always.**

**—H. C. E.**

LITTLE children from two to four years of age speak the English language. They may say "alligator" instead of "elevator," as Freddy does, or describe a tall horse as a "high horse," which is Joey's phrase, but you know what they mean. Still, the fact that they speak the same language and are our closest relatives does not always mean that they share the same world. There are many wonderful, sweet moments when the two worlds merge, when mother and child look out a window and watch the first snow of winter drifting down and are lifted by the same ineffable excitement, or when a drowsy, warm little child snuggles against an equally drowsy and peaceful parent. There are other, perplexing moments, when mother and child are not on the same beam in any sense of the word. At these times, the little one's actions seem beyond understanding.

There is, for instance, a tot's way of seldom using any toy or household furniture in the way it was intended to be used. A little girl will tuck a wet dishrag into her pretty new doll bed, and mop up the kitchen sink with Raggedy Ann. There is the little one's absolute inability to grasp when a grownup is weary or ill or simply beginning to go a little mad from confusion. And then there is the child's interpretation of orders or advice.

Our old friend, Doctor Dorothy, whom the children adore as a third grandmother, sometimes visits us on week ends and always brings the children wonderful presents. Mona, Freddy and Joey have been wont to race down the flagstones to meet her, screeching, "What did you brought me?"

A short time ago, I decided that this crude welcome should be revised. So I called my brood on the mat.

"Now, Mona and Freddy," I addressed the twins, the eldest, now four-going-on-five. "When Doctor Dorothy comes this afternoon you are *not* to ask her whether she brought you a present. You are to hug her, tell her hello, and that you're glad to see her," I expatiated. And then I did my cross-examination. "Now, Freddy, what are you going to say when you see Doctor Dorothy?"

"Hello," said Freddy. "How are you?"

I CONGRATULATED her. "That's fine. And Mona, what are you going to say?"

"Thank you."

I was surprised. "Thank you for *what?*"

"Thank you for my present," said Mona composedly.

The other day Freddy got into some candy. I dropped to one knee and took her by the shoulders and looked her earnestly in the eye.

"Now, honey," I said, "any time you want candy, you must ask me first. Understand?"

Freddy nodded and looked like Miss Goody Gumdrops in person. I arose to go about my business.

"Mommy," Freddy said, "may I have a piece of candy?"

"No, dear," I replied. "Not just now. You must wait until after supper."

I was startled, a few moments later, to come across Freddy happily munching candy.

"Freddy Espy!" I protested. "I told you ——"

"You said to *ask* you," Freddy replied reasonably, "and I did."

There is an enormous breach between adults and children on the subject of tidiness. It makes most adults weary to look at a room which is upside-down. I was shocked to the verge of idiocy the other day when I ran across an article by a woman in the interior-decorating field. How to achieve "that lived-in-look" was the burden of her message. That this could be considered an achievement caused me to grip the arms of my chair for support and ease myself carefully into it.

"Child's play, my dear," I muttered. It comes natural to my gifted poltergeists. Daughter Mona, when "cutting out," can make a rug look as if it had spent the night in Times Square during a frenzied welcome for Douglas MacArthur. Add Freddy's books and water colors to Mona's snippings, then Joey's blocks, toys and assorted rusty spoons, and finally Cassie's pants and shoes, which she loves to take off, and her graham-cracker crumbs, and you needn't worry about that lived-in look. This trend in interior decorating, if it is one, was certainly tailor-made for the Espy family.

PHOTO BY RICE



*Mona, Joanna, Freddy; Baby Cassie in front.*

Nothing I ever read or heard prepared me for the untidiness of tots. Decorators love to do nurseries for children. But what characterizes a real nursery is not so much the cuddly Teddy bear on the ruffled pillow as a dizzy assortment of litter that would frighten a junkman. I picked up one item just now to illustrate what I mean. It is a mason jar—filled with sand, a chair from a doll's house, a wet rag, a red bead and a broken bubble pipe. I don't know what sort of composition that might be. Remind me to ask Salvador Dali.

And the grownups who make children's toys are as unrealistic as the decorators. I can never yearn over an adorable blond doll, dressed in ruffled organdy, without visualizing her ruined and horrible like The Picture of Dorian Gray. When Mona, Freddy and Joey get their hands on a new doll, all wearing apparel is immediately stripped off. The organdy apron is wrung out in mud and water and used to wash the doll's face. When the last snow melts in the spring we shall find dolly's shoes and her pretty picture hat.

I found that I was incapable of foreseeing, try as I might, a goodly percentage of the destructive jobs wrought by Mona, Freddy and Joey. What was the drive, I wonder, behind the three, the day they took all the sheets and bath towels and pillowcases and made a soggy mountain of them in the bathtub by turning the shower on? I didn't grasp it. I just screamed like an eagle. Nor would it have occurred to me that it would be fun to make a paste of face powder and expensive perfume and spread this mixture over a candlewick bedspread. I guess I'm just not groovy that way.

IF I'm feeling reasonably rested and well, many of these indoor sports seem funny to me, even at the time. And even if they don't seem funny, I can keep my shirt on. But there is a time in every busy mother's life—and that time is apt to be about 5:30 P.M.—when the confusion wrought by a bevy of tots is almost intolerable. At this point, if you hope to keep your shirt on, it is wise to put a lock on your zipper.

Let's choose a couple of moments at random. This is about what goes on: In the living room my husband, Wede, is giving his rather pathetic imitation of a man reading the evening paper. Baby Cassin hops across the rug and cleverly opens the door which gives on a short flight of stairs. Wede jumps up from his easy chair, saves Cassin from a header, shuts the door firmly, and turns the page of his paper. Through the dining room and kitchen Mona, Freddy and Joey are playing choo-choo train, which means that they hitch on to each other's bathrobes and shuffle around screaming "Choo-choo! Choo-choo!" "*Waaaaaaaaah!*" (Joey slips and falls down.) Ooops! Wait for the caboose. In the lower bathroom my lieutenant, Dotty, desperately grabs a couple of moments to comb her hair. The little girls rush into the bathroom, and notice a box of shoe-shine equipment in the corner. All three flop down on the shoe box like hungry buzzards, fighting over the cans, the brushes and the flannel rags. "Not now!" Dotty says wearily. "Run and play like good little girls. I said *not now!*" The three leave the shoe-shine equipment strewn over the bathroom floor for weary Dotty to put to rights, and burst into the living room. Wede tells them to shut the door before Cassin gets out. "I said *shut the door!*" he shouts. "And Joey—put down that poker!" At this juncture, the telephone rings, the dog barks and, from the living room, Joey is making that high screech she turns on when things are not going her way. I pick up the telephone, but seem to be speaking straight from the Tower of Babel. I put my hand over the receiver. "Children, will you *please* be quiet just for a minute? *Please?*" I return to the telephone and catch just enough of what's said to understand. I hang up. Now there is solid screaming from the living room. "*Stop it!*" I shout, beside myself. "Couldn't you be good girls just for a little while?"

As I wail, my amazement that they should be so pitilessly noisy is equally matched by their amazement. They stare at me, their ears perked like elves' ears. Their eyes are interested, but honestly *(Continued on Page 200)*

# Whee! Made of "FLUFF" again!

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**It is made of "FLUFF"* again —and there just isn't *anything* that can *compare* with downy "FLUFF" for making a soft, white bathroom tissue.**

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# Time to eat, I hope!

That's the kind of feeding-time welcome that mothers who serve Gerber's Baby Foods come to expect! First of all, the choice vegetables and fruits that go into Gerber's are carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked by steam . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. The same tender care produces uniform, "just-right" texture; and of course, Gerber's Baby Foods taste *extra* good. Laboratory-checked all along the line. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label!

***Two Special Baby Cereals—***

suitable as starting cereals and all through babyhood. Both Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve. Both cereals rich in added iron and B complex vitamins, needed by most babies. Serve each cereal turnabout to give baby variety.





ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

You may have heard the saying, "we are what we eat." How true that is of our babies! For the quality and purity of the food we give our babies has much to do with the kind of men and women they will become.

Mrs Dan Gerber

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*Remember, it is wise to check baby's feeding program with your doctor.*

*Free sample* .....

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My baby is now ..... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

*Name* .....

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*(Continued from Page 198)*

uncomprehending. They don't know what it feels like to have a backache, to be tired and nervous and cross. They know not what they do. So again, and again, and again it is confirmed that children aren't naughty, usually; what they do is simply inconvenient to adults.

There is a means of charming little children to go your way, by borrowing a page from the Pied Piper's book. Sometimes I am too tired to think and I just holler. Other times I am smart enough to doctor up a bad situation. It works so well when I use my head that I often wonder why I ever have any trouble at all. Here are two examples of bad situations which were given the Pied Piper treatment:

I was alone with my babies one evening recently. Dotty had gone home for the week end. Wede was in New York. I had such a dreadful headache and sick stomach that I was obliged to lie on the couch and watch over the children with a croaky voice as my only asset. They were wildly scattered over the house and I knew that unless I managed to keep them in the same room with me washbowls would overflow, magazines would be torn up and bureau drawers would be looted. With dancing eyes they dashed into and out of the living room, aware of the convenience of mamma's feeble state but showing me no mercy, since that is a quality seldom found in children under five. Finally I pulled myself together and hailed the members of Migraine Makers Local 802. "Say, let's *pretend* mommy is sick, shall we?" They paused. *Pretending*—that was different. I talked fast. "Mona, you be the doctor, and Freddy can be the nurse, and Joey can be daddy." There were happy murmurs of assent. Joey pretended to telephone the doctor. Freddy grabbed my wrist and peered into my face with comic, important anxiety. Mona strode into the room with a small block and wedged it between my teeth in lieu of a thermometer. I lay in a comparatively happy coma, being prodded and exclaimed over. All I had to do was to give an exaggerated groan once in a while, or cry, and the game continued until bedtime.

**If both sides make you laugh, you are broad-minded.**

—The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest. (Harper).

Example two: For years getting the little girls upstairs to bed at night was a feat. I *talked* them to bed in a voice which would have done well at boot camp if I hadn't been in bootee camp at the time. "Put that book away now and go upstairs. I said put the book away. I mean now!" Any mother could join me in the routine. Well, one evening when I was feeling more competent, and happened to be near the piano, I hit upon the idea of playing and singing Good Night Ladies as a bedtime cue. I told Mona and Freddy and Joey, "Now listen! Whenever you hear this song, just stop whatever you are doing and march upstairs." In a few moments I sang Good Night Ladies. As if hypnotized, wearing tentative, dreamy smiles, the little girls drifted upstairs. I had bewitched them.

Well, it takes steady nerves and the wits of a Spitfire pilot to be the mother of preschool children. A month ago, Freddy and Mona started to go to kindergarten. Joey is three now and Cassie will walk any minute. Before long there won't be any babies in the house. You'd think I'd be delighted, wouldn't you?

The other night, as Wede and I started downhill to the movies, leaving Dotty at home with the babies, what do you suppose was the first thing I said, now that it was peaceful enough so that he could hear me? I'll give you a direct quote.

"It might be fun," I said, "to adopt a couple of boys to keep things quieter."

I guess I'm a little crazy. The strain, no doubt, poor thing.


CHILDREN NEED VACATION HANDKNITS

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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

*Earache need no longer mean disaster for u child. New methods of treatment with penicillin or sulphonamides effect rapid recovery.*

# Don't Risk Precious Hearing!

**BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN**
*President, Chicago Board of Health*

WHEN your child wakes up at night complaining of earache, you are likely to become confused and frightened. Should you apply heat or cold? Use ear drops? Other medicine? Call the doctor right away? As you thus wonder what to do; your fears may be mounting: Will the baby's hearing be damaged? Will he get a mastoid infection? Will his life be in danger?

Next time this happens at your house, remember this fact: Most earaches are caused by simple infections which are dangerous or harmful to hearing *only if proper treatment is long delayed*. With this knowledge to reassure you, do these things first:

1. Apply heat externally, using a hot-water bottle or electric heating pad.
2. Give aspirin—half a tablet to a child under six, a whole one to an older child.
3. Keep the child lying down, covered and quiet.

In most cases, these emergency measures will relieve the discomfort enough so that the child will rest. If severe pain persists, or if the earache is accompanied by high fever, the doctor should be called at once. Under any circumstances he should be consulted in the morning unless the symptoms have disappeared entirely. If he advises ear drops, take care that you don't get them too hot. Test them by putting a few drops on the inside of your wrist; if the drops are hot enough to sting, they are too hot for the child's sensitive ear. Do not use ear drops unless the doctor advises them.

By examining the ear with an instrument, the trained doctor can quickly tell whether the infection is inside or outside the eardrum—a delicate membrane whose vibrations transmit sound waves from the outer ear canal to the intricate mechanisms of the middle and inner ear. In most cases of earache the infection is in the middle ear, just behind the drum. This area opens directly into the back of the throat by means of a passageway known as the Eustachian tube; thus ordinary colds and other infections of the nose and throat often spread into the middle ear. Measles and scarlet fever, for example, may result in severe ear infections because of this easy entry from the nose-throat region.

This is the reason, too, that children should be taught to blow their noses as seldom as possible—and never with the nostrils held shut. The force of a strong blow may drive germs into the Eustachian tube and so to the ear. (In the same way, the child who jumps feet first into water over his head without holding his nose may force infection into the sinuses and ears.)

The swelling and inflammation that accompany an ear infection quickly cause pain

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor's Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.




"Oh, Mom—
S'pose your face froze!"



**BABY:** Why, Mom! Don't you like being me—and wearing my pretty bonnet?

**MOM:** Frankly, no! I'm learning fast—that in a baby's life, clothes are just one more thing to bother his skin and make him uncomfortable!

**BABY:** Carry that ■ step farther, Mom. Doesn't it suggest something *you* could do for *me?* Like maybe a little attention with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

**MOM:** Angel, I've been a delinquent mama! Gracious—a baby's poor little skin certainly *does* need something to protect it. What do I do?

**BABY:** Now you're talking! First, smooth me all over with Johnson's pure, gentle Baby Oil, after my bath. Use some more when you change me—to help prevent what Doctor calls "urine irritation"!

**MOM:** As good as done. Then what?

**BABY:** You know how chafes and prickles bother me when I get warm and perspiry? Chase 'em—with cool, soft sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder . . . Well, Mom—that's the story!



**MOM:** Let's hurry the happy ending! Off to the store for Johnson's!




**Johnson's Baby Oil**
**Johnson's Baby Powder**

Johnson & Johnson



in this highly sensitive organ, especially if there is a delay in giving one of the sulfonamide drugs or penicillin. Sometimes swelling is so severe that resulting pressure causes the eardrum to bulge outward. In many such cases the doctor decides that the drum must be punctured to relieve pressure. This procedure is quickly and easily performed and brings prompt relief from pain. It prevents possible harmful rupture of the eardrum, and it also prevents the swelling infection from burrowing into the mastoid bone behind the ear. The incision heals swiftly, and no lasting damage is done.

Before the advent of the sulfonamide drugs and penicillin, only a few years ago, doctors punctured the eardrum in many cases of middle-ear infection. Now that these drugs are available, however, such infections are usually brought under control before swelling has progressed to a point which makes puncture necessary—unless there is delay in calling the doctor. Very recently, doctors have treated the worst kind of ear infection—that which sometimes occurs as a result of scarlet fever and is called "acute suppurative otitis media"—with penicillin. In one group of cases treated by this modern method, the infection disappeared within five days after treatment started.

**The Chinese pronoun "I" is represented by two crossed swords.**

—H. G. WERNER: And We are Whole Again (Abingdon-Cokesbury).

When infection forces its way into the mastoid, dangerously close to the brain, decisive action is called for. Often the surgeon has to make an incision into the bone from the outside to drain off infected matter and scrape away infected bone. This is the dreaded mastoid operation. It used to be common for 40 to 50 per cent of patients with acute suppurative infection to have mastoid operations, but only 2 per cent of the group treated with penicillin had to be operated on! So here is one fear that is practically groundless today: You don't need to worry about mastoid, provided you keep the child with earache quiet (this helps prevent spread of infection) and call the doctor if symptoms do not subside quickly. These measures also protect the child's hearing. It is the long-continued or repeated ear infections that may in time interfere with functioning of the sound-conducting apparatus and cause some loss of hearing.

Sometimes earache is caused by hardened earwax that is lodged against the eardrum and exerts pressure. Gentle washing with lukewarm water applied by syringe usually suffices to soften and dislodge wax. However, this technique is exacting; too much pressure with the syringe may be harmful, so you should learn how this is done from the doctor before trying it yourself. Also, let the doctor handle any case of foreign bodies in the ear.

Your part in this problem is prevention; teach the child to keep things out of his ears, including his fingers, which often carry infection into the outer ear canal and sometimes, painfully, to the eardrum itself. Above all, don't try to remove earwax with a toothpick, hairpin or orange stick; anything inserted into the ear may cause injury or bring infection. Wash wax away with water instead; soap will not harm the ear if it is thoroughly rinsed out, but neglected, dried soap may form a film over the eardrum and dull the child's hearing.

Sometimes children's ears are injured in falling or bumping accidents, and every such case should be investigated thoroughly by a skilled doctor. Blows on the ear may easily rupture an eardrum; it is your responsibility to see that your child is properly protected with a helmet for rough sports like football and boxing. Your child's hearing is too precious to be risked through neglect!

Keep in mind the few things needed to prevent injuries to the ear. Remember infections are potentially dangerous and have them promptly treated by the physician.




*I think confidently of her*

**in the years ahead**

Her world will be wider, her dreams will know no bounds . . .

Physically, she will be better endowed, too, with these assets I promise to help her build . . . **sound teeth**

**a well-shaped head ★ a fine, full chest**

**a strong back ★ straight legs**

**TO HELP YOUR BABY DEVELOP BEAUTIFULLY** from birth, give Vitamin D every day. It will help transform important minerals of her food into a sound framework of lovely proportions. Depend on Squibb Cod Liver Oil to supply your baby with structural Vitamin D all the time she is growing. Give Squibb's *daily!*




**A recent medical report shows that 9 out of 10 children have one or more decayed teeth by the time they are six years old. Dentists repeatedly stress the importance of baby's first teeth. Do *your* best to help build sound teeth by giving Squibb Cod Liver Oil daily.**

**SQUIBB *cod liver oil***

*a name you can trust*



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THEY SHOULDN'T STOP... *Wearing*

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

DR. POSNER'S SCIENTIFIC SHOES

GIVE YOUR CHILD CORRECT BODY BALANCE

# The Sunshine Bakeshop

BY JAN WEYL

WHEN Nan and I were twelve we decided to go into business. We had been putting out a daily newspaper called The Sunshine News, but this time we wanted to try something different. We considered a racing sheet, a detective agency and a circus. But we finally hit upon what we thought was the best idea of all—a bakeshop. The Sunshine Bakeshop. (The sun seemed to intrigue us. Each issue of The Sunshine News had featured a picture of the sun in some form or other, and a large sunset drawn by my brother Tom, aged six, adorned the top of our bakeshop menu. We asked Tom to paint a sunset on our delivery cart, but he rebelled. My father wouldn't paste a sunset on his windshield either when he used the car for deliveries.)



Our parents weren't too enthusiastic about the bakeshop, but we couldn't be dissuaded. We wanted to learn to cook, and thought that as long as we were cooking we might as well do it for profit. Profit played a large part in our lives.

Dad's library became the bakeshop office because it had an outside door. We rarely used the outside door, but just having it made us feel worldly and independent.

The first thing we did was make out a resplendent menu list from a book of recipes donated by Nan's mother. The menu list boasted, in addition to the sunset on the top, a selection of more than fifty kinds of cookies, cakes and rolls. We used colored stars and arrows to point out the four or five things we actually knew how to cook. (This worked very well because our customers were inclined to be wary anyway. They usually ordered molasses cookies and brownies.) We got caught only once, when one woman ordered filled cookies. Mother was too busy to help us make them, so we sent the woman a batch of brownies at our wholesale price with a note of apology. She was quite baffled because she couldn't even remember ordering the cookies. I think we had several courtesy customers.

But we were also a godsend to some of the neighbors, particularly a woman with three little children and a fourth on the way. She ordered a daily batch of molasses cookies and rolls, and gave us encouragement to go on in our darkest hours. We had some dark hours, because our families weren't enjoying the bakeshop much. Mother couldn't get near the oven to bake anything herself, so she was obliged to buy from the bakeshop or go without. Often she went without anyway, because if we were terribly rushed we didn't bother to fill her order.

We slaved over the bakeshop. Nan got up every morning at six to make three or four batches of molasses cookies—all in the same bowl at the same time. This was quite a physical workout, and often she would have to lie down while they baked. In the meantime I would be toiling over such intricate delicacies as cinnamon and butterscotch rolls, or more probably brownies.

The Sunshine Bakeshop was a successful and happy enterprise during the first four days of its existence. But then my father balked. Mainly he objected to our delivery system, in which he, unwittingly, had become a key factor. Tom took care of neighborhood deliveries, but since our business was a far-flung affair with customers all over town, we had turned to dad for help. Every night when he arrived home from the office our front hall was full of baked goods for him to deliver. He was doing so much delivering that dinner was ready by the time he finished, and he was missing his before-dinner highball. Dad without his before-dinner highball is not dad, so with a few well-chosen words he gave up delivering. (We never quite forgave him for this, because we missed a lot of customers who were faithful to molasses cookies and brownies.)

Dad also said he was getting tired of cold cuts and salads for dinner. He would like, please, a nice big roast with *hot* potatoes and vegetables. But as mother explained, "Dear, I can't possibly do it. The girls have the oven going all day. When they finish there isn't time to cook much of anything for you." I won't bother to record dad's answer, but dinners at our house picked up considerably.

Nan's father brought up another problem. We were paying for the materials we used, but who was paying for the gas? This was a big matter, since we had two ovens burning every day for the better part of the day. Nan and I thought the matter over carefully and offered to pay each of our fathers ten cents a week.

They very generously said that in view of our offer they would be glad to contribute the gas.

With these difficulties surmounted, the Sunshine Bakeshop went on serenely for another week and a half. We spent three fourths of the day baking and the rest of the time delivering and taking orders. Nan experimented with a jelly roll and this became a popular selection. I remained restricted to the brownie-and-butterscotch-roll field, since I couldn't bake so well as Nan. I was more interested in the business side of the proposition anyway—to wit, the taking in of the coin. Unfortunately, this was not an active part of our business. We undercharged grossly, often making not more than five





# Her father's a Doctor—



**Golden-haired Joan M.*** is the daughter of a doctor. So her development is being watched with expert eyes! You can see what a happy-looking, healthy little girl she is.

**Joan M. at 18 months**

Weighs 28 lbs. Is 33¼ inches tall. *(At birth she weighed 8 lbs. 2 oz., was 22 inches tall.)*

# Her cereal is CLAPP'S

**Why so many doctors feed their babies Clapp's Baby Cereals**

—because, in addition to fine whole grains, these special cereals provide extra food elements such as dry skim milk, wheat germ, and brewers' yeast.

—because every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives a baby—



**3 times as much iron** as unfortified home-cooked cereals.



**2½ times as much vitamin $B_1$** as most of the unfortified home-cooked cereals.

—because every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal provides:

*Vitamin $B_1$*—0.3 mg.
*Vitamin G*—0.1 mg.
*Iron*—6 mg.
*Calcium*—96 mg.

—because the texture of Clapp's Baby Cereals is fine but definite.

—and because preparation is so simple.




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No cooking needed. You just add milk or formula right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Name on file at CLAPP'S BABY FOOD DIVISION, American Home Foods, Inc.

# Ask your Doctor!




Only with GLASS! You SEE the size, style and color; how much liquid, how many servings.

# It Tells All—the Duraglas Jar!

**SONNY:** *I* know why you get our vegetables in glass jars, Mother.

**MOTHER:** All right, professor, tell me—*why?*

**SONNY:** Because then you can always see exactly what you're getting—even before you buy it.

**MOTHER:** Sounds to me as if *you'd* been listening when I talked to Aunt Helen. What did I say about it being thrifty?

**SONNY:** No waste or mistakes.

**MOTHER:** Almost perfect. And just add to the list how they save work, too. I put unused servings in the refrigerator right in the jar. That saves using extra dishes.

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides the same ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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cents per order of molasses cookies. Our total profit at the end of two weeks of heavy baking was $6.35.

The Sunshine Bakeshop was probably doomed to an early eclipse anyway, but the end came sooner than it might have. My grandmother had a serious operation quite suddenly one day, and mother, who couldn't find my father, sat through the ordeal alone. By the time she got home in the afternoon, not knowing whether grandma would live or not, she was in no mood for anything, much less the Sunshine Bakeshop.

**Matrimony is like good mustard: men praise it with tears in their eyes.**
—DR. J. A. HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses. (University Pub. Co.)

She came in the back door of the house and found me in the kitchen hurriedly slopping butter over dough for butterscotch rolls. Little rivulets of water were running about the floor. (I was wearing a wet bathing suit which I hadn't bothered to wring out.) The oven door was standing wide open with a good 450° fire blazing.

Mother closed the oven door, mopped up the floor, and told me to take off my bathing suit. I took her literally, which left me completely nude. I didn't dare leave the butterscotch rolls, so I put on an apron. That didn't work very well, so I put on two aprons, one facing each way. Then I asked mother to run out to the front driveway and tell the customers who were waiting there for the butterscotch rolls that it would be another half-hour wait. They were the Burtons, two of the town's most eminent citizens.

By the time mother got out to the Burtons, they were but remnants of their former selves. It was a scorching-hot day and there wasn't an ounce of shade on the driveway. Mr. Burton mopped his brow with a wet handkerchief and asked what the chances were of getting the —— butterscotch rolls in the near future. Mother broke the news gently and invited them in, but they were too hot and went home instead.

That night I went to bed without dinner (my family had butterscotch rolls) following a lecture on etiquette (one does not leave potential guests sitting in driveways, especially on blistering-hot days). The Sunshine Bakeshop came to a sudden end. And the next day Nan and I started publishing a horse-racing form with our own predictions. The Sunshine Racing Form.

## JOHNNY WITH THE SPINDLY LEGS

*(Continued from Page 26)*

blind back and forth, and crooning, "The first one, the first one ——"

"Johnny, what do you want for *lunch*, dear?" But he didn't hear her. "Fix him something nice."

Mrs. Millikan kissed Johnny hastily, and then all of them were gone, Vic to the bus and Mrs. Millikan and Lola in the car to the station.

Almie came to clear the table. "Young man," she said to Johnny, "whut you mean leavin' your good cereal settin' here in dis bowl?"

Johnny turned around, serious eyes on her. "Do *you* know who was the first one?" he asked doubtfully.

"The fust one a *what*, boy?"

"The first President. Truman is now, but who was the *first* one?"

"The fust one," Almie said, proud of her knowledge, "was a white gennelman name of Washin'ton—Geo'ge Washin'ton. Why you wants to know?"

"Cassie bet me I didn't know. And I said I did. But I *didn't*. I said I knew but I wouldn't *tell* him." He cocked his head and examined her face to see if she would condemn this falsehood.

Almie looked down at his spindly legs. "Honey," she said stanchly, "you tell dat Cassie it's Geo'ge Washin'ton. An' he needn't think *he* so smart, cause *you* knows it jes as well as *him*. An' now you set down an' eat your cereal."

He regarded her large body and wide face with growing approval. "Sit with me?"

Almie looked into the round, defenseless eyes. "Seein' as how I got nothin' else to do," she said, with a crinkly smile Mrs. Millikan had never seen and never would, "an' seein' as how I is in sech good company, I don' min' settin' down with you, young man."

Johnny slipped into his chair, and Almie eased her bulk into Mrs. Millikan's. She took a slice of toast and covered it thickly with butter and jam for Johnny. Then she poured some coffee from the silver pot into an empty glass for herself.

Johnny sat chewing his toast and watching her with steady eyes as she supped the coffee. "You gonna stay here?" he asked, after a while.

"Why you want to know?" Almie parried.

"The other ones all went away," Johnny offered. It was not news to Almie. There were uniforms of all sizes in the maid's-room closet. "Everybody goes away," Johnny added philosophically.

"Whut you mean, evvybody?" Almie asked, puzzled.

"My father went away before I was born," the little boy recited, "and Lola and Vic go away every day, and Maggie got old and went away to live with her sister in the country."

"Who was Maggie, boy?"

"She was my nurse. She was very old and my father left her some money and she waited till I was grown up and then she went away. Everybody goes away."

"Not your ma," Almie said. "*She* don' go 'way."

"She reads to me sometimes at night," Johnny said. "But mostly she don't come home. And I must be a big boy and look at my picture books and go to bed when the maid tells me," he concluded, as if by rote.

Almie supped at her coffee angrily. *Fine way to raise up a child. No wonder he so skinny. Takes a little lovin' to put flesh on a child's bones.* She fixed him another piece of toast.

"She can't he'p it if she got to work," she told him. "She ruther stay with *you*. She jes love her Johnny." The boy looked at her with the big question in his eyes. His look was too candid. You could not lie to that look. But Almie managed it. She answered the unspoken question. "Yo' ma'd jes about die ef anything ever happen to her Johnny."

His face brightened momentarily, but the light faded almost at once, and he looked out the window wistfully. "Maggie said she'd invite me to visit her in the country, but she didn't. She's too old." He studied Almie's face. "Do *you* think she's too old?"

"I reckon so, honey," Almie sighed. She felt pretty old herself at that moment.

When Johnny had finished his breakfast, Almie cleared the table. She filled one side of the double sink with soapy water and put the dishes in to soak, meanwhile watching out the window to see if Sam would be coming home from the station. More likely, she knew, he wouldn't turn up for an hour or more, and then with liquor on his breath. When Johnny went into his room Almie slipped into hers, took her valise out of the closet and laid it open on top of the double bed. She had unpacked it only yesterday, but now she took her dresses, one at a time, and folded them neatly back in again.

After that she took the socks and underwear out of the hamper and did a big batch of them, the whites in the washing machine and the colored ones by hand. When they were hung in orderly rows on the drier she returned to the kitchen and finished washing the dishes, while Johnny stood at the sink watching her silently. Once she accidentally nudged him with her elbow when she placed a dish in the rack, and he said, sidling backward: "Do you want me to go away?"

*(Continued on Page 206)*




*A glass of milk*—yours for d-e-e-lightful refreshment. It invites . . . it pleases . . . it satisfies! No wonder milk is America's favorite in refreshment! . . . Remember, too, no other drink does so much for you. Into a glass o' milk, nature pours natural vitamins, proteins and minerals—the good things of life to help you look and feel good. No wonder authorities say *"Drink at least two glasses a day."* . . . So enjoy milk around the clock —frosty-cold or soothing warm—delighting and inviting, morning, noon or night.

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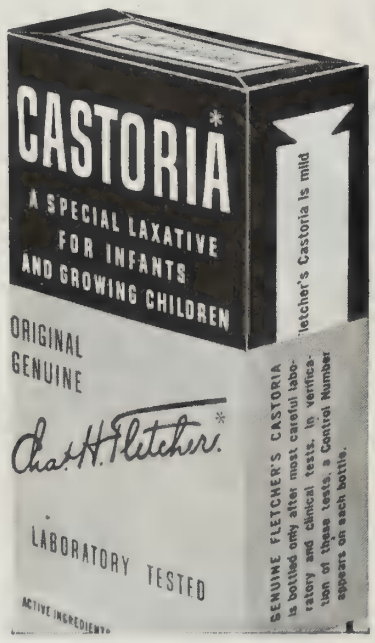
Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It's so gentle and safe, yet it works thoroughly and effectively. It won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

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***Get Fletcher's Castoria*** *at your drug-store today. Look for the green band and laboratory control number on the package.*

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.




Chas. H. Fletcher

# CASTORIA

***The original and genuine***


*(Continued from Page 204)*

"No suh!" she answered emphatically. "You stay right here with Almie. Keep Almie comp'ny."

He was satisfied. "The other ones mostly want me to go away," he said. "They're too busy."

It was eleven o'clock before Sam returned with the car. By that time Almie had run the vacuum and dusted in the downstairs rooms, and was ready for the kitchen floor. Almie had her own system. Sam came reeling in just as she was bending to get out the scrub pail, and he slapped her joyfully on her broad bottom.

She straightened up and took him by the collar. "You ol' skunk!" she spat at him. "You mud-rootin' hog! You an' me is finished, big boy! You listen here to me." But then, catching sight of Johnny standing round-eyed in the kitchen door behind Sam, she let go her hold on his collar and pushed him down into a chair near the kitchen table. "Dis man o' mine," Almie said, with a big chortle, "all he need is some black coffee—black an' bittuh." And she slapped Sam on the shoulder with a big, playful whup of her hand, to show Johnny it was all in fun, and yet hard enough so Sam would certainly know she meant it.

While Sam, chastened, was drinking his coffee, Almie washed up half of the kitchen floor, and then she spread clean paper over it and put Sam on that side to polish the metal ash trays while she washed the other half. Then she went into their room and came out with her rusty black hat and coat.

"You ain't leavin' here by yourself with no ma'ketin' list," she said to Sam, her eyes narrow. "You ain't stayin' out the whole shinin' day an' leavin' all your work fo' Almie Peal, even ——" She was about to say, "even though it's my last day." But she stopped, because Johnny was right there. She didn't want to be the one to tell Johnny she was leaving. Let him find it out some other way. "Me and dis young man here," she said, winking broadly at Johnny, "is goin' along jes' for the ride."

Johnny laughed out loud and ran for hi jacket. Something about this new cook mad him feel good. He felt good later, too, sittin in the front seat between Almie and Sam although he didn't like the medicine smell o Sam's breath. But he could lean towar Almie, and when he did she seemed to like it putting her strong arm around him and pull ing him to rest against her big, soft breast

After the marketing, they came home an Almie fixed creamy scrambled eggs and won derful little pancakes for dessert. Johnn ate more and more of the little pancakes, an Almie went on making them for him, chuck ling, "Almie could fix them bony legs, *sh* could."

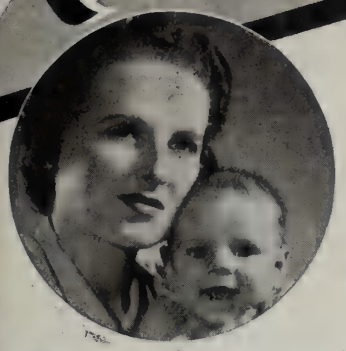
When lunch was over, she sent Sam ou into the yard to beat the small rugs, an while she was cleaning upstairs she watche him through the window, calling out to hin from time to time so he'd know she had he eye on him. After the rugs, she put him t mowing the lawn. Midway in the afternoo Almie finished the bedrooms. Then she foun Lola's red dress and pressed it. *This house go ing to be neat as apple pie*, she said to hersel as she pushed the iron. Almie Peal was wonder, Mrs. Johnstone said. Almie Peal wa one in a million, Mrs. Link said. They wer both right, too, Almie proudly and silently affirmed. But she was no sucker, neither And taking a couple's job with that man San was sucker's work—not for Almie Peal! Th valise was ready under the bed.

When evening came, Sam, bathed and in fresh white jacket, his mouth well washe out with clove water, was setting the tabl for dinner. Almie, in a voluminous flowere apron, stood at the stove, and the kitche was full of tantalizing smells.

Johnny, at her side while she stirred th soup, had his head down, butted into he massive hip, and he was pushing. A lou growling sound came from his throat. H was a bulldozer, the bulldozer they had see this morning, leveling a hilly lot next to th market, and he growled as he butted hi head against Almie's hip. Once in a whil she would push him aside as she might pus



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a puppy, so that she could reach toward another pot, but he would come right back, growling and pushing.

Almie scarcely noticed him. She was tired, true enough, but not because of anything Johnny did. She was tired after the all-day struggle of watching that man Sam. She had to keep her eye on him every minute, holding him to the job, a little push when he got lazy, a little joke when he got sullen. It was too much for a woman to do all that and her own job too. Not that Sam meant any harm. He was just too handsome, maybe—too cute—too knowing when it comes to putting his arms around, too quick with a kiss. But that didn't make up for all the work and the fretting. Not any more. She would be glad to get away alone again. Maybe go back to Mrs. Johnstone. She could go back to any place she'd ever worked, and welcome.

"I had pancakes for lunch," Johnny said when Mrs. Millikan came in and kissed him absently on the forehead. Lola had made a beeline for her room to see if the red dress was pressed.

Vic came out of his room, yawning and stretching. He had been locked in there half the afternoon, racing like mad through his assignments so that he would be free in the evening for a fraternity smoker.

"I had pancakes for lunch, just for me," Johnny repeated contentedly, following Mrs. Millikan into Lola's room. "Will you read to me tonight, mother? Will you?"

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Millikan assured him wearily. "Of course I'll read to you."

Johnny went for his book. He brought it to the dinner table and sat on it so it would be there and ready. It was a new book, with tantalizing pictures that made the big printed words underneath seem mysterious and wonderful. He ate everything that was put in front of him quickly, so dinner would be over and they could get to the book. The dinner tasted so good too. It reminded him of the pancakes. The pancakes were just for him.

**Next to the faculty of discernment, diamonds and pearls are the rarest things in the world.**
—JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

Lola got to the table a little later than the others, having taken time to shower and change into her red crepe. She looked flushed and excited. But in the middle of dinner a phone call came, and her date was canceled. She came stamping back from the telephone, thumped into her chair and dropped a spoon in the soup. A wet, greasy mark appeared on the front of the red crepe.

"What do I care!" she whispered furiously. "I hate this dumb dress, anyway." Then she burst into tears.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Vic said, disgusted. "Why doesn't she take that actress temperament outside and drown it?"

Lola got up again and ran into her room, and Mrs. Millikan went after her. Soon Mrs. Millikan came back to the table alone, and sat down.

"You hurt her feelings very much, Vic," she said reproachfully. "You know how sensitive she is."

"She'll survive," Vic said. "Great Scott, what's one stand-up more or less? Take her to the movies and she'll forget all about it."

Mrs. Millikan picked at her dinner morosely. It had been a difficult day at the office—so many decisions to make, and she was so uncertain about all of them. The biggest one she had put off until tomorrow, and it itched at her now with a nagging insistence. And to top it off there was this trouble with Lola. What on earth could she *do* about Lola? The girl was in a constant turmoil of emotion. Maybe it *would* be a good idea to take her out to a movie. Besides, Mrs. Millikan sighed, she needed a little relaxation herself. Somewhat relieved by the thought of a few hours' surcease in the dark of the movie house, she finished her dinner with appetite.

When she wiped her mouth and put her napkin down, Almie was already stacking

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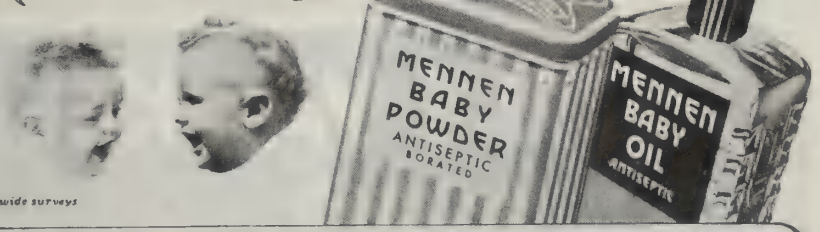
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the dishes onto the silver tray. Mrs. Millikan thought fleetingly of making some favorable comment on the dinner, but didn't. You mustn't spoil them.

"Almie," she said instead, "I'm going to take Miss Lola out to a movie. Will you please see that Johnny gets to bed soon?"

Almie stopped what she was doing and smoothed her hair back from her face with a proud gesture. "I was aimin' to speak to you ——" she began, undecided in her mind whether or not to offer to stay on until eleven o'clock with Johnny so Mrs. Millikan could still go to her movie.

But they were interrupted by Johnny. Johnny had got up from his chair, and with his book clutched to his chest he advanced upon his mother. "You said you would read to me," he said fiercely, and the tears began to run down his face. "You said you would read to me!" he shouted. He took the book and hit his mother twice with it, once on the shoulder and once a glancing blow on the face. He screamed, "You said you would read to me." And then he ran off into a corner and threw himself down on the floor behind a chair, crying and banging the floor with his fists.

Mrs. Millikan's face went white. "Dear heaven," she whispered. "Where did he get that nasty temper?"

"Oh, leave the kid alone," Vic said easily. "He'll survive."

Mrs. Millikan cleared her throat nervously. "Johnny, I want you to come here and apologize to your mother."

Johnny sobbed and banged the floor again and again and again. Almie could see his skinny, spindly legs sticking out from behind the chair, and she watched them, fascinated.

"Come here, Johnny," Mrs. Millikan repeated, but without conviction. She didn't expect him to listen to her. Somehow she could never seem to reach him. She tried a different tack. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Johnny?" she said. "Aren't you ashamed to act like a baby when your mommy works so hard? And your sister Lola is having so much trouble? Why don't you stop acting silly and get up like a big boy?" Her voice took on a wheedling tone. "You know I read to you lots of other times, and tonight when I'm so tired and I want to sit quietly in a movie, you should be ashamed to make so much trouble. Try to think how *mommy* feels, Johnny!" She got up and went over to him. "Now I want you to get up and say good night to me like a good boy."

JOHNNY felt her near him and he dug his face into the carpet. "Get away from me," he said in a muffled voice. "Get away!" And he kicked out viciously at her with his foot.

Mrs. Millikan swallowed painfully and turned to Almie. "Will you get him into bed?" she entreated helplessly.

Almie wrenched her eyes away from Johnny's legs and started for the door with her tray. "Yes, ma'am," she said briefly. She backed through the swinging door, put the tray down on the table and fumbled in her pocket for a handkerchief. Finding none, she wiped her nose with her apron.

Sam was sitting with his feet up on the kitchen table, chewing a toothpick. He got up now and came over to Almie. "Why, sugar," he crooned at her. "Is them *tears* i yo' pretty eyes?"

She pushed him aside and went into the room. The handkerchief she sought was i her purse, all right—but she saw in a flas that something else was missing. Almie throat closed up. Curse him. Curse hin Everything was so bad, so rotten. She cam back into the kitchen, breathing shakily, an took savage hold of the back of Sam's nec as she might have grabbed a hated cat.

"YOU took my money!" she said throug her teeth. "You slime! You scum! Yo took it again!" She was out of breath nov because Sam was struggling against her. An she was trembling. A deep inner sickness wa making her stomach feel weak as wate while only her hands had the brittle strengt to clutch Sam's neck and continue to shak him. "I'll smash your head," she hissed.

"What did he *do?*" Johnny asked, pullin at her skirt.

Her hands fell away from Sam's neck an stricken, she looked down into Johnny tear-stained face. Sh thought, *That chi been through too mu this one day. And no he see me acting like she-wolf. Little suffe ing baby.* It was minute before sh could use her voic Then she said husk ily, "He a rascal. B Sam's a rasca Johnny boy. But I punish him goo then he be's all right She turned her bac on Sam, and takin Johnny by the han she led him back in the dining room. Th others had left.

They found h book, cleared a spa on the table and dre two chairs togethe Then, with the boo propped against th sugar bowl, Almie b gan haltingly to rea Johnny wiped his no occasionally on th back of his fist. H eyes were dry no and bright with inte est. He leaned again Almie, and from tim to time he sniffed, b softly, in order not disturb the readin

Almie read on a on until the very e of the book. Then s gave Johnny a ba and got him into b Just before she tucked the blanket under, s took Johnny by the neck and gave him playful shake. "Dis what I do to *bad* boys she said, with a make-believe scowl. Th she tickled his thin ribs, and when he giggl and squirmed down on the bed she took a vantage of the moment to whisk the blank firmly around him and under the mattre Then she tousled his hair softly, put out t light, and left him. Johnny's eyes follow her out of sight, and then he continu to watch the empty doorway until he cou control his eyelids no longer and he slept.

Almie passed silently through the kitch where Sam, with drooping shoulders and hangdog look, was washing the dishes. S continued on into her room and stood fo moment by her bed, rubbing one forea vaguely with the other hand. Then s opened her valise and unpacked it aga meanwhile muttering, "Almie Peal, you o big fool! You one sucker!"

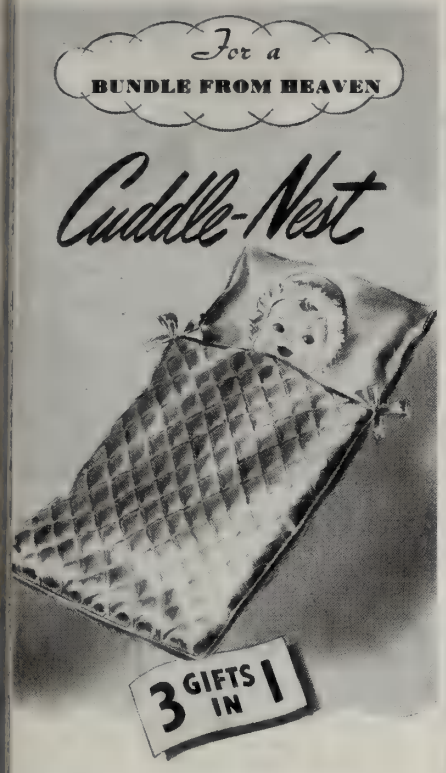
The next morning there were pancakes f breakfast. Johnny crowed with delight. M Millikan loved pancakes, too, but she kn better than to say so. *It just shows you,* s thought, with satisfaction, *you've got to ma them toe the mark. It's the only language th understand.*

## *First Rain*

**BY JANET WEINBERGER**

**This is the first rain these young buds have known:**
***Let us claw through the earth, still seeds;***
***There is a drumming overhead.***
**Long fingers pelt the shoots;**
**The weeds are flattened down.**
***I wish the rain would stoop and touch me in this bed!***
**The new buds strain on tiptoe toward the sky;**
***Our seeds are bursting now,***
***The light cracks through.***
**A whole world here to cleanse and beautify:**
***I nudge the earth and tremble with the dew!***

**The rain swims down in silence,**
**Its hunger mouths the way;**
**The darkening earth lies tremulous and bare.**
**In quiet motion thirsty tendrils sway:**
***We shift the soil and prick the living air***
***And will dissolve, rise into the rain,***
***Startle the sun, when there is sun again!***




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## LEARNING TO LIVE

*(Continued from Page 25)*

fifteen years. The students represent almost every vocation, and range from doctors of philosophy to people who did not finish grammar school. They are not reading the books for credit, but for education.

Adult education is necessarily part-time education, except for the unemployed. Only 8 per cent, or 625,000, of the men in the armed forces expected to continue full-time education, when the Army Service Forces made a recent survey. Closer to 20 per cent hoped to go to school part time, but the ASF reports that this demand is heavily vocational. If the veterans can get jobs, they won't want either full-time or vocational schooling. But, whether or not they get the jobs, the problem of leisure in large quantities will confront them, as it will the entire adult population. Liberal education should be offered to every grown American, regardless of his ability to pay or his previous schooling.

With the spare time that is about to descend on us, we might well, as a nation, hasten to imitate the Scandinavian residential system of adul' education. Some of the greatest books that every American ought to read are, unfortunately, long, and an uninterrupted period of concentration is required to read them well. The Scandinavian system, running for four or five winter months when the northern farmer has little to do, was originated in Denmark by Bishop Grundtvig a century ago to enable grown men and women from the farms to renew the education which ended for most of them with the eighth grade. There are a few summer residential programs in our country, but the work deals primarily with vocational interests or current events.

**Music takes up the thread that language drops.** —SIDNEY LANIER.

The problem of transplanting the Danish system into an urban, industrial nation is a hard one. It is not insoluble if we can be made to understand that a worker who has something more than his work to look forward to may be more productive in nine or ten months than he now is in eleven and a half. With technology forcing longer vacations on us, as the weather forces them on the Scandinavian farmers, our adults should be able to go to school for two, or even three, months a year, taking their families with them.

At last we know that we do not know enough. We are no longer smug. And we know we have got to begin to learn in a hurry. Liberal education enables a man to know himself and his world and what to do with both of them. It is education for freedom and the education that a free man has to have. As it was the only education that made intelligible the age of the slingshot, so it is the only education that will make intelligible the age of the atom.

## "THE WORLD IS OURS"

*(Continued from Page 182)*

puts Griff to bed when he gets home from work. On Saturdays, Georgie markets for the week, when Bob can drive her to the store and load up on staples. The Feeneys tried eating in Oak Ridge restaurants, and think the food varies from mediocre to awful. Georgie quotes the old Tennessee saying, "Nothin' is pizen if cooked in enough grease," as an ominous description of what to expect.

For a girl who couldn't even bake a potato, she herself has turned out to be a superb cook and efficient manager. As a friend of Bob's once said, "When Georgie meets up with a new situation, she not only takes the bull by the horns, but tosses it over her left shoulder for luck."


"MUMMY DEAR YOU'RE A SWEETHEART"



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*Photograph courtesy G. Fox, Hartford, Conn.*



*The illustration shows Whitney Crib (6808) with matching chifforobe (6907) and chest (6906). Finished in blond.*




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*(Author: Designs for Living)*

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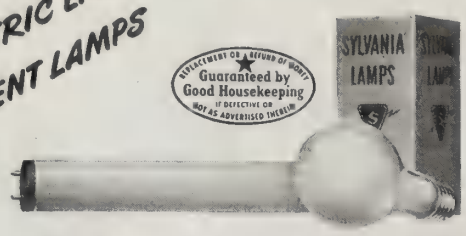
give him a special, low floor lamp equipped with a diffusing bowl to eliminate glare. If you can't find such a lamp, cut down a discarded floor lamp to about four feet.






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# SYLVANIA ELECTRIC

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In budgeting their money, the Feeneys' one fixed rule has been to buy two $100 War Bonds every month, out of Bob's salary. For a wedding present, Bob's father gave them $1000, but Bob is fiercely independent, and wants to finance his own three years of postgraduate work at Yale. He would like to teach part time while he's working for his doctor's degree in engineering, after leaving Oak Ridge this summer. Eventually, he hopes to become a consultant engineer for some big industrial firm. Right now he grins tolerantly as Georgie hatches fearful and wonderful plans for making extra money while he's in school. "She wants us to board widowers' children and chaperon rich students on conducted tours of Europe," he explains. On the mild side, Georgie wants to take some education courses at Yale and open a nursery school there. The Feeneys are thinking seriously of buying one of the recently vacated prefabricated houses in Oak Ridge, now for sale at $800, and carting it along with them when they leave Tennessee, so they'll be sure of having a place to live. Georgie's father, being in the lumber business, would furnish a truck for this venture.

When you sit in on one of these Feeney planning sessions, you feel a gust of their enthusiasm as certainly as if it were a spring breeze rustling the curtains. And Georgie tells you radiantly, "We'll never bother making a lot of money, because we've got so much *living* to do."

## OH, MY ACHING STOMACH

*(Continued from Page 175)*

so-called high teas, remain events that support as rational the hope that, if only British interest can be aroused, other meals could be improved.

The conservatism of the British housewife manifests itself in many small preferences for old ways. It is not cost but habit that denies her apple corers, string-bean slicers, stove salt-and-pepper sets. She does not apparently share her American opposite number's fondness for gadgets and kitchen aids. Even in so trifling a matter as matched measuring spoons for quarter, half, full and double amounts, the British housewife before the war tended to pass up this inexpensive and routine convenience and in imitation of her mom and grandmom used her thumb to measure salt or sugar.

To the extent that "novelty" entered the British kitchen during the war, it seems to have been a novelty in cold rather than hot foods. Sandwich making was a grievous challenge under rationing. We encountered cold mashed-potato sandwiches (chopped parsley and a little salt added) and also a cold soybean-flour spread in which thyme, sage, marjoram, salt, pepper and water played a part. Kippers (always fairly abundant) and various other forms of smoked fish were constantly employed as sandwich fillers. All this presented to the mind a picture of excessively "dry" luncheons badly in need of liquids to wash them down.

Potatoes were Britain's best-advertised and most government-expertized dietary item, literally the cornerstone of their whole survival program. Admired, recommended, ballyhooed, advertised as perhaps no vegetable in history, the potato became the great substitute for ordinary flour, the one dependable source of vitamin C in the British wartime diet. Potatoes yielded twice the calories per acre as wheat, and were therefore of the highest patriotic priority. "Fill up on potatoes rather than bread" was a prime government slogan. They could be utilized to stretch out almost anything—cookies, cakes, soups, casseroles, meat-meager stews, puddings, biscuits and what-have-you. The Ministry of Food bore down heavily on

**A plan which cannot be altered is a bad plan from its inception.**

—Latin Proverb.




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ater respect for the potato. The domestic-
ence tutors delighted in inventorying the
wnright versatility of the spud. It was the
arhead of their great proposed reforms
British cooking. Potatoes could be used
lieu of cooking fats. As a substitute for
rtening, potatoes made up into a sort of
cuit that was pronounced delicious by the
thorities, provided such biscuits were con-
ned piping hot directly from the oven
fore they could cool off. (Cold, they de-
loped the firmness of set cement.) Even
hocolate pudding" made with ten table-
onfuls of raw shredded potato was in-
vated by the government's experimental
chens. This concoction called for one
lespoon of flour, two of cocoa, two of any
d of jam, a pint of water-added powdered
lk, a sprinkling of nutmeg and two hours
the oven.

Tens of thousands of pounds of tax money
re spent to advertise the potato in Britain
build up its social standing, to enumerate
manifold virtues and variations. But
itish cooking habits were not easily
anged. The potato, we can testify, con-
ues habitually neglected, abused or taken
granted. There are still only two stand-
d British methods of handling it. The
tato is either boiled to disintegration and
ered as "veg" with
e meat, if any, of
e meal; or, alter-
tively, it is sliced
d saturated in a
k-making synthetic
ease to form the
overbial "chips" to
company fish.

In the West End
staurant famous
ough to be known
name to millions of
nericans we encoun-
red potatoes peeled
ce round their cir-
mference and then
mmersed, un-
rubbed, in water to
il. The boiling, the
washed jackets, the
en ridges all com-
ned to permeate
out one third of
ch potato with good
ack British earth
nattractive dirt to
mericans) so that
oilage was consid-
able. The British explanation of this and
milar kitchen-spoiled servings was always,
Oh, they're short of staff, you know."
ranted. But Britain was also short of
od, and even an amateur statistician
uld add up dirt-seeped potatoes in
ousands of British restaurants twice a
ay into considerable tons of sheerly un-
cessary garbage.

WHERE the potato was intelligently pre-
ared, or where an element of novelty was
oted, it was invariably a case of either
anagement or chef being non-British. So
was with potatoes tinted green to join the
ustere postwar hors-d'oeuvres tray. That
as in a Greek establishment in Soho.
*'omme lyonnaise* and *pomme boulangere*
ere encountered two or three times in Lon-
on restaurants under French and Belgian
uspices.

Nor did we discover much visible evidence
hat the ministry had succeeded any better
n making the British public salad-conscious.
British salad is not, on the whole, one of
he great experiences of a reasonably dis-
riminating palate. British tomatoes are
tunted for lack of sunshine to make them
rge and fat. The lettuce is apt to be frayed
nd beaten. Radishes, cucumbers and other
arden products help a lot if anybody is im-
ginative enough to include them. A decent
alad dressing would help still more. The
rim fact is that the missing ingredient in
British salads (and American often enough!)
s artistry.

Actually tomatoes have become, as the
esult of the long-continued war shortages,
prime delicacy in Britain. They are apt to
be presented as a main course rather than as part of a salad. Broiled tomatoes take the place of eggs at breakfast or—happily—of Brussels sprouts at luncheon. Women have apparently queued up more avidly for tomatoes than for any other vegetable. A friend told us of watching such a tomato queue, blocks long, during the era of the doodle-bug bombs (V-1). On this particular afternoon they could all hear very distinctly a succession of German aerial valentines passing overhead. Finally one motor cut out quite close. That meant that the bomb would fall in a matter of seconds somewhere in the district. All eyes were turned skyward, all nerves tensed for the explosion. But—this was my friend's point—nobody left the tomato queue. When the bomb exploded a couple of streets away some women were knocked down by the blast, but picked themselves up and moved steadily forward for their tomatoes.

THE shell egg, as such, is undoubtedly Britain's most consistently short edible. One a month is a matter of luck. Hence everybody is extremely egg-minded, and a gift from a country friend of two or three extra—and unbelievable—shell eggs will really dissolve British calm. Once possessed of the precious eggs, they proceed to boil them, of course.

Meanwhile British nostalgia for roast beef and a decent helping of it is overwhelming.

The British sigh for oranges, lemons, limes, strawberries. Although not ordinarily drinkers of cow's milk, they are sufficiently calcium-starved to envy the babies who get the full supply. A crushing yen for sweets that are really sweet (they get three quarters of a pound of candy each month) and for the right to an occasional second serving of almost anything (except potatoes) is everywhere apparent. And the need for fats is obvious. One tablespoon of butter a week, two of lard, four of margarine do not go far. A week's rations when laid out upon a table is a forebodingly picayune array of nothing in particular.

Baking powder, which is used sparingly in the United States, strikes the observant American visitor as much too prominent in British recipes. For example, in a cottage-pudding recipe, to eight ounces of flour four teaspoons of baking powder were specified. This is to "make more" by excessive rising and to substitute for other missing items. Cornstarches, rices, tapiocas cannot be had, of course.

Gastronomic horrors are, of course, not unknown in the U.S.A., and soda mints sell well among us. Nor are there lacking true devotees of fine cooking in Britain. One British couple of our acquaintance amused and tortured themselves during the grim days of 1943 and 1944 by reading aloud recipes from an American cookbook, said recipes being composed entirely of ingredients quite unavailable in Britain. Nor is it probably fair to discount the campaigns of the Ministry of Food to commend to the attention of their incorrigible constituents the—to untraveled Britons perhaps unbelievable—"delicate flavor of well-cooked vegetables." In the fullness of time the ministry's labors may pay off. But just now in our gaunt dedication to truth we are obliged to report our findings. With every admiration for the British character and with a low-bowing salaam to the British war record, we still find the British race, in the aggregate, ravenously hungry but spiritually dead to cooking.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Choice*

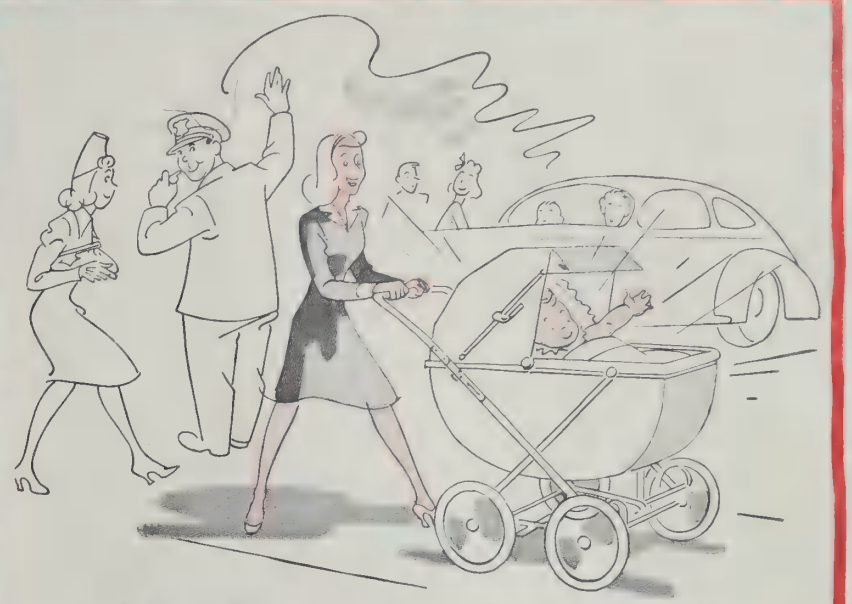
**BY LENORE WARREN**

**Let others take the high road,**
**The low road or the far—**
**But I will take the side road**
**Where apple blossoms are.**

**Let others take the long road,**
**The short road or the straight,**
**But I will take the winding road**
**Where honeysuckles wait.**

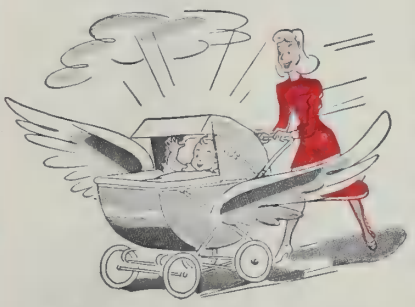
**Let others take the smooth road**
**Or the rough road as they will,**
**But I will take the lonely road**
**Where you tend daffodil.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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**See these new beauties** at your favorite dealer. And write us for your "PRIMER FOR PARENTS". It's helpful, amusing and free. Thayer Company, Dept. LH-61, Gardner, Massachusetts.

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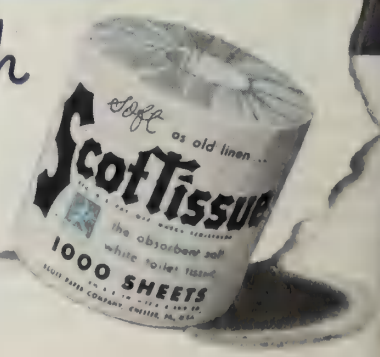
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# Young America Gives Books

**UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS, OUR CHILDREN CAN HELP TO ANSWER THE NEEDS OF YOUNG EUROPE**




*American children, well stocked with educational materials in comparison with Europe's youngsters, send Treasure Chests of books overseas in an attempt to share their advantages.*

MARTIN



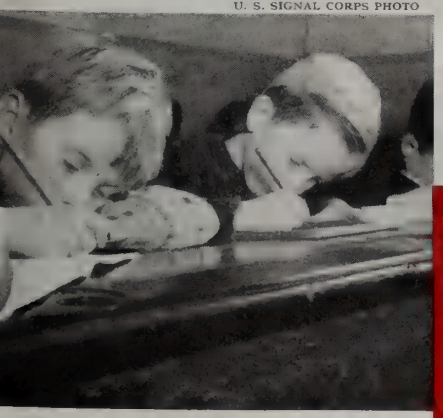
THOMAS KWANG

*The lack of adequate equipment and educational facilities is a serious handicap to the learning of pupils in China.*



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

*Children in Holland might prefer reading stories or painting pictures to digging among ruins left by Nazi invaders.*



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

*Youngsters in France hold on to pencils with more possessiveness than candy sticks. Not every child can own one.*

## BY ELSIE JOHNS

"I LOVE you like a warm oven," said the little Jugoslav boy to the teacher who handed him the gift of American school children, "and I love you like a pair of shoes and a real bed. I have never had these things, but only they can tell my love for this storybook."

The empty desks of Europe are being filled. Into the waiting minds of the young who must soon work to preserve peace goes food: food for thought. During the present year at least eighteen thousand chests of books, pencils, crayons and magazine clippings will be sent by our children to those across the seas whose hope of educational guidance and cultural stimulus has been burned out from under them.

The voluntary group which sponsors the gathering and forwarding of these "Treasure Chests" is the year-old Book Committee of the Woman's Council for Post War Europe.* "If we carry this far enough," say the sponsors, "we, in our small way, may be of some aid in preventing World War III. The Nazi children turned on their hosts after the last war, but they had already been indoctrinated. Those whom we can reach today are the sons and daughters of our Allies; and the time to reach them is now."

Under the leadership of parents' groups, teachers and librarians, our own more fortunate youth is answering the need of young Europe. And in answering, they are learning to know their scattered brothers and sisters as people very much like themselves. In the letters of thanks our children may read from the pen of Hans what life is like today in Holland, suffering from the flooding of its fields. Or how things are going with Lu Chin Tao, the seven-year-old math wizard at the Yu Tsai School for Gifted Children just outside Chungking. Or perhaps the letter comes from the Philippines and tells young Americans about Manuel Reyes, whose family was bayoneted to death when the Japs entered Manila. And in like manner our children tell the others of themselves. "We want you to realize," wrote one little girl, "that in the United States the streets are not paved with gold." Another one said, "This is a picture of my grandmother. Does she remind you of anyone you ever saw?" A third wrote, "It takes a lot of money to pay our rent. How do you pay yours?", and added in a postscript, "How do you dress? I wear a beanie and sweaters."

A child in a metropolitan area, who had been taught in the public schools by a Chinese teacher, sent a book of verses for inclusion in a Treasure Chest going to Chungking. In the scrapbook he wrote, "I wish this chest had eyes and ears so that it could report to me on its trip to you." In a scrapbook destined for Warsaw children, a Kansas boy wrote, "Our state's motto is 'To the stars through difficulties.' We want you boys and girls in Poland to know that we in America have had difficulties too. So we can sympathize with you and be glad you are rising above yours. We want to reach the stars together with you."

The question which has been raised is: Why send books in English rather than in the native tongue of each country? The Book Committee answers that today all faces are turned toward America, and those who cannot come here say that they wish to read about us. This they do with the aid of dictionaries which are slipped into every book box. The popularity of our G. I.'s and the social acceptance with which they have been met in widespread occupied lands is another reason why it seems desirable to these foreign children to learn at least basic English.

That the committee is slowly reaching its global objective, making friends for America in every country that has felt Axis oppression, is indicated by what happened in an Italian city not long ago. A G. I. of Italian parentage came upon a little girl carrying a copy of The Five Chinese Brothers. He read on the flyleaf, "From the Robbins School, Trenton, New Jersey, U.S.A." It was his alma mater. His letter home told of the child's reaction. After he had told her the story in Italian and then helped her to translate it, a few sentences at a time, she said, "Why is it that someone in America I do not even know sends me this beautiful book?"

"Because they like you," he answered. "They want you to be their friend."

*Headquarters: 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WIDE WORLD



*Bundles of American equipment were sent abroad to follow around the blitzed-out children of England. Classes were ever on the move, Pied-Piper style.*

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO



*American school children offer Europe's youngsters textbooks, clipping collections and magazines—food for thought.*



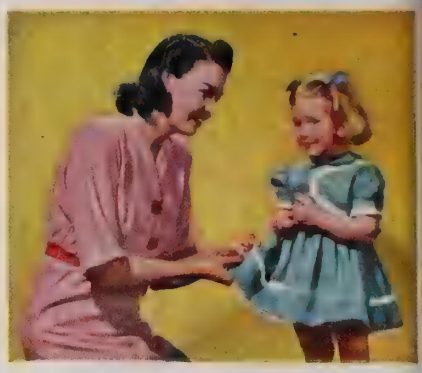
*"My mom says your mom needs a trip to the Singer Sewing Center!"*

**To be perfectly frank** about it, both mother and offspring could do with a little assistance from that famous place, the local Singer Sewing Center.

Here, in one comfortable spot, they'll find a raft of things they need . . . lessons in making clothes; dress accessories; and finish-up services done by Singer.

No other place in town offers so much *specialized* help in sewing, or so many sewing conveniences. You'll find, too, that the Singer experts in charge are friendly and cheerful—glad to help with any problem, little or big.

Look at the timesavers and services here, and then come see *all* of them at your Sewing Center—soon!



**Sewing Lessons.** Let our experts show you the secrets of a good fitting job. Or how to perk up your home with new slip covers. Home Dressmaking or Home Decorating Lessons, $1.50 each. Complete course $10.



**Gifts for Easter.** See our collection, fresh and pretty as spring itself. We have *lots* of sewing boxes in gay patterns . . . beautiful scarves . . . flowers and dress accessories to choose from.



**We make buttonholes** and cover buttons—any number, any size. We also do hemstitching, picoting, belt covering, and other finish-up chores. Prices are low, service prompt.



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**Sewing Stool with tray top.** A wonderful place to keep attachments and supplies. Stool and removable tray, $11.50 up. Attachments and supplies at additional charge, according to your needs.



**Sweet cover-ups.** Tie on one of these charmers when the doorbell catches you in an old frock. The two shown are from a wide selection of hostess and kitchen aprons, from $1.00 up.



**Cut dressmaking time** in half. Order a Singer Form molded to your figure—a marvelous duplicate of you, exclusive with Singer. Complete with adjustable stand, only $19.75.




**For your protection:** Singer continues its policy of selling machines only through Sewing Centers identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.



**Sewing machines have changed** a lot in the 90 years Singer has been making them. But there is one thing that has never changed . . . the long years of faithful service you get from any Singer. Shown above is Singer's handsome modern desk combination . . . a machine to be proud of as long as you live. (Check address of your local Singer Shop in phone book—Singer Sewing Machine Co.)

**SINGER** SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

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# ONE MORE SPRING *for a favorite suit*

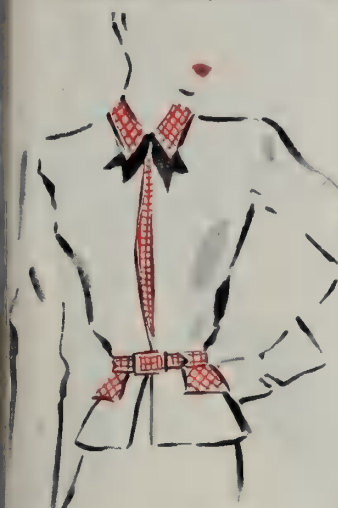
*Make a cotton vestee with standing collar—for black, navy or gray suit. 2260.*



*Buy Ida Kraines' new checked surah gilet with the Dandy collar—to change a suit.*



*Add a dickey with a trim little collar, pocket flaps and belt—complete transformation.*



*n shirt of wool or rayon jersey, gingham ar and cuffs; for suit or separate skirt.*



Order patterns by number, 5 cents for each pattern, from the JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

DRAWINGS BY REYNALDO LUZA



*r printed halter adds color to a suit, or can vorn as a separate dinner blouse. 2261.*






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## A MATTER OF STYLE

*(Continued from Page 41)*

And we swarmed around her then. This was different. This was as if the wrapping was off the package and it was good inside. Because we love horses, June and I. More than almost anything.

We have two of our own. Misty, who is mine and gray and a little speckled now because she is old and we have had her so many years. But she is full of life still and can jump high and wide and takes care of me cross country when the going is rough. She has big and very soft eyes and she beams when she sees me, and bobs her head. Misty I love. And Spring Folly, who is June's horse and about fifteen hands high, just a bit larger than Misty, and part Arab and very stylish in a dark and dappled gray. Springy we trained from a colt, June and I. She can leap anything.

"Sure, we'll teach you," we both said. "You can ride dad's hunter, Blazing. You'll love him." And it all seemed so much better and Chris so much nicer and not so remote. Just because she liked horses.

"If she likes horses," I said as we went downstairs, "she must be all right. And—she'll like Jimmy."

June did not agree with that. "Listen," she said, "liking horses is just one thing. Just one. Jimmy doesn't care about dressing up or clothes or stuff like that. Jimmy isn't her type. You wait and see."

"Maybe not," I said, "but we'll find out."

In a day or so we took her over to Jimmy's.

Jimmy Roberts is a very special person. He is our best friend. He had been away for three years until a month ago. He flew a fighter plane. His house is only half a mile from us, a small and very old house where he lives with his father and mother. Every day he goes to town now, but evenings and week ends we are over there usually. Because he really likes to see us, and talks to us as if we were his own age and does the things that we like to do. Which are mostly horses.

JIMMY has three horses, and they had been waiting for him while he was away, and he broke them to ride, and schooled them, and we helped him. He is very quiet and easy and has a smile that takes a little while to come, especially since he got back, but that is bright all through him when it does break free.

I wanted Jimmy to like Chris, somehow. I don't know why. It was just a feeling that I had.

Chris was all right on Blazing. She fitted him. Except that her clothes were—well, sort of different. Sort of good in a shop and not so good in the country. Gray-blue whipcord jodhpurs and a coat that matched, very tailored, and a colored stock, which we do not care much for, and she sat pretty far back in the saddle and her feet weren't under her. But we helped her some and by the time we got to Jimmy's she began to relax.

Jimmy was there as usual—down by the low shingled stables. He had on boots with tan tops that were worn almost through inside the calves, and those breeches that he liked so much and wouldn't throw away even if they were patched some and faded almost white. He said they fitted. And a blue shirt open at the neck, and that crisp curly hair of his.

"Hi," I said, and he put down the saddle he was cleaning, and came over. He was quite tall and moved with that strong drawly walk that people who ride horses often have.

June introduced him to Chris and he nodded with just enough smile, his brown eyes taking in everything about her in one glance—those dressy clothes and the way she sat her horse and her feet wrong in the stirrups. He wasn't going to like her. I was sure.

Then he surprised me.

"Like to see the livestock?" he said to Chris, after a few minutes. And he never said that—not unless he liked a person. And liked them very much. It meant something when he said that.


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He brought out Maygate first. Maygate, lean and trim and whippy Thoroughbred o breathed at you quick through her nose little snorts. Maygate was fine, but she s not the tops. And then Triumph, the iser, with heavy bone and the power ough his shoulders and hindquarters that ld lift you over big fences when the going s heavy. Triumph wasn't a girl's horse. ris didn't say much. And then he brought t The Lark—The Meadowlark, her full me was—and she was Jimmy's pride and , his heart almost.

Her education had been broken off when nmy went to war, but he had started to rk with her again, to perfect her form and nping. She had everything—grace and wer and a disposition that could be trigger-rfect or trigger-terrible—and she was rip-ng burnished gold with all the looks and the bloom and all the temperament that nt with champions. Someday, someday on, she would be it—the tops.

And then Chris spoke. "She moves like etry," she said very softly, "smooth and ong and very, very beautiful. The sort at takes some time to know and really un-rstand, but that is orth understand-g."

She said it almost herself, but Jimmy ard and the look at went toward her, ward Chris, was ry keen and lin-red on her face with st a trace of smile at was proud and derstanding—as if liked what he saw d heard.

When we started me he turned to hris. "Would you de with me," he id, "some morning on?"

And Chris nodded. I'd love to," she id.

All the way back e talked to her about immy.

"Jimmy has his wn ideas about raining and school-g horses," June ex-lained. "He believes n being very calm nd very patient, and ever asking them to lo anything that they ren't up to. So that hey will really want o jump and run, and will have a good time n the hunt field—just as good as their rider. They have fun with Jimmy."

"Does he ride them in shows?" Chris asked.

I frowned. "Jimmy doesn't care much for horse shows at that," I told her. "His horses aren't show hunters—they're real field workers."

"What do you mean?" Chris said. "I love horse shows."

I tried to explain. It was very important. "Sure, they're all right," I said, "but some people keep and train their hunters just to win ribbons in front of crowds and to perform in rings and short outside jump courses. Like," I said, turning to June, "like Mr. Chatfield. You don't know him," to Chris, "but he has a lot of very expensive horses and he wins a great deal with them at shows, but he isn't so good in the hunt field. Jimmy is always up front. Jimmy is first-flight. There's—there's a difference." I felt sort of helpless, as if I couldn't explain any better. So did June.

And Chris said "Oh." That was all. She didn't understand.

The next morning, Sunday, at nine o'clock, there was a call from the drive. I tore out. Jimmy was there. Jimmy riding The Lark and leading Maygate. Jimmy all neat and combed, for him, but with that old tweed jacket that he always wore and a tie that had got up under an ear.

"Hiya," he said, almost sheepish. "That cousin of yours around?"

"She—she's just getting up," I said.

"Well, ask her if she'd like to ride," Jimmy said.

I tore in and up, scattering rugs. I pounded on Chris's door.

"O-o-oh, yes," she said sleepily. "All right. If he can wait a little while."

"He'll wait," I said quite positively.

When she came down they rode off, she and Jimmy, just the two of them. Side by side. It looked nice.

It was nice all through the next week, when he took her riding several more times and to the movies Saturday night. Everything was nice until Sunday. Sunday we had a tea. And Allen Chatfield was there.

We hate teas, June and I. It means having Mrs. O'Mulligan in, and making a great many sandwiches, and not having much dinner because mother is busy, and it means picking up all over the house and not riding because we will smell and cleaning our nails several times and having to pass things. Passing things isn't so bad. That way you can hear things that you never would without a tray of sandwiches for a passport.

We were nearly dressed when Chris came into our room. She looked super. She had on a dress that was soft wool and colored like cherries, ripe cherries, and it made her blond hair seem almost white and her lips very red, and there were two tiny little ear clips of flowers. I didn't blame Jimmy.

And then she did a very nice thing for us. She fixed June's hair so that it made all the difference and made June linger pleasantly in front of the mirror, and she put just a dab or two of powder on my nose, and a flower in my hair. "Now you'll have every man on his knees," she said, and it was more her bothering to do it and the way she did it, as if she really liked us and wasn't posing. She could be so nice.

Jimmy was almost the first to arrive. He had on gray flannels and a blue button-down shirt and his hair was wet from the comb and his face had that clean scrubbed tan. He and Chris looked very fine standing there together. Her smile was bright up to his, and they talked in a corner as if they knew each other pretty well and had things to laugh about together.

And then Allen Chatfield came in. Allen Chatfield is very brushed handsome and most everybody likes him. He is about thirty, I guess, and lives in a tremendous and trimmed place and he has the most marvelous things and gives famous parties. His factories made something essential in the war, and made it very well, my father says. Everything he has is the very best and kept up the very best. He has a lot of people to keep them up for him, even during the war. He has a cruising sailboat and a big mahogany speedboat that you surf-ride behind, and he has the kind of cars that zoom and are always show-window clean. And his horses.

Boy, those horses! He brings them from Ireland and England and even one from France, and he has two men that work on them all the time. The whole stable is superswank with a thick bed of rye straw all over the whole floor. It is something. And his

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *April Wisdom*

**By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee**

**I had my pride. I said to myself, this only**
**Will be a shield, shining and pert and brittle.**
**I polished it when the evenings, long and lonely,**
**Swept gray hands over the sill. I used to whittle**
**A blade to carry, fitted to my hand.**
**How could I know that Love, who wears no sword,**
**Whose step is softer than shadow laid on sand,**
**Would shatter my weapon with a careless word?**
**How could I tell that pride is cold and late**
**When April looks through the window, and the wind**
**With Love beside him, rattles the swinging gate**
**To call the heart that follows, lost and blind?**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★


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"Firefly" is something entirely new in color. A singing scarlet! Elegant, yes! Flattering, oh! so flattering—no matter what your complexion type may be—but, with an enchantment on nails and lips that red has never had before. A never-quite-still, elusive firefly something that says "I am here—I am there—I am almost beyond reach—I am extra lovely today—tonight." And, of course, "Firefly" is genuine CHEN YU which means it glitters—it sparkles an extra long, long time!

*Firefly Smart Set (Lacquer, Lacquerol, Lipstick) $1.75*

*The Lipstick, $1.00*

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**BUT HERE'S THE WAY TO MAKE IT EASY!**




Let's face it ladies..ironing day offers no pleasant thrill regardless of your pride in the home..but why not try this new scientific way for finer, easier laundering? We are confident you will find that one trial of the Silex Duolectric Steam Iron will convince you how more and more women cut ironing time in half..keep fatigue to a minimum.. and have time for happy living besides.

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Send for our FREE booklet "The Secrets of French Hand Laundering"..it not only tells you how to dry iron finer looking laundry but gives you detailed instructions for using steam to preserve the soft beauty, the subtle color of synthetic fabrics of today..The best way to iron them wrinkle free..without sticking or scorching.. Address The Silex Co., Dept. 15, Hartford, Conn.... In Canada, St. Johns, P. Q.

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*Steam Iron*




ribbons—he has cases and cases of blue ribbons that he has won in shows all over the country. He sits very well on a horse, only perhaps a little heavy.

When he came through the door into our house everybody sort of stopped talking and turned, because he is that kind of person. The wives got very, very animated and the ones with good smiles turned them on full blast. Allen saw us first, June and me.

"Well, here we are," he said, very jovial, and he picked me up and held me high and I felt a little silly. He is very strong and stocky and his clothes pour over him and he always makes me feel that when he is talking to me he is thinking what he will say to the next person. "How are the ponies?" he said. "Getting them schooled up for the Armory Show?" and we just grinned and he put me down and then he saw Chris.

For a second he quit smiling and just looked at her. And then—he was back smiling again and working around through the crowd. It was five minutes before my mother introduced him to Chris. It would have been sooner, but Jimmy went out on the sun porch with her. I grabbed a tray of sandwiches. This I had to hear.

"—— wish I'd known you were coming on from California," Allen was saying when I got there. Chris was between him and Jimmy on a bamboo settee. "I flew back only a week or so ago."

And Chris looked at him with that sparkle in her eyes that said he was exciting. And he was. I passed them the sandwiches three times in about four minutes, and the last time Allen was a little short with me. I went into the other room. Allen was going strong. And Jimmy was just sitting there examining a blister on his hand and not looking very happy.

"Give them some cakes," I said to June, "and hurry." She hurried. "What was he saying?" I asked, waiting for her.

"He was talking about riding. About the Armory Show," June said.

I went in with salted nuts. Allen was just turning to Jimmy. "You're riding at the Armory, aren't you, Jim?" he said.

Jimmy shook his head. "My stuff doesn't do too well at shows," he said.

Allen Chatfield laughed. "Nonsense," he said. "Better take them in—experience be good for them."

But Jimmy just grinned.

After a while I saw him get up and wander out of the sun porch. Chris was talking to Allen Chatfield and didn't seem to see him go. Later on June said that Allen was taking Chris to dinner and the theater Tuesday night. Jimmy went home about six. His car had a bad rattle in it. I thought it was a punk tea. And the next few weeks were punker.

THE only nice thing was Chris with us. She was always bringing home some little thing from Detros—just a tiny ornament to wear on your coat, or a charm for a bracelet, or a package of my father's favorite tobacco. She liked to do it. We liked it too. Some nights she would come into our room when June and I were ready for bed, and tell us about the store and mimic some of the funny customers. She was swell. The only trouble was that she went out with Allen Chatfield all the time.

Usually it was two or three times a week, and always Saturday nights. I let him in sometimes, and he wore a dinner jacket and a red carnation and he looked marvelous. Chris had a steady stream of new evening dresses and her cheeks were very red and her eyes bright with excitement. She got a big thrill out of the places they went and dressing up and being seen and all. She told us she did.

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Jimmy phoned Chris quite a lot—he certainly wasn't giving up easily—but it did not do him a great deal of good. Oh, they went to the movies some, and Chris seemed glad to see him always, but she was usually already signed up with Allen. Allen was a chain dater I guess. He tried for every free second of Chris' time.

About the fifth week June and I rode over to see Jimmy. We wanted to find out about something. He was not whistling so much these days, Jimmy wasn't. We sat around for a while, down by the stables, and then I said:

"Allen Chatfield is giving Chris a big rush, isn't he?"

Jimmy nodded. He did not say anything.

JUNE was going to ask him the big question, but it took her a little while to get her courage up. Finally she did.

"Are you in love with her?" she said. Her voice changed key in the middle of the question, and it was a hard one to ask. Probably it was none of our business, but Jimmy didn't get mad.

He just plucked away at a piece of straw, and looked on out across through the twilight. It was minutes before he spoke. At last, "Well, you're pals of mine," he said. "Why shouldn't I tell you?" He looked at us. "I guess I am," he said. He smiled a little twisted. "To date it doesn't seem to have done me much good, though, does it." He wasn't asking us a question. He was just telling us. And there didn't seem to be anything that we could say, June or I.

Except that, for some reason, I had the feeling that, down underneath, Chris was the sort of person who ought to like Jimmy more than she did Allen Chatfield. That he was more her style, really and honestly, than Allen Chatfield was.

Allen Chatfield was exciting and he took her to wonderful places and he was very, very successful and I suppose it was all very flattering to Chris. But somehow I couldn't stop the thought that he was the kind of man who would be successful and come out first no matter what he had to do to manage it. I told that to June on the way home. We were feeling very miserable. And she agreed with me.

"The only thing is," she said, and she is pretty smart sometimes, "we just *think* that. We don't know it. I wish that there were some way we could prove it—to Chris." Only, what was that way?

And then there came that evening when Jimmy and Allen were both at our house. That was a most important evening.

Jimmy had a date with her that night, and they were deciding what to do when the bell rang. It was Allen. When he saw Jimmy he grinned and said:

"Aha, just in time, I see. I dropped by to ask you if you'd sit in my box at the Armory Show, Chris, and root for me in the hunter classes."

Chris said she thought that would be wonderful, but just what was the Armory Show?

"Well," Allen said, "it's the biggest thing we have in a horse way around here. Pretty big time. The Armory is a huge place and a horse can really move and jump going on there. It's almost like a hunt field, isn't it, Jim?"

Jimmy grinned that quiet grin, only he didn't agree. "It's good," he admitted, "but not like real cross-country going."

Allen Chatfield frowned. "You're really not going into it?" he said. "Thought you had something pretty nice in that Meadowlark mare."

Jimmy got up. "I have," he said. "I think she's about the best working hunter I've ever seen. Or will be before long."

Chatfield grinned—and it seemed sort of a clever grin to me. "Well," he said, "if you



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think she's that good, I'd just bet you a hundred, two to one, that my Avalanche horse can beat her."

"Where?" Jimmy said. "In the field?"

Allen frowned. "I mean at the Armory," he said. He looked at Chris. "After all, a horse that can leap can leap anywhere. Or should."

That wasn't true and I knew it. But Chris didn't. That was the trouble—Chris didn't know anything about it. "Oh, come on, Jimmy," she said. "I think it would be exciting. A real competition. Don't be a bum sport."

Jimmy looked at her for a second, as if he were going to explain some things to her—and I hoped and prayed that he would. But—he didn't. He hesitated, and then he turned to Allen.

"O.K.," he said very quietly, "I'll take that bet—Avalanche against The Lark. Only, even money. No odds." And they shook hands. And Allen Chatfield seemed very, very pleased.

The next morning we were over at Jimmy's early, June and I.

"What did you go and do that for?" June said to him. "You know his horses are show jumpers and he has those two men to school them for that every day. They're really jumpers—not hunters like The Lark. He'll beat you, Jimmy. I think it was silly."

Jimmy looked a little faded. But he grinned. "I guess you're right," he said. "Maybe a fellow gets into some foolish things when—but never mind. Maybe I was just fed up. Besides"—and his grin came out stronger—"besides, The Lark might fool them all. You never can tell."

And so we came up to the night of the Armory Show and, boy, was that important. How important June and I never did guess, beforehand.

We had never been to the Armory Show, June and I, because it was at night. But this time the whole town of Kitasset had heard about the bet, and my father and mother were excited especially and there wasn't much argument about our going. It was in the bag.

We got there early. My hands were clammy and I churned inside. There had never been anything like this before. It was so serious.

The Armory has a great huge dirt floor—longer than a football field and half as wide—and the seats are built high all around it and, that night, the boxes were flag-draped and the judges were in evening clothes and there was a band and just about everybody in the world was there. It was thronged. People that my father and mother kept bowing to, and a man with thin legs and a kind of long horn that he blew to announce the classes, and millions of horses that were just gleaming. Just simply perfect. Only June and I did not want to stay sitting in our box.

We wanted to get out back where the horses were stabled, and see them get ready, and talk to Jimmy. That was the place—out back. We were in the box next to Allen Chatfield, and Chris was there, and Allen had on his hunting pink and a top hat and his breeches were a very lovely cream and he looked perfect. And very nervous. So we watched our chance, June and I, and when nobody had their eye on us, we ducked out and headed for the stalls. It was a lucky thing we did. Maybe the most lucky.

Because first we found Jimmy, and he was sitting on his tack box behind The Lark's stall, and he looked very fine too. He looked finer than Allen. He had on his pink, and it sort of belonged on him and it wasn't as if he had put it on for a look in the mirror. And he had a velvet cap. Allen couldn't wear a cap. Jimmy was a whip in the Hunt, and he had a right.

"Hiya," he said, grinning. "How's my claque?" which we didn't know what that meant, and we just looked at The Lark.

She was a little nervous, because this was her first show, but she had a bloom, a gleam, and when Jimmy spoke to her she relaxed. She knew him. He was her friend. And then I wanted to look somewhere else. I wanted to see Avalanche.

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We found him. He was in a great box stall, knee deep in straw, and those two grooms of Allen Chatfield's were standing there near him and whenever they moved he ducked back into his stall and his eyes bugged a bit and he whistled. He was scared. The grooms nodded at us.

"Think he's ready?" one of them said, half to us and half to the other groom. We just sort of shrugged. We weren't saying anything. "Well," the groom said, and he winked at the other one, "he's ready all right. You can bet on that. The boss saw to it—personally."

And just then Avalanche moved a little so that the light was right, and I saw something. I nudged June. And she saw it and she started to say something and then she clapped her hand over her mouth and we went away. Fast.

"What made him that way?" I said to June. I felt like crying. I felt shaky all over.

"I don't know," June said, walking very fast, "but I think I've got an idea and I'm going to find out. Tomorrow."

"Why tomorrow?" I said. "What do you mean? I want ——"

"Listen," June said—she is pretty smart—"just you let me handle this. It will be better that way. Honest it will. I promise you." And I had to let it be that way. But I didn't understand. I felt awful.

We went back to our box and sat in the back and didn't say a word. And finally Chris leaned over the rail and said, "What's the matter, kids? Something wrong?" And we just shook our heads.

Something was, but nothing we could tell her about.

And finally the working-hunter class came in. The big one. For us. And for Jimmy. There were a lot of good horses in the working-hunter class. But the jumps were tough. They really were. They were the right kind of jumps, the kind you would find in a hunting field—post-and-rail and a coop and a real brush or Aiken, and a gate, a big gate. They were all a stiff four feet or better, and a horse had to really work. We knew. And there wasn't a horse, until Allen Chatfield came in on Avalanche, that did a perfect job. There was something wrong with all of them. And then he went around.

That was a good horse, that Avalanche, and I loved to look at him. He was big and bay, and his mane was tight in six little braids with yarn, and he had the conformation and the way of going. Except that he moved as if he were afraid—in quick jerky starts, with his ears flicking front and back, and not loose and right and normal. But he could leap.

**It is a question in marriage, to my feeling, not of creating a quick community of spirit by tearing down and destroying all boundaries, but rather a good marriage is that in which each appoints the other guardian of his solitude, and shows him this confidence, the greatest in his power to bestow. A *togetherness* between two people is an impossibility, and where it seems, nevertheless, to exist, it is a narrowing, a reciprocal agreement which robs either one party or both of his fullest freedom and development. But, once the realization is accepted that even between the *closest* human beings infinite distances continue to exist, a wonderful living side by side can grow up, if they succeed in loving the distance between them which makes it possible for each to see the other whole and against a wide sky!**

From Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke, 1892–1910, translated by Jane Bannard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton. (W. W. Norton & Co.)

He went around. He came in to them right and he jumped way high and clear—too high and clear. And for some reason, I didn't want to hunt him. Not cross country. Not when you needed a horse who was a partner—a horse who worked and thought with you. I kept thinking of what I had seen—out back. That explained it. But he made a perfect score. He didn't bang a jump. And the two judges made notes on him, and then said a few words together, and I wondered what they were saying. Something that they had noticed.

And then Jimmy came in. On The Lark. Jimmy all right and easy, and The Lark putting her feet down as if she were walking velvet, and her ears up and her eyes taking the whole thing in, everything. The Lark relaxed, but wondering. What was all this—the lights—the crowd—the leaps all so close and so orderly, and no open fields to leap for, to gallop on in? This wasn't the field. This was strange. I knew what she was thinking. And she started around.

She went at just the right pace, controlled speed, and Jimmy's fingers were light on the reins and his legs just tightened to encourage her, and she took the first four, standing back and landing so daintily, and then another coop and the Aiken and then—that in-and-out.

An in-and-out jump is, usually, two post-and-rails about thirty feet apart, and you have to be handy and you have to be quick. And The Lark fumbled it. I don't know why. She didn't come in right. She was still so young and so green. Another year and she'd be in. But she refused the second rails. Just once she refused, but that was enough. Jimmy turned her and brought her at it again and she went over. But she was out. She couldn't win. I almost cried. And June's hands were tight in her lap. Especially when Jimmy went cantering out with his hand patting The Lark's neck, his voice in her ear, encouraging her, with her. It was beautiful. And it was more than beautiful when I thought what we had seen, June and I, out behind.

Allen Chatfield got the blue ribbon, the first. Jimmy was third. Another horse was in there. And the crowd's applause was loud for Allen and I looked at Chris. She was clapping, too, but she was clapping thoughtfully. I didn't think that she looked too happy. But maybe that was just the way I felt.

We went home pretty soon after that. But we didn't sleep much, June and I. We had this thing that tomorrow would decide. This so-important thing.

We were up at seven that next morning, up and on the ponies. But we didn't go to Jimmy's. We went to Allen Chatfield's. No one was at his stables that early, no one except a sleepy stableboy—just what we wanted.

"We can ask him," June said. We went over to him. "Where's your training ring?" June said, and he looked at us. He knew who we were. He didn't know much else—ever.

"You mean the big one or the little one?" he said.

"The little one," June told him.

"Oh, back up through the woods," he said, "through them trees. Only," he thought suddenly, "you ain't supposed to go up there."

We started off. "It's all right," we said, "we know Mr. Chatfield," and we left him burbling over a forkful of hay and not knowing what to do.

Then we found it. We found it, and it was what I had thought we might find. It was there all right. "See," June said, and we sat there on the ponies for a minute almost, and I wondered, then, if having horses was good, or if it wasn't. And I didn't know. It made me feel too queer.

And then we turned the ponies, June and I, and we started back. Back to our house. We had just one idea. We didn't have to tell each other what it was. We both knew. Chris was just getting up when we came to her room.

"Come on," we said, "we want to show you something."

"But," she said, "but I haven't had my coffee. It's *so* early."

"Never mind," June said. "Put on your riding clothes. This is important." And Chris looked at us and then—she came along. I guess she could see that we meant it—that we were determined.

*(Continued on Page 223)*



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*(Continued from Page 220)*

And we put her on Blazing and he hadn't been brushed but that didn't matter, and we took her over to Allen Chatfield's stables—through the woods and the cool October morning. We didn't say anything to her all the way over. At the stables we got off. The two grooms were there then. They sort of wondered, I guess, but they had to be polite. We went right in and up to Avalanche's stall.

It was bright sunlight then, and when he turned you could see. Just as we had seen the night before at the Armory. We could see the long deep scratches, newly healed, that ran down all the length of the inside of his hind legs—thin narrow scars in even little rows. So deep, so even, that his legs had been cut to ribbons once, and not so long ago. And Chris saw them and her face went white.

"Why," she said, "why, he's been hurt. What did it?" And there was a look on her face that meant a lot to me. It meant a lot because she had said once that she loved horses. And I had thought that she did, and now I knew. That look that comes when people do love animals and when those animals have been hurt. It goes deep, that look. It means a lot. It did to me, and to June.

"We'll show you," we said, and we got on the ponies again and we led Chris up through the woods and to that ring, the little ring. And there were the things that made a horse jump. The things that made him jump, but that left scars—scars on his legs and deeper scars in his mind. Yes, horses have minds. We knew that, June and I.

It was a great thick rail, this thing, and it was covered with canvas stitched tight, and through that canvas had been driven tacks—thousands and thousands of tacks. And not just tiny things, but long and blue and sharp, so that they were a solid pincushion of cutting, biting points—the kind of things that rip and tear; that had made those gashes, deep and red, on Avalanche's legs inside. It wasn't a pretty thing, that rail. It was barbarous. And Chris looked at it, and her eyes were big and wide and horrified.

"What do they do with that?" she said, and her voice was thin.

"They rail him with that," June said. "When he jumps they lift that up under him so that it tears at him. And so that he will always jump high and wide and handsome. And he jumps because he knows that if he doesn't clear it he'll be cut and ripped. So—he always jumps. He always wins. At shows. Because he's scared. And because he has been hurt. So badly."

We just stood there then, on the horses. Stood there looking at that rail. There were other things, but the rail was enough. It was the worst. And while we stood there, Chris' hand went out, and she patted Blazing's neck, slowly and very gently, as if she were thinking deep. Up and down, up and down, her hand went. And we were watching, June and I. Looking at her face.

And then I said, "Jimmy'd kill anybody who used a thing like that on The Lark." I said it very quietly. That was all anybody said, but Chris knew. And, after a while, she turned her horse's head and rode off.

We followed her on down through the woods and through some fields and on. Until we came to Jimmy's stable. And he was out there working on The Lark, cleaning her, talking to her, and she was nibbling at him, playing. We rode right up to Jimmy and he didn't hear us until we were close. Then he looked up. And saw Chris. And his face went very red.

"Well," he said, straightening, "come over to console the vanquished?" He made his tone very light, as Jimmy would, but Chris didn't smile. She just looked at him. He had on dungarees and that same blue shirt—he wasn't very smartly turned out. But he looked good to me.

And Chris said, "No," finally, "no, not for that. I—I just came over to see if you would take me riding today. For quite a long ride, Jimmy. Would you?"

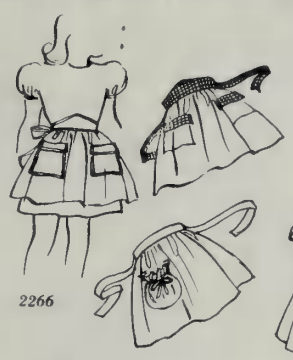
Her voice was soft and low, and it made me all goose pimples. I wanted to stay. I thought it was romantic. But June wouldn't let me. June kicked me.

"Come on, you dope," she whispered. And we went on home. Just the two of us. And leaving just the two of them.

## Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Journal Apron Patterns on Pages 188 and 189




**2262. Apron, glove and pot lifter. Trim with bands or rickrack. Small, medium, large sizes. 15c.**




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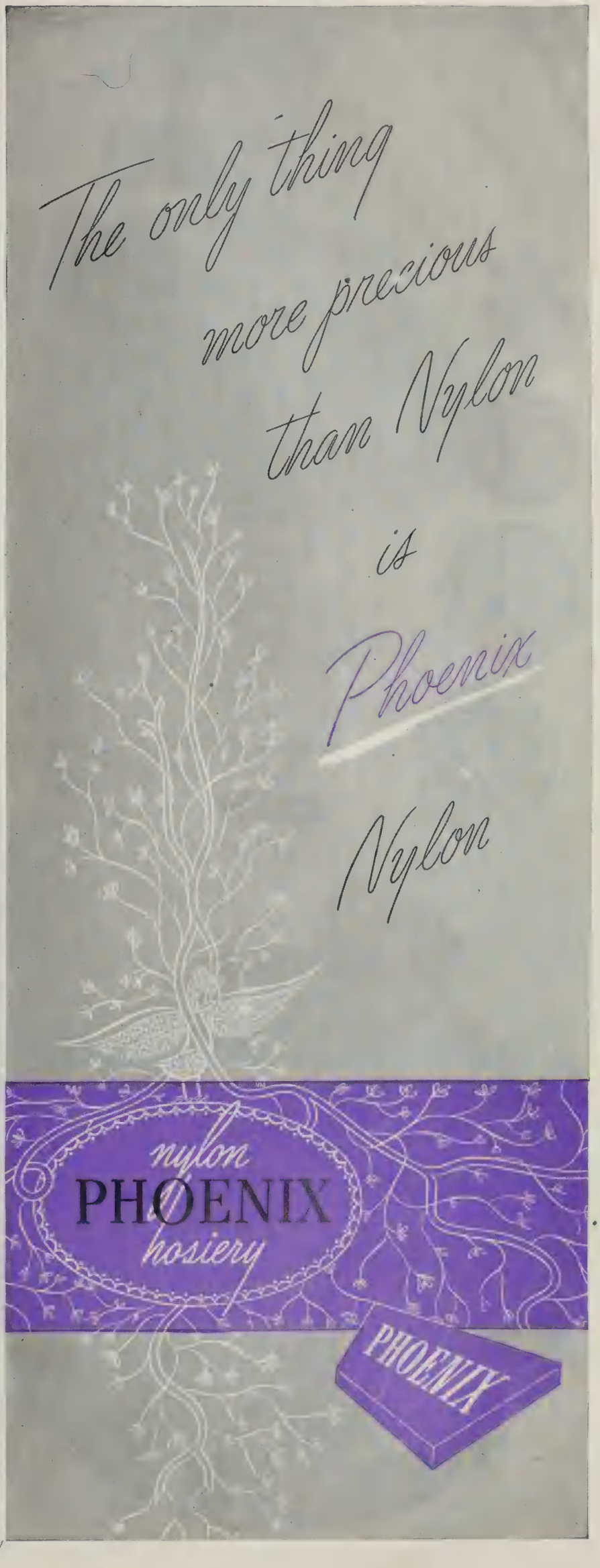


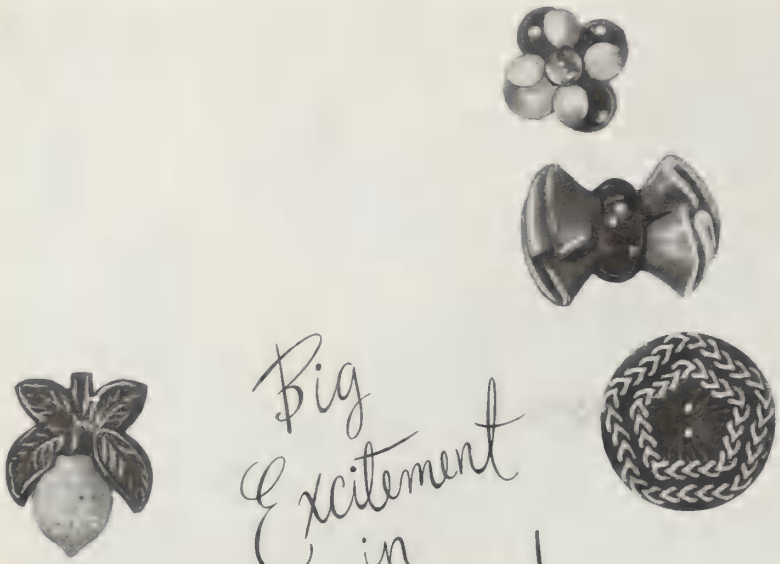

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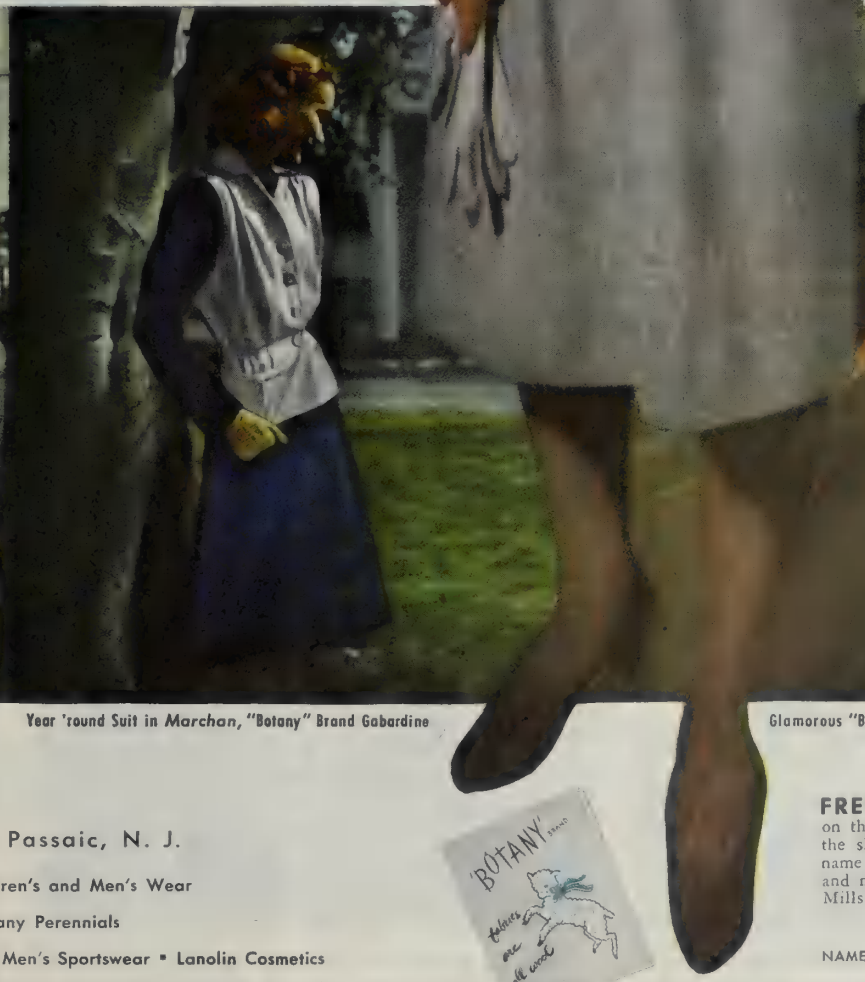
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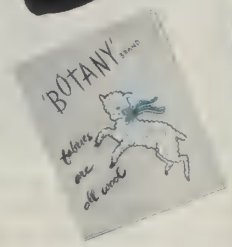
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says Fred MacMurray *star of* **"SMOKY,"** *a 20th Century-Fox Production*



**The Fred MacMurrays say,** "When we changed our noisy, troublesome old refrigerator for a silent Servel, years ago, we forgot refrigerator worries. For Servel never makes a sound! Never gives any bother! It's so quiet we almost forget it's there. That's why today, when friends ask about choosing a new refrigerator, we say—pick Servel. It really is dependable." If you're choosing a new refrigerator, talk to friends or neighbors who enjoy a Servel right now. They, like the MacMurrays—and 2,000,000 other happy Servel owners—will advise you, "Choose the Servel Gas Refrigerator." For they know from experience, it stays silent, lasts longer.



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*You drive up to the door or into the garage through the easily kept courtyard. Simplicity and purity of line and form give the house its elegance. Bricks laid with horizontal joints mortared, vertical joints butted, aluminum trim, and full-height doors of heavy clear or frosted glass give its modern design an ultraclean and classical distinction.*



PHILIP C. JOHNSON, DESIGNER; HOUSE MODEL BY RAYMOND BARGER STUDIOS; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPH BY PRATT




*Glazed passageways connect the three main blocks of the house: entry and living room center; bedrooms left; kitchen-dining right. Note a bath for each bedroom, and commodious work space and storage in the garage.*

# A House For a Millionaire With No Servants

★

**A SELF-HELP HOUSE DE LUXE, STARRING BEAUTY, AND FEATURING EASE AND CONVENIENCE OF UPKEEP**

★ **BY RICHARD PRATT**
*Architectural Editor of the Journal*

UP to now in our series of homes for tomorrow, we've kept the question of cost severely in mind. But here in this house we've let the designer consider what could be done if no expense were spared. Only one catch—it had to be a home that could be run without help. Fortunately, modern planning, materials, construction and equipment all conspire to produce not only a house with a high degree of taste, style and elegant simplicity, but reduce daily housework and yearly upkeep to a point that does away entirely with the servant problem. The clean directness of the floor plan indicates a house that is as easily cared for as it is pleasant to live in; for what the plan and the picture reveal is reflected within where the smooth unbroken surfaces of walls, floors, windows, doors offer no awkward corners, crevices, moldings or ledges so difficult to clean. Dusting is reduced to a minimum by the radiant heating which rises from the floor itself with no open ducts or draft-producing radiators, and the fully automatic gas-fired heater is out of sight and out of mind. The luxury, if you want to call it that, of a bath for every bedroom is one the self-helping family for this house can be allowed, along with a living room and dining room-study of really decent dimensions, not to mention a two-car garage with plenty of storage and work space. The work space would, of course, contain the most modern equipment for easing the kitchen and laundry jobs in a room so well arranged and lighted as to make operating there on your own a pleasure.



*New Ideas in Cozy Comfort*

This beautiful mahogany room is designed to enhance the comfortable charm of apartment living. The corner china . . . drop leaf table . . . and graceful chairs combine in perfect harmony for snug, cozy comfort. The PACIFIC Silver Cloth lining in the server to safeguard silver is exclusive with Drexel.

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AMERICA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF QUALITY BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

## TIME ENOUGH

*(Continued from Page 21)*

Just then a clear voice called, and Jane's sister Ellen came in with a suitcase in one hand, leading a fat girl baby with the other. Ellen had been to the town where her husband's family lived, hunting an apartment. Jane came quickly from the kitchen, embraced her sister and picked up the baby, Trudy, and kissed her and removed her bonnet. Danny and Trudy greeted each other with loud glad cries.

"Hi, Jane," said Ellen. "Hi, sarge!" She kissed Tom. "You look wonderful, you big bruiser," she exclaimed, "and does Danny look like you! Everyone sent their best to you—especially Bill. He wants you to visit us right away. Jane, I got an apartment. The top floor of an old house. It needs DDT and paint and varnish, but we can make it habitable. I'll stay with Bill's family until we get it fixed. Is there plenty of hot water? I've got to wash this morning, iron this afternoon and pack tomorrow, for Bill's coming for us on Saturday. He loves his job. He never was happier. Where's mother?"

**The average man is neither as clever as his wife thought he was when they were engaged, nor as much of a dud as she thinks he is now that they are married.**

—Dublin Opinion: quoted in Irish Digest.

Jane and Tom laughed at Ellen's excitement.

"I'll go down and see about the hot-water heater," said Tom, and he went to the basement.

Danny followed him, going down the steps one at a time. Jane ran to stop Danny, then changed her mind and listened a moment to the two males talking together in the basement. Danny evidently went for the coalbin like a homing pigeon, but Tom distracted him.

When they came upstairs, Tom took Danny out-of-doors. Jane crushed down the several warning instructions and admonitions that rose to her lips. She washed the breakfast dishes, began preparations for luncheon. She baked a pie and did a lot of thinking. Her mother came in with groceries and put them away. Ellen was in the basement, washing, and Trudy was playing in the back garden.

"No wrecking crew yet?" asked Mrs. Wolcott.

Jane laughed. "Mother, please be patient," she said.

Mrs. Wolcott went down to the basement to get from Ellen details of her new home. In a little while Ellen and Mrs. Wolcott were out-of-doors with Trudy, hanging clothes on the line and talking—the unending interesting and intimate talk that goes on between mothers and daughters all over the world. Jane took her pie from the oven and dropped a tear on the golden crust. It seemed to her that Tom had just set himself to see how difficult he could be. She wondered anxiously where he and Danny were. For one treacherous moment she wished Danny were in the back yard with Trudy and her mother and Ellen. But she suppressed such a thought. Danny had had altogether too much feminine society. He needed his father. She must trust Tom that all would be well!

Meanwhile, Tom and his son walked in the little woods that lay in a triangle between Barberry Lane, the highway and a railroad that intersected both.

Danny was being very good. He sought his father's favor without finesse. Tom felt the strong pull of the boy's attractiveness. They were scolded by a squirrel which ran up and down a tree trunk and flicked its tail at them. Danny's laugh filled the little woods. They found an abandoned snakeskin, and then discovered a big anthill with important-looking ants running around in circles. The anthill made Tom think of an



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Ask any doctor or dentist what kind of ware is preferred for sterilizing instruments in hospital or office. The answer is "Enameled Ware." Why? Because the nonporous porcelain finish has no refuge for germs. Dirt can't hide on its glass-smooth surface.

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- Cost as little as 15c per 12-ft. roll.
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Army encampment and, though he would never have admitted it, he felt a pang of odd nostalgia. Everything in an Army encampment was orderly, explicit. One could depend on procedure. One did not have to deal in intangibles, the moods and vagaries of women and children.

They came to a small pool, and Danny squatted and put his hand down into the water, wetting the wrist of his cotton sweater. Tom watched him, said nothing, wondered what the lad would do. He had often dreamed of just such an hour as this.

Tom Nelson had been a slender, supple boy, who liked to read. He had not cared especially for sports, except tennis. Skill rather than brawn was his forte. But now, after three and a half years of service, he was thick-chested and thick-shouldered. He wore bigger shoes and his face was red from wind and weather, with crow's-feet about his eyes. His voice was stronger, his bearing more truculent. He had authority. He carried himself with assurance and unself-consciousness. He had gone far and seen much and had his mettle tested by fire. The slender, sweet-tempered graceful boy, quick and light of foot and word, that Jane had married was overlaid, buried in the man. Only the quick brown eyes still showed his eagerness and responsiveness. The clothes Jane had saved so carefully were all too small for him. Just as his old attitudes and relationships were too small now.

Tom thought of Ellen's husband—of good old Bill. Bill had been home two months and now had a job. Tom had to find a job. He didn't know just what he wanted to do. He had been working on the local paper, running errands, with some aspirations to be a "journalist," when he went into the Army. That seemed only silly to him now. He had come to the shrewd conclusion that people who were articulate, who could talk and write easily and well, had too much power. They did not always have the sense of responsibility, the restraint that should accompany such influence. They just shot their mouths off, on the radio, in the magazines, and no one said them nay. Even when they didn't know what they were talking about. He had had officers like that. And others who kept still and did their work—men of few words. That was what one could trust! Tom wanted to do something orderly and with method to it. He had a longing to build, to create, after all the destruction. Something that would last, that would be useful.

He wanted both to yield obedience and to exact it, as he had been taught; he wanted obedience from his son, co-operation from Jane. Maybe he wanted obedience from her too!

The thought of Jane came over him strongly. He did not leave the thought of her for long, and had not for years. Yet now she was changed, as he was. She was steadier, gentler, sweeter, more patient. She was all woman now, and his heart throbbed to think of her. She was, if anything, too self-contained. He was not sure what she thought. She offered no resistance, and that did not reassure him. It was not like exacting obedience from a soldier, when one didn't give a hoot what he thought, or whether he thought! What Jane was thinking was of great importance, Tom suspected. But how was he to know what she thought? He had a feeling she was waiting, watching—hoping! But for what? And all the ideas he had evolved about Danny's training! No one asked Tom about those, consulted him, seemed to care. They just went ahead with routine as though it were the only possible method. He had been ridden by his need to make them listen to him, to force their attention—Jane's especially.

Danny had been getting happily wetter every moment, and now he slipped clear into the pool, let out a frightened yell and then went under. Tom stooped quickly and lifted him out of the water and stood him on the bank again. Danny continued to cry loudly.

"Be still!" Tom said. "You're not hurt."

Danny gulped down his sobs and stood looking at his father, water dripping from

*(Continued on Page 231)*



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**...lovelier than ever!**

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"THE NET OF THEM ALL"

# TO BE CONTINUED...




**MAL:** Come on, now. You'll have to admit I did a good job for you when I designed that new linen shelf—

**MARY:** Mmm. It's a beauty. But *any* linen closet would seem beautiful to me with some new Pepperell Sheets on the shelf!

**MAL:** Oh, well. Anything that makes you look that happy is OK with me . . .

**MARY:** Then we're both pleased. You see, I just don't want any other kind of sheets *but* Pepperells. And so many other women have the same idea—

**MAL:** But what's so special about those particular sheets?

**MARY:** Plenty! Pepperells are such practical luxuries, the beautiful sheets with the wear woven in. I can always depend on them to be still lovely after such long wear! That's why I bought some more like our wedding-present Pepperells—

**MAL:** Could be your smart shopping helps keep our marriage a continued story, pet—

**MARY:** Oh, Mal, that's my cue to promise I'll *never* use any other kind of sheets but Pepperell Sheets!

We know the stores don't have all the Pepperells everybody wants, but we're making more as fast as we can. And remember, there's no extra charge for famous Pepperell quality. Keep asking for Pepperell's luxury muslins, carded percales, and Peeress—one of the finest combed percales at any price. Find out for yourself why more women know Pepperell Sheets than any other sheets they can buy! *Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston, Massachusetts.*



*Pepperell Sheets are super smooth, extremely long-wearing—finished with fine-stitched hems, Tapered Tape Selvages, "Tellmark" Tabs. Pepperell's factory-sealed carton keeps new sheets clean, ready for bed!*

**PEPPERELL** *Sheets*

PEPPERELL FABRICS REG U S PAT OFF *and Blankets*

**LADY PEPPERELL • • • DUCHESS • • • COUNTESS • • • ABBOTSFORD**

(Continued from Page 229)

his scanty cotton clothing, his face wet and dirty. Tom took out his clean handkerchief and dried Danny's face and had him blow his nose.

"If you lean over water, you'll fall into it," he said. "You must learn not to fall into things. There now! You're all right."

But Tom was bothered. What if Danny had been alone and had fallen into the little pond? Could he have got out? Was the water deep enough to drown him? Would he just have opened his mouth to yell and swallowed or inhaled the water? Tom thrust these thoughts firmly aside. He had seen men who began to figure out what might or could happen—they were always finished when they began to think that way. There was a certain, an exact, amount of precaution, of anticipation, necessary to take care of oneself, to become a veteran. Beyond that one should not anticipate disaster. One should know what could happen, but not expect it! This was what he wanted Danny to learn.

But Tom's sure opinions were blurred nonetheless. He kissed the boy's cheek and Danny reached up his wet arms and put them around his father's neck. For a moment they were clasped together there in the little wood, their cheeks together. Tom picked Danny up to carry him home. All Danny's dismay was gone, and he was cheerful, but very soggy.

When they came within sight of the house Tom put the little boy down to walk. He was sober. He had felt, rather than seen, the many dangers that might already have threatened his son. All these Jane had fended off in her own way. She had not let him get hurt, or lost, or sick. Why, she was a veteran too.

Tom and Danny met Doctor Coble in front of Bellamy's, next door to Mrs. Wolcott's house. Tom asked politely after Mrs. Bellamy, and Coble assured him their neighbor was improving. The doctor stooped and chucked Danny under the chin, laughed when Tom explained that Danny had fallen into the pool in the wood.

"Just like him!" said Doctor Coble.

"What do you mean?" Tom asked. "Have you seen much of Dan?"

"Oh, not too much," said Doctor Coble. "He's never been sick a day. But he's been busy! He swallowed his grandmother's garnet ring last year. That took some X ray and patience. And he fell downstairs twice in one day when he found out how to open the gate at the top of the stairs. He got his foot in a drainpipe in Mrs. Wolcott's basement last spring and it took the fire department, me and a plumber with a blowtorch to get him out. He found a bottle of paint remover in Bellamy's garage and a folder of matches somewhere, and he lit the matches and stuck them into the paint remover until he managed a small explosion. Had some burns on his chest, but they healed right up. That was before they got the new latch on the yard gate. He's just been busy, that's all. . . . Hey, Danny, better not get into that!"

Danny had been trying to unlatch the fastening to Doctor Coble's bag while his father and the doctor were talking, and just then he got it unclasped.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Tom in despair as he pulled the wet little boy away from the bag.

"Wrong with him!" cried the doctor. "Nothing at all! He's perfect! He's just perfectly healthy, unusually bright and constantly inquisitive. Wonderful little boy. They are usually four or five before they can open that bag. But anything mechanical is just duck soup to him. He's got a wonderful mother too!"

"Jane never told me ——"

"Didn't want to worry you—the things always happened quickly and were over quickly. She's very alert, but sometimes he's too fast even for her."

The doctor drove away and Tom and Danny came to their own yard. Danny ran to the gate and tried to open it. Somewhat reluctantly, Tom opened the gate and let Danny into the yard. Wet as he was, he joined Trudy in the sand pile.

They had been gone such a little while, yet somehow Tom felt changed. He propped the gate open. He called to Jane, "Danny fell into the water. He's soaked. Better change him." Jane came at once. Suddenly Tom smiled at her, his brown eyes bright on her face. He said softly, "I'm sorry he got dunked. Please excuse it, Jane."

Jane flushed and she smiled, too, with tremulous self-consciousness.

Tom sat down on the low stone bench to watch his little niece, Trudy. Washing hung across the foot of the garden, obscuring the garage. Trudy came over to him, such a baby creature, compared with Danny. She was just about a year younger and, they had assured him, she was advanced for her age. She walked better, talked better, handled herself better than Danny had at fifteen months. Oh, well, he thought, girls were always precocious. He felt a certain ridiculous jealousy. But she was an appealing baby. The sergeant put out a tentative hand and touched her bright curls.

He had been too long away. He had seen no children but the pitiful beseeching children in foreign lands, their hands out, their mouths crying for treats, their little rag-clad bodies pathetic, children that stirred in a man only a dull pain and anger. Nothing exquisite like this feeling he had now, like that which had come with Danny's cold wet arms around his neck. But Tom was afraid. This was like Jane's fragrance and sweetness, her self-control, her reasonableness. It was the kind of thing a man had dreamed of so long—like starving prisoners who dream of great clean pitchers of foaming sweet milk. Now one hardly knew how to contend with the reality, how to control it. Though he behaved with rigid honor, though all yielded obedience, there were yet nuances, responsibilities, mysteries he could neither define nor answer. There were all the things that had happened which still must be absorbed.

Trudy leaned against his knee. She looked at him with candid searching blue eyes. She was measuring him. Tom held himself quiet under her regard. She seemed satisfied with what she saw, for she put her fat little hand on his and told him graciously, "T'udy loves you." It was said with a great air of com-

(Continued on Page 233)

## *Deepest Silence*

**By Robert P. Tristram Coffin**

**The deepest of the silences**
**Comes when a wife has gone,**
**A house becomes a lonely clock**
**Ticking on and on.**

**The master of the house takes note**
**Of every idle thing:**
**The spider that foretells the thaw,**
**A mouse, a loop of string.**

**It is so quiet every crack**
**In the ceiling cries,**
**A man comes now to understand**
**Small language of the flies.**

**The idleness is weariness,**
**A knothole grows a beam;**
**Tomorrow is a bolted door,**
**A dark returning dream.**

**And how much stiller are the days**
**When it grows understood**
**That the woman's being gone,**
**The silence, are for good.**


*Quality's first Name*

Three generations of American women have made the name Premier a household word for quality in fine vacuum cleaners. Today, this preference has been multiplied a thousandfold, far over-reaching all present supply. Fortunate indeed is the woman who can get a Premier today at the drop of her pretty hat! But discriminating people are always willing to wait for quality . . . *whatever its name*. There is no substitute!

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*Woven of hard-twist yarns, with pattern in plush pile, this rug, "Chaleur," comes in five other eye-catching, home-warming colors.*

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Priced from about four to twenty dollars a square yard, all Bigelow rugs are made of Lively Wool. You can always tell a Bigelow rug by the blue and gold label and by the name woven in the back. Buy the carpet you know . . . buy Bigelow.




*Beauvais 1755* *Cassandra 9201* *Imperial 5398T* *Netherwood 26-4628*



(Continued from Page 231)

agency and condescension, and an unexpected chuckle broke from Tom. Trudy turned to the sand pile, where she resumed her labor of digging up the sand and throwing it out of the sandbox onto the lawn. Now and then she gave Tom a melting flirtatious little look and he marveled.

*Born that way!* he told himself, for certainly she could not have learned those wiles in her brief days.

The back door opened and Danny appeared in clean overalls and T shirt.

The sun was warm. Tom could smell Jane's pie cooling on the window sill. The bright October day might be the last of such days. The need which pressed on him to establish change and order all around, and to do it at once, seemed to yield a little. For the first time since he had come home, he felt a sense of time. He had all winter, he reflected, to figure them out, this woman, this son of his. He had his lifetime! He had not felt this way until this very moment. He had felt rather a compelling need to establish his authority, as one did with new troops. Maybe he had better take time first to study what Jane had already done.

Jane came to the back door and called that there was someone to see him. Tom got up and went into the house. Jane gave him a bright look and he hugged her briefly as he passed her. He stopped, turned back, took her in his arms and kissed her.

He said to her, half whispering, "Jane, you're wonderful! You're marvelous. Not just because you've been such a wonderful mother to Danny, but because you're my Jane." He kissed her again. He ruffled her dark hair. He loved her achingly. "I'll never stop being grateful for the wonderful job you've done!"

Major Thompson was sitting in the living room, looking comfortable but still soldierly in old tweeds, and not needing a discharge button to mark him for a veteran. The two men shook hands warmly. They exchanged news, asked after each other.

"What are you going to do, sergeant?" the major asked.

"I don't know, sir. I've been thinking about it all day."

"You know I was a road contractor, and my brother-in-law has kept the business together while I've been gone. We can get all the work we can do at once. We're trying to organize a cadre. We need a couple of bosses for road gangs. We can use you. You handle men to suit me. We'll teach you the work. It's not a lot different from some we did over there. For the present we've got enough work right in this county that you can live at home."

Tom listened. He liked everything about it. He said, "We've saved some money, Jane and I. My wife is a good manager. Would it be possible for me to buy in?"

"I'm sure we can work out something. I'll talk to my brother-in-law. It would be good for you to share in our earnings."

They talked. Danny came in and leaned against Tom's knee. Tom had him shake hands with Major Thompson, and he was proud of the way Danny behaved. Now that he had expressed his gratitude, it grew by leaps and bounds. He called Jane and she came in and asked Tom's old major to stay for luncheon. Tom looked at her in amazement. Her lips were like silk, her eyes like stars, her cheeks bright with color. Tom was deeply moved. He understood a lot of things all at once. He thought:

*Why, that's what she's been waiting for! Instead of trying to change everything and put my own will on all of them, I should have been praising her, appreciating her!*

"I smelled a good pie, Mr. Thompson," Tom said—it was time to quit being "sergeant" and "major," he decided. He was full of a sunny pride and ease. He was lighthearted, comforted as he had never been before in his life.

They sat down at the table with the women. But there were three men now: the major, Danny and himself. The luncheon was good, the pie superlative. Stimulated by company, the three women were bright and laughing.

Later, Tom stood on the sidewalk beside Mr. Thompson's car, talking to him. He noticed Danny hanging about. He took his son by the hand.

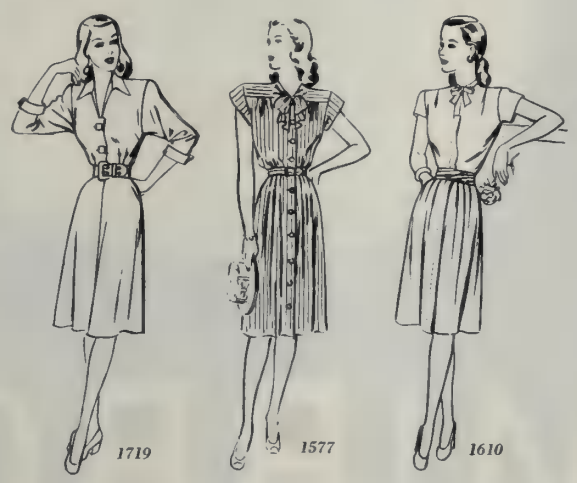
"Excuse me a minute, sir," he said. "We're not far from the highway. The little fellow is safer in the yard. His mother has a lot to do and she doesn't like to have him running loose." He latched the gate and returned to finish his conversation with the major.

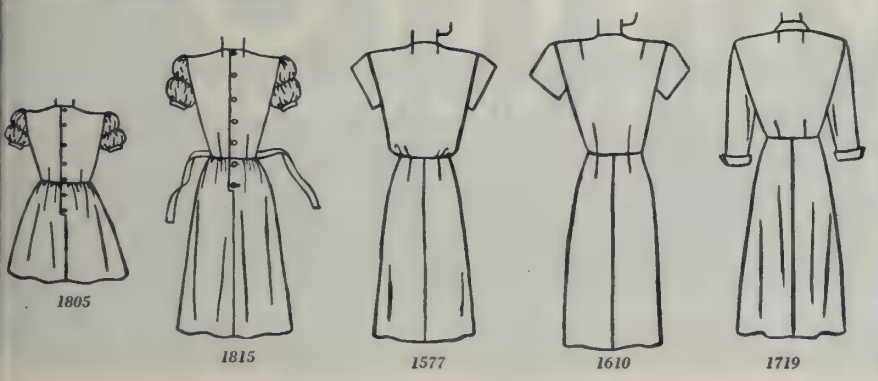
Jane had been watching all this. *Nothing wrong with him hard work won't fix,* she thought, *and nothing wrong with me that love won't take care of.* She felt a refreshing sense of time, as he had felt it. She couldn't expect to know him all over again in a day or a night. She was filled with a mysterious *élan.* An old enchantment came upon her. Smiling, she waited for him to come in and tell her all about it.

## Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 188 and 189

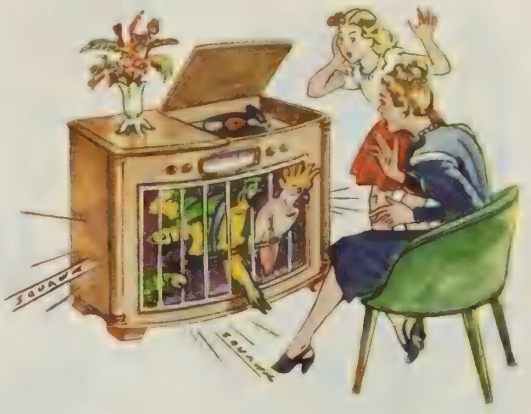
1719. Dress; 12 to 20. 25c.
1577. Dress; 12 to 42. 15c.
1610. Dress; 12 to 20. 25c.
1805. Child's Dress; 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. 15c.
1815. Dress; 10 to 18. 25c.

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.








WHY LET NEEDLE-SQUAWKS DISTORT YOUR RECORDS?

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NEW DELIGHTS await your ears—your favorite records played by the Crosley Floating Jewel* Tone System. Its permanent sapphire stylus on feather-light tone arm plays from the sides of the record groove—cannot dig in, wobble or scratch like old-fashioned metal needles. It makes records last up to ten times longer.

Also, the Master Tone Control gives you a choice of 64 different tonal combinations for radio or records. Select the one you like best for each type of program.

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HOME OF WLW—"THE NATION'S STATION"



**NO MORE** needles to buy—or change—or hear! Floating Jewel* Tone System uses a permanent sapphire stylus on delicately balanced tone arm. It plays on the sides of the record groove—cannot dig in (like sharp metal needles) to cause scratching, hissing or chattering.



**THIS** Crosley Combination Radio-Phonograph, table model, is one of nineteen *new* Crosley instruments. It is an electronic achievement, a mechanical masterpiece, in a high-styled cabinet. Equipped with Floating Jewel* Tone System.

**ON ONE RECORD!**—an actual demonstration of the Crosley Floating Jewel* Tone System and the Master Tone Control. Hearing is believing—and you can hear this record at your nearby Crosley dealer's store.

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*Blends well with any color scheme*

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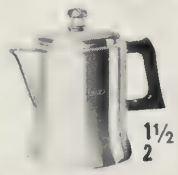
1½ Qt. 2.25
2 Qt. 2.50

**COMBINATION PAN**



3 Qt. 2.25

**PERCOLATOR**



1½ Qt. 1.65
2 Qt. 1.85

**LAYER CAKE PAN**



9⅜ Dia. .50

**COVERED POT**



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5 Qt. 3.75

**SAUCE PAN**



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3 Qt. 1.00

**MIRRO-MATIC PRESSURE PAN**



4 Qt. 12.95

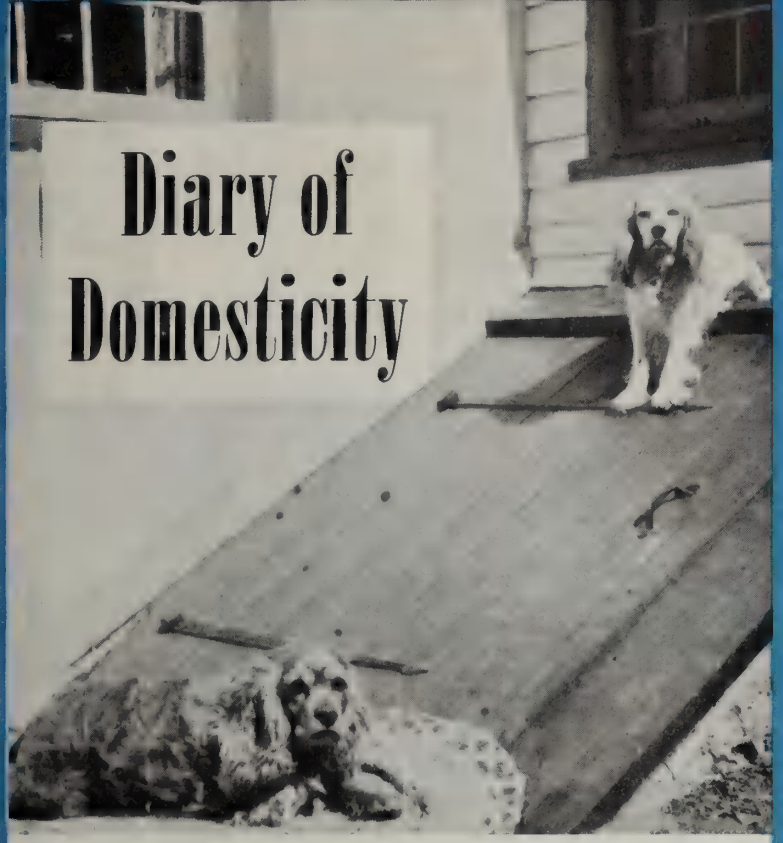
*Prices slightly higher in west*

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# Diary of Domesticity



*The hardest thing to teach a cocker is to stay while you walk away.*

*By Gladys Taber*

APRIL is the month when the youngest puppies come out in the spring sun. They live in the warm dry kitchen in a play pen until the danger of colds is past, and now they have their first walk on real green grass. We carry them out and put them down. "My goodness, what have we here?" they ask. They move tentative paws, they sniff the grass, they begin to wag their whole fat selves, they stagger around in dizzy circles of joy. Then they make silly lunges at one another, growling almost as loud as a mouse. When you pick them up, they snuggle in your neck, and make squeaks of joy and polish you thoroughly with baby flannel tongues. And all the time they wiggle. Cocker puppies are simply bursting with love from the minute they are born.

They all slide up and down the cellar door because there is a window at the top which is just across from the fireplace. Visitors sitting by the fire are sometimes surprised to turn around and see an earnest row of spaniel faces looking through the window. It is the cue for the family to get up and let them in.

Tigger and Esmé use the same method to get service with speed. They sit on the cellar door and rake the window with their claws. At night, if they have been out for a stroll, they come and look in and the firelight is reflected in their eyes, Tigger's shining green and Esmé's pure sapphire. Tigger is blacker than the night, so all we see are his eyes, with an expression of wistfulness. If he has to wait too long, he begins to make a low melancholy sound, intimating that he is a poor, poor lost orphan and probably will die on our doorstep. But Esmé, being a Siamese, never asks for pity. If she is not getting what she wants, she curses fluently in raucous and voluble Siamese.

We have done a good deal of talking this spring about training Melody and Hildegarde and Silver. We saw the Obedience Trials at the Spaniel Specialty Show and our consciences were smitten by the idea that our own darlings were growing up like hoodlums. Rip and Sister are the only perfectly trained cockers we have ever raised. There was nothing Rip couldn't have learned, except to cook roast beef. He would have had to taste the roast beef. He would retrieve over an obstacle, heel and do figure eights, sit motionless while my sister Jill walked away and hold his pose until she called.

The hardest thing to teach a cocker is to stay while you walk away. Heeling is fine because you do that together, but when you get about two paces away from your darling, there is a mad scramble and she flings herself at you, saying wildly, "You didn't really mean you were going to leave me *alone?*" Most cockers train very quickly to the leash. Even Melody leads well now that she has got over the habit of lying down on her back and waving her paws helplessly in the air the minute the collar went on.

The annual cocker show this year was the best, we thought, that has ever been held. It was, as usual, at the Hotel Roosevelt, and the lobby was full of cockers coming in, wearing white bath-towel coats.

Almost any minute the revolving doors would disgorge a man with two armfuls of cockers, or an anxious mamma persuading her treasure the door was *not* going to bite her. The benches upstairs were filled with cockers; the exercise rings were filled with cockers, whisking sawdust all over their satin-smooth coats; the judging ring was filled with cockers; half the people had cockers in their arms.

AT this show, I missed a whole class myself because I met a black cocker on the bench who decided I was nice to come home to. A cocker show is a merry show, and the feeling between the dogs and their people is a fine thing. Most people who are owned by cockers have a kind of cocker quality in their dispositions.

The blue ribbons and the purple rosettes and the silver the top dogs win are really only incidental. And every cocker is the best dog in the show to his family. As for us, we always come home and say, "Now really next year we will show Hildegarde and Melody and Silver, because there wasn't a dog there that could touch them! All we need to do is train them and keep the burs out of their ears!"

When they get in a rabbit mood, they never get a rabbit but they always get a mass of burs in their fur. And we are never hardy enough about this showing to keep them in a small pen weeks ahead.

Spring puppies and spring plowing! Of all the farm processes, I think plowing moves me most. Of course by August I shall begin to feel that harvesting is the thing. We wait and watch for days for the ground to dry out, the weather to be just right. And then, one clear sunny morning, George comes in with a smile to say, "I'll plow the garden today;




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I'm doing the upper meadow anyhow. Ground's all right."

We stop everything we are doing and rush outside to stand and watch the great plow ride along, turning the great dark furrows, turning the good earth, turning the rich soil. It is always new and it is always old. It is a tie between us and our forefathers, it is something we inherit with the land itself. The blades of the plow are silver in the sun and the earth breaks from the sterile grasp of winter and folds back. George rides the plow, and he looks beautiful to me with his farm shirt open and the sun on his face and his blue eyes smiling.

We have been all over Mr. Faulkner's book about not plowing, and Mr. Bromfield's and Mr. Ed Robinson's too. Jill is a fiend for Keeping Up with modern trends. And I fear it is really due to my romantic feelings that we go on in the old-fashioned way, plowing the garden. But I point out to the family that we have crops out of this world anyway, carrots a foot long and butter-tender, elegant crisp celery, rich tight lettuce. So why not go on plowing?

**Teach your children to stick to a job until it is finished and to pick up after themselves, and you needn't worry about their characters.**
—PAGE COOPER: All the Year 'Round. —Stackpole Sons).

The children come home for spring vacation too. Jill's son, Don, gets home for week ends all year, since his school is near, and he brings pals with him for Sunday dinner often. He phones casually and says, "Pick me up, and Dick and Joe are coming too." Whereupon we drop everything and go. Now Don and all his friends have grown to be at least six feet tall. And the house at Stillmeadow is prerevolutionary, and when it was built men were not that tall. So when the house is full of boys there is a constant bumping of heads as they try to get through doorways.

When my Cicely and Jill's Dorothy and Don are all home, the house is full also of music. Don drops his suitcase as he comes in and puts on a record of superior boogie. Boogie Walk or Boogie Stomp, by Lux Lewis or Ammons and Johnson; or Take the A Train, by the one and only Duke; or Mary Lou Williams' Boogie. Cicely goes upstairs and parks her luggage and moves down at once to put on La Borrachita or Songs of the Veldt. Dorothy stands it as long as she can and then says plaintively, "Could we play a symphony now?"

To me, it doesn't matter. My taste in music is entirely catholic. I simply love boogie, and folk songs fill me with intense pleasure, and a symphony sets me in a dream of wonder. Boogie is like olives: you acquire the taste for it. Folk songs are like poetry and romance and lost love and everything that life should be and seldom is. Symphonies are to music what the soul is to the body. So there you are.

Maybe the Spanish songs are best. Cicely has a complete collection, and since Spanish is her field, she can tell me what they mean. They usually mean "Good-by, I am going to the city to work for a boss," and they say it with all the emotion in the world. They make me ache, and I enjoy it. Last time she brought home the new records of the songs sung in the Spanish revolution, Songs of the International League. They were sung by Germans, French, Spanish who were fighting against Franco in that tragic fight for freedom. I shall never forget the song of the prisoners who worked in the peat bog, a song born from their hearts and sung by them until the guards put a stop to it. It was too much. It must have reached the guards in some secret place in their own hearts.

When the children are home, we pop corn every night and make hot chocolate or have cokes. Don and I have struggles over the checkerboard, or we play gin rummy. Our checker game is far from orthodox—it would make a real checker expert turn over in his grave if he were in one—but we love it.





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**1.** Just sprinkle Powder-ene Rug Cleaner on the surface. **2.** Brush it into the pile. Let it stand an hour or longer. **3.** Remove the dirt-saturated Powder-ene with vacuum cleaner.

Powder-ene cannot harm any rug, including light colors. It does not leave rings nor cause shrinking, mildew, matting, fading nor removal of twist. Get Powder-ene in bright blue, shaker-top cans at department, furniture, hardware and other stores.

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*Used as directed*

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Cicely has no head for games and, when we all play, we end in hysterical laughter at her because she always tells just what cards she has and what she is looking for. Dorothy and Don are learning bridge, but Cicely, who is not only Phi Beta Kappa but everything else on the list and then some, simply can't tell one suit from another.

Esmé loves to have us play games. Just as I reach for a card, there will be a brown velvet glove stretched out and the card is on the floor. Or she sits and folds her paws right on the deck. Or we have to push a brown tail away to see if it is a five or a seven on the table. Checkers are wonderful, because she can whisk the whole board off and make the disks bounce delightfully.

Tigger is above such things. He sits by the fire and stretches his black paws over his stomach. He is a born basker. He loves to bask.

We have a new supper dish that is easy and much liked. We cook a package of noodles, or two if the children are home, and add to it a cup of cottage cheese, or two cups for the larger quantity. A nice dab of butter goes on top. The cheese may be mixed in lightly with a fork, or served in balls at the side. This is a nice substitute for meat, and with a crisp green salad and dessert makes a delicious spring supper.

Another good dish for April is a cheese-and-egg dish. I hard-cook eggs enough for everyone to have two, and then I put a jar of cheese spread, preferably the snappy kind, in a pan with about half a cup of milk. I stir constantly until the cheese melts and a smooth velvety sauce is there, all ready to be poured over the eggs, which have been cut in half lengthwise and either deviled or left plain.

When I talk about recipes, I always think of one of my friends who confessed with much blushing that when she started to cook she couldn't figure out how to double a biscuit recipe, so she had to make it twice. Most of my recipes are supposed to serve six or eight, but I notice that they get completely eaten up even if there are only three of us.

The first rosy rhubarb is a treat. Baked rhubarb is my favorite. I cut three cups of rhubarb into one-inch pieces and put it in a greased oblong baking pan. I sprinkle a cup of sugar over it, cover and bake in a slow oven for an hour and a half. This is good because it is crusty and sweet. Stewed rhubarb tends to be too watery.

The first asparagus is spring's best gift. When the stalks come up aboveground, we begin snatching at them before they are more than an inch long.

Now is violet time. The little pale gold dogtooth violets are all over the hill beyond the brook. Honey and I go up to pick them when the light is long over Stillmeadow. Up on the hill it is very still and the woods are a green mist. The song of the brook is cool and sweet. The air has a special fragrance—an about-to-be-apple-blossom-time smell, I call it. It has magic.

You can sit down and pick all the violets you can hold. Honey sits down and crushes a whole bed, but I don't scold her, because the violets carpet the world. After we have picked all we want, we just sit there and do our thinking for the day.

The little old house looks sturdy and secure under the great budding sugar maples. The yard is busy with cockers. Down the road come George and Shep, driving the cows, and the cows are dappled with sunset.

"Honey," I say, "believe in life. Believe in love. Love is not words, love is a way of life. When we all know that, the world will be like spring all the time."

Honey looks at me with dreamy amber eyes.

"This is a beautiful world," I tell her. "All it needs is to be looked at."

Then we go down the hill, back to supper things and the lights of home. And as we go through the garden, I pick up a handful of rich soil and let it sift through my fingers, and I have a wordless prayer in my heart that we shall always keep April in our lives.





Curtains of Hathaway dotted marquisette though delightfully delicate are very durable — for the dots are carefully woven in. Hathaway Dots are dainty, sheer and serviceable, too!



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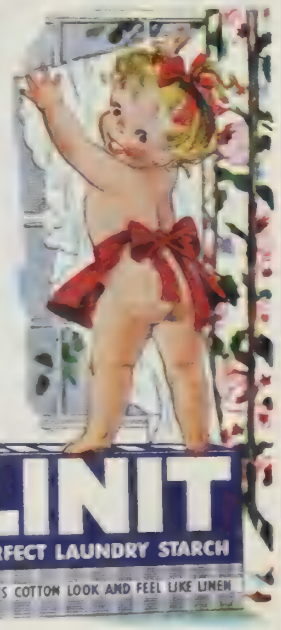
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*Sunny says:* On every Linit package you'll find complete directions for starching sheets, shirts, table linens, lingerie . . . and all washable fabrics.

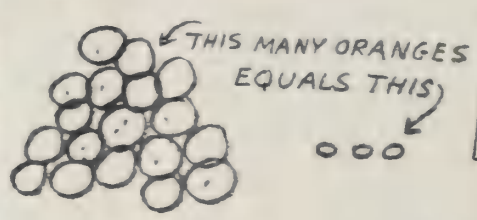
© Corn Products Sales Co.

LINIT *adds the "finishing touch"*


# REPORT To the Housewife

## BY JUDY BARRY

FIRST we'd like to remind you that although rationing is over—except for sugar, of course—the ration boards that did such fine work still exist, laboring valiantly to see that you, Mrs. John Q. Public, are not overcharged or cheated in any way by "deal-making" inflationary pressure groups. The boards have, however, been reduced in numbers and the official name is now Price Control Board. If any attempt is made to overcharge you, it is your privilege—in fact, your duty—to seek out the nearest Price Control Board at once and report the matter. Incidentally, as a further protection for our hard-working pocketbooks, almost all reconversion products will be preticketed with the OPA ceiling price.




### *Carry a Pocketful of Orange Juice!*

Big juicy oranges have been reduced to hard candies, which preserve, their maker claims, all the real fruit's vitamins, minerals, sugars and other benefits, as well as the m-m-m-m flavor. Extensive tests have proved that each packet (of three drops) contains 30 milligrams of vitamin C, the minimum daily requirement as established at the present time by the Pure Food and Drug Administration. Won't it be comforting to feel that a pleasant-tasting tickle-stopper is also feeding us vitamins when we have colds and raspy throats? These candies are already on the market in limited quantities.

*Juice bricks, too, are promised for appearance this spring. These are a frozen concentrate of the real thing, for storage at zero temperature. Come breakfasttime, add three parts of water. To your health!*

### *Help Save 5 Billion Dollars*

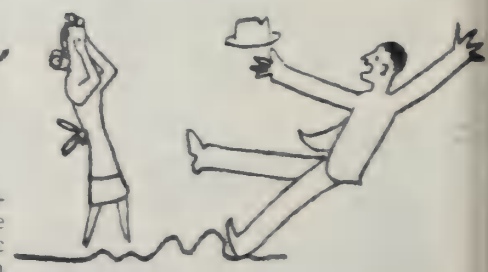
That's enough to service our national debt for one year, you know. It's also the amount of economic loss to our country each year as a result of accidents. And, appalling as it is, we must face the fact that one third of these accidents, in large measure preventable, happen in our homes, where we're the bosses.

Industry has done, and is continuing to do, a pretty good job at accident control. We, the homemakers of America, must, too, each in our own little way, and if possible in a larger way, by waking up our communities, by organizing and educating them. Here is a job for any woman who wants to contribute to the well-being of her world: 100,000 deaths a year, 9,000,000 injuries a year—and we could do something about it! Right now, please put down this magazine, go to your desk and write the National Safety Council, 800 Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York, to ask how you can help in your community.



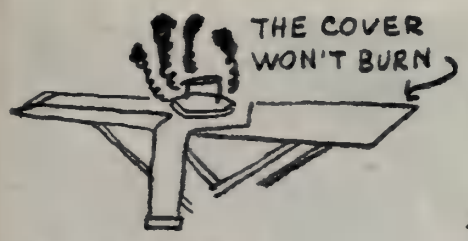

### *"Coffee and —"*

Great news for anyone who has been rendered kitchenless by the housing shortage is a new "plus" variation of the electric toaster, which makes a slice of hot golden toast, in a pull-out side compartment, at the same time that coffee is bubbling, or eggs are boiling, or soup is heating on the top plate. In fact, if you had bacon, you could even fry some on it! This convenient little appliance, while not yet on the market, is already in production. It operates on AC or DC, and seems to us like a fine thought for student families, or any one-room housekeeper, male or female!



### *Whoops, My Dear!*

Speaking of accidents at home, nonskid rug underlays are back. Made of synthetic sponge rubber, they cling firmly to slippery polished floors, and appreciably reduce the hazard of even those fiendish little enemies of the human backbone, small scatter rugs! The underlays come in 24, 32 and 54 inch lengths, to be cut to size.




### Now 'tis Safer to Iron

because of the new burnproof ironing-board covers. We think they're something you ought to look up from the standpoint of a safety measure. Woven of asbestos into a fabric originally developed for Army firefighters' suits, their makers claim that they will improve with age and use.

• • •

*Nice: a new polished-wood rack for six various-sized knives, to be hung on a wall or tucked in a drawer. Good-looking, sturdy, it protects both knife blades and your pink-tipped fingers.*

• • •

### Out, Damp Spot?

Perhaps you've been intrigued by the tales of new paint compounds which promise to waterproof your basement walls. We'd like to warn you to have a care. Several new compositions of good quality are available, fairly useful in retarding the penetration of wind-blown rain. But the method of application is highly important. Brushing on is ineffective—they must be scrubbed on. And the National Bureau of Standards warns, "No such relatively simple treatment of the interior surface of basement walls is likely to be a complete cure for leakage."




### Cold, Colder, Coldest

Arriving soon, a combination refrigerator and freezing unit, which provides three kinds of cold: 40° F. cold in the section for ordinary food storage; 0° in the compartment for storing frozen foods; and way down below zero for the section that makes ice. Added attraction: the chilling coils are concealed in the walls, so the job of defrosting is eliminated.



### Mother-and-Dad Blanket

Soon there'll be a new double-bed variation on the electric-blanket theme, which will keep both dad, who sleeps warm, and mother, who sleeps cold, happy and comfortable. A separate temperature control for each side makes this possible.



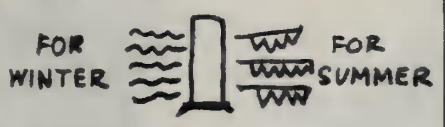

### Back Up!

Now there's an iron pointed fore and aft, to banish forever all those odd contortions we've had to make to get at gathers and shirrings. With this iron, we can back into 'em! It rests on its side while you answer the inevitable telephone call. (That's why we want you to investigate the burnproof ironing-board cover: that telephone call!)



### Sudsable Wallpaper

Dwellers in smog-burdened areas, take note. This paper has been in the process of field-testing for the past year—first public appearance next summer, one hears. Its makers promise that even grease stains wash off this new wallpaper easily.




### Blows Hot, Blows Cold

Now, in some shops, appears an all-in-one electric heater and fan. When the 1320-watt heating unit is on, the fan rotates slowly, circulating warmth. In summer, with the heating unit snapped off, the fan speeds up and spreads cool breezes.

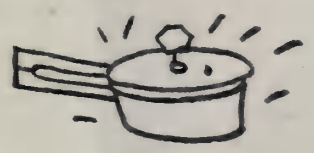



### For a Temporary Home Sweet Home

Promised to arrive in the shops in time to aid June brides who have to set up housekeeping in one room, is a new complete electric stove in miniature, with two surface burners and a pull-out broiler. It's about 22 inches long, 7 inches tall, and very good-looking in its white porcelain casing.

• • •

*How do you like the idea of bright-colored aluminum clothespins? They're here!*



### All-Star Pressure-Cooker Revue

A pressure cooker seems to be what every woman wants at the moment, and with reason, for they do save time and fuel, retain vitamin and mineral values, and above all, make food taste good! They all look more or less like the conventional saucepan, with the addition of an airtight cover, bearing a steam vent and safety closing device. One type has, for its outstanding characteristic, ■ comfortable lightness in weight; another has three pressures; another a thumb-lock feature; still another has a dress-up cover which allows it to come straight from stove to table looking attractive. Choose whichever special charm attracts you most, for basically they all do an excellent job if they re the product of a reputable maker. (Only the four-quart size is available up to the time we go to press, however.)

• • •

*Don't be frightened out of adding the soupçon of soda that keeps peas looking plump and colorful. Latest reliable word assures us that a pinch of it does not destroy the vitamins; but remember, only ■ very little pinch.*

• • •

And the last word on those vanished treasures, **SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES:** "No rise in price to the consumer in sight. As to quantity, only a slight improvement." This is straight from the OPA's mouth.


# To Make Your Floors Easier to Clean...Lovelier






*change to*

# O-Cedar *self polishing* WAX

## "*It's* PLASTICIZED!"

"Really better"... that's what critical homemakers say on first trying O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax. The reason? It's PLASTICIZED ... made by ■ special process to give it five very important advantages:

(1) Greater resistance to dirt, to enable you to wipe floors beautifully clean with ■ dry mop or damp cloth ... *no scrubbing.*
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(3) Richer, lovelier luster.
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Try this improved floor finish now ... on linoleum, wood, composition floors. At your nearest dealer.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

**O-CEDAR *Balanced-Formula* PASTE WAX**

Soft enough for easy application, hard enough for longer wear. Beautifies and protects furniture, floors, woodwork, venetian blinds, leather goods, automobiles, fixtures, etc.




**O-CEDAR ▪ CHICAGO, ILLINOIS ▪ TORONTO, CANADA**

O-Cedar "THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEKEEPING"



### MOR *Salad Plate*

Cut 1 can MOR into 8 or 12 slices. Arrange around a tossed vegetable salad made of head lettuce, curly endive, watercress, cucumber and radish slices, tomato wedges and French dressing. Serves 4.

### *Glazed* MOR *Roast and Sweet Potatoes*

Place two cans of MOR close together in a shallow baking pan, score in diamond shapes and stud with cloves. Garnish edge with mashed sweet potatoes put through a pastry tube. Place whole cooked sweet potatoes around the meat, pour over them a hot glaze made of ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tbsp. hot water, and 1 tbsp. melted butter. Drizzle 1 tbsp. of the glaze over the MOR. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 25 minutes. Serves 8.




*It's Different!*

**OUR GUESTS WERE DELIGHTED WITH THESE**

# *Time Savers*



*George Rector*

*Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.*

"Easy does it" when there's a can of Wilson's delicious MOR on your "quickie" shelf. Besides being just right for sandwiches and cold snacks, MOR —when baked, fried or broiled—becomes a hearty, stick-to-the-ribs dinner meat.

You'll appreciate MOR's wholesomeness. Every slice has all the important proteins, vitamins and minerals of the good pork meat your dealer cuts for you.

Remember that MOR is different. Proof of this is its rare, distinctive flavor —its *master's* touch of seasoning.

**WILSON'S "QUICKIE" SHELF.** With a handy line like this, you're never out on a limb, come dinner time. Devote one shelf to these quality meat products—Wilson's MOR, Corned Beef Hash, Chili, Tamales, Deviled Ham and America's favorite meat flavor, Wilson's B-V. *All seasoned the Wilson way.*




WILSON & Co. INC.

*The Wilson Label protects your table*

# CONVERSATION PIECE

*By Ruth Mills Teague*

A DINNER of even four courses, if each is as carefully done as it should be, daunts the average hostess in these help-less days. Yet exquisitely done, well-balanced dinners are still a civilized delight to all who attend them. So why not split the responsibility among *four* hostesses, and pool the results in one superb meal? Not so long ago a group of us in this countryside carried out such a project in a series of dinners that have taken their place in local folklore.

The plan is for four couples to combine to entertain one another, and each girl prepares one course of a carefully thought-out dinner. In the division of labor, the hostess of the evening prepares the main course, one girl brings the hors d'oeuvres and salad, another the soup, ready for reheating, and the fourth brings the dessert. Individually it's easy, but the combination is a more finished production than any one of the four might care to undertake alone. You can make this adventure in co-operation a gourmet's field day, and I'll give you a sample menu.

The point you must never lose sight of is that a perfect dinner cannot be a haphazard assembly of good dishes. Each item must be planned to complement what goes before and comes after, and while each cook can be an artist, no one can be a rugged individualist. So we must discuss the menu in detail, and plan every dish down to the last herb leaf and clove of garlic to make the ensemble a perfect harmony.

We don't want elaborate and too hearty hors d'oeuvres, but a real appetizer. A subtle blend of cream cheese, chutney and curry powder, molded in an attractive shape and surrounded by crisp potato chips and slender pretzel sticks, will be just the thing. The chips and sticks can be used as scoops, but there will be small knives for those who prefer to spread the cheese mixture.

The soup will be Consommè Avocado, made with the tender care a truly superb consommè demands: steaming cups of clear delectable broth flecked with tiny slivers of pale-green avocado—a soup to delight but not satiate the appetite.



*For a dinner party without round-the-clock preparations, plan a co-operative meal. Split the neatly planned menu four ways, and let each guest arrive with a course in hand.*

Y STUART





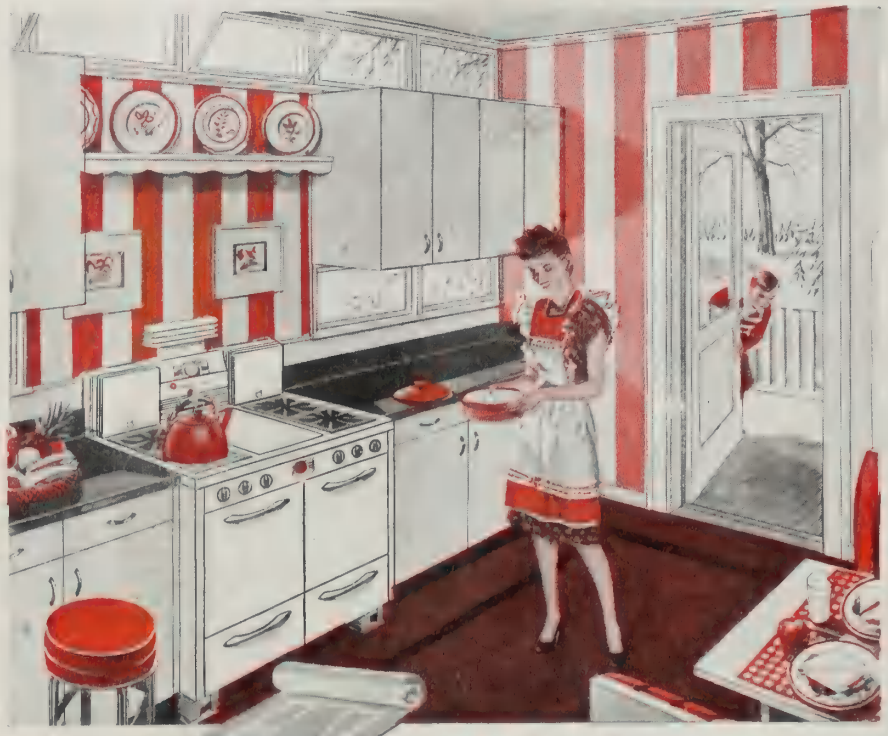
*Hors d'oeuvres should be appetite teasers. Try scooping up cheese and chutney with pretzel sticks and potato chips.*

*The hostess steals the show with rich, savory chicken paprika, homemade noodles and a batch of hot bacon biscuits.*

MORE WOMEN COOK ON

Magic Chef

THAN ON ANY OTHER RANGE



Here is another original kitchen design, planned by Magic Chef. Note the ventilating windows above cabinets, the window panels below, the colorful atmosphere. Write today for our new folder showing 10 New Freedom Gas Kitchens in full color. It's free.

Happiness Ahead—

IN A KITCHEN WITH

Magic Chef

The happiness that you enjoy with a new Magic Chef is happiness that *lasts*, day after day, year after year. That's because a Magic Chef, with its dozens of ease and convenience features like the four shown here, makes cooking delicious meals so much easier that kitchen worries vanish for good.

No wonder that American women vote Magic Chef their favorite gas range . . . that recent surveys again show that *more women cook on Magic Chef than on any other range.* Remember this when you go to see the *new* Magic Chefs at your Gas Company or Magic Chef Dealer's store. The search for freedom is abroad in the world—bring yourself *new kitchen freedom* with a shining new Magic Chef.

**You Can Cook With Gas Wherever You Are!**
If you live beyond the gas mains, you still can enjoy Magic Chef cooking. Investigate "Pyrofax" Gas in eastern or central states; other "LP" (bottled or tank) gases elsewhere.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Dept. L-2, ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

Magic Chef

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**Automatic Oven Cooking**—Simply set clock and temperature control. Gas turns on and off automatically; cooks while you are away.



**Guaranteed Lifetime Burner Efficiency**—Burners of your Magic Chef are guaranteed to operate with full original efficiency for your range's entire lifetime of service to you or will be replaced without charge.



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**Automatic Lighting**—No matches needed. All burners light automatically on your "CP" Magic Chef—just turn on the gas.

THE GAS RANGE WITH THE FAMOUS RED WHEEL


For the *pièce de résistance*, Chicken Paprika! The exclamation point means that this is a very special chicken paprika—a *Cordon-Bleu* item. With it there will be Noodles Polonaise—homemade noodles, I hope—and bacon biscuits, all the contribution of the hostess. The biggest share of labor and expense falls to her; but after all, this is much more than less her party, and the next time someone else will be hostess. And with no hors d'oeuvres, soup, salad or dessert to bother with, why not a four-star production?

Salad Printanière, a delicious combination of fresh, tender vegetables and a French dressing made with tarragon vinegar, can be served with the chicken or follow as a separate course.

The finale will be Oranges à la grecque, a dessert I've been longing to include in a Conversation Piece, for it so well fits the title. I've restrained myself because there's a lot of work involved, but this time we can let ourselves go, and what fun it is. If Oranges à la grecque is all one has to prepare, it's no job at all, and it's the perfect dessert for this menu.

Now we *must* get busy with recipes, for they're rather long this time.

### CHEESE AND CHUTNEY

**Cream together 1 pound cream cheese and a generous half cup of chutney which has been cut into small pieces. If you can't get Indian chutney, use the domestic equivalent. Add 2 teaspoons curry powder, and when thoroughly mixed pack into a mold which has been rubbed generously with salad oil. For the mold use a small tin can, approximately three and a half inches in height and diameter—peanuts and powdered chocolate are often put up in this size can—or use a small bowl. Pack the cheese very tightly and store for at least twenty-four hours in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator. To serve, empty the cheese mold onto the center of a platter and surround it with crisp potato chips and pretzel sticks.**

### CONSOMMÉ AVOCADO

**Wash thoroughly and allow to stand in cold water for half an hour about 3½ pounds beef, 3½ pounds veal, 1 pound heart (veal, pork or beef) and as many bones as you can beg or buy. Use the less expensive cuts of beef and veal. Drain, cover with 6 quarts water and set on the stove to cook. When scum forms, strain it off and then add 2 onions, 1 turnip, 4 stalks celery, 2 cloves garlic, 3 carrots, 1 teaspoon whole pepper, 3 bay leaves and 4 teaspoons salt. Cover and cook five or six hours, adding water as needed. (If pressure cooker is used it will take about two hours at fifteen pounds; use only 4 quarts water.) Strain through fine sieve and set aside to cool. There should be about 3 quarts of soup. When thoroughly cold, the soup will be firmly jellied and the grease will have congealed on top. Remove *all* the grease.**

**To clarify, bring the soup barely to lukewarm, add 3 eggs, shells and all, that have been beaten in a little water, and stir almost constantly until it boils. Let it boil for two minutes, set aside for ten minutes and strain through a sieve that has been lined with a double thickness of wet cheesecloth. Taste for seasoning and add more if needed. Reheat at the last minute, adding one ripe avocado cut into tiny pieces. Pour piping hot into hot soup cups, and serve with it stacks of crisp Melba toast.**

### CHICKEN PAPRIKA

**You'll need three large chickens, preferably roasting chickens, but young hens will do. Cut into pieces and remove from the bones all the meat of the breasts, second joints and legs. Take a small, very sharp knife and go at this job carefully, trying to keep the pieces of meat as large as possible. If you succeed in getting the breast out whole, cut it into two or three pieces. Boil the wings, backs, gizzards and hearts in salted water until tender. This, except for 2½ cups of broth which we'll need for the Chicken Paprika, will make a fine dumpling or creamed-chicken meal some other day.**

**Mix 1 cup flour, 2½ teaspoons paprika, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon red pepper, ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, ¼ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon sweet basil and a dash of nutmeg. Roll the pieces of**


French's WORCESTERSHIRE GIVES Scrambled eggs wonderful new flavor



Melt in a skillet over slow fire: 2 tablesp. butter or margarine. Beat and pour into the skillet: 4 eggs, 6 tablesp. milk, 1 teasp. French's Worcestershire Sauce, ⅛ teasp. salt, ⅛ teasp. paprika. As the mixture thickens break it into shreds with a fork. Serves 4.

TOP-NOTCH QUALITY AT half the price

MAESTROS OF THE SALAD BOWL



**La Louisiane Dressing**

*1 cup olive oil, 1/3 cup vinegar, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. paprika, 1 tablespoon sugar, a dash of Cayenne pepper, 1/2 clove finely chopped garlic. Combine dry ingredients, add oil gradually, beating constantly. Chill.*

MAURICE OF LA LOUISIANE

● For 65 years this famous New Orleans restaurant has delighted the elite of "Crescent City's" society and gourmets of the world.

Like all great hosts, Maurice insists on genuine olive oil for his salads. Make your salad dressings with fine Pompeian Olive Oil, the choice of so many great cooks. Haunting nut-like flavor, delicate aroma, and clean golden color! There's none finer than Pompeian—the great name in olive oil. Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Baltimore 24, Maryland.

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GUARANTEED HIGHEST QUALITY

Dr PRICE'S VANILLA EXTRACT

icken in this mixture, patting in as uch flour as will stick to them. Brown e chicken gently in a half-and-half mixre of butter or margarine and shortenig. When each piece is a light golden own, transfer it to a large earthenware sserole, and when all are browned empty e fat from the skillet—*not* into the casrole Into the skillet put 2½ cups chicken oth, 1 pint sour cream, 2 tablespoons orcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons chili uce, 1 large clove garlic finely minced, teaspoon salt *and* about 15 water chestuts cut into thin slices. (If you like, ½ cup erry may be added.) If you can't get ater chestnuts, use canned mushrooms stead, but I've been assured that those ecious water chestnuts are on their way the grocers' shelves. Heat this mixture ntil it steams, pour it over the chicken, ver the casserole and cook in a slow en—about 325° F.—until chicken is ten-r. It should bubble gently—not violently. 'ter an hour and a half of cooking, skim f surplus grease, add more seasoning if eeded and thicken the sauce with a tableoon of flour mixed with a little water. ooking time should be about two to o and a half hours, depending on the e of your birds. Don't overcook. As soon the chicken is tender, keep it hot by tting the casserole over steam or on an ectric hot plate. Serve the Chicken Papka in the casserole in which it is cooked, arrange it on a platter.

### NOODLES POLONAISE

Put 5 eggs and 2 teaspoons salt into a owl. Stir with a fork and begin to add, adually, 2 cups flour. When dough bemes too stiff to stir with fork, add the reaining flour by kneading the dough with our hands. If the dough is still sticky, ld a little more flour. Separate into 3 alls. Put one ball on a ell-floured board and roll to a very thin sheet. urn the sheet over many mes as you roll, and on't be afraid to use a ttle flour to keep the ough from sticking to e board or the rolling n. Put the sheet on a oth-covered counter or ble and repeat the proces with the two other alls Let the sheets dry r an hour and cut as llows:

Place a sheet on the oard, make a cut through e middle and put one alf over the other. Fold e dough into a long roll and cut, shaking e little disks out as you go along so the oodles won't stick together. For this dish t them about a quarter of an inch wide. hey can be made ahead of time and spread ut to dry.

To cook, sprinkle them into a large kettle f rapidly boiling salted water. Let them boil welve minutes, drain into colander, rinse ith cold water and place colander over team until you are ready to serve. Of ourse you can buy store noodles if you on't want to bother with the homemade, ut please bother. It's really so easy, and hey're so delicious.

Cut 4 slices of stale bread into tiny quares no bigger than peas, and carefully fry them in butter or margarine ntil they are golden brown. Better do alf at a time, and keep your fire very ow. Just before serving the noodles, sprinle them generously with the buttered rumbs.

### BACON BISCUITS

Add ⅔ cup crisp bacon crumbles to our favorite baking-powder-biscuit recipe. hese biscuits will go like the proverbial ot cakes, so make plenty.

### SALAD PRINTANIÈRE

I'll give you the ideal ingredients for this alad, and if some of them are unobtainable ou'll have to make substitutions. The secret s that everything that goes into this salad nust be delightfully fresh, crisp and icy cold. f you can't get Boston lettuce and endive—oth have been rather shy about appearing n vegetable counters lately—don't worry. ust use more of whatever greens you can ind. But here's the ideal—at least it's nine:

Boston lettuce, endive, water cress, tomatoes cut into sixths, tiny tufts of raw cauliflower, young green onions, 1 cucumber, 1 bunch red radishes and 1 green pepper cut into rings. Wash the greens, wrap in wet towel and store overnight in refrigerator. Break cauliflower into small tufts, slice cucumber and radishes, cover each with ice water and store in refrigerator a few hours. (A separate dish for each vegetable.)

When you are ready to leave for the party, dry all wet vegetables on paper towels, rub salad bowl with garlic and fill it with all ingredients—but do not add the French dressing. Bring the dressing in a jar and toss the salad as nearly the last minute as possible.

### FRENCH DRESSING

Into a jar put 1 cup olive oil (or salad oil), ¼ cup tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon sweet basil and 1 clove garlic. Before using, shake thoroughly and remove garlic.

Remember, everything crisp, and everything cold, including the salad plates.

### ORANGES À LA GREQUE

Remove the skin from 6 large navel oranges and cut it into very tiny julienne strips. Put the strips into a pan of rapidly boiling water and let them boil ten minutes. Drain and repeat this performance two more times, adding 1 teaspoon salt to the last water. Use plenty of water so that the bitterness will be cooked out of the peel.

Now to the oranges. Remove *all* the white underskin that clings to them—and does it cling! Take a sharp knife and scrape, dig, even cut if you have to, because off that stuff must come. Recently I made this dish with the biggest, finest oranges I'd ever seen; but the inner skin was so tough that finally I gave up and cut it all off. When this job is done, separate 5 of the oranges into halves, the other into sections, and put them in a flat-bottomed dish.

Make a sirup by boiling for ten minutes 3 cups sugar, 4 cups water and enough red vegetable coloring to make the sirup a light, bright red. Pour the hot sirup over the oranges and let them stand twenty minutes. Drain off sirup and boil it again for fifteen minutes. Add the orange peel to the oranges, pour the hot sirup over all, and let stand in refrigerator until very cold—at least six hours.

In arranging your serving dish, be sure that all the orange halves are round side up. The rest is easy, for this dessert can't help being a beautiful sight. And the taste? It's *still* more beautiful!

> The difference between you and other people is that their money looks bigger and their troubles smaller.
>
> —HELEN F. JAMESON: Pippins and Peaches.

> Mankind are very odd creatures: one half censure what they practice, the other half practice what they censure; the rest always say and do as they ought.
>
> —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

***Service.*** Unless you have really adequate help, don't attempt formal service—eight people make quite a tableful to handle. Try for a helper—someone to clear the table is definitely indicated—and between the four of you this much help may be materialized. But if wise planning must do the job unaided, this dinner still can run with beautiful smoothness.

Each course, including the soup, can be served from the table, or from a serving table, by the girl who prepared it. This is rather fun, but if you want to be a little more formal the host and hostess can take over the serving.

With no help at all you'll have to know your signals, for with four hostesses all feeling a sense of responsibility and an eagerness to help, you may become involved in an obstacle race. The good conversation that is an essential and delightful part of any successful dinner party will wither on the vine amid too much confusion. So decide ahead of time who's to do what, when and how, and stick to your program.

This might be called the Dinner of Four Spécialités, and if you swing it successfully you will certainly go on to make it a quartet of dinners.

Here's hoping the four *spécialités* and the four dinners are equally tops!


New! Pyrex Bowls in the colors of Spring Flowers

...only $2.50 SET OF FOUR

2½ TIMES AS STRONG AS ORDINARY BOWLS!

HEAT RESISTANT FOR OVEN USE!

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T.M. REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.

PYREX BRAND OVEN WARE for better and faster baking

CORNING GLASS WORKS Corning, N.Y., U.S.A.



Gee whiz, I'm *just* bowled over!

*Most folks are, Stevie, when you tell them what it takes to install a telephone! The easiest part, now, is getting enough telephone instruments. But often other things are needed before we can start service . . .*

**Like what, for instance?**

*Well,* switchboards, *for one thing. More of them must be made to handle new telephone lines, and it takes time. Then—once a switchboard's finished—it must still be fitted into the nation's telephone system.*

**Some job, I'd say!**

*It really is, but it's getting done. We want every one who is waiting for a telephone to know we're working hard at it and we're coming your way as fast as we possibly can.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

# THEIR HOME IS YOUNG AND GAY

*(Continued from Page 195)*

magazines or newspapers. She keeps a flourishing file of these, and not only reads them but heeds them. Bob is an invaluable ally at this. Fast as Georgie learns about a new worksaving notion, Bob is on the spot with tool chest in hand to help her manage the mechanics. Their kitchen and pantry, while its layout is far from ideal, and much of its equipment of the mid-McKinley period, is as step-and-motion-saving as their ingenuity can make it.

Lack of working surface was its most troublesome fault, so Bob hunted around till he tracked down some lumber, made wide counters and secured them with brackets at a comfortable working height for Georgie, who is rather a tall girl. These, covered with cheery yellow oilcloth thumbtacked on, give her room to stir up tempting cakes and toss crispy salads. In the pantry, he's conjured up cupboards from orange crates, with curtains of oilcloth to conceal their holdings. Plenty of hooks, for hanging pans and pot holders adjacent to the stove, was another step in Bob's make-it-easy campaign—hooks for hanging cups, too, along the edge of one long shelf.

Their broom closet, being on the skinny side (in company with most broom closets), was treated to a row of hooks inside its door, where the broom, dustpan and such flat things could be hung, thus leaving more room in its innards for plumper mops and sweeper. A sturdy shelf, down toward the bottom of the door, took care of jars of furniture polish and cleaners.

"It's amazing," says Georgie, as she beams on Bob proudly, "how much a few extra shelves and hooks can help to modernize even a middle-aged kitchen." She still dreams nights, though, of an electric mixer, her No. 1 yearning, and next to that, a washing machine.

***"You should have seen some of our homes."*** Georgie laughs, although a trifle ruefully. "We've really had quite a time making them livable." Orange crates, begged or borrowed from the local grocer, came to their rescue many a time, and turned up in all sorts of weird and wonderful reincarnations.

Once, they made a pair of ottomans for the identical-twin German shepherds, with "springs" of crisscrossed clotheslines. Double faced cushions that could be flopped over quickly showed their light-colored fresh company sides after the dogs climbed down and went to bed. The side the pups used for rest periods during the day was covered with dark sturdy rep.

A quick pepper-upper and cleaner-upper they blessed often was "cold-water" paint (properly, it's resin-emulsion paint), the kind that's easy for amateurs to apply and goes on speedily even over wallpaper.

Lengths of cheap pretty dress fabrics, to drape bare walls and soften ugly windows, were another quick beauty treatment for many of their stopovers. Georgie soon learned not to cut into the cloth, however, for they moved so many times it would have been sheerest extravagance really to fit any one set of windows. So Georgie became very adroit at "pin-ups," managing all sorts of drapes, hangings and graceful swags without benefit of thread or needle. Her perky starched sheet-curtains she considers her chef-d'oeuvre, however, and plans to have more of them even when she can find and afford damask!

***Griff's room have been decorated*** with husky duck shower curtains and bright bath mats, partly because they were cheap and more easily available, partly because they're so sensible anyway for a small boy's room. Bath rugs are easily washable, yet cozy for bare little toes to snuggle into. One of Griff's favorite rooms, Georgie reminisces, was a service porch that she and Bob painted and dressed up with a frieze of plump gingerbread men cut from colored paper. Miniature gingerbread men, scissored out of mending tape and pressed on with a warm iron, danced over the white shower-curtain draperies merrily. The fact that they camouflaged an imperfection or two was only incidental!

Because they like to have Griff share every possible minute with them, Bob cut a play pen up into the proper lengths to fence off a wedge-shaped corner of each room for Griff's special benefit.

The closet that became a bookcase helped a great deal the Feeneys' biggest problem of where to put their pressed-down-and-running-over measure of books. More of them are held within bounds by book ends that Bob makes of wood carved into giant initials. Georgie's contribution to the book-end supply was a pair of empty salad-oil cans, the big square kind, painted in her favorite soft chartreuse, filled with pebbles and trailing ivy gracefully.

"Cans are wonderful," says Georgie. "I remember one of the prettiest 'window boxes' we ever had—six of those short fat round coffee cans painted white, with beautiful purple pansies growing in them."

Even their mailbox, a gay peasant-painted desk accessory that everyone exclaims over, began life as one of the wooden boxes that two-pound squares of cheese come in.

***Making do with what you have*** is a fine principle that deserves everyone's admiration. But can't it be a woeful-dreary business the way some people go about it? My Easter bonnet is doffed to Bob's and Georgie's way of making it a game they play with spirit and lots of laughs!




***"You ought to be proud. Not many fathers are smarter than their sons!"***

LADIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN • MAY 1946 • FIFTEEN CENTS

# Journal





## ESCAPE FROM YESTERDAY

*A Complete Novel*

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

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COMFY SLIPPERS

THEY STAY IN SHAPE


# UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty



INTERNATIONAL

*America's No. 1 Man of Action stirs coffee as well as history. Capt. Butcher tells the story of General Ike from Africa to V. E.*

**MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER is a war book that women will like. Because no matter how patriotic one is or how much one truly cares—it is *not* easy to keep one's mind on battles, if one is a woman. But this book is something else. It's the diary kept by one of Eisenhower's good friends, *Capt. Harry C. Butcher*, a Navy man of all things, whom Eisenhower took to the wars with him for just this purpose. Captain Butcher gives a day-by-day account of life with General Ike that will delight your soul. He tells about all General Ike's visitors: Mountbatten, Montgomery, Alexander, Tedder, Marshall, Bradley, Clark, Patton, Harry Hopkins and Mrs. Roosevelt. He goes into the "P.M." at great length. That's Churchill. The P.M. only puffs at his cigars without finishing them, Captain Butcher tells us, and only sips at his drinks. But he loves to talk and argue far into the night, and General Ike runs down the hall at Chequers, trying to avoid him so that he, Eisenhower, can get his sleep. When invited to meet Bernard Shaw for luncheon, Eisenhower says, "To hell with it. I have work to do."**

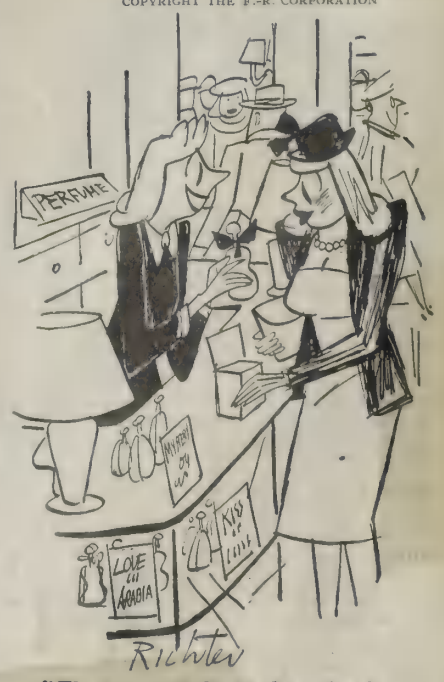
**The book is a mosaic made up of trivia, each unimportant in itself, but building up, curiously enough, when put together, into a full, satisfying portrait of America's No. 1 man of action. The scene moves from Gibraltar before the African landing, to Malta before Sicily, to England before Normandy, and winds up in the room in Reims in which the Germans surrendered. Between the lines there is the constant unbearable waiting, the compromising, the clash of wills. It is "behind the scenes" of the greatest drama in which our country has taken part since 1776. But it reads like gossip.**

• • •

On the afternoon of February 21, Miss Tilli Bean caused a traffic jam in East 52nd Street, New York. Two Rolls Royces got into the fray, taxi drivers yelled, the traffic cop was helpless, and great piles of unshoveled snow added to the confusion. In the swanky River Club, at the dead end of the street where a high-class fence overlooks the East River, her publishers were tendering ***Miss Tilli Chase***, author of I LOVE MISS TILLI BEAN, a party. But the confusion was only on the outside. Inside all was decorum. Early in the season though it was, spring hats were conspicuous—and we mean conspicuous—the food was delectable, and people of elegance were lined up for ham-on-rye and fried meat cakes in a manner reminiscent (we're told) of the long ago free-lunch counters. Miss Chase looked the Vogue figure that she is (her mother is Edna Woolman Chase, Vogue's editor-in-chief). She wore a pale pink camellia on the bosom of her very suave gray dress and a bunch of violets at her waistline. (Camellia for "unpretending excellence," violets for "faithfulness.") When we saw her last year down in South Carolina she looked more like a Tilli Bean. There she was wearing a bright-green skirt and a purple sweater, an orange-and-green-and-blue striped large scarf, and her hair in two pigtails, with bright little bows at the ends, stuck out on each side of her head. The effect was startling but it was pleasant. She looked like a little girl, and she turned out, on acquaintance, to be an awfully smart little girl She had some competition with a certain titled lady of letters from the Riviera who

*(Continued on Page 126)*

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*"They went right to the point in naming this. It's just called frankly, 'Get Your Man.'"*

IVES



**JANE RICE** *(The Willapawampus)* writes: "My childhood was spent in a Kentucky river town complete with paddle-wheelers, tobacco wagons, and auctions in the courthouse square. I was educated in convents; and my business career (in a radio-tube factory) was terminated by marriage. I have an eight-year-old child whose every activity is jet-propelled. I also have peepers on the front lawn, a vacuum cleaner that whistles when it's happy, and a dog whose father was apparently a raccoon. I like corn on the cob, men's pajamas, zoos and ghost stories; and I dislike galoshes, mathematics, people who put burnt matches back into the box, surrealism and stewed tomatoes!"



**LORETTA BURROUGH,** author of *Cocker of the Walk*, writes: "I was born in New York in 1909, and was educated there. While at Columbia University in 1931, the JOURNAL ran a college short-story contest and gave me the one-thousand-dollar First Prize. That, to say the very least, seemed quite encouraging, and, as a result, I have been at it ever since! My hobbies are amateur photography and gardening. I'm unmarried and have one dog—a know-it-all cocker spaniel who is more or less the inspiration for (and almost the spitting image of) the hero of *Cocker of the Walk*."



**VAL TEAL,** author of *Button, Button*, says: "I was born in North Dakota, moved to Minnesota, and have finally landed up in Omaha, Nebraska. I write stories for children's magazines, and have my second child's book on its way, so I can soon say that I write children's books. I do what most women like me do, only more of it—maybe because I never seem to know in the wonderful freshness of morning that the day and my energy are limited. I have an amateur-photography-loving husband and three sons, one of whom is an ardent nature student, another a collector of rock specimens, and the third a budding actor. My greatest wish is for more time; my greatest dislike is a lot of people; and my greatest love is a lot of other people!"

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LION'S ROAR

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The gre■ star of scree

Sometimes we wish we were a nove■ —just for the thrill we'd get from s■ ing our words brought magically the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★




As M-G-M has ju■ done, for instanc■ with A. J. Croni■ modern romant■ masterpiece, "T■ Green Years".

★ ★ ★ ★

If we had writt■ "The Green Years", we'd be especial■ proud of having created a whole gala■ of fascinating characters.

★ ★ ★ ★

And then, in a hushed and darken■ theatre, they would shine before us, t■ living images of what we'd envisione■

★ ★ ★ ★

There would be young Robert Shann■ —handsome, sensitive, fighting his wa■ in a hostile world. And Alison, Robert■ sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroine■ And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking rogue as ever ca■oused across the scree■

★ ★ ★ ★

We'd see that first kiss ■■ the lovers. and Robie's struggle against a friendless town ...and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws!



★ ★ ★ ★

And, if we were that famous novelist seeing our story so superbly brought to the screen, we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has bee■ cast, as though born to the role!

★ ★ ★ ★

There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; ■ lovelier Alison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

★ ★ ★ ★

Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our measure of delight in typing out this sincere tribute and signing it



—*Leo*

# How to grow a Model

by

**ONE WHO IS**





**1. LOVELY LILA KILNER** has been admired by millions—she's a famous fashion model.

She's "Timmy" to friends, and New York neighbors know her as Mrs. William Husted, a model mother. She took time out from her career to start a family. But now her daughter, Paige, is almost 2 and Lila's lovely complexion is again brightening the pages of magazines.

Lila *should* know how to grow an American beauty—she's one herself! Paige's complexion is "babied" with Ivory Soap care, just like Mom's! "Of course our beauty routine includes Ivory," Lila says. "Purity and mildness mean a lot in complexion soap."

**OFF TO A GOOD START**—here's an early ge, at 10 months.

cture of Pai

"You co ld call it a page from an Ivory mily albun ry—I know more doctors advise r I used Iv ther soap! Its pure, mild lather than any tender baby skin—and Paige grand fo it floats like a boat." ves the way



**3. LILA HAS A 24-HOUR-A-DAY JOB . . .** Marketing, housekeeping and modeling keep Lila busy. But no matter how she hustles, she's never careless about her complexion.

"You can't be careless, either," she says, "if you want *that Ivory Look!*"



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*More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!*




99 44/100 % PURE . . . IT FLOATS

Journal

# "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN"

BY STRUTHERS BURT

YOU remember, perhaps, the retort of James McNeill Whistler, the renowned American artist, to the disillusioned lady who remarked that manners amounted to nothing, and were all on the surface. He said:

"Exactly where they should be."

Having none himself, he was not much of a judge. But if he meant that manners are an outer and visible sign of an inner grace and therefore should be shown, he was correct. If, on the other hand, he agreed with the lady that they were mere polish, but that polish in itself was valuable, he couldn't have been more wrong.

Manners and polish are not the same thing, and the confusion has plagued mankind for thousands of years. If tomorrow everyone understood what actual manners mean, and then practiced them, overnight half our troubles would disappear.

Wax and rubbing make a floor shine, but all the wax and rubbing in the world can't make a bad floor good.

Polish is excellent. It is what makes manners easy and beautiful. But polish by itself has little worth, nor is any intelligent person long deceived by it. "A good manner"—in other words, polish—is a totally different phrase from the phrase "good manners."

One of the virtues of the English language is that in all its multitude of words there is no perfect synonym. Furthermore, words being new and fresh, meant more to our ancestors than they do to us. When they invented words, or used them, they had a fairly clear idea of what they were saying. Manners mean "procedure, behavior"; and unlike manner, or polish, they do not mean solely outer behavior, but that inner behavior which expresses itself in your outer procedure. For example, when you say that someone is "a civil man," you are saying much more than you imagine. You are not merely saying that a man is polite. You are saying that this polite and thoughtful man, aware of his own rights and dignity, and the rights and dignity of others, is a good citizen. Civility means good citizenship, for civic, civil and civilization come from the same Latin root. Our ancestors, therefore, meant that decent manners are a requirement of decent citizenship, and so one of the cornerstones of civilization. Indeed, they are the beginnings of civilization, and the continuance and increase of it. And since they are the beginnings of civilization, and the continuance and increase of it,

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# The Prerequisite for Peace

## By Dorothy Thompson

A RECENT article in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, presenting to the Big Three the plea of Mary Doe, has resulted in many letters to the author, all asking, "What shall we do to promote enduring peace?" That is a legitimate question, but it exposes what is, perhaps, an American weakness, which is to believe in action previous to careful enough thought. Action which is not blind, or action which may not lead to the opposite goal than the one desired, begins with careful revaluation of past actions and assumptions, and the rejection, modification or reconfirmation of previously accepted ideas or programs.

It seems to me that our failure to create even the beginning of a real peace arises from the popular assumption that peace is an end in itself. The desire for peace—at any price—is, as often as not, the direct cause of war. Peace is the by-product of a world order, reasonably satisfactory to most nations and men, as war is the by-product of an accumulation of fears, frustrations and grievances. To have peace, therefore, involves the establishment of a world order compatible with existing standards of justice, providing proper institutions for adjustment and redress of grievances, offering legitimate hopes for a rising standard of life and culture, and providing protection by adequate power.

All civilizations rest on and are maintained by power. In general, the fault of peace lovers is to deny or ignore this fact and believe that peace can be maintained by purely negative pacifism—by the repudiation of power.

Peace, here at home, is maintained by law. But the law would fail without institutions for its interpretation—the courts; and for its enforcement—the police; just as institutions of enforcement would be tyrannous unless they were the servants of law.

In our domestic society, peace fails where the law is ambiguous or inadequate, as it is in respect of the legal rights and responsibilities of organized workers and employers. The law, for instance, grants to workers the right to organize in trades-unions for the purpose of collective bargaining. But the law fails to define what a trade-union *is*, nor does it legally fix its duties, responsibilities or limitations. It grants the right to strike and picket, but is ambiguous regarding the border line between picketing and rioting. It has never dealt with the problem of the "just" wage, in relation to production and prices. The result is that our industrial system is a series of intermittent wars patched up with temporary negotiated truces. This condition of affairs will either continue to the revolutionary outcome of "unconditional surrender" of one or another class, or until peace emerges as the outcome of adequate and enforced law.

International law, enforced by the existence of superior power on the side of its adherents and defenders, is the primary condition to create the by-product of peace. The present United Nations structure neither creates nor provides for the construction of world law. It is, instead, an apparatus for collective bargaining between Great Powers, using all the pressures, strategies, armies, threats, geographical positions and satellite-allies that can be mobilized over any specific issue. Every treaty, declaration or agreement, and every action based on varying interpretations of them, is thrown into the arena of these pressures. Each Great Power sits in judgment on its own case, and casts the decisive vote in the jury, while small countries become, in fact, small change, to be passed around amongst Great Powers as compensation for a negotiated truce. Thus each meeting ends in a temporary truce instead of in peace, which always, everywhere, is the victory of law, law being the embodiment and codification of principle.

The essential nature of law is that it have universal validity, and equality of application. There cannot be one law protecting the rights of, say, Poland or Denmark, and another protecting the rights of the U. S. or the U. S. S. R. Not all nations can contribute equally to the maintenance and enforcement of law, as not all persons and states contribute equally to the maintenance and enforcement of Federal law in the United States. But the United States does not become disinterested in the apprehension of a kidnaper in Mississippi, because that state contributes so little to its expenses.

Therefore we, as mothers of sons, and American citizens, interested in securing peace, should concentrate

*(Continued on Page 136)*

# Want to Step up Your Family's E.Q.?

*Energy Quotient*




**1 You can do it** *any* morning! Simply by adding crisp, tempting Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES, with berries, milk, and sugar, to an ordinary skimpy breakfast! And look how much *extra* energy it can supply . . .*



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**4 And that active boy** can get enough energy to whip easily through a 2-hour period of shopwork.



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*These statements about extra energy are based on authoritative, scientific sources, considering the ordinary skimpy breakfast = about 300 food-energy units. *Eat a better breakfast!*

"THE GRAINS ARE GREAT FOODS"— W. K. Kellogg



# No Parking, Please!

## TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT

It happens to every girl—that mellow moonlight-and-roses feeling when the man of the moment begins to look like the biggest thing in her life. If you're a wide-awake, bright-eyed kind of gal who gets a kick out of good books, good football games and good brisk walks in the rain, it's inevitable. You're going to get a kick out of good dates too! The feeling is not completely new. You may have "liked" boys ever since you were an off-sized character back in the pigtails-and-pinafore department and the little chaps from round the neighborhood made good company for playing hide-and-seek and Red, Red Rover. But as you hit the upper age brackets, anywhere from a freshman to a senior in high school, your attitude changes. Boys are still *fun*, only now they are more fun, and instead of just "liking" them as you once did, you feel a new "appreciation" for them. (Maybe you're a smart character and think you know a *better* word, but when you spot a tall, dark and crew-cut fellow sitting in the back row in history class, see him stand up with poise and assurance to give the right answers and you decide, "That's for me"—well, isn't that "appreciation"?)

And the more boys you know, the more you want to know. You want to know boys who can make the basketball team, hold their own in a student debate in assembly or write a good column for the school paper. You want to date boys who are smooth dancers, know all the do's and don'ts about dating and are smart enough to push the button for a Woody Herman disk when they slip a nickel in the juke box. And then, suddenly—you're content to know just one. Because it's happened. You've suddenly met one boy who has almost everything you can ask for in any man! There may be a few things missing (he isn't so tall as you'd hoped, nor does he drive a red convertible coupé), but with this dream stuff so close at hand—who are you to quibble? You've found someone whom you can like and who likes you. Someone you can really "appreciate"—and that affection just can't put itself into words. So you've got to find some other way of expressing yourself, and to be completely articulate it will take—well, one good-night kiss, at least!

## CAN THIS BE LOVE?

Of course, this is the old feeling you've heard so much about. It isn't just a hubba-hubba business; it's something much more important than that. You can't wait to get to math class each morning because he sits almost behind you, second aisle on the left; you can't begin your homework at night till after seven-thirty because that's the time he calls, and if he doesn't call that evening, you can't do your homework at all for wondering about him; and you carried a slip of paper round in your pocket for weeks, worn and tattered, because he'd scrawled "See you at 8:30" on it the first night you two had a date together. It's a wonderful feeling, all right; it's exciting, it's stimulating, it keeps you awake at night! But just a minute, honey-chile—haven't you felt this way before?

How about that supersharp fellow you knew back in the days when you were still a freshman? The one who asked you to wear his class ring one Saturday night (but the mood was off and the ring returned before the week was out)? And the boy who worked as a lifeguard down at the beach last year? And the fellow with whom you went on a blind date when you were visiting your cousin in St. Louis, and the soda jerker down at the drugstore who went to your school and who asked you to wait for him every night after work so he could walk you home? You liked them all, didn't you—and more than a little? It isn't that you meant to be fickle, but you just fell in love with *all* the boys in succession!

## A DIME A DOZEN

And a kiss is an important thing. It is simply a physical expression which says "I like you very much," but if you *do* like a boy very much, you want him to know it! You show your interest first just by talking to him, smiling when he looks your way; you can give him a hint that he's the kind of boy who's No. 1 on your hit parade by saving your Friday nights just for him; and then, after a number of dates, lots of deep conversations and some real fun together—you may realize that this isn't just "any boy." This is someone special. And since your kiss is based on honest affection, it means something important to both of you. But if you change man-interests and dates every other evening, what happens to that sincerity? You may feel at the moment that tonight's the night, but who was that boy we saw you with last night! (That was no "boy"—that was the fellow you thought you loved, remember?)

Or are you, by any slim chance, one of those female high-school characters who have been fooling themselves with the old tale that "a girl has to neck to get around"? You may think that that's the true story, that the object of any fellow's affection will automatically be the gal from whom he gets the most . . . affection. But you just haven't got as far as the punch line!

Many a gal gets around so much for a while that the whole whirl leaves her dizzy; she loses her sense of what's what completely. She may think that all any boy wants is a gal with whom to hold hands, pat cheeks and rub noses on the front doorstep. She goes through the same routine with six out of ten fellows, and she's suddenly surprised when boys don't call her any more! That gal just forgot that anything too easy to get is considered "cheap," and that's just what happened to her. It doesn't take long for fellows to catch on to a girl's dating reputation—and a word to the guys is sufficient!

## WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

Let's forget what this "moonlight madness" (all right, put in your own word) does to your dating rating and your reputation and figure out what it does to you. You may not spend much time on self-analysis, taking yourself apart to see what ticks. But if you did, you would realize that you are made up of hundreds of complex "reactions," all of which add up to make your total personality. You're a sensitive young character. Some things make you happy, some make you blue, some excite you, some make you wish today was tomorrow; but every single thing that happens to you in your life-time is important. You've always thought of yourself as a pretty special person, so keep that thought in mind! One kiss won't put you out of the pink-angel department with any boy, but you know that one kiss leads to another; you may have wanted to kiss a fellow good night because he's considered a good date and you want to see more of him, or simply because he's your guy and that's just the way you feel—but before you know it, you're necking! You can suddenly find yourself with a lot of emotions just too hot to handle! And don't even try to fool yourself with the smug assumption, "I'm not that kind of girl!"

So take time out occasionally to think about your date life. And take it slow and easy, for a smart gal will know how to keep those extra stars out of her eyes. This is one time you have to see what you're doing!

### BUSY THIS FRIDAY NIGHT?

If you're not—if you're the kind of gal who has to sit home listening to the radio, playing with her little brother and working last week's crossword puzzles while other girls are having fun—now's the time to get on the ball and start rolling. Just send 5 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for the new Sub-Deb booklet, HOW ABOUT A DATE?, No. 2269.



## What's ahead for *Sweet Sixteen?*

It all depends . . .

So much happiness, so much opportunity —if she's careful.

So much trouble, so much failure—if she isn't.

Whether it's marriage you're after, or a career, or both—always put your best foot forward.

Above all, don't make the ghastly mistake of taking your breath for granted.

That's one matter you never can be sure about.

And there's nothing like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to start you off with two strikes against you.

Why take unnecessary chances on offending when Listerine Antiseptic provides such an easy, effective and wholly delightful precaution?

Almost at once it makes your breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

Get into the habit of using Listerine morning and night and between times, before any date where you wish to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter—less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** *for Oral Hygiene*



More beautiful than ever . . . in

Velva Leg Film

So easy to apply and quick to dry, Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing sheer-textured beauty that trims the ankle — slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.

Sun Beige, light—Sun Bronze, medium—Sun Copper, dark

Approximately 20 pairs in the 5 oz. bottle, 1.00
Almost 50 pairs in the 12 oz. economy size, 2.00

SLEEK . . . the fragrant cream that removes hair and leaves the legs satin smooth, 1.00

VELVA LEG FILM BUFFER . . . for polishing after applying Velva Leg Film. Must be thoroughly dry, then buff lightly for a sheer-textured finish, .50

Elizabeth Arden

All prices plus taxes, except Buffer

# Our Readers Write Us

### Who Doesn't Remember Mama?

*Mosinee, Wisconsin.*

*Dear Editors:* I sincerely believe that no career is truly greater than that of homemaker. For who is going to comfort a man and help him keep his self-respect when he has apparently failed in his work? Not the public, nor his business associates, nor even his friends. That's a job no one can do so well as his wife. She it is who heals his wounded pride, gives him new courage and fires him with renewed ambition.

And if it were not for fine, brave mothers, who would train each new generation—mold the youth of our land into useful, worthy citizens? My conception of a good mother is not one who merely sees that her youngsters are properly fed and clothed, but one who instills character-building qualities—teaching the value of the basic virtues and the importance of being a good son or daughter, a loyal citizen, a follower of Christ.

ELIZABETH LOOK.

### Annie Should Cook Up a Book

*Caracas, Venezuela.*

*Dear Ann Batchelder:* If you haven't already published a cookbook, complete with a Line-A-Day section and a poetry section as well as recipes, please do. If such is already in print, send me one—quickly. If not, put my name on the list of purchasers.

Of all the food and what-to-do-with-it-where departments there are in the magazines, companies and clubs, yours is way and by far the best. And why more editors have not grasped the simple fact that humor and imagination have a rightful place in the kitchen—rightful? necessary is more accurate—I don't know. You have. We thank you.

Yours truly,
ELEANOR HOPKINS HERASIMCHUK.

We have told Ann over and over that she could make a million dollars with another cookbook, besides *Ann Batchelder's Own Cook Book*, but she thinks money isn't everything. ED.

### It Ain't What it Used to Be

*Senatobia, Mississippi.*

*Dear Editors:* The JOURNAL isn't what it once was. Sincerely yours,
MRS. H. C. FEATHERSTONE.

Who is? ED.

### Maybe it's Better

*Wimbledon, North Dakota.*

*Dear Editors:* For my money the JOURNAL is the best women's magazine published. 50 Years Ago is always so interesting; things and styles have surely changed for the better since then.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. ART VENHINGEN.

### German Children Not Wanted

*Sandvika, Norway.*

*Dear Editors:* I don't think you will find many people in Norway today wanting to help the German people. Just after the war of 1914–18 families all over our country had German and Austrian children in their homes and got fond of them. The first thing the Germans did when they invaded Norway was to send these children, now soldiers, back to the same places, because of their knowledge of the districts. Poor boys! If they tried to communicate with their former adopted parents, they soon got to know that they were not welcome.

Of course we pity the poor German children of today. And oughtn't we to do something for them—we having been helped with gifts from all over the world?

I'm afraid we can't stand the thought of taking another German child into our homes. There are a couple of thousand with German fathers here—they won't be tolerated.

If we could only stretch out our hands towards each other—as your President Truman said—and start in a better way. Good will! What a mighty word, but so difficult to practice.

With kind wishes,
Yours,
MRS. ELI LUND.

### Hoosiers Live Abundantly Too

*Coal City, Indiana.*

*Dear Editors:* I doubt that the Pennsylvania Dutch have anything on us Hoosiers. We have pickles in our cellar too: stuffed mangoes, beets, cucumbers, green tomato, corn salad, pickled peaches and pears. All kinds of vegetables and meats canned in our pressure cookers, fruits, butters, jams and jellies. We have compiled a cookbook with our favorite recipes of pork cake, cheese and amber pies, chicken wiggle, tomato noodles, and so on.

Of course we are proud of our good living because it comes through hard work, planning and ambition, and our old grandmother taught us to put away something for the other fellow too. The best was always saved for company, and it was almost a crime to serve something special without a guest to share it.

Sincerely,
HAZEL BLACKKETTER.

### Memorial for the Future

*Mount Royal, P. Q., Canada.*

*Dear Editors:* We in the Town of Mount Royal are building St. Peter's Parish Hall for our war memorial. The auditorium will seat 500 people. There will be dressing rooms for plays and concerts; classrooms for Sunday school; a modern kitchen.

The slogan for the Town of Mount Royal is "The family that plays together, stays together." The rector has added: "The family that prays together, stays together."

Thus our boys will not have died in vain. We will have caught the torch and theirs will be a living memorial where the principles for which they died will be instilled into the minds and lives of future generations. Yours very sincerely,
ORA SHACKLETON.

### One Out of Twenty Persons Has a Nervous Breakdown

*Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

*Dear Editors:* All during the war there was a hidden and terrible help shortage, on staffs in mental institutions throughout the country. One hospital, for instance, housed 6086 patients—with a capacity for 3587. One nurse to 170 patients. One attendant to 212 patients. Hard work, low pay, lack of recreation, and the usual war drains were responsible.

Few people are aware of the situation. But apathy might stagger if faced by the fact (and it is a fact) that one out of twenty will sooner or later spend time in a mental institution.

In June, 1943, the American Friends Service Committee began to enlist young women to meet the institutional emergency; the first unit of Women's Service in Mental Hospitals was established at Philadelphia State Hospital.

Under the WSMH plan, a unit member worked for an average period of five months, at the usual attendant's salary, about $70 a month plus maintenance. It was her job to bathe, feed, dress and comfort the patient, helping to educate him, if possible, toward making his way again in the "outside world." On sick wards, a WSMH member frequently took on some of the duties of a nurse. Even on a nine-hour working day stretched around double routine plus emergencies, the girls found time to make diverting innovations in the patients' vacuous lives. One group who sat for years with folded hands now has learned how to unravel burlap for rug-making material.

By the summer of 1945, the number of WSMH members had grown from 8 to 53, with a second unit at the N. J. State Hospital. Most of the girls (aged 18 to 45) have been college students, with a large proportion of psychology, sociology and education majors. They represented various religions and three races: white.

*(Continued on Page 13)*




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# *Danger!* EYES AT WORK against odds

There's hardly a waking moment when your eyes aren't working. They work *for* you—or *against* you. They control 80% of all your motions—help you make the right motions or the wrong ones. They influence 83% of all your learning—help you learn correctly or incorrectly.

If you strain, abuse or neglect your eyes—you pay for it at work, at play and in your health. But if you take good care of your eyes, they're pretty sure to take good care of you. Remember this fact!

With the professional skill and counsel of your ophthalmologist or optometrist—and the technical training and services of your ophthalmic dispenser (optician)—you can *know* that your eyes always will be doing their best for you.

There's a world of joy in good seeing. Let modern science help you to *know that joy* throughout life. BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

**BETTER VISION FOR BETTER LIVING**

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For lovely You... new Improved

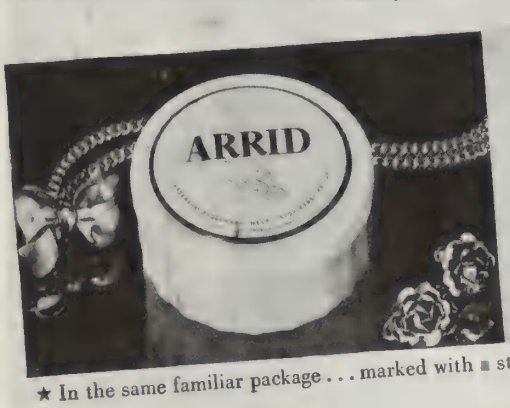
# POSTWAR* ARRID

## No other Deodorant

**stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely![1]**

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort . . . liquid or cream . . . meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

**so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!**




★ In the same familiar package . . . marked with a star above the price

### Summer Fashion Forecast

The superb wide skirt . . . for graceful dancing! The wide midriff waistband . . . to make your waist divinely slim! The camisole blouse of white eyelet embroidery, to make you look so beguiling! And Arrid to *keep* you looking that way. Use Arrid daily. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!



THREE IMPORTANT FASHION NOTES! The bare-shoulder look of the new drawstring neckline. The perky look of the new puffed sleeves. The immaculate look of clothes protected by daily use of the new, improved Arrid. Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

## Only safe, gentle Arrid

**gives you this thorough protection**

1. *No other deodorant* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.[1]
2. *Nearly twice as effective* in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. *Safe for skin.* Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!

**39¢** plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

**SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID**

*Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Carol Bruce*
*Jane Froman • Diana Barrymore • Jessica Dragonette*

**ARRID**... nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) *Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.*

*(Continued from Page 10)*

Negro and Japanese-American. They lived in attendants' dormitories, attended lectures and had frequent social gatherings.

"I've learned more psychology in three months here than in three years at college," one psychology major said. And these girls are actively educating the public—especially their parents!—in the true conditions and serious needs of our mental hospitals.

The plan is still expanding, as the Institutional Service Units. When selective service ends, we hope to make it coeducational. There will be a nation-wide need for such workers for years to come; and the need for the kind of public education they can give may never end.

This year we need 100 young people for the summer, and about 50 during the rest of the year. A new unit is to be opened at Clinton Farms, the New Jersey State Reformatory for Women. Members who can stay for six months or longer will be encouraged to do so. This is an unparalleled postgraduate opportunity, we believe, for anyone who expects to work with people. Sincerely,

PHOEBE M. BAILEY,
*Exec. Dir., Institutional Service Units.*

### "Help Your Daughter to Face This Modern World and Find a Happy Marriage."

*Dear Readers:* Having had years of experience as matron of institutions for unfortunate girls, I feel in a position to say that in the majority of cases, the blame can be laid to their early home training. Facing the fact that your daughter, as everyone else, is a physical being with certain natural impulses, teach her to accept these impulses and utilize them to make life rich and beautiful and not to resist or fear them as if they were an imposition upon life.

Every mother should begin to drill her daughter not later than at the age of twelve. Teach her that sex, as such, is neither clean nor unclean, beautiful nor ugly, moral nor immoral, but becomes one or the other of each of these pairs of qualities, depending upon the way it is used. Above all, recognize sex as a part of life which can and should be discussed just as any other part of life. Some mothers act as if all children were neuter.

When girls come to a home they are shy and fearful at first, but gradually, as they become accustomed to the place and being with other girls who are in the same condition, the majority are willing, perhaps anxious, to talk to someone. I have listened to their stories for years and years, and I'm grieved to say that not one girl in a hundred received any sex teaching from her mother.

I'd like to tell you a few of the many cases I had during the years I was matron. Gladys was a beautiful child, only fourteen. Her mother died when she was just a baby. Her father remarried when she was twelve. Her childhood was happy and uneventful until the new baby came along, when the parents and relatives gradually turned from Gladys to the younger child. Gladys tried to compete, but always without success. Parents, permit no favoritism to be shown any of your children! Help each one to develop his own abilities that no child is made to feel inferior, as was Gladys. At thirteen, she began dating and staying away from home every possible moment. Neither her father nor her stepmother paid any particular attention to her.

When the time came for her to leave the home I asked her if she had any place to go and if she wanted to go back to her parents. She looked up suddenly at me and answered, "No, I don't know where I'm going, but I don't want to go home." I was glad when she found lodging with a family who loved children. When she said good-by, she told me, "I'm not scared any more now. My little son and I will face the world. I'm so glad I have him."

I've always thought it showed a good trait in any girl to want to keep her baby. Many do, while others can go out without as much as a backward glance. Perhaps many people firmly believe that girls who have babies out of wedlock are not fit to raise them. I can truthfully say not one girl who fought to keep her baby has ever proved unfit to raise the child. It's the mother who doesn't love her baby or want it that's unfit.

Then there was Mabel, who had a different story. "I can't remember a time when my parents didn't quarrel," she told me. "They sometimes took out their feelings on me, each one trying to turn me against the other." I always claimed that girls of her type were the hardest cases, resenting the neglect and lack of sympathy which had forced them to come to a home as surely as physical maltreatment would have sent them to a hospital.

Little June came to the home in a big snowstorm. She was only thirteen and one of the saddest cases I ever had. Her first words were, "Mommie brought me here to have my baby, then I'll have to give it up." She kept talking—one in a million that cared to talk at first—and was bubbling over with excitement about her baby. I finally succeeded in getting her story straight. Her father was dead and her mother ran a dance hall with the house always full of drinking people. She cried when her little girl was born and huddled over it every possible moment as excited as any child over her first doll. Her case was a real problem. Her mother's home was not the right kind of environment for either her or her child. Making a quick search, we located an aunt, her father's sister, in a distant state. She came and little June and the baby went away with her. Little June is now thirty-five years old and the respected wife of a prominent physician.

Lela's home atmosphere was also difficult. Discussion brought out that her parents were unusually strict. When she disobeyed their instructions, they punished her as if she were a little child. The result was that when she went to college, she was like a young colt turned out of a pasture. The mistake Lela's parents made was to govern her entirely without giving her an opportunity to govern herself.

My suggestion in all these cases is that as your daughter approaches maturity, help her to control and govern her behavior by principles rather than by promises of reward or threat of punishment.

But when I think back over the years and the many girls I've tried to help, one precious thought is continually in my mind: not one time under any circumstance, no matter how bitter and hard and how low she may have fallen, not one time did I ever tell any girl she was bad.

*A Retired Matron.*

### Appeal From Holland

*The Netherlands.*

*Dear Sirs:* I am a Dutch girl (27 years old) and I have in Holland nobody who can help me. We had, as you would have heard, last year a bad time. My two brothers, 18 and 21 years old, could not go out, for the Germans arrested all men and boys from 16 till 40 years. So I had to go to everybody in the country, to get anything to eat, because we had only 4 ounces of bread in a week. I went on an old, tireless bike, and my clothes have got very bad. This year I have but one woolen gown.

Here you can buy nothing in the shops and nobody has something to spare, because everybody's clothes are worn out.

Perhaps one of your acquaintances or family can help me? I am long (5 ft. 9) and slender. I shall be glad to get something from you. My anticipated thanks.

Faithfully yours,
T. DIRKSEN.

### One Burp, One World

*The following letter, written by Lt. (j.g.) Fred Warner Neal to his wife in Washington, was sent to us by Mrs. Neal.*

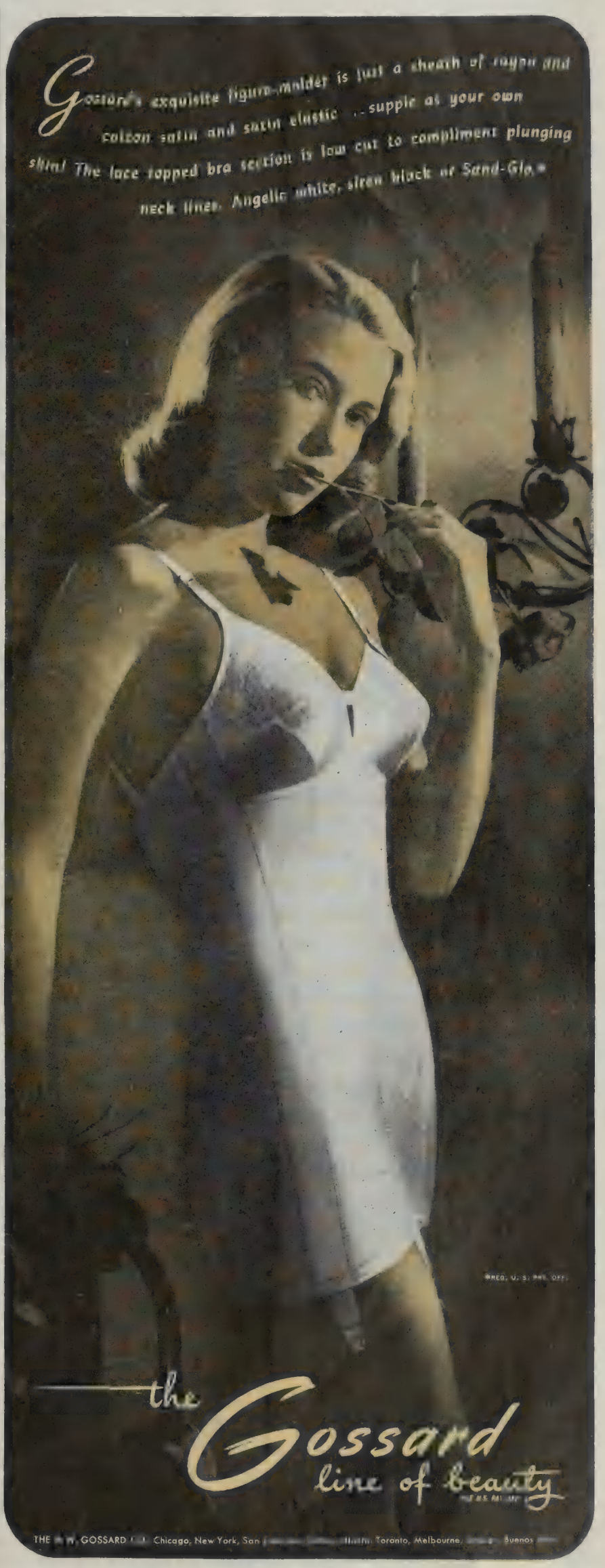
*Petropavbvsk, Russian Siberia.*

*Dear Ginger:* I miss you and baby Sue all the time, but I want to tell you of an episode that really made me feel nostalgic.

There are four Russian army guards here at our Naval aerological station. They are all big, good-natured fellows, as far away from their homes as we are. Their chief is a rosy-cheeked sergeant, about thirty-five, named Alexei Ivanovich Ivanov. Before the war he was a schoolteacher. Despite the fact that he knows no English and few of us know Russian, he soon became popular with the American officers and crew.

The other night Alexei Ivanovich approached me in great excitement. His wife, Anna, and six-weeks-old baby, who live on the other side of the Kamchatka peninsula, were here in the guard tent. It was bitterly cold, and the small patched

*(Continued on Page 212)*






# *delicate natural flavor*

## Millions are switching to Allsweet

"My family likes it *so much* better" . . . "You'll be simply amazed at the difference" . . . "It's just perfect" . . . that's the sort of thing women are saying about Allsweet, the margarine with the *natural* flavor. A true farm product, Allsweet is made from clear rich food oils blended—by an exclusive process—with cultured pasteurized skim milk. There's nothing artificial about *its* flavor. The cultured skim milk gives Allsweet that *natural* delicacy.

**NUTRITIONALLY IMPORTANT**—for food energy and for Vitamin A. All year round, Allsweet is a *reliable* source of Vitamin A. It supplies a minimum of 15,000 units per pound! Ask your dealer today for Allsweet . . . enjoy its delicate enriching goodness in your cooking as well as on your table. Right away, you'll see why delicious Allsweet is winning more new friends than any other brand.

**EASIEST TO COLOR!** *Exclusive with Allsweet—a coloring packet that is extra easy to open.* Smooth-spreading Allsweet comes to you white. To tint it the customary yellow for table use, one of these handier packets of pure coloring is provided with each pound.



## *Fifty Years Ago in the Journal*



IN May, 1896, the bishop sleeve supplanted the leg-o'-mutton and the last of the Russian czars was crowned. St. Louis suffered a disastrous cyclone, A. E. Housman published A Shropshire Lad and Gen. Mark Clark was born.

*In an article about railroads in the May, 1896,* JOURNAL, *John Gilmer Speed observes, "The most remarkable achievements of modern civilization are those which affect traveling, making it quick, comfortable and secure. We cross states and continents at the rate of thirty miles an hour."*

**Baby cribs: "The sheets and pillowcases should be of soft muslin, as linen is not considered healthy."**

*"Miriam: A menu card at a private dinner tells what is going to be served and one does not order from it as in a hotel or restaurant."*

**Spring dessert: "Mix together a quart of whipped cream, two and a half quarts of strawberries, half a pound of sugar. Spread between layers of macaroons and chill."**

**"A girl of sixteen, properly trained, would not wish to correspond with young men," chides Ruth Ashmore.**

***"Heartease: If a girl discovers very soon after her marriage that she has made a mistake, it is wisest for her to make the best of it."***

**"Winona: Wading at the seashore should be cautiously indulged in. The hot sun striking on the head while the feet are immersed in cold water is apt to be injurious. Ten minutes is enough at once."**

**"Lottie: For spring, select a cape of black satin, with jet passementerie and a black chiffon neck rouche."**

*A Livable House for $2000, the architectural feature of May, 1896, showed a nine-room house with three bedrooms and a servant's room.*

**"Anita: Colored table linen is very little used and may be said to have gone altogether out of style."**

**"When a stranger is introduced to you at an evening function," Ruth Ashmore tells her sub-debs, "talk about the beauty of the room and the many pretty girls present. Do not indulge in any personalities."**



# JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

**GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK**



FEININGER

*Signs of spring in Washington Square: clothesline gallery, artists at work.*

**PRETTY soon now, if you happen to be in town, and wander down Washington Square way, you'll be able to pick up some bargains in contemporary art or get your portrait painted at a very attractive price. For every spring since 1932 a stretch of sidewalk has been hung with canvases like very colorful laundry, and now every year well over a hundred artists have to cope with crowds of curious passers-by containing quite a few cash customers—including, last spring, *Mrs. Roosevelt*, who bought two pictures, and *Frank Eltonhead*, who didn't buy any. One headache for exhibitors is having to take everything down at night, tote it home and put it back up in the morning. And another headache is the weather, which reminds us: don't go the first day. It always rains.**

When a party she was giving here recently began to slow down, ***Tallulah Bankhead*** called up for a band that

EUROPEAN



*Tallulah Bankhead entertains.*

came over and played with great success. Cost her $100 as a contribution—to the Salvation Army.

*According to **Henrietta Murdock**, who goes there herself, there's a movie uptown where they run westerns every Saturday morning (just finished fourteen installments of The Phantom Rider), and where they've had quite a problem with the firing-off of cap pistols in the frenzied small-fry audience. So doorkeepers now, Miss M. tells us, frisk each young arrival for firearms, and arrange for all guns to be checked in the lobby.*

In case you're considering hanging up the hoe this year or planting flowers instead of vegetables, ***Richard Pratt*** wants you to know what ***Paul C. Stark***, of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, told him about how critical the Victory Garden need is—worse now than it was during the war. As head of the program, Mr. S. tells Mr. P. that another bumper crop from American back yards this season can pull hundreds of thousands abroad back from the brink of starvation and also help to keep our tables here at home well supplied in a time of tremendous shortages all over the rest of the world. He said that when ***President Truman*** told us we had to tighten our belts, he really meant it.

*"How does it feel to be Beauty Editor?" we asked **Dawn Crowell**, whose final Sub-Deb fashion page appears this month and whose first beauty feature you'll see in July. "Well, for one thing," said Dawn, "I find myself still picking out dresses for pictures with an eye for the whole costume, when all I really need is the neckline. I'm adjusting myself from the Hattie Carnegies to the Elizabeth Ardens, but that's not hard. And when I call up Powers and Conover to arrange for models I have to remind myself each time that it's not the young-girl type any more, but older, more sophisticated. Kind of the way I feel myself, come to think of it."*

**Talking the other day to an ex-brass-hat friend, late of the Quartermaster Corps, *Judy Barry* uncovered a little-known wartime crisis which occurred when they were trying to make G. I. girdles for the Wacs. Nothing they made seemed to suit, so they just gave the girls the money and let them buy their own.**

The reason ***Hugh Kahler*** was chuckling to himself the other day was because of a story ***Booth Tarkington*** had just told him about a farmer member of the Indiana legislature who was against a bill favored by many intellectuals. The opposition tried to reason with him, but after listening he told them, "You might's well quit where you be. You ain't got no chance to fool me. I'm too ignorant."

**Remember the minister in *Dorothy Walworth's* Nicodemus in the February issue? Well, his story in the JOURNAL so affected a minister in New Mexico that he's resolved to devote all his wedding fees this year to sending the novel (now in book form) to other ministers all over the country.**

*Quite a few hearts are fluttering around the Workshop, with **Laurence Olivier** about to open here for six weeks of repertoire from London's famous Old Vic theater, in plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Yeats and Shaw. The whole company of*

© JOHN VICKERS



*Olivier sets hearts aflutter.*

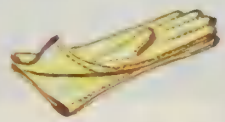
*fifty will have come by air, as well as some of the scenery, and will go right back the middle of June—the first important theatrical importation since the war, which the sponsors hope will be followed by troupes from France, Ireland, Russia, Mexico and elsewhere. Why, before we know it, we and the world will really become acquainted!*

**Some unsuspected talents of some unsuspected people: *Lionel Blythe* is a composer on the side—his work featured, in fact, by the Philharmonic here this spring . . . *Emanuel Goldenberg*, under his famous assumed name, is not only an art collector in private but a painter as well . . . *Hedy Kiesler*, though few of her public know it, is an inventor with several important patents to her credit . . . and a man born *John F. Sullivan* is an expert banjo player. And in case those real names mean nothing to you, here's who they are as you surely know them now, in order: Lionel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, Hedy Lamarr, and Fred Allen.**

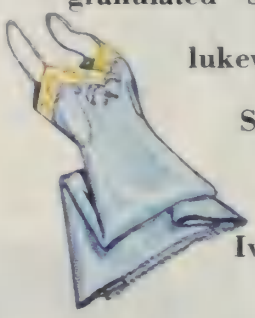
# Nylons! GIVE THEM Longer Life WITH AMAZING COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW



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## Longer Life FOR NYLONS, RAYONS, SILKS, WOOLENS

# Escape from Yesterday

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

## BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

BECAUSE the Germans were making a point of behaving "correctly" in Paris, Jeanne-Marie was startled when one of them paused, deliberately, beside her at the bookstore window. Her gray eyes had been roving scornfully over the display—collaborationist brew, of course—and for a moment she continued to look into the window as if unaware of the man beside her. Then, at a turn toward her, she walked off, her dark, hatless head high, her wooden-soled shoes clacking not too hurriedly, for the Boche must never flatter themselves they had driven you away.

In two strides the German was beside her. He said in heavily accented French, his tone ingratiating, "Was there something you desired, mademoiselle, in that window?"

Jeanne-Marie walked on with an air of not hearing, of not being conscious of his presence.

"Books are not very interesting," he continued. Beneath his suavity was something assured and amused. "A girl with such pretty legs might like stockings—yes?"

Her stockingless legs did not move faster, but her heart did. This was something new; something not "correct." But she had perfected

*It was a dress designed for witchery—Jeanne-Marie knew that in it she could not fail.*

ILLUSTRATED BY Charles

a complete blankness of expression and her eyes continued to drift along the perspective of the street with an air of utter unconcern.

She was a slender girl, her slenderness enhanced by the meager diet of the occupation, and accented by the tightness with which her black coat was belted. Her dark hair was drawn up from her neck and ears to tower in the exaggerated pompadour that was a Parisian gesture of defiant gaiety. She had delicate, very clear-cut features, set now in a mask of careful indifference.

"Stockings of silk ——"

"Your pardon, monsieur, but one can see the young lady does not care for the entertainment of your conversation." A French voice had cut into the German's. A young man had gained Jeanne-Marie's other side and was speaking directly across her. Her air of indifference was shattered. She turned swiftly and said breathlessly, "I beg of you ——" but for the warning in her voice and eyes she got back an incredibly merry look, out of bright, willful eyes. The young man continued, mockingly polite, "Nor for the pleasure of your acquaintance, monsieur. Offered, without doubt, in ignorance of the conventions of our civilization."

The German stopped and the Frenchman stopped and Jeanne-Marie stood between them, frightened and angry. It was utter folly to provoke the Boche, and it would be disaster to have her brought to their attention. Already, once or twice, she had fancied she was being followed, but it was easy to imagine that when one was in a certain work. There was a moment of silent tension, then to Jeanne-Marie's passionate relief the German assumed haughty indifference.

"I do not find this worth an incident," he said contemptuously. "So ——" With a stiff inclination he turned and strode away.

The young man looked after him, then smiled at Jeanne-Marie as if he expected her to smile back. "But this is folly!" she burst out. "What if he ——"

"I find it worth the incident."

But she would not smile back. "You are not wise. And not wise for me either. What if —— This was a mere inconvenience. A nothing. It was foolish to risk ——"

"I grant you. But there are times when a thing is too much for you."

"It is all too much. But we must not show it."

He said seriously now, "I am sorry if I have offended."

"I am not offended. Only alarmed for you. For us both. But I appreciate that you intended ——"

"You must own I succeeded."

She had to smile a little then at memory of the small triumph. "Nevertheless ——" she said stubbornly. Then, nervously, "We had better turn this corner. He might change his mind. I did not look at his uniform—his rank ——"

"Waffen SS. A captain."

"Oh, my God!" said Jeanne-Marie. Hurriedly, she turned a corner.

"Does this happen often?" asked the young man.

"No—they want us to love them," she said bitterly. "Is it not amazing? They take everything we have—they imprison and torture us and shoot hostages, and they want to be loved! There was never anything quite like them."

"No. There never was." He gave an odd little laugh, as if at some memories of his own.

Jeanne-Marie glanced at him. He was undeniably an attractive young man. There was something very masculine, very vital about him. He looked strong and well nourished, as if he had come from the country. His clothes were good tweeds, though rather shabby; his boots, French army boots, were patched and worn. His brown topcoat looked as if he had slept in it.

He was looking about with frank interest. It was early evening and the street was filled with home-going people, tired-looking, trudging along or pedaling bicycles. The only cars were the drab army trucks or the occasional sports car of some German officer. His eyes examined everything: the *Soldatenheim* they passed; the barriers of barbed wire they had to skirt, erected about a building of military importance. On one wall was a freshly put up poster: "Légion Volontaire Française—for France and for Europe." He looked at that and his eyes mocked it.

"Voluntary! How many do you think are in that?"

"Two thousand. At least that is what I heard."

"The flower of France, of course!"

"Of course."

"There are not many Boche on the streets."

"Not here. But on the Champs ——"

"They have all the hotels?"

"All the good ones. They are all Boche billets. Except the Bristol. That is for transients—Nazis, Spaniards, Portuguese. You have not been here ——"

"Not since the occupation. I am from Alsace."

"Ah. . . . Alsace."

"Look! In these hotels that are yet hotels, these not-so-good ones, would I have to show my papers?"

"Oh, yes. They would have to register you with the police."

"H'm. My papers are not too good. I left in haste."

"But you should not tell me that!" said Jeanne-Marie. "How do you know I am not a collaborator?"



**She looked out over Paris. It seemed to her as if she were able to look into every window, hear the beating of every heart.**

He gave her a glance that for a moment was his only answer. He had strange eyes, more yellow than brown, very bright and steady. Willful and mischievous they had been, when she first looked into them; now she saw their laughter was only on the surface.

"I am not quite a fool," he said dryly. He added, "They were combing the country for workers for Germany. I'd been hiding out on a farm and I got a tip I'd been informed on, so I beat it. I only got here this afternoon."

"Have you friends here?"

"None I trust. Oh, I had the address of the family of a comrade who was in prison with me in Germany, but they are not there now. I have been walking about, wondering. What I should like is a room with some French family."

So he had been a prisoner in Germany, she thought. Not many came back from there.

"I would not get them into any trouble," he was saying. "No one is after me. I am quite all right as long as I am unnoticed."

"You will certainly not be unnoticed if you go about affronting the Boche!"

The energy with which she spoke made him laugh. "I shall not do it again," he promised. "I will do exactly what you tell me. And I will not be here long. I want to get away to join De Gaulle. I am a flier."

A flier. Her work was to help smuggle foreign fliers out of France. But the Underground was only for men in danger. This man was a Frenchman, able to walk about freely, to talk, to travel. There was only the difficulty of his papers. She could do something about that, though that was a secret not to be shared without orders. But he must have shelter. She and Marte could not take him in, for at any moment they might have to receive some Americans. Perhaps Paul?

Paul, her brother, was cautious. He would not want to be involved with a man escaped from Germany, bent on escaping from France. She had never confessed to Paul what she was doing, though from his warnings she was afraid that he suspected. He was skeptical about the value of much of the Resistance work. It was senseless, he insisted, to risk torture and death to smuggle out foreign aviators when all they had to fear was military prison. And it was senseless to endanger yourself by printing secret papers when you could get the same news, with less risk, from the foreign radio.

It was better to keep alive to struggle when resistance meant something besides extermination. If that time ever came. It did not seem near, this March of 1944, with the Allies stuck in Italy and hope of a landing in France worn thin. But even Paul's caution might not find any great risk in harboring this young man for a day or two

Jeanne-Marie said slowly, "I cannot offer you hospitality because I live with a friend, a young married woman. Her husband is a prisoner of war in Germany. The Boche took our home. And my father and mother have both died since the occupation. There is only my brother and I now. I am meeting him for dinner. At a little café. If you will dine with us, perhaps he can think of something. He is a doctor and there might be some family among his clientele with a room to spare."

"You are kind!" His eyes looked deep into hers. "And my name," he said in a voice that found it droll they did not know each other's names, "is André Philippe Rallon."

"I am Jeanne-Marie Fontaine."

"Jeanne-Marie Fontaine." He repeated softly, "Jeanne-Marie."

Paul Fontaine was waiting at a table. He was ten years older than Jeanne-Marie, with a small dark beard she ridiculed because it made him look, she said, like an actor playing a French doctor. He had dark, worried eyes which looked more worried to see her with a stranger and not at all reassured when she told the story.

She told it gaily. "Urging those silk stockings on me, Paul—I am sure he had them in his pocket ready to brandish!"

But Paul's smile was nervous and he looked about to see if they were overheard. "I must thank you for your good intentions for my sister," he told André. "But, truly, it was not wise."

"Oh, I have lectured him!" said Jeanne-Marie.

The intimacy in her air made Paul glance at her sharply. She went on, in a low voice, to tell him André's story, and Paul did not like any of it. An adventurer. Going off to De Gaulle. Just the type to capture her imagination. His instinct, pessimistic and fearful, sensed danger for her. He wanted Jeanne-Marie to marry Pierre Roget, who would keep her safe and withdraw her from whatever her rash ardor for France was getting her into. This passion for France!

His apprehensions sharpened as the meal went on. There was animation in Jeanne-Marie which made her usually gentle face something gay and provocative. This André Rallon could not take his eyes off her. Her gaiety and laughter were signs to Paul of something he considered as much a malady as any with a medical name. He would rather she exhibited a flush and cough. He would know what to do then.

Nevertheless, when Jeanne-Marie brought up the subject of a room, he agreed to take in the refugee. His sensitive sense of obligation made him feel he owed something to a young man who had been foolhardy on her behalf.

*(Continued on Page 74)*

*"Jeanne-Marie," he whispered, and she felt his lips [illegible] her hand. "To love you so much and to have you in such danger is more than I can bear."*



# Cocker of the Walk

## BILL WAS TOPS AT TRAINING DOGS, BUT WOMEN DON'T COME WHEN YOU WHISTLE! ★ BY LORETTA BURROUGH

I ALWAYS was fresh. Mamma used to say so, trotting along with her head awry, and me up in the air, my teeth firmly clasped in her ear. "You're the *freshest* pup," she'd say, jerking her head, because she hated to have her beautiful ears chewed. "They ought to give you the needle, they ought."

Well, there was small chance of that. Of course, even in our best kennels, once in a while there comes along some awful undershot meat ball who isn't allowed to grow up, for the best interests of all concerned. But from the day I was born, I knew I was a king among spaniels. Mamma has told the story so often—too often, her friends think—that I seem to remember it actually happening. She says that I had just come into the world and she had hardly had time to get the Cellophane envelope off me, when Jack Morgan leaned over the whelping box, put his finger on me and said, "That's a champion! That little bit of black pepper there."

Incidentally, that was how I got my name—Black Pepper—although my familiars call me Pep. I was a gorgeous little pup, if I say so myself, and from the time I really began to take notice, I was conscious of my destiny. Jack used to bring me in from the box, stand me up on this rubber-topped grooming table he had in the kennel office, and show me off to his friends. It worried mamma, because she said I was conceited enough already. I'll admit it inflames the ego to have tall proud human beings stand around you, humble with admiration. "Brother, that's something," they'd say. "That's a dog!" And Jack would glow like a lamp, and run his big gentle hands lovingly over me. "I'll not show him," he'd say, "until he's ten months. I'll introduce him at the Garden." The show at Madison Square Garden is like playing the Palace for us dogs: it's big-time.

At least that was what poor Jack expected to do. But when I was six months old he got pneumonia, died, and his daughter Christy came home from college to run the kennels. And that tore things, rather. Because as mamma put it to me one day, "Dear Christy is beautiful, but dumb." She looked worried, since she had her heart set on my Garden debut. "She isn't handling you, training you enough," she complained, sitting down and scratching her left ear furiously, which she always does when she's really embarrassed about something. "Does she expect you to win all by yourself, a little ignorant pup like you?"

"Listen, mamma," I said, a bit annoyed, "if she shows me sitting on top of her head, I'll still beat 'em all!"

Mamma looked at me and raised her upper lip in a snarl. "You fresh," she said. "Beat feet."

But really, things were not going well at the Morgan Kennels now. They were losing money. It wasn't that Christy didn't love us as much as Jack had, or that she didn't work like a dog herself, but she was young, and she didn't have Jack's contacts and know-how. She made bad mistakes, like selling a good dog for practically nothing, and hanging on to some appalling dub she should have given away to the grocer's boy. And then, after the time she tried to trim mamma, she used to pay an expert to trim the dogs, and for a big kennel that costs.

I never will forget Christy's butchery of mamma, ha-ha. Mamma came off that table with the back of her neck looking like those steps General Putnam rode down on a horse. Mamma never was much on looks anyway; she was just a wonderful brood matron who threw great pups by some miracle, but you really wouldn't glance at her twice unless you loved her. I snickered—I couldn't help myself—and mamma made for me, and I made for a spot I knew she was too big to get into. She was mad all right; she sat outside for ten minutes, muttering, "Laugh at your poor mother, will you?"

That was how things were at the Morgan Kennels, sliding slowly downhill, on the day that Bill Wainwright came into our lives. It was a dull November afternoon, near dusk, with a cold wind clawing around the edges of the buildings. George, the kennelman, had given me some hard exercise, and I was lying in my own private cubby in the kennel, stretched out on my newspapers, and thinking about dinner. The lights were on in the office, and I could hear ledger pages turning over, and now and then a sigh; Christy was in there, worrying her head off over bills, as usual.

THEN the outside door opened with a gust of cold wind, and Martha, the maid, said, "Gen'leman to see you, miss," and this Bill Wainwright came in. Mamma told me later about him. It seems he has only a couple of million dollars, and owns the Flyaway Kennels, Famous for Cockers. One of mamma's many husbands had been a Flyaway dog, and although she pretended not, I know she always felt honored by the connection. Anyway, I didn't know anything at the time about the super-duper Flyaway champions, or the super-duper Bill Wainwright, so I stayed snoozing on my newspapers, thinking, if thinking at all, about a big warm plate of horse meat.

I was quite dead to the world when Christy opened my door suddenly, saying over her shoulder, "Since you're so interested, I'll gladly show him to you—but there's not a chance of my selling him." Fortunately, she had heard so much from her father about how wonderful I was that even Christy knew better than to sell me.

She carried me out and plunked me on the table in the brightly lighted office. I was limp as a snake with sleep, but—*noblesse oblige*; so when Christy's hand fumbled under my chin and her other hand grasped my tail in her clumsy fashion, I struck a pose that would have caused any judge to swoon.

After a moment I cut an eye around at this Bill Wainwright to see what impression I was making. Obviously good. A big, tweedy, sunburned fellow with nice eyes, he looked as though he had just sustained a severe shock.

"Fine little pup," he said huskily; "quite promising."

I waited patiently while he ran over me with very knowing hands. It was a long time before he stood back and sighed.

"I will cut out the shenanigans," he said. "A thousand dollars for him just as he stands. He's a wonderful puppy."

"I THINK so too," Christy said. She had stiffened up, as she does when she thinks someone is trying to outsmart her about a dog, which is practically all the time, poor girl, and her eyes were hot. "I'm not enough of a dope, either, to give him away for tuppence. He was father's favorite—I'm going to show him for the first time at the Garden in February, as father had planned." She seemed so tall and proud, standing there beside me, that you never would have thought she was beating her brains out just to meet her bills. "So he's not for sale, at *any* price."

"You're showing him for the first time at the Garden? A little untried pup?" He laughed, sat down on the edge of the table, lighted a cigarette, and said in a kind voice that didn't fool me much, "Look, Miss Morgan, don't mind if I'm frank. Neither you nor your grand little pup has enough experience for the tough competition of the Garden. You don't want to get your throat cut, do you?" He sat there, swinging his leg and smiling a little, a very nice, very rich young man of the world. But I could tell, from the hungry quiver in his hand as he ran it over my back, just how much he wanted me. "For instance, he'll be up against spaniels of the caliber of my own Flyaway Queen. Or has news of her penetrated to this rural retreat?"

"I believe so," Christy said, in a tone like the frost on a mint julep. "Mr. Wainwright, you waste your time."

He was quiet a moment, studying her with a good deal of interest. "Five thousand dollars if you let me walk away with him."

Five thousand dollars, and Christy's troubles would be all over. I prepared to change hands, wondering if I could have one last word with mamma before I went out the kennel gate forever. But you never can tell about human beings, and Mr. Wainwright had made Christy mad.

"Sorry," she said. "Pepper is *not* for sale!"

He knew when he was beaten. He gave up gracefully. In fact, he was so charmingly graceful about it that Christy snapped a lead on me and walked out with him to his station wagon, which she hadn't intended to do, I'm sure.

I'm glad she did, because sitting on the front seat of Bill Wainwright's station wagon was the most gorgeous black dog I ever *(Continued on Page 152)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

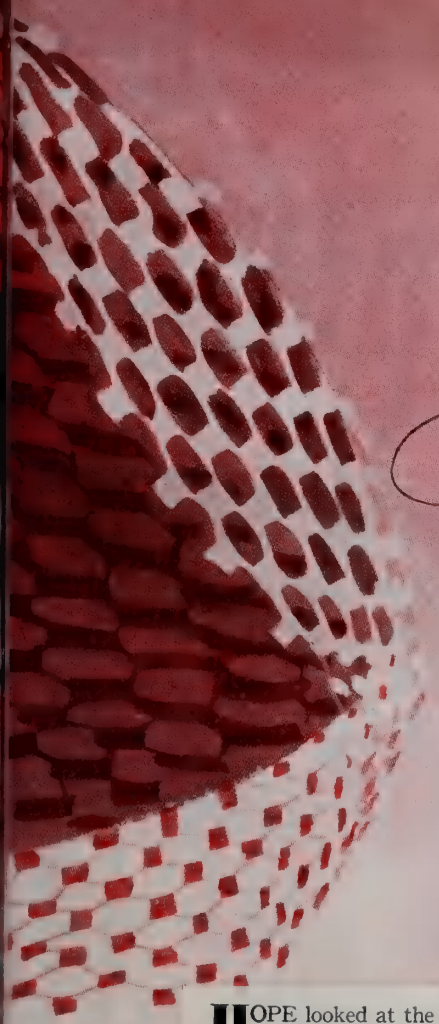


Bill said, "How about just one little apology so we can be friends?" Christy asked coldly, "Apology for what?"



*There was something speculative about Tanagra's gaze. Hope thought furiously, as if she were wondering how much Wayne would give, and she didn't mean in down payment on the house.*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



# Little Duck and the She-Wolf

HOPE looked at the menu and her face lighted. "Look, Wayne—sweetbreads!" Hope was pretty, and prettier still when her face lighted up that way. "Look—sweetbreads." She guided his eyes to the line. "Remember? It means good luck tomorrow."

He laughed—tender, amused, possessive. "Of course we'll find a house tomorrow, but I don't believe what we have for dinner tonight will have anything to do with it. You get the craziest ideas."

Wayne was darling, with loads of imagination and sense of humor and all that, but he just didn't believe in omens and signs. The day she met him she had sweetbreads for lunch. The first day of their honeymoon—sweetbreads. The day before they got the letter about Aunt Lola's money she ordered sweetbreads, but the waiter brought veal cutlets by mistake. You couldn't laugh it off. Sweetbreads simply dogged her steps, always before good luck.

It was cozy there in the quaint old country inn. It was cozy anywhere with Wayne. She loved the way women in the dining room eyed him. He was tall and blond and had that clear skin that goes with blond men. People always said they were a perfect couple because she was small and dark. She smiled across at him. He had been so sweet driving all the afternoon at fifteen miles an hour through back roads and lanes. It had been her idea that they should submit themselves humbly to the spirit of outdoors before buying a house in the country. Cleanse themselves of city smells and ideas. Draw in deep breaths of God's own air, let the focus of their eyes out, accustom their ears to the sound of birds and bugs and things. He had stopped patiently at every view, breathed and listened and sniffed with no complaints. His mother had explained that she was likely to have queer notions now.

Hope would have preferred to take more time looking for a house so they could see every house in Westchester and Connecticut before they decided, but the apartment was so small—one closet, one bureau, four chairs and a couch. Certainly no room for bassinets and layettes—and anyway, they were probably going to be evicted.

"What time do we see this gal tomorrow?"

"Ten-thirty. It's funny you can't remember 'Tanagra.' Tanagra Tyler. Her husband ——"

"I know. Sin Tyler. I'd like to meet him."

"You won't. He's a foreign correspondent. That's why she sells real estate. I'm so glad I thought of her. She was so well dressed in college she won't waste our time on Cape Cods in developments."

Wayne had learned to think quickly. *Not oysters, houses.* He had listened to Hope's ideas on houses night after night, and always said yes when she asked if he didn't agree. He was prepared to let her do the picking. She had good taste, and he wanted her to have whatever she wanted—especially now. He'd like a fireplace, and a good closet in the cellar with a lock on it, and a tree or a bush or something to make the trip out worth it, but she could have anything else she wanted.

Before Hope got into bed she leaned out the window. It was so basic, buying a home, it scared her a little—the way she would feel the night before going to the hospital: uplifted, but scared too. It was a milestone, and you could trip over a milestone and bump your head. However—there were the sweetbreads.

They read the name on Tanagra's gates the next morning and drove in astonished. Either real estate or foreign corresponding paid very well.

"I hope she doesn't think we are in this class," Wayne said. "Did you tell her ten thousand was our limit?"

"I said eight thousand five hundred. Here she comes."

Tanagra was walking toward them across the grass. It was quite a sight. She was long-legged and strode slightly and held her head so high she seemed to be leaning back. You felt she had walked to meet guests thus many times, perfecting it each time. She wore an enormous hat. *On me it would look like a dropped plane part,* Hope thought. On Tanagra it was fine. Her green wool country dress with its short boxed jacket would make any woman feel that living in the city was pretty thoroughly outmoded.

"Hello, Hoopy. What fun to see you." Tanagra held her hand well out and smiled widely—she had a lovely mouth. She smiled at Hope, but she knew Wayne was there. Oh, yes, she knew it very well indeed. Hope saw that Tanagra was about fifty times better looking than she was in college. She had ripened like a fruit in the sun. Her hair was ripe gold, her skin ripe peach, her teeth ripe pearls. She was Demeter or someone—Demeter fresh from Hattie Carnegie.

Wayne was dumfounded. Meeting several of Hope's other college friends had prepared him for nothing like this. But he had never brushed off good-looking women. He stepped right up to meet her. Tanagra laughed at whatever she said to him, making it sound very clever, but Hope couldn't remember afterward that it was anything so funny. Her laugh seemed like a witty comment on the extraordinary notion of dividing the human race into male and female.

"I was all set to drive you around today, showing you places I knew darn well you wouldn't be caught dead in. There isn't a decent house in this town under thirty-five thousand," she explained to Wayne. "But the most exciting thing has happened. . . . *Get down, Ginkgo—go find a stick.* . . . Ben Fiddler has decided to sell!" Obviously they were supposed to faint dead away.

*(Continued on Page 119)*

**HOPE THOUGHT: "I CAN HOLD MY OWN AGAINST ANY WOMAN ORDINARILY, BUT TANAGRA'S GOT ME WHILE I'M DOWN" ★ ★ BY DWIGHT HUTCHISON**



# The Willapawampus

BY JANE RICE

THE minute Jody saw his brother, Frank, coming up the street he knew something had happened. Frank took sandwiches to the newspaper office and ate them there, somewhere, instead of coming home. But there he was. Coming home. At noontime. Swinging his lunch sack. Jody thought, even if it hadn't been noontime, he could've told anyway—on account of how Frank was walking. He was walking springy.

Jody stood up on the top porch step and marked his brother's progress, hoping that, whatever it was, his mother wouldn't cry the way she had the day Frank had come home, walking springy, and had told her he'd got a job as office boy for the newspaper and wasn't going back to school anymore. When his mother cried it made his insides feel funny. As if they were leaking out of a hole in his stomach.

His insides felt funny now. Just thinking about it. As if they were fixing to *commence* feeling funny.

Frank pretended he didn't see Jody. It was a game. He passed the Gilhooleys', the Haggertys', the O'Briens', the Sheehans', and turned up the uneven brick walk.

When he reached the steps he said, "I wonder where Jody is." He glanced around. "That Jody," he said. He bent over and made believe he was lifting the bottom step. "Nope," he said. "Not under there." He went through the motions of lifting each step, one by one. "Guess the Willapawampus got him," he said. He shook his head sadly. "I expect the Willapawampus finally got him."

He went on into the house, using one foot as a bumper to prevent the patched screen door from slamming.

Jody went down the steps and around the side of the frame house to the back yard. He wriggled through his secret passage in the tangled thicket of honeysuckle that cloaked the paling fence and, gaining the cramped privacy of his hollowed-out place, he hunched there cross-legged and peered out through his green fragrant aloneness at the day that lay beyond—bright and flat as a plate. He plucked one of the yellow blossoms and held it against his nose, breathing in and out so that it made a fluttery tickle.

Presently his mother came out on the back porch and began calling him. Relief, warm and healing, surged through him as he listened to her voice. It was all right about his brother's coming home at noontime. Whatever it was, it was all right.

He could feel the day settling slowly back into place.

The kitchen was filled with the tantalizing aroma of fresh-baked bread. The table, a folded square of cardboard wedged under the short leg, was laid with a checkered cloth. The bowls of bean soup sent up wavery pencils of steam.

"Wash your hands," Jody's mother said. She sounded smily.

"Thought the Willapawampus got you," Frank said, surprised.

Jody washed at the sink, squeezing the soap bubbles through his fingers so they squished. He dried his hands on the roller towel and slid into his chair. His mother divided Frank's uneaten sandwiches between the two of them, and sat down.

"Put your napkin where it belongs," she said to Jody.

Jody picked up his napkin. There was a green ticket in it.

"Wonder what that is," Frank said. Jody could see that he was making his face straight. "You reckon it's *for* something?" Frank said.

Jody's mother smiled at Jody. She took the ticket and put it beside his glass of milk where he could look at it while he ate.

"No teasing," she said to Frank. She leaned over and tucked one end of Jody's napkin in the neck of his jersey. "Mr. Boone gave Frank the afternoon off and two passes to the circus," she said. She patted the napkin. "You can go."

For a blank, mind-whirling moment Jody stared at her, unbelievingly. Then, suddenly—so suddenly that he could feel it explode in him with a mushrooming *pow!*—he knew that it was true. The circus! He, Jody Murphy, was going to the circus! The *circus!* The word arose before him, a living dazzle of red, just as it was on the billboard across from Dugan's barbershop.

"It's a good thing the Willapawampus didn't get you," Frank said. "It's a mighty good thing."

"Eat your lunch," his mother said. "Both of you. If you want to get an early start."

It seemed to Jody that they'd never get going, no matter how they hurried. After lunch there was the business of getting *really* washed and into a clean pull-on and his blue overalls and having his hair slicked with a wet brush. It took forever.

WHEN at last they were ready his mother gave Frank four streetcar checks. Two for Frank. Two for him. "Just in case the conductor says anything," she said. "He's big for only five." She looked at Jody, and Jody could tell she was thinking about how he was growing. He was growing pretty fast. She gave him a hug. "You mind Frank." Her expression altered the least, least trifle.

Jody could tell about that too. It was because he didn't talk. And why because he didn't. *Mostly* why because, he decided. He couldn't remember it. But he'd heard about it until it was almost the same thing as remembering. How he'd climbed up on a chair, when he was three-and-a-half-going-on-four, and had pulled the hot corn meal over on him. And how he hadn't talked any more, afterward. And how the free doctor at the clinic had said he could talk if he wanted to. The clinic doctor had made it sound as though he was playing like he couldn't talk. His mother had got mad and had taken him to another doctor. One you had to pay for. He'd said the same thing. Only he'd made it sound like sometimes people couldn't help not talking.

*(Continued on Page 159)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

"I'm not ascairt of you," Jody said, but he didn't say it very clearly. How could he with a mouthful of heart?

His lips parted and it seemed as if fairyland had suddenly opened before him

# Sergeant Mickey

**BY MICHAEL J. McKEOGH**

*In Collaboration With Richard Lockridge*

INTERNATIONAL



*Ex-bellhop Mickey McKeogh had Irish luck in landing what he considers the war's top job with the world's best boss. After four years as chauffeur, valet, sometimes cook, he is probably the only living sergeant who salted a general's tea, survived to tell tale.*

INTERNATIONAL



*Wac Pearlie Hargrave was "very military looking as far as her uniform went—but her eyes weren't military at all." When Mickey saw her, he knew at once she was the right girl. Eisenhower approved his corporal's promotion to Mrs., gave them reception.*

THE first time I saw the boss he didn't look much like a soldier. That was in July, 1941, and he was just a man in a gray civilian suit with a white shirt and blue tie, eating breakfast with his wife in their house in San Antonio. He stood up and held out a big hand—he has very big hands and long arms and broad shoulders—and then he smiled. There's no use trying to describe that smile, and anyway by now a lot of people have seen it.

I shook hands with him and he asked my name.

"Private Michael James McKeogh, sir."

"I know that. I mean, what do they call you?"

"Mickey, sir."

"O.K., Mickey. That's what it will be from here on out. You take care of things around here—and of Mrs. Eisenhower."

I said I'd certainly try, and then he sat down and finished his breakfast.

The Army had taken me a long way from home, Corona, Long Island. It had taken me out of New York for the first time in my life. I had a good job as a bellhop at the Plaza. I didn't want to leave the Plaza and go into the Army, but about a million guys must have felt the same. The Army settled that for me on March 10, 1941, when it inducted me at the Jamaica Armory, in Queens.

I hadn't been at Fort Sam Houston very long when my platoon sergeant told me he had heard that Lieutenant Lee, aide to Colonel Eisenhower, was looking for a young fellow to go on maneuvers as the colonel's orderly. The job looked like a good one. I told the sergeant I'd like to try for it and he sent me to headquarters.

The lieutenant looked me over and said he thought I'd do. He told me to return to the company and stand by until I was asked for.

I didn't see much of the boss for the first few weeks; but living most of the day in a house where people like the Eisenhowers live, you begin to learn things about them. You couldn't spend eight hours a day there, for example, without finding out how devoted they were to each other, and how much they both loved their home. The boss was always a great one for staying at home when he could. He liked to potter around in the kitchen. He likes to make vegetable soup, putting in all sorts of vegetables and different seasonings; and he likes to fry eggs. He fries them very slowly in butter, basting them carefully, and then usually makes them into sandwiches.

The officers then were wearing civilian clothes except for one day a week. The boss dressed very conservatively—the sort of clothes a conservative professional man would wear. He bought them ready-made, and his uniforms, too, except for his riding breeches, which he had made. He was the best-dressed soldier in the world in his riding outfit, I always thought. When he was in his pink breeches, high boots and pink wool shirt, he was a Clark Gable.

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This is an excerpt from the book, Sergeant Mickey and General Ike, soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Maneuvers lasted two months and then we went back to Fort Sam Houston and the boss was made brigadier general. The rest of that fall was routine, with things pretty much as they had been before we went on maneuvers. And on December 7 we were loafing around in the barracks and some fellow came in and said the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor.

I stayed close to the barracks in case the general wanted me for something. He didn't want me. When I went to the house the next morning it was a mad place, with Signal Corps men stringing in telephone wires. The general wasn't there. I heard, the way you hear things in the Army, that he had been called to Washington.

I left on the fourth of February and got into Washington on the seventh and reported to Mrs. Eisenhower, who was staying with the general at the Wardman Park Hotel.

He made a trip to England in May, but he was back in about two weeks. Then one evening he said, "Mickey, I'm going to be sent over to London and I'd like very much to have you come along."

I don't remember what I said. I mean I don't remember the words exactly. But there wasn't anything I wanted so much and I guess I said something like that.

We flew to England in a Stratoliner. General Mark Clark was with us, and Captain Lee and some other officers. I was the only enlisted passenger. We landed at a field outside London and I rode into the city in a station wagon with the luggage to Claridge's, where there was a suite for the boss.

In London I stayed around headquarters a good deal, doing things people wanted done. But we all had to be careful that I wasn't doing something for somebody else when the general wanted me. I was his orderly, and he didn't want anybody to forget it—most of all me. I was supposed to see that I was around when he called, and not off on an errand he didn't know about. I slipped up a few times, and that wasn't good. When he yelled, "Mickey!" he wanted me to be where I could hear him. If I was around, I could hear him all right. He has a big voice when he wants to use it. When he called me he seemed to want to use it.

The general stayed at Claridge's only about a week. Then he moved to the Dorchester. The general never liked living in a hotel, but I suppose he liked the suite at the Dorchester as well as anything he could get in a hotel. It was two bedrooms and a living room. The other bedroom was for Commander Butcher. He was in the Navy and acted as an aide for the boss—aide and friend. Somebody to talk to, somebody to argue with.

In August the general got a little house about ten miles from London. It was called Telegraph Cottage and, of all the houses we lived in, I think the general liked it best. There were three bedrooms and a bath, a big living room with a fireplace, and a dining

*(Continued on Page 136)*

# and General Ike

## AN ORDERLY REPORTS ON HIS FAVORITE BOSS




ACME

"*There isn't anyone like the Boss,*" *says Ex-Sgt. McKeogh. The two did have a spot of trouble when the General almost strangled in one of Churchill's nightshirts on a pajama-less English week end.* "*But then he only uses swear words as adjectives and I packed better after that.*" *For the most part, a Wild West story, baked beans and week-end baseball keep Eisenhower happy. He can sing, too, Mickey reports—*"*One Dozen Roses*" *is shower special.*

# Button, Button—

**"MR. PEMBERTON COMING HERE?**

**WHY?" ROARED FATHER.**

**'TO SEE MY COLLECTION OF BUTTONS,"**

**MOTHER TOLD HIM.**

**FATHER DIDN'T NEED WORDS.**

**HIS EYES FLASHED. "OH, YEAH?"**

*By Val Teal*



MY father used to laugh at mother about Mr. Pemberton. "A Pen Pal, eh?" he would say, and mother kind of laughed too. Pud and I have Pen Pals in the little magazine we take. You write a letter in to the magazine and then some other kid sees your letter and he writes to you and then you write to him and you're Pen Pals.

Mr. Pemberton got mother's name from their magazine. It's a magazine about hobbies like antiques and stuff. Mother's hobby is buttons and mother advertised in the magazine and that's how Mr. Pemberton got her name and they got to be Pen Pals. Mr. Pemberton is buttons too.

When we went to Minneapolis to visit Aunt Amy mother met Mr. Pemberton. She went out to dinner with him and he bought a button from her. Mother collects all kinds of antique buttons but Mr. Pemberton collects just military buttons and mother has some that she says are very rare.

One day after we got back home we were eating dinner and I was telling father about the magic lantern Aunt Amy showed us. It has funny old pictures, pictures of things they don't have any more, like women who sell apples on corners and men digging with shovels and ladies going swimming with clothes on and even a picture of Santa Claus in a blue suit. That must have been a long time ago because for as long as we can remember he has worn a red one.

And mother said, "I didn't know Amy got that old thing out. Where was I? I didn't see it."

So I said, "That was the night you went out with Mr. Pemberton," and mother kind of laughed and got red and father looked very funny.

Mother said, "I just didn't think you'd be interested. You make so much fun of him."

"Well, I'm *not* interested," father said. "I'm not the least bit interested."

We ate our dessert, apple pie, and they were drinking coffee.

After a while father said, "Is he an older man?"

"Who?" mother said.

"That—Pembutton," father said.

"Mr. Pemberton?" mother said. "No-o-o. He's not old. About your age."

When we were reading the funnies, mother and Pud and me, father said, "Is Mr. Pemberton married?"

"No," mother said. "No, he isn't married."

"Well, why don't you tell me about it!" father said like he was exploding.

"Why all right," mother said, "if you're interested. He took me to the Athletic Club for dinner. I sold him one of those two Uncle Daniel buttons."

"The Athletic Club!" father said. "What does a button collector do at the Athletic Club? Tone up his muscles for lifting brass buttons?"

"Probably," mother said, good-natured. "I got a good price for the button anyway. I was going to buy you a birthday present with the money."

But father was still not very happy about Mr. Pemberton. But he tried to act like he didn't care.

When he would bring in the mail and there would be a letter from Mr. Pemberton for mother, father would hand it to her and say, "Here's one from Button Button, your Pen Pal."

Mother would read the letters and put them back in the envelope. Father would go on looking at bills for a while.

Finally he would say, "He didn't ask about me, I suppose?"

"Mr. Pemberton?" mother would say. "No, he didn't."

Before, she used to show father the letters. But he wasn't ever interested in buttons, father wasn't. He would always say, "Imagine, a grown man!" Mother didn't like that. She is a grown woman.

"Button collecting is dignified," she would say, "and educational and interesting and—and—dignified."

But now mother didn't even show father Mr. Pemberton's letters any more.

THEN one day mother said, "Mr. Pemberton is coming for a couple of days."

Father was reading the paper. He looked like he couldn't believe he had heard right. "Here?" he said.

"Yes," mother said, "here."

"To our house?" father said.

"Yes, to our house," mother said like she was talking to someone who couldn't understand very well.

"Why?" father asked. "Does he know you're married?"

"Well!" mother said. That was all.

"But why here?" father asked.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

*Mother sat there looking as if the tears were just waiting to rush out of her eyes. It was awful.*

"For two days," mother said. "On business."

"Button business?" father asked.

"Well, not daytimes," mother said. "The Crotchet ompany."

"You mean," father said, "that he does something else sides collect buttons?"

Mother didn't answer that one. "What you don't real-," she said, "is that my button collection is one of the st in the United States. Mr. Pemberton is very inter-ted in seeing it. Intelligent people are. He is also in-rested in seeing the military buttons I have, some of nich I have for sale."

"You've asked him to stay here?" father asked.

"I have," mother said. "I told him you and I both ould be delighted to have him. After all, where else would stay?"

"I wouldn't suggest," father said. "It's none of my busi-ss. The Crotchet Company ought to find him a place. ertainly *I* am not putting up the Crotchet salesman."

"He is *not* a salesman," mother said. "He *happens* to be n executive at the company's headquarters. Mr. Pem-rton was very nice to me and, after all, we have a spare om. And it's almost impossible to *get* a room in this wn."

Mother fixed up the spare room for Mr. Pemberton. She ok out the enlarged picture of father when he was con-med. She took the little lace pillows off the bed. She t an ash tray in and some hobby magazines.

"Why did you take them out?" we asked her.

"Oh, it was all right that way for Aunt Magdalene," mother said. "Mr. Pemberton might not enjoy the picture as much as she does."

AUNT MAGDALENE is about the only one who ever uses our spare room. She isn't really our aunt. She is an old friend of my father's since he was a little boy. And her name isn't really Magdalene, it's Marjorie. Mother calls her Magdalene because of the handkerchiefs. Aunt Magdalene got them at a bargain because the woman who ordered them wouldn't take them. They should have spelled the name "Magdalena" instead of "Magdalene." The name on the handkerchiefs, I mean. The woman had ordered them put on the handkerchiefs and then she wouldn't take them because it was spelled wrong. They were beautiful handkerchiefs, imported, and Aunt Magdalene said she got them for about one tenth of what they cost and that Magdalene looked a lot like Marjorie if you looked quick—*M* at the first and a at the end and a long letter in the middle. So she just bought them. They were such good handkerchiefs and twenty-four of them so they were lasting Aunt Magdalene a long time. Father didn't like mother to call her Magdalene, but mother said she would just have to do so until the handkerchiefs wore out. I guess mother did not like Aunt Magdalene so much. We always try to remember to call her Aunt Marjorie when father hears, only we forget because of mother.

It was just the day before Mr. Pemberton was supposed to come and mother had been working hard cleaning up the house and cooking. A telegram came from Aunt Magdalene, saying: ARRIVING TOMORROW LOVE MARJORIE. Mother threw it on the hall stand and made her mouth into a straight line and stood looking at it. When father came home we ran to meet him.

"Aunt Magdalene is coming!" Pud yelled.

"Marjorie is her name," father said.

"Anyway, she's coming," Pud said. "She sent a telegram."

"So Marjorie's coming," father said when he got in the house. "Where's the wire?"

"On the hall stand," mother said. "She can't come here," she said.

"What do you mean she can't come here?" father said. He was reading the wire.

"She can't come here," mother said. "The room is taken. She will have to make some other arrangement this time. I'm tired of having her sponge a nice stopover out of us every time she goes through. She can take the night train on for once."

"At three in the morning?" father said. "She certainly cannot. If my home isn't open to my friends, it's a pretty state of affairs. Of course she will come here."

"The room is taken," mother said. "Have you forgotten Mr. Pemberton?"

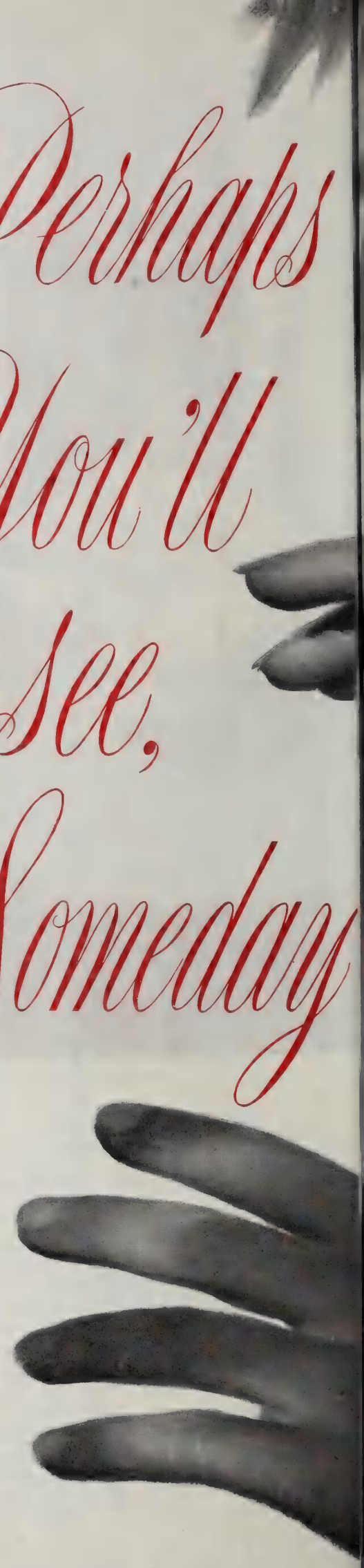
"Do you mean," father said, "that you would put Marjorie out for that—that—for that—button collector!"

"I'm afraid *so*," mother said.

They had a real fight about it. But finally mother said Marjorie

*(Continued on Page 142)*

# Perhaps You'll See, Someday



WATCHING HIS WIFE'S BEAUTIFUL ANIMATED FACE, BAXTER DENNING THOUGHT, "SOMEDAY SHE'LL LOVE SOMEONE ELSE."★

BY DORIS HUME

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

OLD Mrs. Marrish said, "—— doesn't she?" and Baxter Denning realized guiltily he had heard not a word she was saying. He had been watching Stephanie, his wife, dancing with Hugh Rohn. Mrs. Marrish chuckled at his discomfiture. "Your preoccupation is a compliment to Stephanie, Baxter. I said, 'How beautiful Stephanie looks, doesn't she?'" She smiled. "When Stephanie is as old as I she will enjoy remembering that her husband could never take his eyes from her while she danced," she told him.

If it were only that, Baxter told himself when the old lady had gone. It used to be he could watch her dancing, could will his unease into submission, could reassure himself. But since her meeting with Hugh Rohn jealousy goaded him mercilessly. Was this the one? Was this the time?

With a soft swirl of skirt she approached. "Thank you, Hugh, it was perfect." Smiling radiantly, she dismissed her partner and sank into the chair Baxter offered her. "Are you being frightfully bored, darling?" she questioned. Before he could reply she leaned toward him, spreading the voluminous folds of her frost-white frock in her hands. "Everyone has been so complimentary, Bax. And the earrings are utterly perfect with it." She touched the little clusters of aquamarines.

"I wanted you to have them. No reason you shouldn't. After all, the Mackley case went off very well."

Momentarily her smile faded. Baxter loved her when she smiled; it was in moments of gravity that her beauty frightened him. Her features were so exquisitely drawn in the pure oval of her face. When, unsmiling, darkly blue, her eyes regarded him, panic always swept in, because he couldn't read them, tell what lay behind them.

It had been so from the first. Big, heavy-boned, awkward, what dared him to aspire to Stephanie Bonner he never knew. She was of another world than his self-made one. Yet something in him refused defeat. When, incredibly, he had won her, possession brought no peace of mind.

He remembered at the reception following his wedding how, slipping into the phone alcove under the stairs, he had found his return barred by two women standing near by speaking his name.

"But what she can see in Baxter Denning!"

"You can't have everything, darling, and Denning's on the way to making a name. He'll be able to give Steffie things. It's an ill-kept secret her mother's practically mortgaged the place for this send-off."

They began to move away.

"But he's so plain, so serious. And Steffie ——"

"I know. Well—let's wish him luck. He'll need it!"

BAXTER never forgot. To keep Stephanie happy was the prod, the spur, the lash that drove him. In eight years it moved him from offices in Jeffers Street to a suite in the Colony Building; from an apartment in Clovis Arms to a Georgian house in Matthias Wood.

She said now, "Shall we leave, Bax? I know it's dull for you, not dancing." She was not looking at him as she spoke; her gaze was on the dance floor where Hugh Rohn was waltzing with Linda West.

"I'm enjoying myself." He forced the words out. "Aren't you?"

She did not answer. Hugh Rohn and Linda were disappearing through the open doors leading to the terrace.

Then, "What—what was it, Bax? They're playing so loudly."

Her hands moved restlessly, fingers interlacing. How long ago he'd learned to watch the hands of persons in the courtroom. Faces might tell nothing, but hands —— He felt that familiar tightness at the pit of his stomach. Through eight years he'd clung to his precarious happiness. It seemed he could not exist without Stephanie, yet he lived always in fear of losing her.

"Perhaps we should go, Bax," she said. "You must be in court early tomorrow morning, I know."

He said, almost brusquely, "Don't bother yourself about that." Within him the question beat, *Is it Hugh Rohn?*

Stephanie rose. "Here come the Drakes; they'll talk indefinitely."

As they left the country club amid a flurry of good-bys it seemed to Baxter that Stephanie's smile was fixed, that her eyes kept searching. In his consciousness a name pulsed devilishly: *Hugh Rohn—Hugh Rohn.*

The social activities of their group endlessly fanned the flame of Baxter's jealousy. Wherever they went Stephanie was always the center of a group of admirers. But now among these Hugh Rohn stood out. Younger than Baxter, he had an engaging personality, a cool competence and a brilliance in argument which were winning him a place in the legal field.

There was nothing on which Baxter could actually put a finger. It was just an inner sense of loss, a sickening feeling that Stephanie was slipping from him. Had it been an obvious flirtation —— It was something deadlier—a sort of delicately attuned understanding in their attitude.

In his unease Baxter did the very thing he most wanted to avoid—he quarreled with Stephanie. About trivial things, unimportant things; never the thing that was cankering in him. He struck out impotently against shadows. When, later, he tried to make amends she was kind. "You're working too hard, Bax." That made him more savage than ever.

STEPHANIE spoke always with a disarming candor. "Hugh is going to make his name," she said once. "Corintha Diehl told me that John approached him regarding a partnership."

"And?"

"Nothing came of it. I wish you had someone like that with you, Bax, to help you shoulder the load."

"I don't need anyone. Anyway, he's a flash in the pan. Spectacular, but not solid."

"His record denies that, Bax. He's winning most of his cases. Mary Arbruster says ——"

"Mary Arbruster usually leads the crowd in making a fool of herself over an unattached man."

Color swept into her cheeks. "That wasn't nicely put, Bax."

"Why, because Rohn considers himself a friend of yours?"

Her chin came up. "Because I consider him one," she said. She turned at the door as she was leaving the room. "Meaning exactly what that implies," she added. "No more, no less." Never before had he seen her so angry.

Ironically, the following month found Baxter Denning opposing Hugh Rohn in what promised to be a difficult and long-drawn legal battle.

In the last year of a profligate life Gavin Blayr had married Naida Martello, half his age but twice as clever. His death was expected and most superficially mourned by Naida. Hitherto a bachelor and apparently without relatives, he left her as his only heir. His once diversified holdings had dwindled to a long-held portion of the rich San Bercos oil field. But enough to provide the thirty-seven-year-old Naida with the luxuries she craved, and to secure the attentions of a young man twelve years her junior with whom she had been reckless enough to fall utterly in love.

*(Continued on Page 220)*



*Bax said, his heart pounding, "Stephanie, what have you done? I've got to know. I've got to, I tell you!"*



Time rolled back and they were young again—young in heart, not just in years.

# BACK TRACK TO LOVE

## In cooking, in love, in everything that matters, if the timing goes wrong you've got to start over again.

BY ANYA SETON

THE meeting in the Pennsylvania Station, only two tracks away from the spot where they had said good-by, twenty-one months ago. Gale, waiting, pacing up and down near the gate, slender, poised—her auburn hair gleaming in sculptured smoothness above the sculptured black wool suit—oblivious of admiring glances. But inside the cream doeskin gloves her hands were icy wet. Her heart pounded—*At last, at last.*

And she had not known him. Until she heard his voice, slow, controlled. "Hello, Red. I'm *this* one in the brand-new homespun number."

"Phil, darling—darling!"

And they kissed, blindly clinging, almost as they had kissed good-by, twenty-one months ago—frantically trying to bridge the gulf to come. Then their arms dropped. He picked up his suitcase. They started walking. Beneath the roar of the station four incredible words hissed at her: *This is my husband.*

Forty-eight hours of marriage twenty-one months ago, of a rushing passion, guarding itself and them from the never-admitted menace of the inexorable advancing hours, never daring to mention the future. Impermanence. Unreality then too. But afterward there had been the letters; from San Francisco, from Okinawa, from Manila. Each one a shining link forged on an ever-strengthening bond.

And this was a stranger. Thin. Young-old eyes that were tired and yet ironic. So tall—had he really been so tall?—in a well-cut gray suit. The expensive conservative tie, the dark felt hat on the darker hair. This was a man she had not known: Philip L. Delafield of before Pearl Harbor, born New Yorker, rising young architect and art critic, debutantes' idol.

"You've shattered little debbie hearts from Long Island to Greenwich, Gale," Cheryl Fenton had laughed when she witnessed the scrambled ten-minute marriage in the Municipal Building. Gale had laughed, too, scarcely listening.

"You prefer the uniform, my sweet?" His voice was light, casual. He did not look at her. "It's not a novel predicament. Been quite a few cartoons on the subject."

"Oh, darling—of course not," she told him. "I love you in civvies. It's just that ——"

She stopped. *That this doesn't seem real.* But her sentence drifted off into the noise around them.

She squeezed his arm tight. They walked on. People jostled them. Near the escalator Phil had an encounter with a fat lady and a dachshund which in its escaping frenzy managed to leash itself around his ankle. The fat lady was indignant, the dachs resentful while Phil untangled himself. Gale and he laughed over the incident. Laughed too loudly and just a little too long.

In the taxi he looked out the window, said without emphasis, "Same old Seventh Avenue," and added immediately, "You aren't quite as I remembered you, either."

Her heart gave a sharp upward lurch, and paused.

"Much more—more beautiful," he went on, and her heart took up its slow wary beat again. "But I can't wait to see all that 'bright burning bush.' I used to dream of your hair—Red."

But he had not called her "Red" in the letters. There had been a private love name.

"The bush has been pruned and trimmed considerably," she said.

Jean Paul had spent hours on her hair, subduing the riotous auburn curls to a sophisticated sleekness. The black faille hat, high here and low there, was an Arnaud original and had cost half a week's salary. It had been bought for Phil's pleasure, because it made her look chic and yet romantic. Everything during those interminable months had been bought to please Phil. Phil, the eager, ardent young junior lieutenant, beloved companion of two days and nights. Phil of the letters, tender, understanding and so close that it was like hearing from oneself. Every half-finished thought, every experience shared. But was it?

HE stood in the middle of her room. The smart lime-and-white room which she had described to him piece by piece. The chartreuse taffeta curtains, the mirror tables, the white fur rug, the charming little rose porcelain horses on the mantel. In his eyes she saw a quickly masked dismay. He put his suitcase down on the white fur rug.

"You don't like it?" she cried, her voice high and rippling.

"It's charming, Gale," he said. "Very well done. I remember how you wrote of finding the horses in that little shop in Chinatown." He went over and touched one carefully. "They're good. Ming, I'm quite sure. You like horses?"

"Oh, yes," and she stopped. What was the use of explaining a love for horses that had colored all her childhood? At school in Winfield they had teased her about it, even nicknamed her "Pony." Or of mentioning old Jerry, retired farm horse which she had ridden, tended, loved for years. Now would she go on inanely with the natural sequence, "And do *you* like horses?"

*Oh, where are you—what's happened to us?* she cried silently. The constraint and the embarrassment crept through the room like a thick yellow fog.

He glanced at the luxurious disguised day bed with its load of taffeta pillows, sat down in a white leather chair. After *(Continued on Page 147)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

# Women with a Broom






*Ex-Colonel "Chep" Morrison, 31, will take over as mayor of New Orleans, May 6. He charged the election ring in uniform, brings the city a new political tradition, plus youngest (21), prettiest First Lady ever to win the favor of the ballot. Son Toni is two.*

BY WILLIAM B. MONROE, JR.

MRS. JOHN T. CHAMBERS lives in New Orleans' Garden District in a big two-story white frame house set amid live oaks, magnolias, palms and banana trees. The wife of a civil engineer, she has two sons, one just back from Iran and the other still in the Pacific. Her fifty-odd years have not affected noticeably the olive complexion and dark eyes bequeathed her by a Creole ancestry, but they have turned her dark hair gray. Her quiet, slow, unruffled manner of speech seems to belie a firm jaw line.

Monday, May 6, is a day to which Mrs. Chambers is looking forward. So are thousands of other New Orleans women, for May 6 is the date for the inauguration of New Orleans' new mayor—thirty-four-year-old, movie-handsome deLesseps Story Morrison. Unanimously it is agreed that the election of "Chep" Morrison is a victory for New Orleans' women voters.

On the morning of January 22, Mrs. John T. Chambers and her son got up at 4 o'clock. They were election workers in the Democratic primary for mayor which assures the winner of eventual election. The Chambers were backing Morrison, reform candidate of an independent citizens' committee. But they felt sickeningly sure of defeat by the city's happily titled "Old Regular" machine and Mayor Robert Sidney Maestri, last of Huey Long's Long-Leche-Maestri triumvirate and nine-year boss of New Orleans politics. The machine boasted of winning every city election for the past twenty-five years. These four o'clock election mornings were nothing new to Mrs. Chambers.

There had been four or five of them, anyway, in the past ten or twelve years. She had expected no trouble today, however. Not many years ago, when few women worked at the polls, trouble had been the chief characteristic of New Orleans primaries. But now there were women everywhere, organized women. She remembered one of the first times she had been an election commissioner. The city policeman assigned to her precinct had pulled down the shade to a window in the polling room that opened on the street. Somebody had been annoyed that people outside were peering in to watch the proceedings.

She had turned to an Old Regular commissioner. "Don't you think we ought to leave that shade up?"

The Old Regular felt sure that here was one independent woman he could take care of. She spoke so timidly. "Lady," he said, "we've been running this poll like this for fifteen years and now you come along and tell us how to do it."

"Yes," Mrs. Chambers said, no more hurried than before, "but the law says the voting booth should be visible from the street, so there's no reason to pull the shade down."

Her opponent winced. If anything indicated something stirring in New Orleans politics more than the growing number of women working at the polls, it was that phrase "the law says." The two seemed to go hand in hand.

"You better put it up, Mac," he said to the policeman.

"And don't you think the policeman should stay outside?" Mrs. Chambers asked. "The law is that the policeman must be outside the barrier unless needed by a commissioner."

Without a word the policeman stopped by the window long enough to let the shade up and continued on out to the street.

Yes, things have changed since then. Like hundreds of other women, Mrs. Chambers, a watcher in the 1946 election, stuck at the polls all day, handing out sample ballots, wearing her Morrison ribbon so that voters could see it, keeping an eye on how the commissioners were running things.

By 10:30 that night 400 women were bone tired. They had been commissioners, working hard and hurriedly for seventeen hours, gulping sandwiches and coffee on the job. All day they had argued points of law, checked rapidly hundreds of names and numbers, inspected registration certificates, watched signatures of voters and commissioners to prevent double voting, kept one eye on the opposition workers and the other on the voting machines. At nine that night, when the polls

*(Continued on Page 208)*

***"Democracy is a present you pay for with work and give to yourself." The Women's Independent Organization of New Orleans picks its candidates strictly by principle, won an election against the city machine for the first time in twenty-five years. Members canvassed voters, held rallies, on election day sent a woman's army to the polls.***





*"On the Continent nearly all the common articles of life have been destroyed. . . . A package from America will mean the difference between health and bodily weakness; it will mean that Europeans regard Americans as friends and not as insensitive strangers."*
STUART

# Can America Be Prosperous in a Sea of Human Misery?

## *A discussion between Mrs. Roosevelt and the Editors of the Ladies' Home Journal on our responsibilities to Europe* • BY GRETTA PALMER

WILL Europe, Asia, Africa go Communist? Or will the countries devastated by the war turn, instead, toward the liberal democracy of our own Constitution? The answer to this question may be profoundly influenced by what the women of the United States feed their families, according to United Nations Organization delegate Eleanor Roosevelt.

"The task facing us today is no less a job than the rebuilding of half a world," said Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, as she sat, sad-eyed and serious, at the tea table in her New York apartment. She had come up from Washington that day to discuss her experiences at the London General Assembly of UNO with Bruce and Beatrice Gould.

"In this rehabilitation of a broken Europe, who is going to take the lead—and the responsibility?" asked Mrs. Gould. "Who is going to feed and help the hungry, bombed-out people overseas?"

"Either *our* kind of civilization will take over the task, or ——" Mrs. Roosevelt paused a moment, as if to glimpse the future. "It's evident, isn't it, that the new and virile people of Russia will do the job instead?"

There was no "diplomatic discretion," no "this is off the record" caution in the conversation of Mrs. Roosevelt with the editors of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. She banished from her thinking the rigid, frigid world of protocol, as she has swept all signs of officialdom from her pleasant home.

Mrs. Roosevelt's living room faces the just-budding trees and the playing children of Washington Square park. The large Oriental rug, the unmatched pieces of old-fashioned furniture give it a comfortable, hearth-and-home atmosphere, as different as possible from the State apartments of her White House days.

It is the home of a child of traveled parents; the embroidered Chinese screen, the finely carved ivories, the brass trivet and much of the mahogany furniture came to Mrs. Roosevelt from the New York house in which she lived as a child. It is the room of a grandmother; photographs of the very youngest Roosevelts are prominent on shelves jutting off the fireplace. It is the library of a reader; shelves of books line the long side of the room, and they are varied in their scope: Thackeray's novels rub elbows with Harold Laski and Winston Churchill. Harry Hopkins' book rests next to sets of Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. Marquand and Hemingway and Saroyan are here; and so are Rudyard Kipling and Hermann Rauschning, Robert Louis Stevenson and Will Durant. It is a fine hodgepodge of books, collected by a reader with interests as wide as the modern world, who knows that world's diversity.

While Mrs. Roosevelt busied herself with the hostess' stage business of lemon slices and sugar lumps, she chatted about the London conference as cozily as if it had been a meeting of a district school board. Russia, to her, is no mysterious subcontinent of steppes and snow; it is "The woman Byelo Russian delegate I like so much" and "Madam Vishinsky, who is a brilliant teacher of criminal law." England is no blot of red on a map; it is "Lady Reading, the head of the Women's Voluntary Services, who promised to supply me with lists of individual English families, in case American women wish to send monthly food packages to someone who will write back and become their friend." For food and its meaning in politics today was the point to which Mrs. Roosevelt wished to draw her guests' attention.

Mrs. Gould, a crisp, tailored figure in a black faille suit and organdy ruche, leaned forward as she took her cup of tea.

*(Continued on Page 131)*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL

JOHN FREDERICS HAT, SCHEPPS JEWELRY, KORET BAG

**SUMMER SERIAL**

**CONCERNING A BLUE**

**RAYON LINEN TOWN SUIT**

**BY HOSE BARRACK**

**WITH MANY FASCINATING**

**CHAPTERS. GIVEN A**

**SHEER WHITE HAT**

**LADEN WITH CORNFLOWERS,**

**GOLD JEWELRY, A**

**SATINY-WHITE CALFSKIN**

**BAG . . . IT GOES ROMANTIC**

**FOR LUNCHEONS, AFTER-**

**NOONS, DAYLIGHT DINING . . .**



JOHN FREDERICS HAT, SCHEPPS JEWELRY, PHELPS BAG

**BACK IN THE DAILY GROOVE . . . THIS MOST AGREEABLE OF**

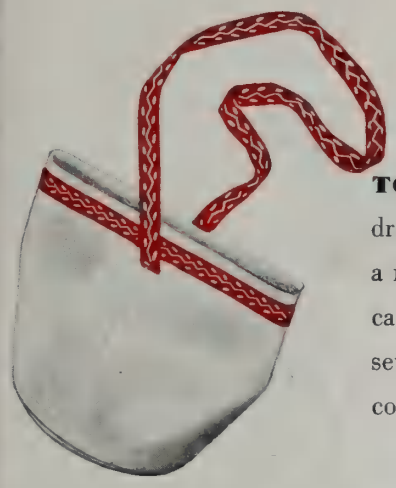
**SUITS CONVERTS ITS COLLAR WITH A GOLD CHAIN . . . ADDS**

**A BEIGE LATTICE-STRAW SAILOR, BEIGE CALFSKIN SHOULDER**

**BAG, COTTON GLOVES FOR ROUTINE WEAR . . . CHANGES AGAIN**

**WITH A PRINTED BLOUSE . . . AGAIN WITH SCARFS, BOUTONNIERES.**

# SHAPING YOUR WARDROBE FOR SUMMER

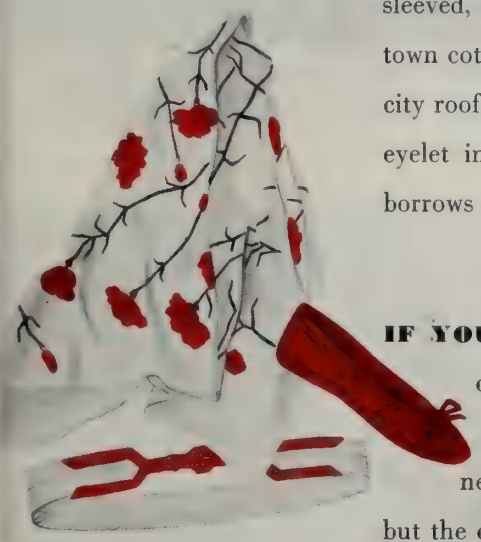


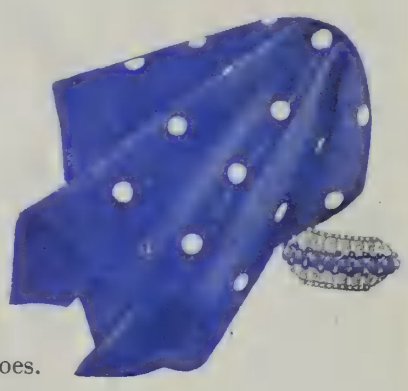


***By Wilhela Cushman***
**Fashion Editor of the Journal**

**TO BE SUCCESSFUL . . .** a wardrobe must be pursued to the end, not dropped in the middle or slighted at the edges. Then, and only then, it becomes a reliable fact—not wishful thinking—a kind of personal achievement that you can bask in . . . and that covers you with glory. In this four-page portfolio are seven elements that go into a soul-satisfying summer wardrobe. Versions will vary, colors change, accessories differ . . . but the formula remains essentially the same.

**IF YOU LIVE IN THE CITY . . .** the cool suit will be a cornerstone costume. It may be linen, silk or rayon shantung. It could be blue or green, black, brown, beige or gray. With change of accessories it goes everywhere from a business appointment to a wedding. An afternoon print could be sleeveless or puff-sleeved, slim or full-skirted. A black day-to-dinner dress is inevitable . . . a town cotton a cool necessity and an important fashion. An evening dress for city rooftops may be ruffled black chiffon, elusive as a black moth, or frost-white eyelet in a sophisticated Directoire silhouette. From there on, the city woman borrows from country wardrobes, for holidays and country week ends.





**IF YOU'RE A COUNTRY DWELLER . . .** you'll have more cottons, more casual clothes, the perfect golf or tennis dress . . . and you'll collect gay play shoes. Your country-club dance dress may be an ankle-length percale, or the enchanting new off-the-shoulder shepherdess style in a print or pastel. You may skip the black dress, but the chances are you'll want it for the theater in town. And you'd be lost without a suit—a wonderful cotton or linen to wear in the country with bright belts, scarfs, blouses, and to the city with the right hat and bag.

**IF YOU SUMMER AT THE SEASHORE . . .** you'll practically live in bathing suits and beach clothes. Oddly enough, the best fashion in sunback dresses includes a little jacket for cover-up purposes that could go to town. Black linen or white piqué gives you a basic in this sort of thing, subject to change with colored shoes, belts and scarfs. You'll adore shirt, skirt and halter combinations . . . dance in full cottons. And unless you are completely committed to the dunes, you'll still be faced with occasions that demand that Elemental Suit, and a plain or printed crepe.





**FASHION ALWAYS TAKES ON FORM AND COLORATION** from its locale, but seashore and countryside rub elbows with metropolitan life . . . and no wardrobe in its right mind is unmindful of this fact.

DRAWINGS BY REYNALDO LUZA

# SHAPING YOUR WARDROBE FOR SUMMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL



*Summer wardrobes are incomplete without a town cotton. Adele Simpson does her parapet silhouette in chambray, the color of iced coffee. Hat and bag harmonize.*

IN THE PINK PHELPS DUFFSKIN BELT AND SHOULDER BAG JOHN FREDERICS HAT



*The bow dress in blue-and-white dollar-dot, picks up the cornflower hat, black straw bandeau, patent-leather flats, for its accessories.*



*Two-piece blue casual by Clare Potter—add color with belts, scarfs, 1920 sports-type fashion worn with the new short haircut by Michel.*



*Black jewel with high aptitude for change, by Rose Barrack. A matching bolero jacket is added for daytime with other accessories.*



*White piqué week-ender by Dorothy Cox attracts splashes of color. Bolero may be worn also with skirt of the basic blue rayon-linen suit.*

**UNDEBATABLE . . . THE CHIC, THE COOLNESS, THE ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES OF SUMMER BLACK AND SUMMER WHITE . . . A SHORT BLACK DRESS THAT SHEDS ITS SIMPLE JACKET FOR DINNER . . . A WHITE PLAY DRESS THAT ADDS VIVID BELTS AND SHOES . . . A DREAM OF A WHITE EVENING DRESS. . . .**

ON THIS PAGE: ROY CHANDA'S CIRCLET HAT, PHELPS BELT-BAG, SCHEPPS PEARL EARRINGS



*Directoire silhouette, slim and elegant, in crisp white eyelet with short puff sleeves and a long organdy stole by Wilson Folmar. Frost-cool on a summer night.*

# The Blous



*Off-the-shoulder eyelet and batiste peplum blouse, by Ceil Chapman; for long or short skirts.*

DRAWINGS BY REYNALDO LUZA



*Leg o' mutton sleeve blouse in pure silk, by Dorina Liebert: from the gay and romantic period into the summer of '46.*



*The bow blouse by Dorina Liebert: sheerest white organdy with turquoise blue embroidery.*



*A blouse goes dancing — off-the-shoulder eyelet embroidery with a bouffant black taffeta skirt, by Ceil Chapman.*



*Butterfly blouse—hand-pai and embroidered in paillette organdy. Dorina Liebert de*

# Beautiful

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

**Not since the day of the Gibson Girl has there been such a fashion for the really beautiful shirtwaist blouse—feminine, romantic, with a fragile, under-glass look that Man—traditionally and today—finds enchanting. They are of the sheerest organdy or organza, often with Swiss embroidery, or of brilliantly colorful pure silk. They have full soft sleeves drawn into cuffs at the wrist, making the hands look small and fastidious . . . or puffed at the elbow. They have necklines bare to the shoulder tips or drawn to the throat by ribbon bows. Reminiscent of the French Directoire and the Victorian, they are part of today's fashion trend for a new elegance and femininity. Worn with suit or dinner skirt on the most special occasion.**

TOGRAPHS BY PETER MOORE



*The lovely lace-trimmed blouse returns; soft ruffles at the wrist and throat; a sheer crepe by Ida Kraines.*



*Organdy shirtwaist with schoolgirl collar, a little black tie of the most elegant silk ribbon. By Alice Stewart.*



*Victorian pin tucks, high neckline and shoulder ruffles; fine batiste with eyelet embroidery by Ida Kraines; Seaman Schepps jewelry.*



*The somewhat theatrical but wholly feminine sleeve. The blouse in pure silk; the colors heavenly; by Dorina Liebert for afternoon.*

# MAKE IT A FOURSOME

*By Nora O'Leary*



THE BLACK RAYON-LINEN SUIT: BUSINESS GIRL AND COMMUTER'S DELIGHT.

Two costumes with interchangeable parts—fashion's easiest trick, and no trick fashion. A black rayon-linen basque suit and a turquoise-and-black printed dress with new full skirt, puff-sleeve top and bare-back halter give you four combinations—each a current fashion. Make them yourself from Hollywood Patterns. Add black, white and printed gloves, one hat for all. Black suit, pattern 1812, 25c; halter, printed blouse and skirt, 1841, 25c



SUIT JACKET WITH PRINTED SKIR



TWO-PIECE PRINT FOR AFTERNOO



HALTER, PRINTED SKIRT FOR COUNTE

PLEATED SHANTUNG SKIRT PAIRS OFF WITH MATCHING SHIRT.



appy minimum for the casual girl—means new pleated skirt, jacket and louse in navy-blue silk or rayon shantung, plus a striped overblouse in red r green. Result: a town suit and two two-piece dresses. To these she adds a anama-style hat, pet scarfs and belts, white piqué shorts for week ends. acket, pattern 1810, 15c; skirt 1679, 25c; two blouses and shorts, 1843, 25c.

ack and other views and sizes of Hollywood Patterns are on page 146. Buy Hollywood Patterns at the ore which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, utnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut; or in Canada from 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



STRIPED BLOUSE ADDS COLOR, CHANGE.

© HOLLYWOOD



SHANTUNG BLOUSE GOES WITH SHORTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE [redacted]



JACKET WITH SKIRT MAKES SUIT.

# MORNING, NOON AND NIGHTTIME TOO

*Morning-till-midnight patterns for Sub-Deb Cinderellas—who know how to look pretty at any time of day! Bright-and-early morning chores can be done in gay Guatemalan striped cottons, crisp chambrays. Afternoon parties find you telling everyone there that you* **really** *made your suit yourself! White organdy and checked gingham are combined for a summer evening dress to make your most delightful dream come true—Sub-Deb Hollywood Patterns for Sub-Deb figures—simple to make—fun to wear!* ★ ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**





*Meet me at the movies. Three-piece bolero suit in crisp linen; John Frederics Junior hat; matching bag. Sketch: Blouse and skirt without jacket. 1818. 25c.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARGER

SKETCHES BY LEE LUNZER

*Left: Pastel cotton for summer afternoons: separate peplum: gored skirt. 1779. 25c. Right: Pretty checked gingham: crisp white collar and cuffs: 1801. 25c.*





© HOLLYWOOD

*Guatemalan cotton suspender skirt; linen blouse. Blouse 1790. 15c; skirt*

# IF YOU ASK ME

## By Eleanor Roosevelt

***Do you think a mother should accept her son's foreign wife and child even though he was engaged to a lovely American girl? There are thousands of the girls overseas, deliberately roping these boys in. Our Government seems to be more concerned over other countries than our own people.***

I do not see what the Government has to do with our acceptance of the wives whom our sons marry. Unfortunately, being engaged to someone is not quite the same as being married. If a young man marries someone else, the girl to whom he was engaged has no redress, but if the young man marries and leaves his wife, the situation is, of course, different. Therefore, I think whether the young man who married during his service abroad was engaged or not, a mother will have to accept the girl to whom her son is married. If there are children from the marriage, we most certainly will want to get on, since the children are our own blood. Paternity is something which cannot be wiped out. If we are wise I think we will learn to love the women our sons marry.

We will remember that the wives gave our sons, in the days that were hard, love and affection and a cure for the loneliness which might have been unbearable.

It is true that there are some foreign women who have "roped in" our young men and married them for selfish reasons, but I hope they are in the minority.

The best safeguard any boy could have, of course, was the knowledge that he had the love of his people at home, waiting for him to return, and their constant attention as far as the war would allow, during the time he was overseas.

Young people are prone to fall in love through propinquity. If they have married, we will be wise to do all we possibly can to help them in this new adventure, since we desire their happiness above all else in the world.

***Do you think it is wrong to marry a man a few years younger than yourself? I am a widow 35 years old with two children.***

I am not able to give this kind of advice. These are personal considerations which can only be decided by the individuals involved, and each case is different from every other case.

***If you were to live your life over again, is there any one outstanding thing which you would like to change, or do differently?***

I think anybody reaching the last decades of his or her life realizes that there are many things one would like to change. Often one had no choice, however, as in my case, since they were due to conditions when one was very young. Certain characteristics and qualities of character I think might have been developed earlier and obviated later difficulties, had one grown up in different circumstances.

***A friend of mine is starting a neighborhood domestic-service business. She will have a trained staff, to do catering, cleaning, laundry, nursing and other chores, by weekly or individual appointments. Do you think the average community (of 10,000 or more) could support a business of this kind?***

I certainly do. I think it is a very good idea and it will be a tremendous help to a great many housewives. I hope such a setup will include someone to take care of children a certain number of hours a day.

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*Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

***Most women fib about their age at some time, but I never had until now. Recently, when applying for a job, I was discriminated against because of my age. My prospective employer was extremely pleased with my work until I told him my age, and then his whole attitude changed. I decided not to be so frank in the future, but my husband argues that the Social Security Board will catch up with me and notify my employer of the discrepancy between his reports and their files. Is this true?***

I think any employer who is satisfied with your work and then, when you tell him your age, loses interest in the work which you have done, is a pretty weak reed on which to lean for continuous employment. However, if your worry is just about the Social Security Board, you can be entirely honest with them, since I understand that they never divulge any person's age to any employer. However, you should be sure to tell the Social Security Board the truth because I think it might be serious if the records were not accurate.

***You stated that you and Mr. Roosevelt were fifth cousins, once removed. Will you please explain what is meant by "once removed."?***

Once removed means we belong to different generations. My husband was one generation older than I was. In other words, he was my father's fifth cousin.

***Like many others nowadays, the thought of what an atom war could do to our world often comes to my mind. But, like most others, I push it to the back of my consciousness with the excuse that there is nothing that I myself can do about it. Is there anything really which the common man can do?***

Yes, there is a great deal that the common man can do. We can work for peace. Even during the war some of our leaders were thinking about how to establish a unity among nations after the war which might prevent future wars. The machinery was set in motion first to write a charter which could be agreed to by many nations. At present fifty-one nations have agreed to that charter and in London, on January 10, they sent delegates actually to set up the machinery to implement that charter. That is now done. The permanent home of this organization will be in this country and under it many undertakings will begin which we hope will lead us to a peaceful world.

However, this will only be possible if the peoples of the various nations keep their interest alive and work to the best of their ability under the organization, whether it is a health organization, or an educational organization, or a labor organization, or any of the other numerous organizations which create the ties among peoples that make them want to work together and not to fight each other.

You and I, as ordinary citizens, can work for these various undertakings and, above everything else, we can create public opinion and make it favorable to cooperation. When one has seen Europe or the Pacific and understands what modern war does to countries and peoples, one can fully realize, I think, that our future existence depends on making the UNO a vital instrument for peace.

***I have War Bonds which I hope to keep for ten years, with my name only on them. People tell me if I were to die, my own daughter could not collect anything from the Government for the bonds. Is this true?***

I think your bonds would be part of your estate if they had no other name on them, and therefore they would be taxable as the rest of your estate would be. It would be wise to make a will specifying that the bonds are to go to your daughter, or take the bonds to a Federal Reserve Bank, or the bank with which you usually deal and have them changed to include both your name and that of your daughter. In that case if either one of you were to die, the bonds would automatically belong to the survivor and they would not be taxable.

***My attractive sixteen-year-old daughter, a popular junior in high school, has been dating steadily. To this I have no objection, as she is a high honor student, but she repeatedly returns from dates on school nights well after midnight. Two or three years ago when she disobeyed, she went across my knee and was soundly spanked with a hairbrush. I think this practice should be utilized again. My wife disagrees. I would like to know your views.***

I am afraid, when you reach the age of sixteen, to be spanked as though you were eight or nine would be rather bad for your sense of dignity. At sixteen a girl should be reasonable enough so that you could talk over the question of hours which are kept during the school week. My daughter never allowed her very attractive, charming daughter to make any dates during the school week, and the youngster herself realized that it was a wise plan and never even asked to make them.

CARTOON DRAWN BY JACK MARKOW; REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



# IN HONOR OF..

**Cotton is covered with fashion citations this summer . . . chambray, gingham, percale, seersucker treated with the same deference as the finest silk . . . the enchanting new Dresden shepherdess style is interpreted in cotton, and the most sophisticated summer luncheon dress. The high compliment of beautiful hats and real jewels is bestowed upon cotton.**



*ashions in seersucker: Claire McCardell's camisole sash dress with matching bathing suit, and a bare midriff dress for beach and country.*



*Sunback dress with crisp bolero jacket, one of the biggest little fashions of the summer, from Long Island to Los Angeles. This one, designed by William Bass, is baby-blue chambray trimmed with white rickrack.*



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY GENE FENN

*Gingham for dancing: ankle-length, full skirt, basque top, dramatic plaid. Ceil Chapman design for the young and gay.*

# COTTON

**Cotton is first in the hearts of American women who adore its freshness . . . find personal delight in its rise from kitchen and garden to the heights of fashion. The essence of youth—cotton is no longer limited to the young. Still . . . the young look is half its charm, and this magic it confers on every woman who wears it.** ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**

Fashion Editor of the Journal



*Shepherdess neckline and sleeves in striped chambray. This little cotton goes to town on a hot day with a John Frederics hat, or stays home for dinner. Essence of this summer's fashion, by Joset Walker.*



*Dresden dress in cotton with new neckline, darling of the season by Joset Walker, for town and country afternoons.*



*Gingham for town: bustle-back sophisticated silhouette like a faille or taffeta, worn with big hat; skirt a little longer, please.*



# THE DARK WOOD

## BY CHRISTINE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

DOUBLY wounded—in war by the Germans, and at home by the conduct of his wife, Regan—Col. Mark Bycroft refuses her the divorce she wants in order to marry her lover. Instead, Mark keeps custody of their son, Neddy, and is tormented by the boy's casual references into wondering whether Regan has become the mistress of William Symes, an adviser to the State Department.

While Mark is angered and embarrassed by Regan's absence, she and Symes consult with Dick Sparrow, an attorney, on how to persuade Mark into an uncontested divorce. Dick and his wife, Miriam, are the best friends of a young widow, Stella Harmon, robbed by war of her husband, Alec. Remembering that Alec once told her never to believe reports he had been killed, Stella is unable to accept the finality of his death even after Symes arranges a trip to her husband's supposed grave in Italy.

Stella sees Mark for the first time in a restaurant. It is after Mark, intoxicated at a war-reunion party, has been knocked out by Symes in a hotel elevator, and he is alone at a table, brooding on his unhappiness. Both Stella and Miriam are struck by his startling likeness to Alec. Stella's face is transformed into radiance.

### *XVII*

NEW YORK languished in June heat. Poetic denizens dreamed of the country, of cattle reclining in the shade like great furred fish in a pool, of fields dim with grass, of streams covered in yellow cow lilies, and killdeer fluttering from weedy banks. Wind from the sea mingled with the harsh breath of stone and asphalt to create a separate climate in which the spirit failed and ambition flagged, yet somehow men and women worked on, computing and deducting, making love in their crannied apartments, sleeping, wakening in the hope that tomorrow the wind might shift and rain fall from the iron sky.

In the great warehouses downtown those whose task it was to shunt and carry crates and cases did so with dogged vitality, shirts black with sweat, nostrils filled with fumes from exhaust pipes, ears ringing from the great crescendo of business—that inelegant, massive performance which, pursuing its charted course upstream, its cargo sifted by a thousand currents, disgorged itself at last on the counters and showcases of Madison and Fifth avenues. Here venders—trained poodles suave and superfluous as most of their wares—lifted wrist and eyebrow languidly amid the opulence, while shoppers, marked by the acquisitive curse, ogled and fingered the treasure.

The hat lately coveted by Miriam Sparrow was borne away on another head, and Octavia Evans, coming to work one morning on the subway, met and admired it from her seat. There would, she guessed, be a replica at quarter the price on 14th Street, and she wondered whether the style would become her daughter-in-law, who was low in spirit since Edgar's desertion. Might a bright green feather, and perhaps a new hair-do, lure Edgar home? Octavia thought about him with terror, but with pride also. Where was he going, and what was to be his fate? She could not forget the things he said, the wild dreams he flung before her, the contempt in which he held her, contempt which sprang from shame. He hated not only his color but his servile origins, of which she was a perpetual reminder. And when she tried to reprove him for inconsistency he shouted to her about the men he had seen tearing one another to pieces in Europe, and said that the white man was an intellectual beast, enslaver, destroyer! Against this pale monster Edgar elected to measure himself, and in the most secret places of her heart his mother felt pride and a chill of fear.

THEN, since it is usually easier to contemplate other people's misery, she turned her attention to the problem of her employer and his son. A week ago the colonel had come home from a party with a badly cut lip. He offered no explanation and she made no comment, but the incident had troubled her. In the days which followed she watched him closely, detecting a change in him, an unfamiliar grimness. This was no atmosphere in which to bring up a child. He should let his wife go her way, and try to find another way for himself. *The desire for vengeance*, thought Octavia, *gets you nowhere, it leaves you, in the end, dried out in body and soul.*

Later in the day Mark heard Octavia going about her duties, making beds, cleaning, dusting, putting the apartment in order, and he thought restlessly, *In a week Neddy will be through school and I shall have him on my hands all summer. What then? Maybe I better send him to camp. But if I did that Regan might find him and snatch him away.* Once Neddy was in her possession, it would be impossible to get him back without a real fight.

As the June sunlight blazed on his windows the crystal conglomeration of the city rose before him; he thought of the country and the sea, of the ardent, active life he had dreamed. Yet he felt chained to New York, to this apartment which had become, for him, a den, a cave in which he could hide his rotten pride and his failure. Remembrance of the evening at the Rotterdam Hotel dogged him, though he tried to dismiss it as nothing more than a drunken brawl. But detail by detail the whole miserable performance returned to plague him: the pursuit of Symes into the elevator, his own murderous impulse, Symes' amazed expression and the hard impact of the man's knuckles on his mouth. The blow resounded through him like a voice crying, "Blundering, conceited fool! I am not the man!"

Recovering his senses in the hotel lavatory with Perry bending over him, Mark had looked round for William Symes. "Where is he? I want to apologize."

Perry laid a wet cloth on his mouth. "You don't have to bother about him."

Perry had helped him into an elevator, then into a cab. Next day the young man called up to say that Symes, evidently a decent sort, had declared himself satisfied that the whole thing was a mistake, and had even gone so far as to make it all right with the people at the hotel, where he was apparently held in great respect. Mark, said Perry over the phone, could now dismiss the whole affair, unless he wanted to call Symes and offer his apologies.

"You got the wrong guy all right," Perry said. "I thought, when you chased him into the elevator, that you must be on the right tack. But that wallop never came from a guy with a guilty conscience!"

Mark groaned. "And old Wilmer? What does he think? I never even got to the dinner!"

"Wilmer doesn't remember anything. He was absolutely crocked himself. So far as I can make out everyone else was, too, except Symes."

After this conversation Mark meditated calling Symes on the telephone, but his gorge rose at the thought of making a further abject ass of himself. What was there to say? What excuse could he possibly offer for that unprovoked assault in the elevator? "I want to apologize, Mr. Symes, for having labored under the delusion that you were my wife's lover!" Drearily he rehearsed an imaginary interview, then abandoned the whole idea.

Left to himself, a man succumbs to the vices of egocentricity. But though Mark was aware of this, he felt powerless to aid himself. Perhaps he had seen too much action to believe in it; perhaps he was more exhausted than he realized; perhaps the only method by which he could, for the time being, grapple with his world was to see it as his enemy and himself as an unworthy opponent.

"What about it, little cat?" he inquired of the restaurant kitten which leaped on his table as he sat drinking beer at Philippe's.

The kitten squirmed against his hand, he felt the tiny intricate skeleton under its silky fur. He thought of the tomcats which had fought each other that this one might be engendered; of the tigerish jungle of the city, from which people could not escape; of the whole snarling tangle of sex which passed for love. His hand tightened on the kitten's body. One squeeze and there would be one cat the less. He released the creature and finished his beer. Then he went out into the crashing heat and the uproar of Third Avenue, unconscious of Stella Harmon's resurrected gaze.

IN her room overlooking the river, Hester lay with the radio playing in her ears. Her thoughts moved sullenly over the events of the past few hours, and she said aloud into the lonely air, "They are going to their favorite inn down in the country, and they could easily have taken me along. I would have a few days in the fresh air without getting in their way. It would be a change for me. I never get away from this place, or see anyone. But what does Regan care, or Symes? They've got each other. No one else counts. Nothing else counts."

Symes had called to pick up Regan, and they had treated Hester with *(Continued on Page 54)*

**can't stop you from loving a ghost," Mark said. "But don't you surrender too easily, Stella?"**


Menu
Sugared Strawberries
Salmon Mousse
Purée of Peas and Avocado
Pineapple-Cucumber
Basket Salad
Hot Rolls Relishes
Coconut Ice Cream
Jelly Roll Coffee
Bonnet Mints



# Keep it under your Hat



## BY ANN BATCHELDER

THIS is being written by one who never had an announcement party. Never a shower has fallen on me, except the one which stands out in memory like a bandaged thumb. That one, you remember, turned out to be a cloudburst and pretty nearly ruined the tulips I was going to exhibit at the garden-club show. That was a real shower, if I may say so.

Happened the night before the show. What did I do? Oh, no, I didn't wring my hands and weep. I figured there was dampness aplenty and who was I to add to it? So I assembled my minions. My cook, my gardener and myself got together three umbrellas—not the *best* umbrellas, you understand, but umbrellas just the same. And we staggered down to the lower garden (farthest from the house, of course) and there we lined up, each holding those second-best umbrellas over those first-class tulips.

***At this point.*** Suddenly my gardener, who is a man of parts, as they say, cried out in an anguished voice and in Italian to boot, "*Sacré Madonna*, the peonies." I cannot spell "peonies" in Italian, but I knew what he meant, for off he sprinted to the tool house, and as the rain came fiercer and faster, he built a shelter over the peonies and he saved them. And we two females stood our ground with our umbrellas, and when the downpour ceased we carefully siphoned off, via a medicine dropper which I by *chance* had in my pocket, the water that filled the tulip cups, cut our tulips and the next day I took a blue ribbon—also a blue on the peonies. And that's the shower I remember best.

***Now then.*** Having so gracefully led into this whole thing, we will get on with our announcement. Now an announcement comes *before* a shower. Maybe I should have thought of that, and put first things first. Maybe so. But by now you must be used to me. Used to my putting down a receipt for brown Betty, then lightly leaping back to soup.

***Under your hat.*** Probably you knew about this engagement long, long ago. When they start to "go steady," buy a piggy bank and lay off those two-dollar boxes of candy. And if you aren't sworn to secrecy, you are unique. "Just keep this under your hat, darling, but Bert and I are getting married in June." This is your cue to swear on a stack of telephone books that wild horses can't drag this secret out of the deep well into which you've presumably dropped it. (P.S.: You'll hear all the details later at the Woman's Club or at Mabel's bridge, so don't worry.)

***Now we're really off.*** Well, girls, it is May, and weddings come in June, and the announcement party you will be giving is right in the offing, so here are a few Maytime hints. As you can see, we have brought in with our decorations ("motifs," as the decorators say) spring hats, flowers, hatboxes and all the mysterious delights that go with announcements and weddings.

*(Continued on Page 190)*

PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

# LINE A DAY

*By Ann Batchelder*

**1** Words from a bookworm: Don't read books when you have nothing else to do, except in bed. The most exquisite pleasure in reading a book comes when work hangs over you like the sword of Damocles.

**2** Something new as a fifth string on a fiddle and twice as useful—the smoked capon. Not so formidable as a big smoked turkey, but delicious down to the last bone.

**3** As for that smoked turkey pâté, mix it with deviled egg filling and stuff the inner stalks of finest celery. And you won't need to blush when the company forgets its manners and grabs.

**4** One more news item and then to other things. Whole brook trout in neat tins come to you ready to fry or to broil. Find the salt pork and cream gravy for yourselves. Also the baked spuds.

**5** Broiled chicken hash: A two-chapter eaterette, and worth anybody's time and trouble. Chop cold cooked chicken fine. Make a very rich cream sauce. Add two or three minced pimientos, tease it with thyme, tantalize it with paprika, perfume it with a little saffron, and excite it with freshly ground pepper.

**6** Second chapter: Prepare fried sippets of bread and arrange in a deep plate, pie plate preferred. Now cover with the chicken in its sauce. Run the plate under the broiler until lightly browned and bubbling. Serve with fried sippets around the edge and pass the chutney. An original dish of great merit awaits you.

**7** Another chicken creation is made by serving half a breast of steamed chicken with the filet and upper wing attached, allowing one to each person. (You can use the rest of the chicken for a mince or whatever next day.) Put the chickens in a deep saucepan and prepare the sauce, keeping the breasts warm and well covered.

**8** The sauce makes the dish and don't ever let them tell you different. Chop to a fine mince an onion, four hard-cooked eggs, a cup of mushrooms, a green pepper and a stalk or two of celery. Very fine, remember. Add enough cream to make a generous sauce. Put in a good piece of fresh butter; season it all highly. And, when hot, beat in two fresh eggs. Pour over the chicken breasts, bring to a boil, reduce the heat and cook a few minutes to bind and blend the sauce. Serve with rice and currant jelly.

**9** *From an old cookbook:* "Few ladies, or gentlemen either, care to appear before company with an ear of green corn in their hands and bite off the grains with their teeth." Handsome is as handsome does. Or else.

**10** Trout baked in cream, with the grated rind of a lemon sprinkled on their speckled beauty, is a very delicious dish. But fried in salt-pork fat is still the classic way.

**11** Secure for yourself some jars of black currant jelly. With grilled chops or breasts of guinea hen, turn a glass into the skillet they are done in. Add a little Worcestershire sauce, a trifle of mustard, juice of half a lemon and some melted butter. Bring to a boil, pour over the meat. The gods smile when such a sauce prevails.

**12** Remember my years-long search for hulled corn? The kind I used to fill my blue bowl with out of the red cart and the tin dipper? Well, sir, you and I, too, can get it now, soak it overnight, warm it up and eat it with sweet creamy milk and salt. And it also comes in cans. My quest is done.

**13** Cut and cook some young and up-and-coming shoots of asparagus, using just the heads. Drain, season with salt and pepper and fold them into a soft, creamy, dreamily browned omelet. *Such* a lovely thing. For luncheon or supper.

**14** You doubtless know this as well as garden-crazy Annie. *But*—when you cut asparagus, cut below the bed. Don't leave a stalk showing. Looks bad, *is* bad.

**15** Did you know that canned mushroom soup can, with the aid and comfort furnished by eggs beaten separately, turn out a marvelous soufflé? Well, it can, and you might look into this.

**16** Speaking of the ubiquitous egg, don't hesitate to scramble. (I'd scram at many a scrambled egg I've manfully downed.) But go ahead and do some, in the chafing dish with fresh mushrooms and Gruyère cheese. It's the McCoy.

**17** *Reply to query:* "My dear Bella, a galantine has nothing to do with Sir Walter Raleigh or with Beau Brummell, as you suggest. It is a glorified meat loaf, disguised with pistachio and truffles. It's done with ham and chicken or chicken and ham, as you choose."

**18** For the appetizer tray, and such will soon be around for summer parties and suppers at the out-of-doors grill, make up some tiny fish balls, adding chopped pimiento to the mixture, dip them in beaten egg and finely rolled corn flakes and fry in deep fat. These come under the Lucullus Division and a try will tell you why.

**19** *Herb note:* Young and unworldly peas companion the fragrant leaves of sweet basil, and as for tomatoes, no matter *how* you do them, the basil is practically a must.

**20** Let me tell you something: little thin griddlecakes go over big spread with sweet butter, covered generously with jam and rolled up. Serve them with cream cheese beaten with a little fruit juice and cream. A dessert to write home about.

**21** Another simple sweet as good as it sounds is made with beautifully cooked rice flavored with a vanilla bean, then heaped in sherbet glasses with whipped cream and shaved maple sugar. You could go farther and fare worse.

**22** As the bee is to honey, so is lime to the melon. Put a ball of lime sherbet in the cut halves of melon, or, if the melon is too large, cut in quarters and fill with the sherbet.

**23** It's *something* to get a different slant on a string bean. The string bean is as backward as a balky mule, but you can lick it. Finish the beans off, when cooked, with a good lump of butter, and add a touch of nutmeg to the seasonings. Now then—surprise those beans with grated Parmesan cheese! That'll learn 'em.

**24** *Dept. of Utter Depression:* Did you hear of the man who, when offered an omelet Grand Marnier asked if there was any coleslaw in the house? Of such are the dark places peopled.

**25** Tiny rosebud beets that arrive so tenderly cooked and so rubyesque in cans, are very smart served cold in salted sour cream, when the main course is trout or any fine fish.

**26** Since you will eat carrots (folks do, I hear), give them a glazing treatment of honey, butter or margarine, and the grated rind of an orange. Turn and turn the halved cooked carrots in this glaze, over a low flame until they're really glazed. Not a bad idea, this.

**27** Gooseberry tarts, beloved of Henry VIII, are a sweet delicacy, and for supper superb. Cook a quart of gooseberries with a cup of sugar for fifteen minutes. Serve in rich pastry shells with whipped cream and chopped pistachio nuts.

**28** One of the things to look forward to is a fresh pear salad. Have the pears split and slightly scooped out. Fill the halves with cream cheese mixed with whipped cream or mayonnaise and chopped crystallized or preserved ginger. Chill. Delicious.

**29** And then there are those Italian beauties. Dip hard-cooked stuffed eggs in beaten egg. Egg to egg, as it were. Roll them in fine cracker crumbs and into the deep fat with them. Just you wait.

**30** We have come to the end. And I just want to say that sliced bacon dredged with corn meal and fried in bacon fat is out of this world. With hot muffins and coffee—oo là-là!

**31** Now Venus returns to lead the galaxy of stars that glorify the evening sky. And promises young love her eternal benison.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH—BY CURRIER & IVES



# Hothouse MUSHROOMS... aristocrat of vegetables



# plus rich cream... make this LUXURY SOUP

You'll go far before discovering a dish so filled with the things that make for luxurious eating. Let's check them over: Hothouse mushrooms, picked at the peak of their delicate flavor, and rushed fresh to Campbell's Kitchens. Whipping cream, heavy and rich, coming from cool country dairies. Then, in the cooking of this delicious soup, plenty of tender mushroom pieces are added and, for the crowning touch, a delicate just-right seasoning.

And there you have Campbell's Cream of Mushroom! And it's a truly wonderful soup. Have it soon!

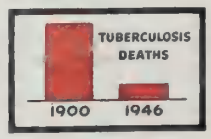
**Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



# Man's war against Tuberculosis



can be won! Already the death rate from this disease has dropped to less than one fourth 

of the toll in 1900.

As more and more people have regular physical examinations,  doctors will be able to discover those carriers of tuberculosis who have the disease without knowing it. 

An important part of such examinations is the use of the X-ray or fluoroscope.  Control of all such cases through modern medical methods can

*reduce the death rate still further!*

**Have an annual physical examination!**

This is particularly important for those who have persistent coughs.

If you have tuberculosis, self-discipline in following *all* of your doctor's instructions will generally lead to recovery.

Periodic medical checkups will help to guard against recurrences, and permit you to lead a nearly normal life.

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## THE DARK WOOD

*(Continued from Page 49)*

an impatient, perfunctory kindness. She would be all right for a few days? The maid would come as usual, give her meals and fix the place up, and do any errands that were necessary. And Regan would be home in a couple of days. Home! Hester smiled at the word. As if a home was what Regan desired! She was really at home in a hotel, in something vast, impersonal, palatial. Ah, they were well matched, Regan and Symes.

Hester brooded on her sister's lover. He made her think of those geese they raise for their livers. Symes was *pâté de foie gras*, shaped like a man. Then she frowned. It was all very well to sneer at Symes, and she never missed an opportunity to do so in Regan's hearing, but didn't the cold fact remain that he was a man to be reckoned with? If his words—or his faith—could not move mountains, it was safe to say that they moved other men and set events in motion. A man who looks boyish at forty is quite apt to behave like a boy; and Hester knew that boys can be cruel, even dangerous. How limpid, how blue his eyes, how cleverly he selected his neckties, how well cut his clothes, how expensive his shoes and his Panama hat! In fact, how glossy his whole appearance! Today, while he sat chatting with Hester while Regan packed her suitcase for the trip to Connecticut, Symes had shown, for the first time in Hester's memory, a trait which she at first found difficult to name. He was always affable with her, she never could get under his guard with her gibes and insinuations. She had never to her knowledge attained her heartfelt ambition to hurt and insult him. And now she wondered whether she ever would, for today his manner had shown a distinct and extraordinary arrogance. That was it—arrogance! Like everything about him, the new mood was discreet, but it was unmistakable and Hester wondered from what fresh phase of his private life it sprang. One can usually judge the men who acquire merit and medals; their actions have spoken for them. But though Symes wore no medals there could be little doubt that his days were spent in the acquisition of merit. What a disturbing personality!

His references to his activities were always fascinating to Hester: "I had to pass up the most wonderful party last week. Something turned up at the last moment and I was obliged to catch a plane for San Francisco—hardly time to pack a bag!" Or: "Spent most of the night on the train from Washington, talking with the Under Secretary for Chinese Affairs. Those people never sleep!"

HESTER had given up questioning her sister on Symes' mysterious activities. It occurred to her that Regan was very likely as much in the dark as anyone. But of one thing Hester was sure: Symes and Regan belonged irrevocably to the new era. They were the product of the war and its aftermath; war had shaped them and had given them their opportunity. They were utterly without nostalgia for the past. Childhood, youth, the years before 1941 seemed to have been excised from their minds; they were like creatures gestated in speculative violence, delivered shrewd and ruthless to their epoch. And with sudden bleak insight Hester thought, *We are at their mercy! All of us who are not as they are, who could not be even if we wanted to, all of us are at their mercy.*

A FERRY tooted on the river and she raised herself to look out the window. The cliffs shimmered and regrouped themselves in faint mirage, sea birds fluttered in blue air, and the noise of the city came to her muted by distance and by the music from her radio. For years she had lain here or walked round this room, an invalid, a parasite, useless to any society no matter how well ordered. She rose and walked to the window, leaning her elbows on the sill. Far below, leaves and grass stretched to the boundaries of asphalt and concrete. Busses and automobiles glittered in the sun, figures sauntered, fanning themselves with newspapers and hats.

Hester thought, *All this could be obliterated in an hour, and I buried under the ruin. Buried, but not killed. Left to gasp the frightful air of poison, left in the knowledge that there is no escape. Left with the thought that everything marvelous in the world, with every thing infamous, was coming down in a white heat of death. Memory itself dissolving with its monuments. The end of life, precious exquisite life.*

Her heart began to pound as the greed earth drew her toward it, that earth which forever withstood the assaults of men. The climbed the air and roamed under the sea but the earth withstood them. The earth renewed itself, healed itself, rested quiet under the weight of its rivers and the eternal falling leaves. Tears filled Hester's eyes. She had a vision of the world as incomparably young, of hers at the window of the Ark, a perfume of citrons blowing in her hair. She leaned further out over the sill, holding her transparent hands toward the earth thirty floors below. She had but to push with her feet and the heavenly airs would enclose her forever.

Then it seemed to her that she heard Regan's voice, that attractive, husky voice which uttered its owner's ideas with such precision: "Don't be a fool, Hester!"

Hester turned from the window and went back to her couch, where she was overcome with sneezing. She lay exhausted among the pillows, mind and spirit completely blank, only her reddened eyes moving across the unresponsive ceiling.

In the meantime a crimson roadster driven by William Symes sped over the white Connecticut highway, and Regan, watching her lover's hands on the wheel, felt a surge of pride and desire. She was never more certain of her power over him than when they were together like this, the rest of the world with its Marks, its Neddys, its Hesters excluded, and, as the miles rushed away, forgotten. Regan saw that he was smiling. His manner these past few days had excited her curiosity; there was a new assurance about him, and, what pleased her even more, a renewal of possessiveness.

*(Continued on Page 56)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### *Song After Wartime*

**By Elizabeth-Ellen Long**

**Oh, little does it matter to**
**A flowering field or one**
**Green hill what lads have laid them down**
**Before their day was done,**

**And little do the field larks care**
**That those who heard them sing**
**So short a time ago cannot**
**Hear them or anything.**

**The world goes on as it has gone**
**In any other year**
**With April far too busy**
**To waste one pitying tear**

**On dark-haired lads or light-haired lads,**
**On short lads or on tall**
**Who'll never know the joy again**
**Of any spring at all,**

**On sober lads or lads as gay**
**As any lad could be**
**Whose going matters not at all**
**Except to you and me.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant, admitting patients, taking histories. "It's desk work that is very, very human," she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers for all kinds of work. If you have even two hours a week free—go to your local hospital and offer to help.

# *She's Engaged! She's Lovely!*

**SHE USES POND'S!**



Her ring—seven diamonds set in platinum



Joy's beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting

## *Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot*

**DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA., ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE**

WHEN she was just a little girl Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

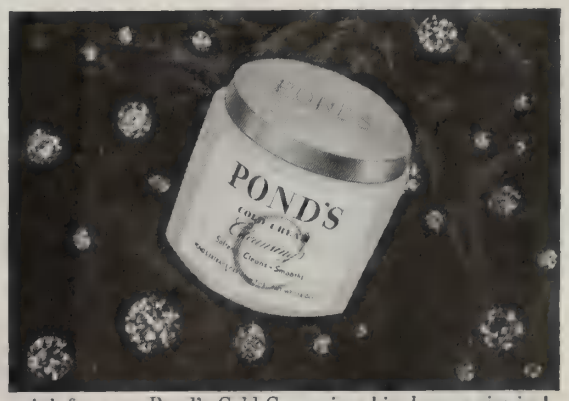
Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. *Another* Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a *grand* cream."

Joy uses her Pond's Cold Cream like this—she *smooths* the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off thoroughly.

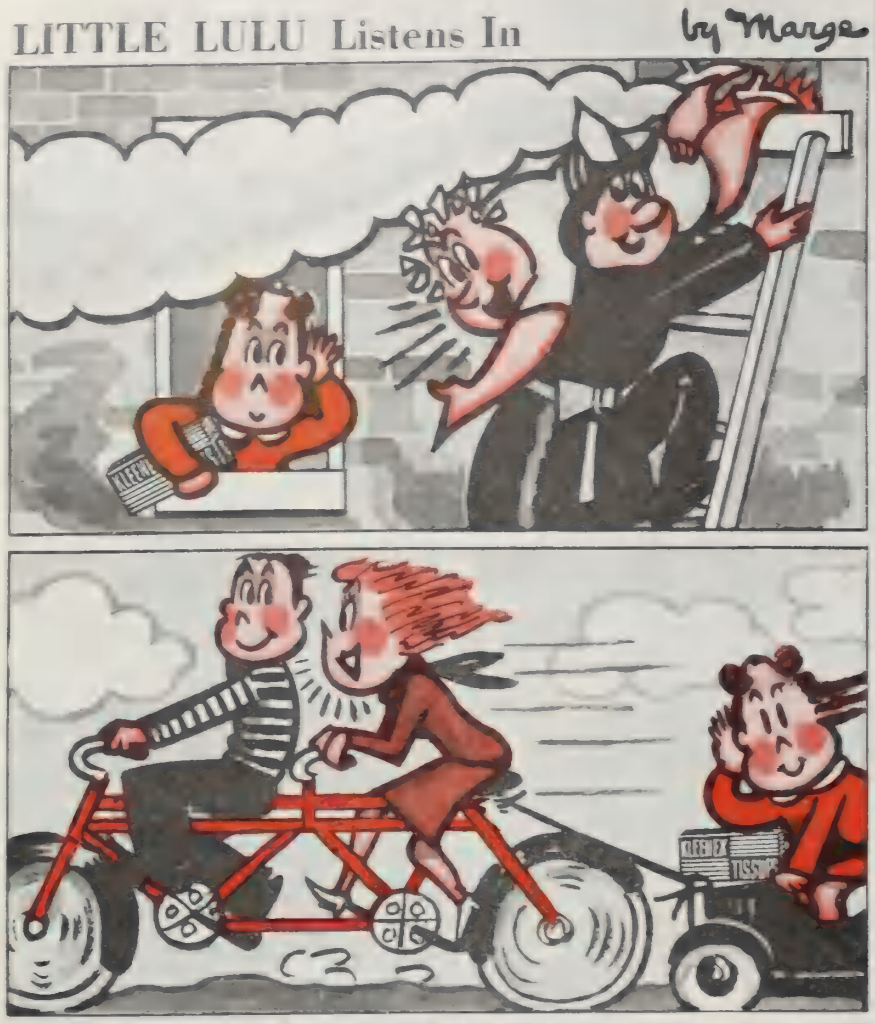
She *rinses* with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her *twice-over way*—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* size jar, today. The wide-topped *big* jars are so luxurious to dip into!




Ask for your Pond's Cold Cream in a big, luxury-size jar!

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III · The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville*



Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolor at your favorite theatre.


(Continued from Page 54)

She laid her hand on his knee. "I wish you'd tell me what's on your mind."

"You!"

"It must be more than that."

"How could it be?" He lifted her hand to his lips, and she leaned against him.

For a moment or two he was tempted to tell her the reason for his elation, which sprang from his victory over her husband in the elevator of the Rotterdam Hotel. His instinct for secrecy had prevented his speaking of it before: even now he hesitated, and finally decided that he would wait a while longer before telling her about the encounter. In the first place, he was not quite sure how she would take it; in the second place, he wished to savor his truimph in private, and even to try to understand it. For the truth was he had been badly frightened.

Recapitulating the whole affair, he realized that the meeting had been inevitable, even though he had seen Mark from the moment he had entered the room with young Perry, and had managed for some time to keep the crowd between them. He had even begun to hope that the evening might pass without incident, but on the second that Mark and he had come face to face in the door he saw that the game was up. Sheer panic had plucked at his heels and out of it had risen the single lucid thought: *I won't fight him. I'll let him knock me out—that will be the easiest, the simplest way.* Yet he had tried to escape, making for the nearest elevator and praying that he might be missed in the drunken mob. What happened after that had all the elements of a dream, all the inconsequentiality, all the madness. He had seen at once that he was cornered, that Mark was going to hit him. As the elevator rose he braced himself for the blow as the timid soul braces itself to receive judgment. Then he saw that Mark was drunk. Here was no avenging angel but an inebriated clown, and, as such, easily dealt with. Symes had struck with all his strength and watched his enemy topple like a sack of onions.

Not till much later, when he was alone in his own apartment, was he able to appraise his action, or his reaction. Then, anointing his bruised knuckles, he experienced a hot stir of exultation which went to his head faster and more effectively than the liquor which he had imbibed with such discretion during the party. The unpremeditated blow, dealt in self-defense, released something long pent up and inarticulate. A weight was lifted, he felt himself to be, at last, the kind of man he most admired, the kind of man he had never quite become—till this moment. Fear, with its taproot, guilt, withered away, and in its place flowered scorn for the bruised and crumpled figure groping helplessly at his feet.

Symes felt Regan's body warm against his. He slowed the car, bringing it to a halt in the shade beside the highway.

She turned inquiringly. "Anything the matter, Bill?"

"You should know." He took her in his arms.

She laughed. "Aren't you afraid someone will come along and see us?"

He began to kiss her with unusual abandon. "Afraid?" he muttered. "No!"

STELLA, who had dined alone that day, left Philippe's on Third Avenue, and after a slight hesitation during which she gazed up and down the street, decided to walk back to her apartment. The man who looked like Alec had not been at the restaurant tonight. She had come early and stayed as long as she could, lingering over a meal she scarcely tasted, her eyes hardly moving from the door. The place was evidently better patronized at night than during the day, for every table was taken. But of the face for which she searched there was no sign. Well, she asked herself, what did she expect? He was in uniform when she saw him that afternoon with Miriam. Perhaps he had been ordered away. Perhaps she would never set eyes on him again. But as she pushed open the doors and emerged in the warm, dim air, Stella could not control a wild rush of hope. It had upheld her during the past days, ever since her first sight of him. Hope had become a habit, but as to the nature of that hope she dared not inquire of herself. All that mattered now was that she see him again. Would his voice remind her of Alec's? How far could such a resemblance go, how far dared she pursue it? As she walked slowly homeward through the noisy reaches of the city, Stella dwelt on her memory of the stranger. Rapture flooded her; it glowed in her face, so that people who noticed her smiled and wondered at her secret.

**Snobbery is right in its impulse; it is wrong only in its aim. It has a good heart but a bad head. It means essentially the move toward a life richer, more generous and more secure than that to which we were born: it is the instinct of development. The mistake which it commits is the adoption of false standards.**
—T. M. KETTLE.

## *XVIII*

A THUNDERSTORM dispersed the accumulated heat of the city, but its denizens, to whom the elements are always hostile, to whom the four seasons are as disturbing as the footfalls of an invader, flung up angry umbrellas and leaped into busses and taxis; others, damp and distraught, sheltered in doorways or under awnings, there to await the end of the sudden downpour.

Stella, returning from a journey uptown, felt the rain on her face, felt it steal through the thin fabric of her shoes. She came to an abrupt stop on the sidewalk as memory struggled to compose some image in her mind. When had this warmth responded through her flesh to the flooding rain? People were pushing past her with umbrellas and raincoats, cabs splashed past the curb where she stood.

Then she remembered. There had been a day in Jarley, three years ago, and she and Alec had gone to the village to buy stores. While they were walking home the rain overtook them and they began to run, laughing, down the gravel road toward the house. The paper bags became soaked and spilled oranges everywhere. Pelted by rain, they stopped to pick up the fruit, and as thunder crackled overhead Stella, in mock fright, had flung herself into Alec's arms. Together they shrank into the heavy grass, and there he made love to her among the fallen oranges. Stella murmured, "Shouldn't we go under the trees?" And he answered, "Don't you know that trees are dangerous in a storm?"

In the past, such recollections had left her stricken, but today as she stood in the rain on a New York street, Stella felt vitality, like lightning, sweep through her.

Then her arm was taken in a firm grasp. Dick Sparrow inquired, "Are you trying to get pneumonia, or do you just want to ruin your hat?" He propelled her into a spacious doorway out of the rain. Stella realized that she had been standing within a few yards of his office. "Come on up," he suggested, still holding her arm. "Miriam's in the country for a few days. I've had a lonely lunch, and I'd like a little company." In the elevator he looked at her inquisitively. "Might an old friend ask what you've been up to? We haven't seen or heard from you for days."

Stella replied that she had been up to nothing in particular, but she was conscious of his shrewd gaze and waited apprehensively for further inquiries. Dick said no more till they were in his office, and once in that large, impersonal, stereotyped apartment, with Dick facing her across his plate-glass-topped desk, she began to derive a certain amusement out of mystifying him.

He began complainingly, "Why didn't you go to the country with Miriam? It's stinking in town."

"I like the heat."

He looked incredulous, then said grudgingly, "Well, it seems to agree with you. You're looking very well. Maybe the trip to Italy was a good idea after all."

She met his gaze calmly. "Perhaps it was."

(Continued on Page 58)

# Four Little Pitfalls... and how to lick 'em

## 1. When you're getting ready for Bed...



**YOU** give your sleepy face a lick—
he promise of a thorough workout
you're not so tired?



**OR** whisk off dirt 'n dust with Swan's dreamy-mild lather? Regular Swanning, you know, helps you stay angel-faced! This grand floatie's pure as fine castiles!

## 2. When your white dickey is slightly gray...



**DO YOU** tuck it slyly into your drawer, thinking, "I'll wear it *just once* more"?



**OR** tub it pronto in Swan's duds-loving suds? Baby-mild Swan freshens up tired frills *but fast*—keeps you looking like a starched daisy!

## 3. When it's your first date with a new swain...



**YOU** work yourself into such a
trying on every rag in the closet,
you "haven't time" for even a
er?



**OR** do you *first* relax in the whipped-cream magic of Swan's beauty bath? And dreamily plan your wardrobe strategy while mild Swan gets you sparkling-clean as a movie queen!

## 4. When mother says you can't go till dishes are done...

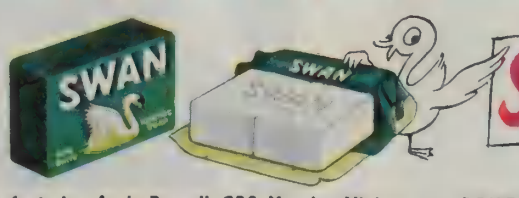


**DO YOU** spend 20 minutes arguing . . . and 10 minutes wailing over your lily-white hands?



**OR** polish off the dishes in jigtime with gentle, floating Swan? A smoothie for pretty hands, a busy sudser—Swan really helps chase dishwashing-dol drums!

Baby-mild for Everything




SWAN is 4 swell soaps in One

TUNE IN: THE JOAN DAVIS SHOW, featuring Andy Russell, CBS, Monday Nights

*DON'T WASTE SWAN SOAP*—it's made from vital materials!

Wrisley
Gold Tassel
sets the stage




PERFUME • COLOGNE • TALC • DUSTING POWDER • BATH BUBBLES • BATH CRYSTALS

(Continued from Page 56)

The complaining note returned to his voice: "I've had a tough morning, and I called you up, hoping you'd have lunch with me, but you weren't home. I've called you up several times this week, but you never seem to be home."

"What happened to spoil your morning?"

"A client, as usual. As a matter of fact, you know him—Symes."

"He's rather a pet of yours, isn't he?"

"On the contrary, he seems to regard me as a pet of *his!*"

Dick frowned, reflecting on his interview with Symes, and on the latter's account of the party at the Rotterdam Hotel. Symes had called up and begged for a few minutes in which to discuss this highly important development, and to oblige him Dick had put off another client. The few minutes had stretched into hours. Dick had been amused and horrified by the story, and by Symes' manner, of a strong nature provoked beyond control.

"You shouldn't have hit him," said Dick.

Symes flushed. "You mean I should have let him kill me, there in the elevator? It was two to one—he had a friend with him."

"What makes you think he was going to attack you? Unless he has found out somehow about your relations with his wife—and we know that that is pretty much out of the question—there's no earthly reason to believe he was bent on attacking you."

Symes walked about the room in violent agitation. "I tell you, there was murder in his eyes! And when I held out my hand to him he struck it aside, like this!"

"He was drunk. You said so yourself."

Symes looked at him bleakly. "You think I made a mistake in hitting him?"

"I don't know. It's hard to tell. But you must have fetched him the devil of a blow to knock him out as you say you did."

"It was the devil of a blow," said Symes, with a revival of arrogance. He straightened his handsome shoulders. "Look, I'm getting tired of all this waiting around for him to make up his precious mind. There mu some way of hurrying him along. He's a like a heel—you know he is. And it isn if he was any great saint himself. I he story or two about him earlier that eve from a guy who knew him overseas. Th comes home and assumes this holier-t thou attitude toward Regan!"

"As I told you before, he could spoil e thing for you if he got mad enough."

"Well," said Symes, "I've got him faloed this time. His friend came to me ward and apologized. Confessed they both drunk, that Bycroft had adm making a mistake. I'm glad I hit him the same. He had it coming."

"Have you told Regan about this?" asked.

"Not yet, and I'm not sure I bette might upset her, and she has enough to as it is. So you think there is nothing w do now to bring him to his senses?"

"We can give him rope, and that's we're doing."

Now Dick turned to Stella. "You I I'm getting fed up with sitting here ar tening to people's problems. The war me rich. That sounds bad, doesn't it? it's the truth. My practice has increas the point where I could retire tomor

"Why don't you? Miriam would like She wants to live in the country."

He shook his head mournfully. know me! I can't walk through bushe high without losing my shoes." He ga her in silence for a moment. "On the hand, it isn't such a bad idea, the co Old people ought to be put out to g and do you know, I'm beginning to fe age. Stella, let's the three of us go b Jarley. It's the obvious thing to do. grow old together."

She laughed. "I wouldn't have be you could be so sentimental!"

"Why not? It's the privilege of

"But I don't feel old."

He looked at her closely. "Well, I admit you don't look old either."

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"Mojud" means stockings we are proud to make and you'll be proud to wear. Skillfully fashioned of nylon, du Pont's miracle yarn, Mojuds are the last word in long-lasting loveliness.

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LOOK FOR THIS Camp Authorized Service at good stores everywhere. Remember the parts are never sold by door-to-door can Always priced to intrinsic value: $5 to $ S. H. CAMP and COMPANY, Jackson, M World's Largest Manufacturers of Scienti ports.

"I'm only a trifle over thirty," she reminded him. "And you can't be more than fifty-five."

"Fifty-three," he corrected her sharply, and both laughed. "Do you know why a man of my age likes the idea of having a love affair with another woman?"

"It's probably due to the deplorable example of your clients."

"It's because the thought of love renews youth. Miriam was quoting the other day, from some poet who said, 'I see in love an ancient aspect touching a new mind.' "

Stella said she thought it sounded like a good poem. Privately she reflected, *He looks older. There is a softness about him, the inward decay of a man who has never quite believed in the things he says or does. And he is really uxorious. He'd be lost without Miriam.*

"What are you smiling at, Stella?" And with increasing mystification: "What is it? You look different. Has something happened?"

"What could have happened?"

"You're changed, somehow. When I saw you standing out there in the rain I stopped to watch you. I knew it was you, and yet I had a feeling that I was seeing you for the first time."

"Maybe you were."

"Stella!" Dick rose, but as he came round the desk toward her she rose also. He took her by the arms and stared at her. "Stella, tell me something."

"Yes?"

There were little red veins in his eyes, in the flesh of his cheeks. "Stella!"

She freed herself gently. "The rain's stopped. I've got to be going."

"Tell me something, Stella."

"Yes?"

"What is it? What is there on your mind?"

Should she tell him? Had Miriam spoken to him of the stranger at Philippe's? Would he have mentioned it if she had? She hesitated, and he said with a puzzled air:

"You look—you look——"

She waited, but he found himself without words. Both were aware of some new influence between them, something neither could name, or explain.

Helping her on with her coat, he muttered, "Queer. You think you understand people, you think you know all about them, then first thing you know they have changed under your very eyes." He smiled. "They fool you in the end." He escorted her to the door. "You're looking lovely. It's what I've been trying to say all along. Lovely, Stella!"

Was he trying to tell her that he believed in the miracle of resurrection? She did not ask him, and the question hung in the dry professional air of his lawyer's office.

**"I haven't met a soul I know for days."**
**"Why don't you try going out in your oldest coat with a ladder in your stocking?"**
—IRISH DIGEST.

Walking home, Stella paused once to examine her reflection in a shop-window. The rain had stopped and a gigantic shaft of light slanted down the street. She saw herself transfigured, and as she continued on her way, past the library, it seemed to her as if the hordes through whom she moved were transfigured also, as if they walked with her in a kind of celestial procession. At any moment the special figure she sought might separate itself from this nameless throng and come toward her. What would she do then, how would she greet him? She conjured up a memory of his face as she had seen it in the murky little restaurant, and passion stirred her, shaping her lips to endearments.

Every day since that first sight of him she had walked about the city, traveling on busses and in subways, pursuing one figure, then another, only to lose it in the end, or to discover that it was not the one she sought. She ate most of her meals at Philippe's, where the waiters accepted her as a regular customer and greeted her as a friend. She


# MY California Fashions are the kind you can wear!

If you like the bright gaiety of California fashions without going to extremes, you'll like my California dresses... comfortable, colorful, casual... in short very "wearable." Look for...



Lady Alice
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LADY ALICE
Sizes 12 to 20. Retail from about $5 to $12





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AT BETTER STORES OR WRITE TO
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Spring Song
by
SunBird
Louis Philippe's new lipstick

You'll fall head over heart for Sunbird... Louis Philippe's new high-flying red...

in a golden-colored metal case of jeweler design. Keyed for color to the song in your heart this happy Spring... wear it with Sunbird rouge to match. Creme or cake

...what matter so long as it's Louis Philippe!
Lipstick $1. Rouge 49¢, plus tax.




made a point of going there alone, for she could not bear the thought of someone's being with her should Mark appear again. She wanted leisure and privacy in which to study him, to make sure that the resemblance was no mere hallucination. It was true that Miriam, too, had seen him, but there was a chance that they might both have been deceived. Stella had not found an opportunity—nor had she sought one—to discuss the incident with her friend; and all the cold logic in the world had no power to dim the image she carried in her mind.

Thanks to the ironies of city existence and city geography, Mark and Stella were often within an ace of meeting—on the street or in the same restaurant where he happened to drop in for a meal on days when she had decided, in despair, to eat somewhere else. Twenty minutes' walk would have brought her to his door, yet the days passed and she did not see him. But she had seen him once and her life centered, now, on that memory. And on that chance encounter—if it could have been called that—on that glimpse which occupied, at most, no more than a few seconds, Stella built an incredible, secret edifice. How often does one not meet, among strangers, one familiar face? How often is one told that one has been seen and appraised

**Be not disturbed at being misunderstood: be disturbed at not understanding.** —CHINESE PROVERB.

all unknown to oneself? Coincidence? But she would have none of it. There was a reason for this meeting. Given the extraordinary resemblance, how could she doubt it? Perilous ideas roamed through her brain, through her dreams. Was it Alec after all, or one so like Alec that the separate identity became irrelevant? She believed that if she could only see him again, hear his voice, she would know beyond the shadow of doubt. What she did not, what she dared not, consider was the nature of that doubt—doubt itself, that chill mainstay of a mind unreconciled.

*XIX*

THE maid was out and the telephone rang, but Stella ignored it. She was dressing for a Landowska recital at Town Hall and dreaded an interruption of her afternoon and an invasion of her solitary frame of mind. Judging from the persistence of the summons, she guessed it must be Miriam Sparrow calling up to talk at length about her visit to the country, to reproach Stella for not having accompanied her, and to make searching inquiries about her friend's activities during the past few days. Stella felt profoundly averse to such conversation, and to the whole idea of companionship. For the first time since Alec's disappearance she was conscious of a completeness in her life, as if it had acquired boundaries and a perspective. She no longer felt lonely, nor were her thoughts easily communicable. If she could not have silence she would have music, and share with strangers the inexpressible experience of her own heart.

The telephone stopped ringing, but when Stella reached the door it started again with increased stridency, as if it had paused to get its breath. The sound pursued her all the way downstairs into the street, an insentient voice bidding her return to her discarded world.

"Taxi!" she cried in panic, and waved her white glove at a cab which ground to a halt on the other side of the street. Breathless, she climbed in and gave the driver her destination.

The sound of the telephone bell seemed imprisoned in her ears. She no longer thought of Miriam impatiently waiting for her to lift the receiver. She thought of the sound as something materializing out of empty air, recalling her to the dull core of sense beneath the senselessness of life. Let it ring, let it scream its reminders through the empty rooms, into the street—she would not answer. She pictured it perched on the little table beside her bed, above the drawer







TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES

1 cup grated American cheese; 1½ teasp. Colman's (dry) Mustard; 6 slices white bread (¼" thick) toasted on one side.

Mix cheese with mustard, spread thickly on untoasted side of bread. Put under broiler at moderate heat until cheese is melted and begins to turn brown.




FREE! NEW RECIPE BOOK
"Mealtime Magic"
Write to Atlantis Sales Corp., 3626 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.
Name_____
Address_____








which held all Alec's letters. She saw the gay air-mail envelopes, and his writing in the dry ink of the past.

"Dead!" screamed the phone. "Dead in Montescari, where you dared not look! Dead, dead!"

"*Darling, if you should hear it said that I am dead, never believe it.*"

The telephone had stopped ringing, the letters lay undisturbed in their dark drawer, each weighted with its separate experience, its separate moment of life, of the past.

But the present was what the musician unlocked for her audience when, all tall, gaunt grace and humor, she stepped across the glowing dais to the harpsichord, there to pause, there to acknowledge her adorers' greeting with a smile, half goddess and half mother, making play with the cushion, testing the piano stool for comfort and height, sending, from where she stood, a tingle of mirth across the footlights into the crowded, eager darkness beyond. Then she sat, all chignon and golden gown, and looked at her keyboard as though she expected some word from it, a sigh, a trembling of its hidden nerves.

Tears rose in Stella's eyes. She felt the unbearable suspense and sweetness in the pause during which every face lifted toward Landowska in an unspoken plea to those poised, capacious hands: "Let us be transfigured through you!" Creator and created stand in direct relation to each other, but the listener stands alone, judge and victim of his own experience. The marvelous hands, hovering and striking, were voice and spirit which bade the heart rejoice, the imagination accept the perpetual human paradox.

When, later, Stella emerged from Town Hall she drifted with the homing crowd from which the music had temporarily estranged her. Now each face into which she gazed seemed transformed; intimate and friendly, her fellow beings spoke to her with their eyes, with fleeting smiles of recognition. *Believe in us,* they said, *believe in yourself. Humanity is all we know and all we ever shall know.*

In no hurry to go home, she walked downtown, then across to Madison Avenue, and waited for her bus. Light played on the familiar buildings, ignited fires in the windows and dyed the limp banners an intenser hue. The bus stopped beside her and she got in. They plunged past the demure façades of 36th Street and the Morgan Library, where the spectral maples shed a few dead leaves on the pavement. A woman dodged across the street, wearing a hat with a parrot feather, like some secret signal. Where had Stella seen a hat like that? One day when she had gone shopping with Miriam.

Light clambered up the stone walls, and images formed and dissolved in Stella's mind: she saw Landowska's hands poised like birds; the luminous faces of the audience; the imaginary laughter of music in peacock gardens came and went in her ears. And as she stared at the people on the street she saw Mark. He had paused to light his pipe and she had no need to persuade herself that it was actually the face and figure she had been seeking. Desperately, she pulled the signal cord and made her way to the door. But the bus kept on its way, headed toward its appointed stop. Passengers looked at her curiously as she reached for the cord again.

"Stop," she begged the driver. "Please stop and let me out!"

He paid no attention, and she gazed with hatred at the broad back, the thick Irish profile, the adamant hand on the wheel. He might have been part of the machine itself—deaf, blind, heartless, driven by an inhuman compulsion. On and on they went and Stella watched despairingly as a sea of concrete and humanity swept over the spot where she had seen Mark.

At last the bus stopped and she stumbled out on the sidewalk, pushing through an opposing group of passengers. She saw them now, not as flesh and blood but as obstacles diabolically interposing between herself and her desire. At last she was back on the corner of Madison and 43rd Street, but Mark had disappeared. Five minutes before—it could


A sure way to make Super Salads
. . . be generous with the
Real Mayonnaise




**Here's how to put together a mighty satisfying dish**

Cut cheese into balls with vegetable ball cutter. Line salad bowl with salad greens. Arrange cheese balls in center and alternate slices of tomato, onion, and bologna around outside of bowl. Beat *Real* Mayonnaise and French Dressing together until smooth, and pour over salad. Serves 6 and serves 'em well. Mother knows that salads go over big when she's generous with her *Real* Mayonnaise.

America's largest-selling mayonnaise—Best Foods-Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise—has that extra something that makes any salad extra flavorful and satisfying. There's no other mayonnaise just like it. No starchy filler goes into this delicious mayonnaise. It's *pure* mayonnaise—*all* mayonnaise: eggs freshly broken from the shell, added egg yolks, our own "Fresh-Press" salad oil, mild vinegar, and spices—all *double*-whipped to a delightful smoothness.

**Delicious in MORE ways than one**

*Real* Mayonnaise is a grand spread for thin "company" sandwiches—a swell sauce for hot vegetables. So rich and pure that even when you thin it with milk or fruit juice, Best Foods-Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise is still creamy in texture—rich in flavor. Another delightful surprise is that anything that *tastes* so good can be so good for you. Actually, Best Foods-Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise contains 3,140 food energy units per pint—almost the same amount, spoonful for spoonful, as Nucoa or butter.




BEST FOODS
IN THE WEST
*Real Mayonnaise*
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# FLAT to RENT
## (and repent?)



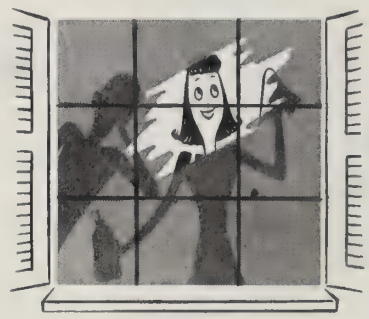

"A miracle! Look! Yes—
APARTMENT TO RENT!"
A glance was sufficient
for Lucy and Kent.



They moved the next morning,
and looked all around—
The place was as dark
as a hole in the ground!



"Oh, dear!" muttered Kent,
and "Oh, WINDEX!" said Lu,
"There's plenty of light,
but it doesn't come through!"



She sprayed the first window
with WINDEX, and then
A whisk of a cloth
got it shining again!



And soon all the windows
were gleaming and bright,
The apartment was nice—
there was plenty of light!



So—better get WINDEX!
Wherever you dwell,
'Twill get all your glass
looking sparkling and swell!

**Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—**

**WINDEX**

TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *by The Drackett Company*

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning. No streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a cent per window. Don't trust cheap substitutes.

Copr. 1946, The Drackett Co.

**Costs less than a penny per window—**




**For Extra Economy, Buy the Big 20-Ounce Size.**


be no more than that—five minutes before he had stood on this spot. She had seen him distinctly, a newspaper tucked under his arm as he paused to light his pipe. It seemed that the image she had nurtured for so long had suddenly intensified in the beam of reality; what she felt was not surprise, but shock at an encounter expected but not designed. Nor had she the faintest idea what she would do if she were to catch up with him. Passion informed her that she would find him where she had seen him from the bus window, but he was not there. Instead she found herself staring at relays of strangers, or pursuing their backs; she heard, falling about her like hail, idiot, unfriendly voices.

Stella forced herself to walk slowly down the avenue. He might have gone into one of the doorways on either side of the street; he might have walked faster than she had bargained for in any of four directions! On the other hand, he might appear before her at any moment, and with that thought she stopped, terror sweeping over her. So intense was her sense of imminence that it paralyzed her limbs, and a man, not seeing her in time, bumped against her. "Pardon!" he muttered, giving her an inimical look. The jarring impact brought her to her senses. What a fool to stand here like a stranded rock while the tide of humanity flowed around her. Meantime he might easily be walking away, west toward Fifth Avenue, east to Grand Central.

Grand Central! Could he have been on his way to take a train out of New York? This awful possibility made her shy away at once; she faced the choice of going through Vanderbilt Avenue, or of following 42nd Street to the river. Afterward she decided that her body, not her brain, made the choice, and because she found herself near 42nd Street she walked toward it, then turned and followed the human stream eastward. On another day she would have stopped and bought a newspaper, but this evening the universe and its obsessions had ceased to exist so far as she was concerned. Life had reasserted its personal claim; she moved in obedience to something older, stronger than the remote menace of headlines.

When she reached Lexington Avenue the sun had gone, but a translucent memory of it lingered everywhere. It was after six, cafés and bars were filled. Perhaps he was in one of them, and with this thought Stella realized that she would soon be on Third Avenue, a few blocks from Philippe's restaurant where she had first seen him. Dared she hope that he might have been on his way there? It was a chance, the flimsiest of chances, but she was in the mood to read meaning into the most trivial incident; when a taxi slowed up and the driver poked his head toward her, she took it for a sign and climbed in, her heart beating with excitement.

THE traffic was heavy and they were forced to wait while trucks and busses crawled across their bows. The driver turned on his radio and Stella listened to jive while overhead trains thundered, and on either side of her automobiles exuded acrid smells of gasoline and hot metal. The impulse to scream, to order the driver to go on, go on, almost overcame her. She wanted to lean forward and say, "Can't you get through somehow? It's a matter of life and death—life and death!" Impossible that the throbbing world should remain indifferent to her anguish! Would she perhaps make better time, or stand a better chance of seeing him if she walked? Might he decide not to eat Philippe's after all, but merely pause th for a drink before disappearing once mo Every second of delay increased the chan of her missing him, whereas if she were to out now and walk, or even run——Then lights changed, the cab shot forward, bur ing over cobbles, weaving between stanchions of the elevated, while the ra contributed its gay discord to the turn within and around her.

EMOTION, given its head, has the attribu of panic, so when Stella's taxi deposited at her destination she stood for several onds unable to make up her mind to en Lights shone behind the glass panel of door, and she had a glimpse of the waiter they moved about. Her agitation becam violent that it compelled her attention. wondered whether she might collapse on sidewalk and die there for sheer want breath. How absurd to die crushed ur the bedlam of one's own heart! It quiete last and she walked down the two step the door and went in.

Mark was not there. A couple sat at table where she had first seen him, and gazed at them with incredulous eyes. waiter who always served her came forw with his frien smile. "Dinner, dame?" She nod and let him guide to the table where habitually sat. gazed round her growing hosti toward the occupa The joyous strai Landowska's pla petered out on a l jeering echo. M was not here. she really seen h Had her glance a ally plucked single portentous ure from out the c seven million boc She stared at hist usurped by stran talking French drinking wine in glasses. The res rant cat appe and rubbed ag their ankles. watched a proce of shadowy fig pass on the stree yond the door. The noise of traffic was m except when a train went by, when the quivered and glasses on their shelves forth a musical response.

A hand grasped the doorknob, it s open, and Mark came in. The thing she longed for, and which she had dreaded, to pass, and she stared into eyes that Alec's eyes, eyes which met hers b and without recognition. He found a and sat down with his back toward her all she could see of his face was its bl reflection in a corner of the window. A w came to take his order, and Stella list hoping to hear his voice. All she caught an indistinguishable murmur, then he sp a newspaper on the table and began to She gazed at his shadowy reflection o window, a reflection stirred, broken stored again by the shifting lights an darkness of the world beyond. How se he looked, how almost sullen! Me ached in her mind and she recalled how looked when he was reading without a tion, his thought elsewhere. How jealou used to be of those thoughts, how cu how envious! What was this man thi now? Where had he come from, where, he left this place, would he go? Her thoughts dissolved and materialized the restless iridescence of his image i window. A shadow play of figures, ob movement formed a background to h mysterious and beloved face, and she ceived that she, too, was mirrored th distant, spectral self colored by life, or b

*(Continued on Page 64)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

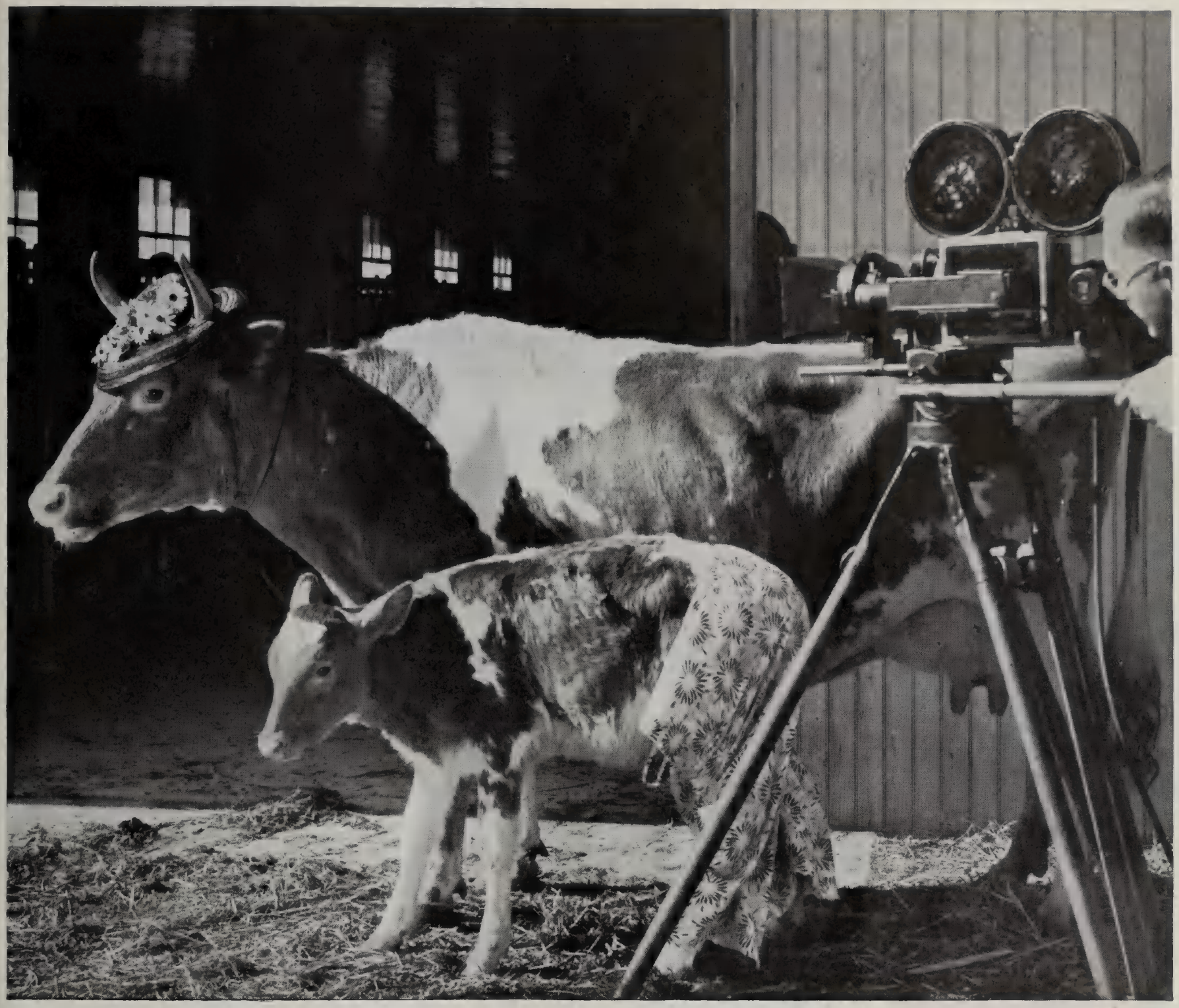
## *If You Were Here*

**By Joan Story Wright**

**If you were here—if you were here**
**What songs we'd find to sing;**
**How high the hills that we would climb,**
**How short the gay and glorious time;**
**If you were here—if you were here**
**What gladness you would bring!**

**If you were here—if you were here**
**What love words I would say;**
**How tightly hold your blue-veined hand,**
**How deeply make you understand;**
**If you were here—if you were here—**
**But you are far away.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



# Mama's in the "moo-vies"!

Though she may never win an "Oscar," nor sign an autograph, she's the star of a picture that's drawing quite a public!

From its title, you can tell the film is something different in movie fare. It's called "Quality Milk Production"— and it deals, not with make-believe, but with scientific methods of getting *more* and *better* milk to market.

These methods cover everything from the brushing of a cow to the construction of a barn. They show how to keep equipment sterile; milk scrupulously clean. They bring progressive—and practical—guidance to the 350,000 dairy farmers who will see them on the screen.

Filmed by National Dairy, the movie is distributed to U. S. Public Health Services, Vocational Agricultural Departments, Agricultural Extension Services, and state and city Boards of Health. It is shown to farm youth groups, farm associations, grange meetings, and many other such audiences.

In a sense, this picture might be cited as *research in action.* For it's another means by which the findings of National Dairy Laboratories reach out to improve milk — nature's most nearly perfect food—right at the source, and protect its purity every step of the journey to your dinner table.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

Kraft · Sealtest · Breyers

**NATIONAL DAIRY**
**PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES




(Continued from Page 62)

illusion of life. In this peculiar element their glances met and drowned; her spirit, like his, stayed moored in a weird reality like ships held fast by invisible chains.

When he left Philippe's Stella followed him through the dim evening streets to his door. She watched from a distance as he sought for his key and let himself into the house and out of her sight. Then she crossed the street and descended to the narrow entry, and studied the names on the letter boxes. Symons, Brown, Gerber, Winslow, Bycroft, Glazer, Bernstein, Hume. Which of these belonged to him? He wore the uniform of a colonel in the Air Corps, but no colonel was listed here. Was he visiting one of the occupants? Was he a newcomer who had not yet put his card in one of the empty boxes? She read the names over again, enduing each one with an especial magic and significance. Finally she turned and walked homeward between the spiraling walls and windows which glowed in the darkness, reminding her once more of honey stored in vast combs.

*XX*

Summer drew over the city, but for Stella the season had lost its conventional meaning. She moved through it, indifferent as a bird, and day by day added to the Paradise she had built for her beloved and herself. Here she chose to live, half in torment, half in rapture, through pulsing days and stifling nights. Now every familiar sordid detail of the city changed, in her eyes, for the color of enchantment. There was ecstasy in the mornings, when she awoke and knew that the day spread before her, as varied as a kaleidoscope whose patterns are not less magical because the mind understands them. She revived old tricks of vanity and lingered over the selection of a dress or a pair of earrings, and the exact shade of crimson for her lips and cheeks. Instinct, fused with desire, became her instructor, and she studied from afar such of Mark's habits as circumstances allowed. It was a strange pursuit of which the quarry remained for many days innocent, for she was careful to keep distance between them, moved as she was between the twin impulses of fear and longing.

She walked every morning to East 53rd Street and waited for him to appear, then followed till she lost him. Sometimes a small boy accompanied him, and on one such occasion—a hot, still afternoon—she pursued them as they strolled along Marie Curie Avenue to Rockefeller Institute. They walked slowly, the child sometimes taking the man's hand, and though their voices reached her they were always too far away for her to catch the words. Was the child his? Was he a widower, or divorced? The questions occurred to her, but she did not linger over them, for their implications had no bearing on her Paradise.

On this particular hot afternoon the light lay like pewter over Welfare Island; gulls swayed in the air and their cries fell languidly through the assorted noises of the street and the river. To Stella there seemed something solitary and meditative in the man's walk. She remembered Alec in moods when he made her feel that he had retreated into a region from which he excluded not only his surroundings, but herself, and those dear aspects of himself which she believed she knew. Not since his death had she allowed herself to dwell on those moods, when, like a kind of warning, a premonition perhaps, she experienced the cold emptiness of loss. There are in all of us small, dark islands of solitude which we are bound to enter alone if we enter at all; habitations intolerable to those who love us, and in those whom we love. Stella, spinning her fantasies round the unconscious figure of this man who so much resembled her husband, felt the resemblance grow more poignant as she recognized in his walk, in his aloof and burdened air, yet another vanished trait. So, sometimes, Alec used to walk on the narrow roads round the house at Jarley; so she would come on him sitting on the rocks facing the sea, when, rousing, he was unable to tell her where he had been or what he had been thinking.

Mark and Neddy had turned and were walking toward her. They walked faster than she realized, and she had the choice of pursuing her course or of turning and walking before them. But as she hesitated, slowing her step, the man strode toward her, so purposeful, so animated by a remembered vitality that Stella found herself unable to move. Then they were face to face and as Mark's eyes stared into hers, she uttered a faint exclamation and her whole face came to life. Startled, perhaps, by this recognition, he half smiled, then continued on his way, passing her and taking the boy's hand as they crossed the street. Stella watched them go, but they did not turn to look back at her, and for several minutes she stood tremulous with happiness.

What did she expect from the situation? Had a friend asked her she would have found it impossible to put her feelings into intelligible language, or to reduce her thoughts to stale rationalizations. Perhaps a friend might have explained that the man's resemblance to Alec had re-created, not Alec but a figure more fateful, one which entered upon her consciousness at a moment when resignation had reached its final pitiful boundary, the very edge of the abyss. The friend would have known that there are people who cannot accept the inevitable—people who hunger on into oblivion—and that Stella was such a person. Instinct and imagination united to make her discern in Mark something besides his extraordinary likeness to Alec, to find in him a reflection of her own defrauded passion, and bleakly aware that in another year she would have become an old woman—one of those human travesties for which the casual eye finds no excuse and the humdrum heart no pity—to discover and to adore him as her savior, just as she had discovered and adored Alec. Stella knew well enough that it was no ghost she pursued, day after day, evening after evening, through the sweltering hours and in intervals when the sea air blew miraculously through the burning streets. A ghost would have recognized her, claimed her—yes, in the very center of Babel, a ghost would have taken her hand and greeted her by name. But this other, this lonely and stalwart figure stared at her with blank brown eyes, and passed her without a word.

There were opportunities when she might have spoken to him: once when they waited for a bus and he stood aside to give her precedence; again when she followed him and his small companion to the park and lingered near by while they sailed a boat on the pond. But she shrank from breaking a spell which left her free to dream and to speculate, free to paint the days that passed and the days to come as a panorama of impossible and miraculous happenings.

By now Mark had realized that he was being shadowed, and his reactions fluctuated

(Continued on Page 67)

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**Once there was a fabulously rich potentate who died, bequeathing all his property to Yusef, his favorite slave, with one reservation: that each of his sons was to be allowed to select some one thing of value which should be set aside from the residue of the estate for the sons, to have and hold forever, with all pertaining thereto.**

**The sons each selected some one valuable piece of property. The eldest chose the royal palace; the second, the famed hanging gardens; the third, the jeweled peacock throne, studded with precious stones of great value; and so on.**

**Each son made his choice, and yet each bewailed the fact that the great bulk of the parent's possessions must pass into the hands of Yusef.**

**Awaiting his turn sat the youngest son, a mere stripling. When his brothers had each made his choice and the opportunity of the youngest had come, he turned to the executors, saying, "I choose Yusef, the slave."**

Shining Lines: (Mergenthaler Linotype Co.)

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and nothing but
the best is labeled
Armour Star

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**How to Bake Bacon:** When a quantity of bacon is to be served, baking is the easiest method of preparation. Place bacon strips on rack in shallow pan with fat edges overlapping lean of next slice. Bake on top shelf of oven at 400°F. for 12 to 15 minutes or until desired crispness is reached. No turning is necessary.




Hand Picked
Sugar Cured
Tender Smoked

*America's Luxury Bacon*

*Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday night over ABC (Blue) Network. See local papers for time and station.*



# Keeping up with the Joneses



There is a man in our town and he is wondrous wise . . or at least he'll do till a wiser one comes along . . and that goes for the rest of his family. For you see, the Joneses like lots of fun in a good old-fashioned way. They dodge the night spots . . but when it comes to the outdoor sports . . count on the Joneses to be in the thick of it all. Their boast is they like to play while the sun is shining . . but they always manage a grand finale to round out a pleasant day . . with a bit of good cheer . . a snack or two . . and coffee that's the toast of the town.



There's no problem to "Keeping Up With The Joneses". Our free brochure, "Head Chef Recipes", brings you newest hors-d'oeuvre and sandwich secrets of famous restaurants . . . also tested recipe for making the world's freshest, most delicious coffee . . . the *Silex Coffee Maker way. Address The Silex Company, Department 15A . . . Hartford 2, Conn. . . . In Canada, St. Johns, P. Q.

*Only Silex has the exclusive patented flavor guard filter.

SILEX

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Coffee Maker

(Continued from Page 64)

between curiosity and amused contempt. He gave no sign, however, nor did he alter his routine existence in order to avoid her. He guessed that the world must be filled with lonely and obsessed people, and that this strange young woman who trailed him up and down the streets, into and out of restaurants and theaters, was probably no more of a menace than others, less diffident.

One evening as he took his accustomed seat at a table in Philippe's restaurant, he glanced across the room and saw her sitting alone in a corner which he had learned to associate with her somewhat colorless personality. But he was not prepared for the intensity of her gaze. It startled him, and he smiled. Neither spoke, but for Stella the moment had surely arrived. Alec's eyes held hers, they drew her irresistibly to her feet even while something cried out to her to fly from this encounter, to rush through the door into the drab world outside. Instead she found herself standing beside his table. He rose and pulled out a chair for her, and she felt herself subject to a will that was no longer her own.

"Please sit down," said Mark. "I'm Colonel Bycroft—Mark Bycroft. I was just about to order myself another drink. Will you join me?"

"I'm Stella Harmon. Thanks, yes."

He signaled the waiter and gave his order. The kaleidoscope shifted, its radiant design became fixed. It was Alec who faced her, Alec, notwithstanding his voice, which was never Alec's.

"You've been following me," said Mark.

"I've been following you for almost two weeks."

"That long? I noticed it only two or three days ago. I'm flattered, but puzzled. Will you tell me why you followed me?"

"I wonder if you'll understand. It sounds absurd, reduced to words."

"Yet you can't blame me for wanting to know."

The waiter brought their drinks, and Mark stirred his with the glass muddler. It was not for the usual and obvious reasons that she had followed him, he told himself. *She's not that sort.* So much he could guess easily enough from her voice, as from her manner. Perplexed, he waited.

STELLA said at last, "I was here with a friend one day. We were seated in that corner. You were here, drinking beer and playing with the kitten."

"I often come here for meals because it's within walking distance of where I live." He looked at her. "You still haven't told me why you followed me."

Stella put her glass down and said simply, "Because of your extraordinary likeness to my husband."

"I don't understand."

"He was killed in the war."

Mark felt a twinge of revulsion, and Stella saw the sneer on his face.

"I know," she murmured. "I know what you're thinking. It's a new gag, and not in very good taste. But it does happen to be true." She gazed at him earnestly. "Believe me!"

He frowned at his glass, but said nothing.

She went on: "You must have seen likenesses yourself—there are such things. This is really extraordinary. Try to put yourself in my place! Don't blame me for following you, for wanting to talk to you."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you. Why should I? But you could have spoken to me before this. One day when we took the crosstown bus on Fifty-seventh Street, another time in the park, once when we—my son and I—were walking by the river." He looked at her scornfully. "What did you expect, trailing me all over town?" His voice, his face were full of enmity.

For a moment Stella was silent, crushed by a development she had not foreseen. At last she said, "I don't know what I expected. I suppose I just wanted to look at you, to watch you. I don't see why you should care, one way or another."

He replied grudgingly, "Well, I'm sorry. But I am not your husband, you know."

HE did not want to sound brutal, but his own words evoked another memory, and Regan's face rose before him, Regan's voice filled his ears. An hour ago she had called him on the telephone and they had quarreled violently, wit and sensibility stripped of everything except the instinct to wound and destroy. He would not let her have Neddy. And he had hung up before Regan could complete her part of the tirade. But as the savage exultation of battle ebbed, Mark felt a weakness, a positive physical impotence. Hatred of Regan was followed by the image of William Symes, by a stinging pain in his lips, still sore from the blow dealt him in the elevator of the Rotterdam Hotel.

He was obsessed by the foliations of catastrophe as he saw it touching his life and the lives of people he knew—Neddy, Symes, even young Perry, with whom he had quarreled and parted a week ago. Perry, following an ill-advised impulse, had recommended Mark to seek advice from a psychiatrist and get himself "straightened out." It was bad enough to be considered a heel of the first water by one's wife, but to be classified as a "case" by one's friend was too much. Curtly he advised Perry to go West and castrate bulls beside his native Pecos.

Mark saw these disasters, absurd and tragic as they might be, as springing directly from Regan's ruthless egotism. The impulse to hurt someone, to revive his own tumbled ego at the expense of another's, returned as he looked, now, at Stella. "I am not your husband," he had just reminded this strange girl, another casualty of the age, a somnambulist in search of bed. His bed? Not if he knew it. He was through with the role of husband and incipient cuckold.

A blur formed in his eyes, then cleared, and he saw Stella gazing at him with the profound gaze he sometimes surprised in Neddy's eyes.

She said sadly, "Don't hate me."

"Hate you? Why should I? I don't even know you."

"You looked as if you were hating me."

"I wasn't thinking about you." He hesitated, then went on: "I was thinking about my wife. She has left me, and I ought to be grateful, but instead I find myself wanting her and detesting her at the same time. Not loving her, mind you. No, not loving her at all."

It was the truth, of course—he wanted Regan without loving her, but what possessed him to confide in this stranger? Unable to stop now that he had begun, he went on to speak of his home-coming, of Regan's desertion, of his own reactions, of his little boy. And as he spoke of these things they took a shape entirely different from the picture in his mind; they became as distorted as his own mental image of himself. He told her of his attempt to kill an innocent man, of his torments of self-discovery, of the fiend of violence which he had often waylaid and

(Continued on Page 69)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *The Garden Snob*

**By Marion Sturges-Jones**

**The primrose by the river's brim**
***Primula hybrid* is to him,**
**And it is nothing less.**
**Sweet columbine he'll tell you is**
***Aquilegia canadensis,***
**Which stops you, I'll confess.**
**By tone of voice he will infer**
**A garden Social Register**
**Of great exclusiveness.**
**(When such as he comes in my garden**
**I always beg the flowers' pardon:**
**To me the man's a mess!)**

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The grandest news in pressure cooking is the EKCO pressure cooker that stays to dinner




You'll be "Mrs. Lightning" with an Ekco Pressure Cooker that cooks up tastier-than-ever dishes in ¼ the usual time . . . *then serves them at the table.* A quick change of covers and the Ekco is a handsome serving dish . . . keeps foods hot, saves steps and dishes.

Only the Ekco Pressure Cooker brings you the magic of quick, flavor-saving pressure cooking plus the ease and convenience of serving style. And only the Ekco Pressure Cooker seals with a twirl of the Fingertip Knob . . . no cumbersome clamps, no loose parts. At better stores.




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Patents Pending. T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*"Now, Hulda—I hope you can dig us up some Jell-O!"*

**Oh, what a wonderful morning**... when the first tender salad greens are ready to pull, and the first home-grown fruits come shyly on the market!

And it's twice as wonderful if you can combine those crisp new greens with cool, tart Jell-O . . . or your fresh berries with a creamy Jell-O Pudding.

True, the crop of Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings isn't as plentiful as it will be later, when the sugar supply increases.

But keep these notes for the days you do run across a Jell-O treasure. And then let yourself go lyrical, and compose a spring duet!

**For instance,** combine crisp spring vegetables with Lime Jell-O. Prepare Jell-O as directed on the package, adding 2 tablespoons vinegar and ½ teaspoon salt to give it salad tang. When chilled and syrupy, add ½ cup sliced radishes and 1 tablespoon sliced onion; let set. **Another go-together treat** — fresh strawberries in creamy Jell-O Vanilla Pudding. (Make pudding with extra milk if you like it custard-y.)

**Try a** ruby parfait made of plain and whipped Strawberry Jell-O, sprinkled with shaved chocolate. Or, a heart mold of brilliant Cherry Jell-O with a flower garnish of whipped cream, candies, and mint. Jell-O's "locked-in" flavor makes them both extra delicious!








Jell-O Puddings—
Like Grandma's—only more so!

PRODUCTS OF
GENERAL FOODS




**More pudding ideas?** Prepare Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding, using 3½ cups of milk to the package—then top with baked meringue, and have Butterscotch Floating Island! Or, lace country cream into Jell-O Chocolate Pudding to make it even more old-fashioned tasting.

What's found only in Jell-O?
That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

JELL-O IS A TRADE-MARK OWNED BY GENERAL FOOD

(Continued from Page 67)

conquered in the past. A curious superstition made it impossible for him to name Symes, for the name had become a nightmare.

"If I'd killed him they would have blamed it on the war. They would have said I was psychotic, and instead of shooting me for being a criminal they'd have sent me off to some military institution for the mentally unstable. When the truth is, actually, so simple. We are all responsible for what we do, and in a sense for what others do to us. We're responsible, all of us."

She gazed at him with a brooding tenderness. He thought vaguely, *I shan't see her again. She's used an imaginary resemblance as an excuse to pick me up, and I'm using it as an excuse to leaven my loneliness. What harm? We'll talk a little. I'll pay for her drink, and we'll part.* And he remembered other encounters in Europe, nameless women who had listened to him, their faces responsive, like this one; their husbands dead or vanished—like this one's.

Stella said, "Tell me about your son."

"I hardly know him. He was a baby when I went away, now he's a person. There are things going on in his mind—speculations, decisions in which I have no share. What can I tell him? What can I teach him, that the world won't revise and alter? How can I warn him to learn from his father's experience? We move separately in the same orbit. Not strangers exactly, but not friends either."

"We are all like that, aren't we? Not strangers exactly, but not friends either."

He shrugged. "It's a human world, whether we like it that way or not. We've got to deal with one another. It's only when I try to find something honest and comforting to say to Neddy that I find myself in a corner."

"Something comforting?"

"Well, when I was his age my mother used to make me say prayers. I said them unthinkingly, but I relied on them, and on her. When I was fourteen I gave up saying prayers, but by that time I'd formed other allegiances besides my mother and God Almighty. One passes from one attachment to another; in my childhood we began with the idea of a comforting God Who spoke to us through our mothers—or our fathers."

"Through some kind of love, you mean."

"I suppose so. And that's where Neddy is out of luck."

"Yes, and you too, and I!"

He nodded. "Sorry. I seem to have done nothing but talk about myself," he said. "Tell me about you, about your husband."

"He was killed in Italy."

"And this likeness you speak of, is it really so noticeable?"

"It's very noticeable." Her voice trembled. "It's extraordinary."

STIRRED by pity, Mark laid his hand on hers and envied the dead man who had been so loved and was so deeply mourned. Then something she had said recurred to him: "You are out of luck, and I am too." But he had no wish to be included in her bad luck. He had his own, which was more than enough, and pity for her was succeeded by revulsion against this likeness between himself and the dead. Our fundamental sense of identity is a subtle and precious thing, not easily shared even with the living. The touch of Stella's hand sent a current of intimacy toward him, and he recoiled from it as he would have from fire.

"Dinner?" inquired the waiter, and placed a menu on the table.

Mark shook his head. "I'm sorry I can't stay." He laid the price of their drinks on the table, and nodded to Stella. "I've got to get home. Thank you for talking to me."

"Colonel Bycroft, will you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

He hesitated, but it seemed easier to leave her with an acceptance. "Thanks, I'd like to. Here?"

"Here, at one o'clock, if that suits you?"

"Fine," said Mark, and left her.

## *XXI*

WALKING home, he speculated about Stella. Should he have stayed and had dinner with her instead of running away? It would have been kinder. But he was in a mood to suspect some trick, though unable to define his fears. He began to regret that he had accepted her invitation to lunch the next day. Well, there was time to change his mind; he could easily leave a note for her at Philippe's, expressing regret and saying good-by. He had found her sensitive, intelligent; she could hardly fail to take the hint and leave him alone thereafter. Then he recalled her face and found beauty in it, and in her voice. He guessed that it would not have been difficult to make love to her, that she would not have repulsed him. But was that what she was after—the cheapest of commodities? There had been nothing cheap about her, rather something ardent and pathetic, like the friendliness of a child. Remembering the response of her hand when he touched it, he felt now a rekindling of desire and half turned to go back. But desire brought the image of Regan: he saw her face contorted in a mask of dislike even while her limbs embraced him, he heard her voice, precise as a chisel: "I didn't want to have it on my conscience that I refused you!"

Mark walked on, scurrilities filling his mouth, uttering themselves so that several people who passed glanced at him with disgust. He walked slowly in the cooling summer air, and by the time he reached the apartment Neddy was in bed, and Octavia, neatly hatted and gloved, was reading a paper while she awaited his return so she could go home.

"Sorry to be late, Octavia."

She rose and stood looking at him with an air of indecision. "Colonel Bycroft, you've got to do something about Neddy."

"Isn't he all right?"

"Oh, he's all right, I guess." She frowned. "He's all right so far as his health goes. But there's something on his mind."

"I suppose you're getting ready to tell me that he misses his mother."

She faced him stubbornly. "He'd be a queer sort of child if he didn't miss his mother! I've been sitting here thinking. I think it is time you let him go to her."

"There's nothing to prevent her coming back and living here with him, you know."

She shook her head. "What do you expect to get out of this, colonel? Where is it going to get you, or Neddy? Something is happening in that child's mind."

"Well?" said Mark. *Queer*, he thought, *how this woman can always command my attention.* If she had been twenty years younger —— But, as things were, she was sixty and respectable. "Well?" he repeated, relenting.

"Neddy wants his mother."

"Look, we've discussed this before. You know how I feel about it."

"He needs her! For better or worse, he needs her."

"I'm afraid it looks as if he'll have to put up with me instead."

"Ah, no; let him go to her now. He'll come back to you in the end."

Mark said bitterly, "How do you know?"

"Because I think he's trying to love you, only he's frightened. He's frightened of you. Listen, something happened today. He must have heard your quarrel with Mrs. Bycroft over the phone. When you left the house he went and locked himself in his room and wouldn't let me in, nor answer me. When he came out again I saw he'd been crying. I wanted to ask him why, but I didn't dare. I was scared that if he told me I wouldn't know what to say to him to set things right."

Mark felt confused and angry. "Why should I let him go to her, probably to be brought up by some man not his father?"

"And you? Do you intend to live alone, yourself, the rest of your life? If you keep him won't he be brought up by some woman that isn't his mother?"

"It's none of your business!" he shouted.

The austerity in her face gave way to a queer smile. She moved to the door. He was touched by the look of her, straight and severe, from the stiff pink rose in her hat to the bows on her brown shoes.

"Octavia!" She turned, and he asked miserably, "How have I scared Neddy?"

"I don't know. It's the easiest thing in the world to do, isn't it? To scare children."

WHEN the door had closed on her, Mark went into the pantry and mixed himself a drink. He came back to the living room and picked up the newspaper, taking the chair Octavia had just left. *Here is the world*, he told himself sardonically as he spread the newspaper on his knees. *The world beyond my stinking personal one, the world which might explode at any moment and become a shudder of blue light in the void.* Regan's face gazed at him from the front page. She had delivered an address before some gathering of clubwomen the evening before, on the question of democratic training in the kindergartens of Japan. There were excerpts from the address, followed with a glowing description of the speaker's charm and the excellence of her delivery. Readers would recall that Mrs. Bycroft was the wife of Colonel Bycroft, the distinguished soldier, just returned from duty in Germany.

So Regan was not going to have the infant Nips on her conscience, either, thought Mark, and tossed the paper on the floor. He stretched his legs and began to reflect on the events of the day with a sense of astonishment that so much should have happened. First the row with Regan. Where had Neddy been during that highly articulate quarter of an hour? He'd forgotten all about the boy and about Octavia, both of whom could not have helped overhearing every syllable of his outburst. Afterward he had gone on one of his long walks, trying as usual to burn off unexpended emotion. Stopping for a drink at Philippe's, he had met Stella.

(Continued on Page 71)




*"Please try to remember I don't really look like this!"*

1846 THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THIS BUSINESS 1946




MOLASSES COOKIES

8 cups all-purpose flour
4 teaspoons Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3 cups molasses
1 cup lard, melted
½ cup butter, melted
10 tablespoons boiling water
Granulated sugar

1. Sift, then measure the flour. Sift three times with the baking soda, salt and spices. 2. Combine the molasses, melted shortening and boiling water. 3. To these liquid ingredients, add 4 cups of dry ingredients and blend well. 4. Add remaining 4 cups of dry ingredients gradually, beating well after each addition. 5. Let stand in a cool place about 1 hour. 6. Turn onto a lightly floured board. Roll ¼ inch thick. Cut with large, floured cooky cutter. Sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake in hot oven. Amount: 5 dozen. Temp.: 425° F. Time: 15 minutes
All spoon measurements level

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA
OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

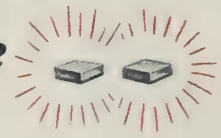
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***'cause I love*** Holmes & Edwards patterns best, particularly Danish Princess. They're the kind you can live with day after day and never tire of.



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**STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE**



HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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(Continued from Page 69)

Now the sense of waste, of existing in a acuum, came over him. Was the rest of his fe going to be spent in child surveillance, imless saunterings, chance encounters, with nly a dim horizon of hope for something etter? Just what was it he wanted or ex-ected, now he knew that he could not live ith Regan or return to the old life? *I shall ave to hunt up a job.* The thought brought s now familiar spasm of distaste. A job, ffice hours, commuting, business luncheons, uying, selling, and the rest of it. For several inutes he busied himself with financial omputations. He could count on about ten r twelve thousand dollars, enough to tide Neddy and himself over the next year or two he used discretion. Thank heaven Regan ad her own income, which spared him the ile intimacy of money dealings with her. he best thing to do would be to clear out f New York the minute he was quit of the rmy, and invest some of the money in lace in the country. If he just had the house n Connecticut —— Ferocious longing rose n him with memories of the house, of the mell and shape of a garden, of friendly ooms, of voices hailing him on quiet roads, f the give and take and the small politics of ural society.

Visions drifted through his mind; darkness lled the room and the lights went on across he street. He sat quietly ipping his drink and vatching strangers pull heir curtains against his nvious eyes. Voices ed-ied up from the street, he eard the clang of a mail-ox lid as someone mailed a letter. The con-inuity of life was thick and consistent as the titches in tapestry, and perhaps to some all-eeing eye it afforded a comprehensible de-ign, but all his could detect were patches of adiance in the threadbare warp of ruin and ilence. What was it Stella Harmon had aid? "We are all out of luck."

Mark thought of her face. *I am not your usband, my dear,* he told her again inaudibly. *He's dead somewhere under the Italian mud, Mussolini's mud, the mud of the Medicis, of he popes and the Caesars, beneath the rotten olives and the wilted chestnuts. He died to make America safe for the competitive system. Death as smoothed away his flesh and his wounds with t. Now only his straight white bones remain o lime the Italian field. But his wife walks in he sunlight, and it wouldn't take much, no it vouldn't take much to bring her to life again!*

He got up and went to the window. The warm night greeted him and he stood watch-ng figures saunter under the lamps. Then he went to Neddy's room, where the child lay notionless in his narrow white bed. Mark had to bend low to make sure the big eyes were closed. He stood for a little while pon-dering Octavia's argument. Was she right after all? Was this battle over a child worth the price? But what was the price? Should he take it for granted that Neddy must pay for his parents' mistakes? *Only in America,* thought Mark, *are these dilemmas important. Only in this great lush land of plenty, where the hordes have thankfully turned their backs on war, on the broken invisible pieces of the world, and their thoughts to the cream pie.* How long before the pie blew up in their faces?

*Poor little Neddy.* Mark bent and kissed his hair, but the child slept on undisturbed.

HE was late in keeping his engagement with Stella next day, and found her waiting for him at Philippe's, at the table beside the window.

"I was afraid you might have changed your mind," she said as he sat down.

"I did change it, several times."

"Did you? Why?"

"Suppose you tell me why you were afraid I might."

She hesitated, then: "I was afraid you might decide I was a fraud. But apparently you didn't, for here you are."

He felt a slight twinge of guilt, for the truth was he had not meant to keep the engagement. He had drunk too much the night before and had awakened with a headache. The morning had seemed interminable, walls and ceiling seemed to press upon him, he saw himself as a prisoner of his own self-righteousness. The need to escape from yet another situation drove him forth at last. Remembering Stella, he thought, *I'll leave a note for her at Philippe's, then take a ferry and go somewhere, anywhere.* But by the time he reached the restaurant it was twenty minutes past the appointed hour and there she was, waiting.

AS for Stella, she had spent the morning as she spent most of the previous evening, scheming for this moment, dreaming of it, fearful of disaster or interruption. She had directed her maid to take all telephone calls and to tell friends that she would call them back. By this means she circumvented the Sparrows, who had been trying to get in touch with her for several days. Her mood was as delicate, as ephemeral as the color of blown glass; she felt that a touch, a single smile of derision, would shatter it. And it was in this mood that she had come early to Philippe's, anticipating the joy of watching Mark enter the room. Waiting, she indulged herself in all the simple sensuous pleasures of expectation—pleasure in the knowing smile of the waiter, in the play of sunlight on the checked tables, in the gambols of the kitten stalking its own shadow across the floor; pleasure in the smell of food and the rattle of cutlery and the sound of a pulled cork. It seemed to her that she had not heard these things, seen them or felt them for a long time, that her absence from them had ended at last in the house of the living. Then came terror lest Mark change his mind, followed by the thrill of his step and his appearance.

**Your own faults look as big to the other fellow as his do to you.** —ANON.

She noticed that he looked as if he had not slept, that his eyes were bloodshot.

He read her glance and shrugged. "I got drunk last night, all by myself."

"Have you no friends to get drunk with?"

"I was not feeling particularly friendly." Then, drawn once more by the ardent sympathy in her eyes, he began to talk about himself, wonderingly, disgustedly, as if he were describing a younger and a difficult brother. He told her of his stupid quarrel with young Perry, during which he had said all the quick, sure, irrevocable things. "There's one friend I'll never drink with again!" Of his argument with Octavia Evans and of his uncertainties concerning his son. "You see," he said, "it's no longer a question of love and responsibility being the deciding factors. I find myself living a whole series of separate lives. Contradictions may be all right for purposes of rhetoric or argument, but it's not the way to live."

"I don't see anything contradictory in your wanting to keep Neddy."

"I'm not sure that I want to keep him if his unhappiness is going to poison me. That's not as selfish as it may sound. The truth is, men don't understand children the way women do. That's what Octavia meant when she told me it was better for Neddy to go to his mother. Maybe what she meant was that it would be wiser to let him learn to know his mother for whatever she is—after which he might want to come back to me. Yet I hold on to him for a multitude of reasons. One, because I can't help seeing him as a symbol—a symbol of the past and the future."

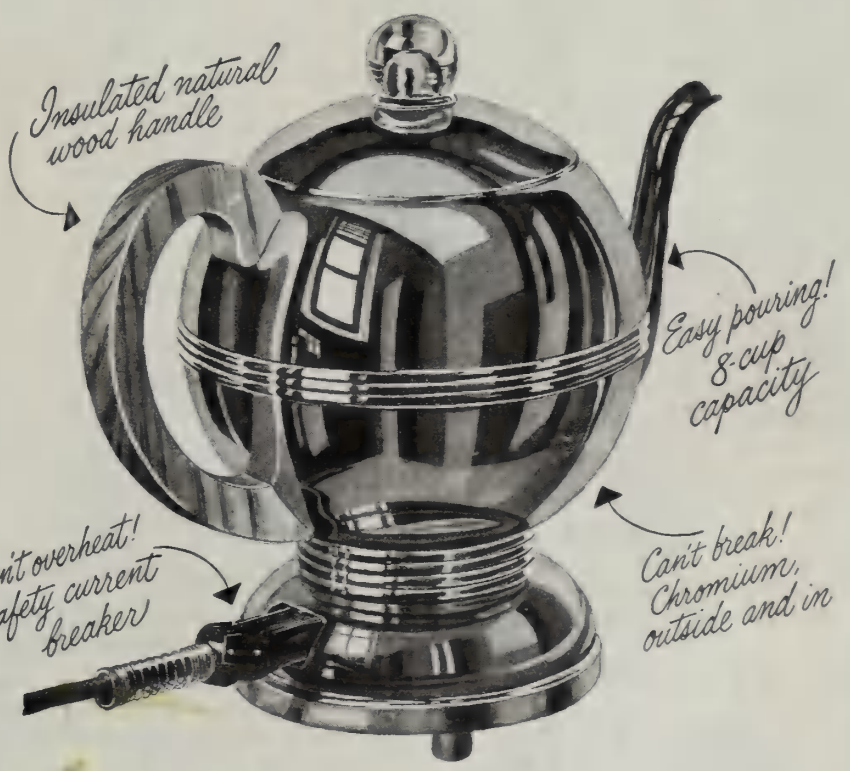
"You can't expect to reconcile the two. That's something you've got to leave to Neddy."

"Ah yes, a little child shall lead them, and all that stuff." His face darkened with a memory of the children of Europe. He believed that Christianity had died there with them, while Mamma and Papa God were looking the other way. He said fiercely, "And we go on making a kind of sense—moral sense, intellectual sense. On the surface we see the returns. Trains run, cars and busses start and stop, people walk about on two legs, buying and selling remain the inspiration of survival. Some of us paint pictures and read poetry. My wife, for instance. She makes sense. I, too, make sense. But something has gone from us—from all of us. Something has gone from the middle of us."

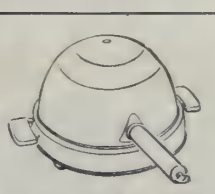

"Carrie's a jewel—but I'm glad I've got this M-B unbreakable percolator!"

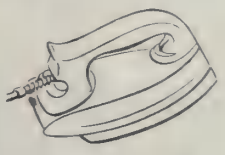


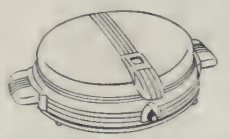

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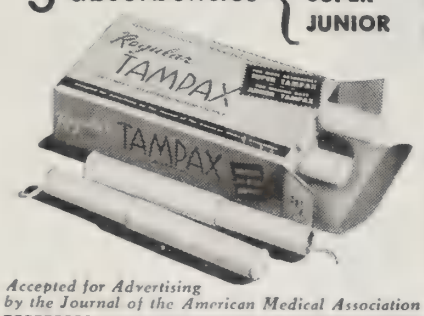

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The waiter returned with their drinks.

Mark went on: "The queer thing is that all this doesn't really depress me. If it did, I'd bump myself off. During the war I saw the naked helplessness of people and felt that it was matched only by their tenacity for life. What really stops me in my tracks is the fact that I cannot, actually, despair."

Stella regarded him pensively. "We are in another world, Mark. Perhaps we're only just beginning to get the feel of it. Another world, and a scientific morality."

"Scientific morality!" He laughed then. "That's a nice expression. But if the scientists had the gift of prophecy, any old morality would be good enough."

They were silent for some minutes. Round them rose the voices of other guests, and from the door, left ajar because of the heat, came the familiar noise of traffic. Through this larger, impersonal orchestration moved the small, intense preoccupations of Mark and Stella, drawing their lives together, shaping the invisible and inviolable design of their future.

*XXII*

He did not see Stella again for several days, nor did he hear from Regan. Time became a succession of furnace hours in which he read, walked, slept, and tried without notable success to understand his son. Together they went to movies and to the park, on ferry rides to the Jersey shore, and excursions to the airport to watch the great transcontinental planes come and go. There were occasions when the boy emerged from his cocoonlike abstraction to ask when Mark would get the sailboat he had once spoken of hiring, and whether they would ever really go and live in the country.

"As soon as I'm out of the Army," Mark assured him. "As soon as I'm free to call my soul my own, we'll go and live in the country."

Neddy accepted the assurance as he accepted most things, equably. *Why doesn't he rebel?* wondered Mark. *Why doesn't he quarrel with me, make demands, ask embarrassing questions?* He longed for a glimpse at the concealed mirror of his son's mind. What would he have found there? What images of himself and Regan, how far distorted, or how faithful to reality unperceived by the actors themselves?

One evening a week after his luncheon with Stella the phone rang. It was Stella. "I'm down in the Village. Won't you join me for dinner?"

He hesitated. "Isn't it a bit warm to move around?"

"It's cooling off. There's actually a breeze down here." Her voice had a ring of gaiety. For some reason Mark imagined her as wearing a white dress with frills at the neck. The prospect of an evening alone in the apartment with Neddy in bed and Octavia pottering in the kitchen, struck him suddenly as intolerable.

"All right," he said. "Where shall I meet you?"

"At Longchamps on Twelfth and Fifth Avenue. They have an outdoor café."

"I'll be there," said Mark.

He felt quite lighthearted as he took a shower and changed his clothes. As Stella had said, it was quite cool outdoors, and he imagined that he smelled the sea. He had ample time so took a bus instead of the subway and, climbing to the top, watched the city subside in a pink evening haze, and the Washington Arch emerge from the rosy brick façades and the dusty trees of the square.

Stella was waiting for him and they sat down at a table facing the avenue. Mark said, "I believe I have second sight. I knew you'd be wearing a white dress. However, I miss the ruffles."

"Ruffles?"

"White dresses should always have ruffles."

"Are you disappointed?"

"No."

Far from being disappointed, he experienced a peculiar new pleasure in being with her. A breeze wandered down the avenue, fraught with the smell of gasoline and the vagrant perfume of women's clothes. Mark wondered whether all American cities possessed this aura of femininity—expensive and erotic. The Martini which he ordered tasted like nectar, which he had never drunk but which he now believed must taste just like a Martini. And how nice, he thought, to be out on such an evening with an attractive woman, and with the certainty of a moon soon to appear above the tired trees in the square. For the first time since his homecoming he felt grateful that this wondrous city had been spared the fate of Europe, but with the gratitude was mingled the foreboding which had been his inveterate companion during the past six years. How would New York smell after bombing? He had not smelled Hiroshima, but would this one give forth the sickening odors of burning rubber and scorched brick, like Kassel, Hamburg, Pforzheim? Like Caen and St.-Lô? How had Nineveh smelled, and Babylon, and Ur? Thinking of this, he felt a familiar tightening of all his nerves as they prepared for something—for some sound, for an impact which would leave him, as it had always left him, untouched but shivering and incredulous.

"What's on your mind?" asked Stella, and her face emerged out of the ruck of faces and noise. Her face a shade or two duskier than the dress she wore, the flesh of her neck and shoulders faintly visible under the thin material.

Mark told her what was on his mind, and she shook her head.

"That's finished, isn't it? Finished."

"Yes," he said. "Finished—*kaput*. But here we are, you and I, alive and not too decrepit to rejoice in being alive."

Happiness seemed to crown her like a halo. "I'm glad you came this evening, Mark. I woke up this morning with such a feeling of peace and optimism, and it's lasted all day. I wanted to share it with you. How long since you were last down in these regions?"

"Not since before the war."

And as he spoke he understood why he had known Stella would be wearing a white dress this evening. Memory had been pressing against the edges of his mind, and now it came into the open. In the early summer of 1941 he and Regan had come up from the country for a farewell party with John Halloran, who had enlisted in the Army and was being sent South for training. They had spent a merry evening here at Longchamps, and Regan had worn a white dress with ruffles, and her beauty made people turn to look at her. Suddenly newsboys had appeared as if out of the ground. Headlines told of the sinking of the British battle cruiser Hood by the German battleship Bismarck. Savagery and desolation seemed to tower above the happy diners and to hang there, a great comber threatening them all with extinction. Now Mark tried to remember Halloran, but all that came back to him was an impression of someone young, slight, fair-haired. Why was it always so difficult to remember the color of a person's eyes?

He looked at Stella. "Your eyes are gray, aren't they? What color are mine?"

"Brown."

"You're not looking at me!"

She looked at him. "Brown," she repeated in a whisper, and he put his hand on hers.

"Sorry! I forgot." But the recollection made him self-conscious, and to change the subject he began to talk about future plans. "If I don't hear from the War Department pretty soon I'm going on to Washington and beard them in their den. Meantime Neddy's growing paler and paler, and it bothers me."

"Why don't you send him to the country?" she asked.

"I'm afraid to let him out of my sight."

"Afraid?"

"Afraid of my wife. Sounds ugly, doesn't it? Sounds absurd too. But I'm afraid she might get her hands on him."

"You speak of him as if he were an object, a mere possession like a piece of furniture."

"Well, what is he, actually? A child. The property of his parents. So long as we don't abuse him too much we can do what we like about him. What is he, if not a mere possession?" The old bitterness began to rise, and he fought it off. "No, I'll keep Neddy. Once I'm out of the Army I'll be able to think, to make concrete plans for both of us."

There was a short silence, then Stella said: "I have a house in the country. It's on the Maine coast, with fields in front and woods on either side. The house is old and looks like one of those shells one picks up at low tide. At night when the windows are open you can smell the pine trees and the sea. In fall the air smells of apples."

"You're lucky. I had a house once—or thought I did! And I had the usual sentimental feelings about it. I thought of it as something solid and permanent, something that would always be there no matter what happened. But the house belonged to my wife, and she sold it."

The color had risen gloriously in Stella's face. She said, "Take my house!"

"What?"

"My house—take it. It's there, ready and waiting. Take it, Mark."

He looked at her in disbelief. "Your house? But why don't you live in it yourself?"

She ignored the question. "You and Neddy. Yes, of course, that's the solution. Why not?" She leaned toward him eagerly. "Why not, Mark? The house is there. It's been there right along."

He felt an answering excitement. "That's an idea. I could rent the place, couldn't I? It sounds as though it might be ideal for Neddy and me. But I still don't see——" Then, as he studied her, he did begin to see a little, and his feeling for her, a feeling compounded of many things, of attraction, suspicion, friendship, fear, resolved slowly into a sort of grudging tenderness. "Poor Stella. I see. You can't bring yourself to live there alone. Is that it?" Once more he touched her hand. "Well, why don't I take your house since you're so kind as to offer it? Would you come and live with us?"

"Do you want me?"

"Of course!" Then, because he could not bear the thought of a misunderstanding, he added, "I've become a dull guy these past few years. I've not much to offer people, but we could be good friends, I think, the three of us."

They gazed at each other across the table and to Mark it seemed as if she were perilously near committing herself, and him, to further responsibilities; in another mood, with another woman, he might have welcomed the peril out of loneliness, anger and revenge. But though this woman attracted him, she always strangely repelled him. His feelings toward her were not whole feelings; passion for her died almost at the moment of inspiration. He had said that they could be friends, and he meant it. There was comfort in the thought, and fittingness too. But he was through with love for the time being and perhaps for the rest of his life. Regan had seen to that. She had seen to it with her customary efficiency, and he felt that no matter what relationship he might embark on henceforth, there would always be a lack in him, an incapacity for complete fulfilment, a weariness.

"Well," he said, smiling, "what do you say? Neddy and I offer you a handsome rental and our undying gratitude. Shall we drink to it?"

*(Continued on Page 74)*

## *Memo*

**BY BERNICE SLOTE**

Fill out the spring in triplicate:
One for him, and one for me,
And one to file, immaculate
For some odd day when we may be
In sun or snow or any weather,
After years, again together.




M-G-M has caught, with vibrant warmth and understanding, the spirit of this modern masterpiece . . .

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# "The Secret that Wouldn't Keep"

## A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

"Ever since I was in high school, I have wanted to write a play!" says Marion Hoessel, in a letter from her home in Milwaukee, Wis. "So that's how I'm going to tell you about the most dramatic thing that ever has happened to me:

### ACT I

"Time: August, 1945. Marion Hoessel, 25, has been putting on weight since the birth of her second baby. She now weighs 162, much too much for her 5 feet 7. Dismayed by housework that never gets done, she's a disagreeable 'sourpuss' and looks and acts the part. One day she reads in a magazine that a famous Fifth Avenue Salon is helping women to make themselves over at home. 'That's for me!' says Marion. 'I'll keep it a secret.'

### ACT II

"Time: September, 1945. Marion has lost 21 pounds, wakes up with a gay spirit that lasts all day. 'What's happened to you?' asks her husband. 'What's happened to you?' ask her friends. What's happening is a secret that's hard to keep.

### ACT III

"Time: January, 1946. Marion steps on the scale—121! Marion looks in the mirror. Can that slim young thing really be the stodgy 'sourpuss' of five months ago? Marion visits a dress shop. 'A perfect 14,' says the saleswoman, 'and nothing to alter. My dear, you have a figure!' Marion breaks down and tells husband all. 'I've had a rendezvous with the mailman,' she says. 'He brought me the DuBarry Success Course.'



Before



After

*Left, Marion Hoessel on August 20, 1945, when she started the DuBarry Success Course. Above, Marion Hoessel, January 23, 1946. She reduced her bust measurement 5 inches, her waist 6½, abdomen 9½ and hips 8. Slim and sparkling, she has that "lovely lady look"—and knows just how to keep it the rest of her life.*

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*(Continued from Page 72)*

She returned his smile, but he guessed that she had read his mind, that she forgave him, that she loved him.

She had reminded him, once, that they were both people out of luck, but in this capacity for love she was less wretched than he; shouldn't he, then, be grateful to her for that also? And how demonstrate his gratitude unless through candor? She seemed to expect that much of him, at any rate.

He said gently, "You're finding me a mean customer. But I've been rooked—cleaned out. Do you understand that? Can any woman understand it? I don't want to make excuses or play for your pity. I think I'd kill you if you showed me pity. I've seen enough of that, in Europe, where all we had to offer those wretches was pity. Where every natural emotion dribbled into pity. The inevitable return for pity is hatred, Stella, and I would never want to hate you!"

She sat still, looking at him.

Mark said, "I became very simple in those days, when there was nothing to look at except blasted houses and human beings who looked back at you with eyes like empty windows." He stroked her hand. "Your eyes are not like that, Stella."

"Will you tell me why you said, just now, that women cannot understand men who have been—rooked?"

"Because they can't understand how war—I mean the actual waging of war—affects men. It leaves us bankrupt. That's why governments dole out the medals, the citations, the pensions, the bribes. They're supposed to take the place of our humanity, to reward us for our impotence."

She looked away, unable, suddenly, to face him.

He said, "Perhaps all I really need is the country. I need to see things in humble perspective. Green things, harmless things." He stared at her anxiously. "Would you say I was trying to dodge the issues?"

Her voice broke with tenderness. "The house is there for you, Mark." And she talked to him about the house, describing the rooms and the garden, the pasture which sloped toward the sea, the dusty roads which threaded the fields around it, the neighbors fishermen and hunters, like James Anderson little shopkeepers; craftsmen who made the weathervanes, the coffins, and the toys for the village children. Mark listened with delight. Her face charmed him by its color and animation, beauty flashed under his gaze.

All through dinner they discussed the house and plans for setting it in order.

"I've neglected it, I'm afraid," Stella said. "It'll need a lot of work."

"I used to be good with a hammer and nails," Mark assured her. "Can't say the same for my gardening, though."

He was seeing himself, his son, his home as the beginning of life, not of a life in the sentimental vein but life germinating out of rottenness and death. Was this a return to the impossible—to the lyric state? He did not think so. The future assumed recognizable dimensions in his mind—he saw himself working, he saw the results of brain and hand, and read their promise.

**Say what you please about the devil, he's a hustler.**
—ABE MARTIN:
Quoted in Capper's Weekly.

They finished dinner and walked round the square, where evening glowed on the brick of old houses, and all the light in the city seemed to have rushed to the sky and there resolved itself in an aquamarine background for the moon. When at last he took her back to her door he stood for a few minutes, holding her hand, reluctant to let her go with a word of thanks and good night. People passed them in two thin, irregular streams and a radio made music from a parked cab.

"Stella——"

"Mark, let me come and see you, you and Neddy," she said. "Let's meet again soon, Mark!"

He kissed her hand. "As often as you wish. Tomorrow, next day, the day after—every day!"

Gaiety wreathed her eyes. "Every day, then. Good night."

"Good night, my dear."

He waited till the white dress had vanished through the dim entry and out of his sight.

*(To be Continued)*

## ESCAPE FROM YESTERDAY

*(Continued from Page 18)*

"I shall not inconvenience you long," said André. "I must manage a room of my own. I don't want to involve you in the contacts I hope to make."

"I don't want either of us to become involved," said Paul with a pointed glance toward Jeanne-Marie. But his instinct told him she was already involved.

It was a hard ride, pedaling back from the hospital in Neuilly through dark streets, and Paul's legs were tired and his mind distressed by the girl's death. If only she had come to him in the beginning! Not that he would have operated—he refused illegal risks—but he could have sent her to a clean, competent man. But she had been ashamed to come. She had gone secretly to some quack. And then it had been too late.

The young German lieutenant had sat outside, waiting. He had been miserable, almost tearful. "I would have married her," he told Paul. "I could have arranged it. But she was afraid of her mother. Her mother is bitter—you see, her father is a prisoner. You see —— But with us it was love."

Love. The word echoed sardonically. A lonesome German boy, crazy for a girl; a lonesome French girl, crazy for a boy. They had glossed it by calling it love. The girl had been blond, like his own *Mädchen*. A sweet-fleshed, warm-blooded girl. Now she was something cold, inanimate, sheeted. . . . He should be used to death by now. As a physician his nerves should be impervious, but distress gnawed at him.

A sports car roared past so near that in his nervousness his wheel wobbled and he was almost spilled. *What is the matter with me?* he thought. *Coffee. I need some coffee.* His own bleak rooms behind his office were uninviting. He turned down the Avenue Kléber.

Since that dinner at the café he had seen Jeanne-Marie only twice, and each time with this André Rallon. She had asked them to a meal with Marte and herself, and then André had asked them to dinner in the lodging that Jeanne-Marie had found for him. André and Jeanne-Marie—it had become André and Jeanne-Marie to them then—had been in high spirits, making ridiculous jokes about the convenience of being up under the roofs, with a dormer window out which you could scramble if you had unwelcome callers. The SS were no subject for jokes. . . . How many times since then those two had seen each other he did not know. Jeanne-Marie was never at home when he telephoned.

She was out now. "But she will be back soon," Marte Morel told him. "She telephoned she would be in early."

Marte was making coffee for him on a spirit lamp in the small front room. She was twenty-nine, eight years older than Jeanne-Marie, a blond girl with deep blue eyes whose natural gentleness had become a bleak patience. She had been married only a year before the war, and Guy Morel had been gone over four and a half years.

"She is with this André Rallon?" At Marte's nod he said sharply, "What do you think about him?"

"He is—likable."

*(Continued on Page 76)*

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(Continued from Page 74)

"Likable! That's the devil of it. He has charm. Too much charm."

"And he has patriotism."

"Patriotism? What does he do but keep himself safe?"

"He is going ——"

"Why hasn't he gone? Surely, in these two weeks ——" Almost Paul regretted that he did not know the ways. André had sounded him out and he had explained his position. "He doesn't seem in any hurry. He is in a snug nest here."

"Here is your coffee, Paul. You are upset."

"Who isn't, these days?"

The coffee was hot and strong.

Paul sipped it and said surprisedly, "Not bad!"

"André brought it." A faint mischief flickered in Marte's face. "He is always bringing things—he spends a fortune on the black market. He says he has enough money for it. And he is generous."

"But what do we know of him? It is a misfortune for Jeanne-Marie to be so attracted to him. What will it do to her?"

"I know." Marte was serious now. "I tried to talk to her. I told her it was a mistake to let herself become involved—that she would be like me, alone and waiting. She said it would be a glorious waiting. She sees him in the skies, risking himself, raining down bombs on the Boche."

"And on the French who have the misfortune to live near railway stations."

"That cannot be helped. They are making our war. I understand how Jeanne-Marie feels. And if this is love—what can you do?"

Yes, what can you do? He thought ironically, *Physician, heal thyself!* He, so long hopelessly in love with this woman with him, knew all the futility of contending with love. The utmost you could do was to hide it.

Had Marte any idea? Did she ever ask herself, *What am I waiting for?* Would she turn to him if Guy Morel did not come back? He hardly thought so—he had no confidence in his own charm. There were times that he was grateful—meanly grateful, he told himself—that Guy was living and holding her in this suspension of emotion.

The wife of a captive soldier was a sacred trust. As a man, a man of fastidious taste, it would have shocked him if Marte had betrayed a human longing. As a physician he mocked this ascetic life.

The line of her throat—made for a man's lips. That sudden mischief which had flickered in her eyes. . . . The dead girl's eyes had been blue as Marte's, her hair more blond . . . . Why did he have to think of that dead girl?

He said harshly, "Do you think there is any understanding?"

"I don't know. I truly don't know. But here she is now," said Marte in relief, as a clatter of wooden soles sounded outside the door.

Jeanne-Marie came in. Her eyes held a soft brightness, like stars through a mist. She had the mien, Paul thought, of coming from another world.

"Paul! How nice! How are you? How are all your sick?" And aside to Marte, "Any calls?"

Marte shook her head.

"One of my sick is dead." Paul did not know why he said that, but he went on to tell the story.

Jeanne-Marie sipped her coffee. "How could she," she said wonderingly, "with a Boche?" She saw Paul's lips pleat in irony and she flung out, "I'd kill myself before I gave in to a German lover."

"You don't know what you'd do. None of us knows—till the time comes." That was not the right thing to say, he told himself, but he was impatient with dramatics.

"Perhaps I don't know all the things that I *might* do," said Jeanne-Marie reflectively, "but I do know what I would *not* do. And loving a German is one of them."

"I'm not worried about your loving a German," said Paul dryly.

Marte gave him a slant look, picked up his empty coffee cup and left the room.


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Jeanne-Marie looked suddenly attentive and a little wary.

"You are seeing too much of this André Rallon," he said abruptly. "No—let me speak, Jeanne-Marie. What do we know of this young man? Simply that he is charming and rash and openhanded and wants to join De Gaulle. Or says he does."

"He has fought for France."

"So have thousands of others. So has Pierre Roget, for that matter, and he says you never have time to see him now. Leave the past out of it. What is his future if he escapes from France? No one here will know. Perhaps a message or two might be smuggled. But always the waiting, always the anxiety. That is no life for a woman."

"So you think the women of France should never wait for the men who fight for her!"

"You know better. When a woman is married or engaged—then those two are one. Or should be." The thought of Marte was making his voice sharp. "But I think it is folly for a woman to become involved—in haste——"

"I am not 'involved,'" said Jeanne-Marie with a pronounced distaste for the word. "We are good friends, that is all."

"Such good friends that you see no one else. What will it lead to? Has he not been asking you for more than friendship?"

"He has asked me for nothing!"

"He may be engaged, for all we know."

"That is true." Her voice was a cool little shield.

"Then do not alienate Pierre Roget. You will never find another like Pierre. Or any other at all," said Paul bitterly, "with so many young Frenchmen held in Germany."

"I do not want to marry Pierre or anyone. I am not thinking of marriage. I am thinking of this war. I admire André because he is going to fight this war—to help rid us of this terror. I wish I could fight for France! I wish I could join the Maquis."

"Oh, Jeanne-Marie! You who can't bear the sight of blood!" Twice she had tried to help at his office in emergencies, and each time she had turned faint and sick.

She said, "I know," in a suddenly humbled voice.

He urged, "I want you to be safe and happy. There is still a little happiness to be had, even in France. I could not bear it to have you one of the unhappy ones."

He would have said more, but the telephone rang and Marte called her. Jeanne-Marie spoke into the instrument. "Yes, it is I—your little rabbit." She listened and said over her shoulder to Marte, "It's Elise." She listened again. "Yes. . . . Yes, it's perfectly convenient. . . . That's kind of him. . . . Tomorrow. Understood." She hung up and told Marte, "Elise is sending her uncle with two heads of lettuce for us tomorrow."

**"What was the result of the lecture on economy you gave your wife?"**

**"I have to give up smoking."**

"Two ——"

"You can ask Pierre to dinner," said Paul from the doorway. "You should share your salad." He wondered why both girls laughed so hysterically. He asked, "Who is Elise?" and Jeanne-Marie told him:

"She used to work at the Red Cross with me."

Later in their bedroom, Marte said, "But two! They eat so much. It's good we've saved up."

"Lettuce" was the code word for aviators. "Rabbit" was the Underground name for Jeanne-Marie, and "Elise" the name for the girl who telephoned. "My uncle" was the designation of the man who brought the aviators to the station of the Metro where Jeanne-Marie met them.

"It's good that I've gone out to dinner so often," said Jeanne-Marie. "André has been very useful."

Her voice was beautifully casual. They were not to imagine, she told herself, that she










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cared whether André was engaged or not. Very probably he was. It was queer, now you thought of it, how little he had said about himself. He had seemed content to listen. Perhaps that was part of his charm. But it was also queer that he should seem so interested and yet had never asked an intimate thing, never asked if she were engaged.

She must have been behaving very childishly or Paul would not have humiliated her with this warning. And Paul did not know how she had lingered at table tonight. André had had to remind her that they must leave, that he had a later engagement.

She promised herself tensely that she would have a little more pride. She had not realized before that there was need for pride. She had been conscious of nothing but a happy excitement.

ONE was tall, the other short. They wore French work clothes and carried bulky parcels over which they carefully bent their browned young faces, but they looked so utterly American that Jeanne-Marie felt passionate relief to get them out of the Metro. When one brushed against a man and did not say "Pardon" that drew glances. But it was not so bad as the last time, when that blue-eyed boy had said "Gee!" in contrition when he stepped on a lady's foot. For a time after that she had felt she was being followed.

In the streets she led the way, turning with constant cautions—"Be careful of that glass!"—as if directing workmen. She made herself walk slowly. When two German soldiers passed and eyed her covertly with their hungry, half-sullen, half-propitiating eyes, she felt her heart pounding. Before she turned into her building she gave a quick look back. They were not following. Their interest had been for her, not for those two figures. Now only the stairs. Three flights. No one was going in or out. Such good luck.

Home was sanctuary. She shot the bolts and said quickly, "Please don't talk loud." Americans had hearty voices and you never knew about the people downstairs.

"Boy, she speaks English!" said the tall one softly.

"A little. My friend speaks very little."

With the door shut and the boys safely here, she could breathe again. She led them into the front room and took the bundles of glass from them. Marte came in and they named themselves. Madame Morel. Mademoiselle Fontaine. Bill Steffens. Bud Garnheim. Bill was the tall one. They were a gunner and a navigator, the only two of their

## This is Linda's Story

Linda, who, as a child, dreamed that some magic day the Prince of Wales would break down in his motorcar outside her family's house and catch a glimpse of her. "I love you," his eyes would tell her.

The Prince never came, but others said those words. There was Tony, whom she married; she later ran away from his pompous smugness. There was Christian, the intellectual "pink," so surrounded by dreams that only in rare moments did he really see Linda. And there was Fabrice. "Undoubtedly one of the wickedest men in Europe—where women are concerned," Lord Merlin said.

Because Linda was Linda it would of course have to be someone like Fabrice to whom she whispered, "I never want to leave you as long as I live."

*The Pursuit of Love*

BY NANCY MITFORD

to be published in condensed form in the June JOURNAL




Dream come true

*Luxite*

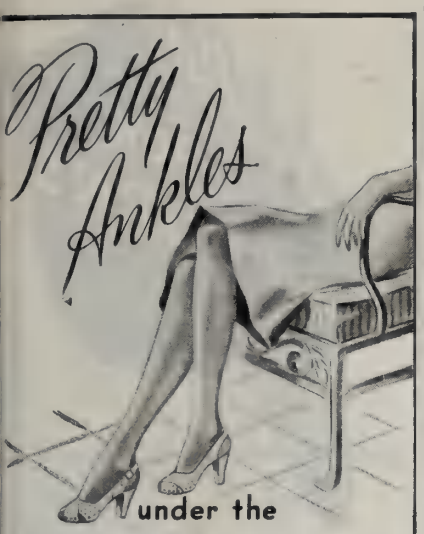
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crew who had come down alive. Children had piloted them to a farmhouse that was a station of the Underground.

"Just like the stories," said Bill, grinning.

They kept the boys three days. Marte was away during the days, employed by a ration board; Jeanne-Marie, who lived on the money left her by her father, had her time free and was constantly on guard. She had hired a neighbor's child to queue for her—she did that frequently to save herself the everlasting waiting—and when the child came in with the food the boys were hidden in a closet.

They played cards, listened to the radio, got meals, washed dishes, taught one another French and English words. "Life in the nest," Bill called it. It was the repetition of a pattern grown so familiar to the girls it had almost ceased to seem dangerous.

André telephoned the second day and Jeanne-Marie said she had a cold and did not feel like seeing anyone. No, it was not serious. The doorbell rang afterward, but Jeanne-Marie did not answer. She did not know whether it was André or not.

The next day he telephoned and she said she was much better but not up to seeing callers.

"Not to see me?" he said.

"Why should you be an exception?" said Jeanne-Marie in a laughing voice.

There was a pause. "If you do not see a reason ——" He sounded offended.

Let him be offended. He was playing with words. She was really quite indifferent to him, she told herself. But she went very quickly to the telephone when it rang a little later.

It was not André. It was Pierre Roget. He had just come from the country, he said, and had some "souvenirs" he would like to bring them. He said "them," not "her," she noted. And his voice was quite formal.

She asked him to dinner the next night, Saturday night, when the boys would be gone. She felt a sudden anxiety to see Pierre again, to reassure herself that his kindness and steadiness were still there for her.

Saturday afternoon she took the Americans to the house of Mme. Chaffours in Passy. Mme. Chaffours was a small gray-haired woman, an old family friend. She had lost her husband in the other war, and one son in this; the other son was a prisoner in Germany. Her greatest happiness was sheltering these sons of other mothers. All these Bills and Buds. She called them her sons. She had her arms about these two when Jeanne-Marie left.

The west was a brilliant band of color beneath a dark gray sky, drawn levelly across the brightness like a descending curtain. That glowing band of color was so lovely that Jeanne-Marie's eyes lifted to it, when she came out of the Metro, and she did not see André Rallon until he swept off his hat before her. The light was bright on his red-brown hair. He was smiling at her surprise.

"Marte said you would be coming soon," he told her, and tucked her arm through his and walked along with her.

"You have been at the apartment?"

"Yes. Marte seemed very occupied."

Was Pierre there, she wondered. If not, he would be coming any moment. She did not want him to see her with André. André took too much for granted. She had been too naïve.

"Do not let me take you out of your way," she told him a little formally. "We are engaged for dinner."

His arm dropped. "You would rather I did not come back with you?"

She hesitated. "Yes."

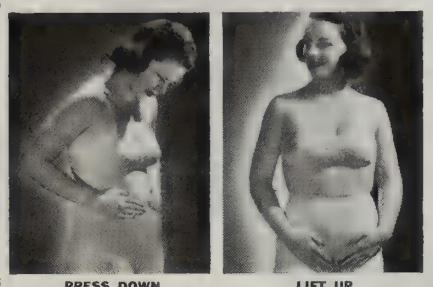
He left her so quickly she was astonished. She gave him one backward look—he was giving none—then went on, her head high. Now she was really angry. She was furious at herself, at André, at Pierre, for being the cause of it all.

A cauliflower was cooking. The smell greeted her. André must have known they were having company. Oh, certainly he had known, and known who the company was, for there was Pierre, coming out of the front room, a magazine in his hand, as if he belonged there.


I've got the biggest, loudest welcome mat in town!

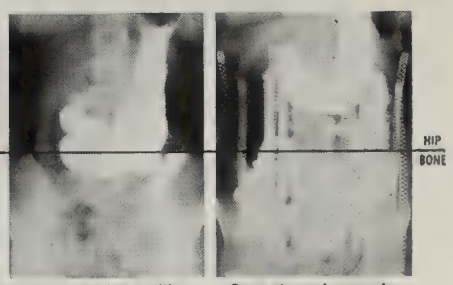



1 I guess I've been "funny" about people who called at my house on business. But from now on I'm putting out a big WELCOME mat for *one* business woman anytime she wants to call! Why? Because this woman is in business for herself, just like any storekeeper except she doesn't have a store. She brings her service to your house instead. And she brought me more than service. She brought me a new feeling of being young and alive again—




2 You've probably guessed it, she's the Spirella Corsetiere. And the first thing she showed me was the famous Spirella Press and Lift Test. I pressed down on my stomach. Ouch! It felt like the ordinary corset. Then I lifted up. Right away I felt better and less tired.

3 "That's the way a Spirella makes you feel," she said. "And here are some new doctor approved X-Ray pictures that prove Spirella supports you naturally inside as well as out, while other garments simply squeeze you in."



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4 Then she adjusted the patented Spirella Modeling Garment on me to get accurate measurements for my new Spirella. And when she delivered my new Spirella it fitted perfectly. Now I feel and look years younger. Even my husband has noticed—and that's saying something! So you see now why I've got my welcome mat out for the Spirella Corsetiere. Invite her in when she calls at your house and you'll feel the way I do about this business woman who helps you to be young and alive again!

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"Your Monsieur Rallon was here asking for you. He said he would return."

"I saw him outside." Her voice was bright and brittle. *I can't help it,* she thought. *Pierre is infuriating. So jealous. Was it my fault?*

Marte came out of the kitchen. "Pierre has brought us the most beautiful cauliflower!"

"It announces itself," said Jeanne-Marie coldly. "I will be with you in a moment." She hurried into the bedroom.

Marte followed her. "Was everything all right?"

"All right?" Then she remembered. "Yes, yes, quite all right."

"I didn't know. You seemed ——"

"I always feel shaken afterward," said Jeanne-Marie. That was true, she thought. That was what was the matter with her.

MARTE would not let them help with the dishes. "You two take your coffee to the front room," she said. "You are both cross and I am tired of you."

In the front room Pierre put down his coffee cup. "Oh, Jeanne-Marie, why are we always quarreling?" There was open distress in his eyes.

"I did not think I was quarreling."

"You were mocking about the work I do," he told her.

"I do think it is collaborating to work for a printing firm that publishes Nazi books."

"We don't write the stuff. We only print it." They had gone over that a dozen times before. He said impatiently, "I did my utmost in the war." He had been wounded, that first winter, and discharged. His left shoulder was still somewhat stiff. "Anyway," he went on, "I shall not be doing it any more. I am going to get out of Paris—it is too dangerous. I am going to the country, to manage one of mother's farms. I want you to come with me, Jeanne-Marie. Let us have what we can of life."

She heard him with dismay. She was not ready for finality. She said, "I could not leave Paris."

"Why not? What keeps you here?"

"Why, it is Paris—my home. I could not leave till it is free."

"Your staying will not help. Or do you think it can? No, do not say—I do not want to know. Only I am so afraid for you, Jeanne-Marie. You are so rash. And you have so little sense."

So little sense! She thought indignantly how clever she had been with those aviators that very day, but she could not tell him so.

She said evasively, "This is all too soon, Pierre. We have never said ——"

"You have always known how I have felt about you. And I thought that you—that you felt for me too."

At sixteen, she had cried when he went off to war. He had treated her like a child then, and she had resented it. Now she felt she had been a child.

"Of course, I have a feeling—a true feeling," she said confusedly. "But I don't know how much. In these times I seem to feel nothing but this awful waiting for freedom. And I could not leave Paris ——"

"It is this André Rallon," he said angrily. "He has changed everything."

"I admire him, that is all. I admire him for going to De Gaulle."

"Why doesn't he go? He is hiding here. He is using you to help him hide here."

Her eyes blazed. "You think of hiding because that is what you mean to do. And you want me to hide with you. No, thank you. I shall stay in Paris till the Allies come and we walk the streets a free people again!"

"Oh, Jeanne-Marie," he said helplessly and bitterly. "Why should I not keep myself alive if I can? Do you want to see me deported as a labor slave?"

"Oh, no," she said. "No—not that."

"I tell you I have done my part," he said stubbornly. "And now I must do what is best for me. If I mean anything to you at all ——"

They argued on and on, until he suddenly looked at his wrist watch.

"And now I must go. That curfew—they spoil even our love-making."





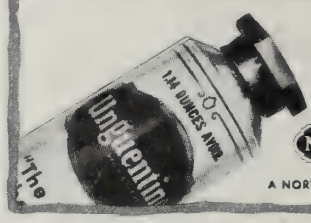
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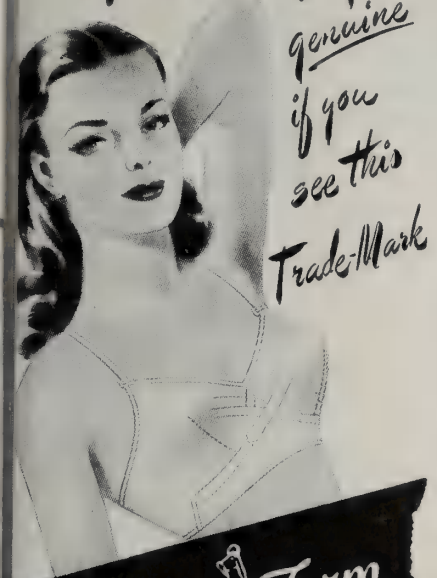
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"Love-making!" said Jeanne-Marie in a voice hinting of rueful laughter.

"Well, it could have been," said Pierre. His own voice was faintly humorous. But there was no time for more words if he was to be home and off the streets before ten o'clock.

She went to the door with him, watched him going down the stairs. She saw a figure rounding the landing, hurrying up past him. André! She saw Pierre look at him, then back at her, and though she could not see his face, she knew what was in it.

"André!" Her voice held a conflict of emotion.

He caught her hands and drew her back within the hall. "I should never have left you like that! But I was angry—I had seen him waiting for you ——"

"But ——"

"All evening I have been waiting for him to come out. To ask you to forgive me." His arms went about her, holding her tightly. "I love you so. Promise to marry me, Jeanne-Marie." His mouth bent and found hers. And in that kiss her confusion was resolved.

"So now they are engaged!" said Paul bitterly.

There did not seem any answer to that, for they had just finished drinking toasts to the fiancés in the bottle of champagne that Marte had been saving for victory. Now Jeanne-Marie and André were in the front room and Paul and Marte were in the kitchen with the dishes.

"I suppose I can be thankful that they do not plan to be married before he takes himself off," Paul continued. "I am afraid she would agree to that too."

**You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make an earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.** —L. M. CHILD.

"He can't very well marry—without papers. He is wise not to risk himself. But I think Jeanne-Marie feels badly that he plans to go so soon."

André had said at dinner, "I have only waited for this. To know that Jeanne-Marie will be waiting for me. Now I must not lose a day."

"He did not say what his plans are."

Marte handed him a dish towel. "No. Those things are best not talked about."

"You seem very sympathetic to him now," Paul said.

Marte smiled. "I like him—yes. I like the way he adores Jeanne-Marie. She is so happy. It makes a woman happy to be adored."

What would she feel if he said, "Then you ought to be ecstatic!" The words exploded in his chest. Aloud he said harshly, "What am I to do with this thing if you don't give me a dish?"

"Here you are, doctor."

In the front room Jeanne-Marie was saying, "But so soon ——"

"I feel guilty to have waited so long. I have already let one chance slip by. A fellow Alsatian I met offered to take me along. He did not tell me his contacts. But I shall find other ways."

"Be careful about it." She looked at him worriedly.

"I have money—and I hear that ——"

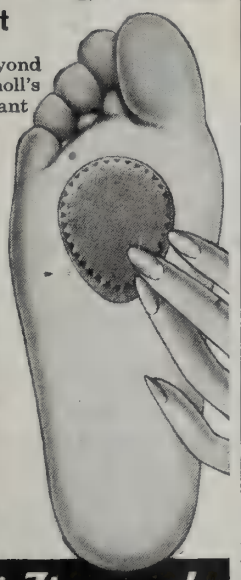
"There are Boche who promise and then turn you in. Don't trust them, André. Don't trust them. Don't trust even the French unless you are *sure!*"

He was walking up and down the room, his hands deep in his pockets. His brows were frowning. She had never seen him reveal worry and uncertainty before.

"I have got to take chances," he argued. "Otherwise —— Look! I had a tip—from that Alsatian—about a priest. Well, I went to him and he professed himself ignorant. Frightened, I suppose. Or perhaps he did not trust me. Then I got to talking with a


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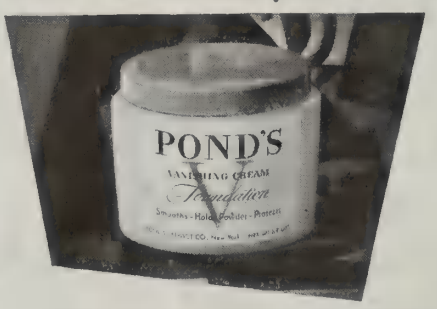
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**1. Tear Off To Size . . .** Tear off enough Cut-Rite to extend beyond the rim of the bowl at least an inch on all sides. Center the Cut-Rite on the bowl and hold it firmly in place with left hand



**2. Pleat And Twist . . .** Still holding the wax paper firmly in place, start by pleating a corner, then twist and tuck under-and-up to the rim of the bowl.



**3. A Snug Cover . . .** Continue to twist and tuck under-and-up, working on the bias, and turning bowl away from you as you go . . . until you have completed a snug-fitting roll

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fellow in the black market—don't look like that; you have to take some chances—and he gave me an address, but when I got there I heard the man had been arrested. Now I don't know where to turn. But I'll find out. I must get myself near some frontier. Do you know of any way? That we could trust?"

She hesitated. Mme. Chaffours was a way for only men in danger. André was not in danger. He did not need to be disguised and passed from house to house. But he would be in danger if he went about talking to strangers.

He was saying, "I don't even know what part of the frontier is advisable."

She said slowly, "I can tell you that. There is a girl in a certain village who walks refugees across the frontier. I have heard about her. She has never had an accident. And it is not difficult for a Frenchman to get to that place. With the right papers."

"See what you think of these." He took the papers from his wallet and put them into her hands.

She studied them intently. Then she looked up, brushing back the dark hair that had fallen across her forehead. "They are not good enough. They are not good at all."

"How can I get others? There must be some way."

"Don't you try," she told him. "Let me."

"I don't want you to risk yourself."

"I don't want you to risk yourself. I can't bear to have you go."

"Of course you want me to go!" he said. "Would you have me be a traitor to De Gaulle?"

She would like to go with him, she thought. But that was impracticable.

"I'll see what I can do," she said. "In the meantime, don't talk to another soul."

"I saw that Pierre Roget of yours on the street today," he said suddenly. "He pretended not to see me."

She had told André all about Pierre. And she had written Pierre a contrite little note and received back a few formal lines.

André said, not sounding troubled at all, but rather amused, "You know, I think that fellow would inform on me."

"Oh, no! Pierre is not like that."

He looked down on her with laughter in his eyes. "How do you know what men are like?"

Two nights later she gave him his papers. "These are good," she told him.

"Jeanne-Marie, you are wonderful!" He caught her hands and pressed them to his lips. "How did you ——"

"It is better you do not know. With these you should be able to manage."

"Where do I go? What do I do?"

She got out a map. "You take the train to here. I think the line is open now. Then you walk to here." She made him memorize the name of the girl and the village and the passwords.

"I wil' go tomorrow," he said, putting his papers carefully away.

"Tomorrow?"

"Before the line is bombed again. That is only good sense. And every day is important. It must be tomorrow. Early."

There was no hesitation in him; he was all eagerness. And this was the man, she thought, whom Paul, and Pierre too, had accused of wanting to stay safe. She felt a tremendous pride in him, a resolve to be as brave and unemotional as he.

Yet she said anxiously, "But I will see you again?"

"Oh, you will see me again!" he told her. "I promise."

"I know you will come back. I know. But I mean—tomorrow? Before you go?"

He thought a moment. "Yes, tomorrow. I promise you."

But that was a lonely assurance to hug to her heart that night. She was utterly alone because Marte was away, off in some basement where her Intelligence group got out their small paper. Jeanne-Marie lay awake thinking of the cautions she must give. It was very different, sending off your own man. But that girl had never had an accident. André ought to get there safely. Those papers were good. But you never knew what could happen. Perhaps she should have taken André to Mme. Chaffours, hid him with the Underground.

At last she fell asleep. A loud knocking on the outer door brought her violently awake. She sat up, her heart pounding. She had had so many dreams of the Gestapo, in the days when she started Resistance work, that for a moment it seemed another of those nightmares. But this was no nightmare. She was awake.

She got out of bed, groped for slippers and a robe. She was so frightened she could hardly stand. Men's voices were shouting through the door. She drew a deep breath. She must not lose her head, say something foolish in her consternation. Her mind was a turmoil of conjectures. Had Bill and Bud been taken? Or had Marte's work been discovered?

Now she was at the door, drawing the bolts, saying in a surprisingly steady voice, "One moment, gentlemen."

The car rushed her through the dark Paris streets. She sat very still between two soldiers. She had put on a black skirt and a gold-colored wool blouse and her black coat; they had let her take one small bag with a few necessary things. She had remembered to put in all her hairpins. While she dressed, men had rummaged through the flat, carrying off the papers from the desk. It would be a shock to Marte, coming back to that flat. But perhaps Marte was already taken.

"Out! Out quickly!" They said "*Schnell!*" with every order.

This was like your dreadful dreams of what a prison would be—stone walls, stone floors, cold sour air, burly guards snapping to attention at the SS officers with her. In a side room a hard-faced woman warder searched her—no firearms, no concealed poison. They made sure of that. Jeanne-Marie felt shuddering humiliation at those masterful, experienced hands. It is hard to seem proud and dignified when you are naked.

She dressed hurriedly, the woman watching her with a sort of sadistic satisfaction. She was taken back to her guards and then marched her through long stone corridors and up flights of stairs. How was she going to bear being beaten—or having her fingernails torn out? Sometimes they did that. They had to a twelve-year-old girl, a Resistance worker, they had questioned. The girl had told nothing. They had let her go, persuaded she knew nothing. But if a twelve-year-old could be so brave ——

She was marched into a brightly lighted room. An officer with the black collar of the SS on his uniform sat behind a desk and two other men were lounging a little at one side. Jeanne-Marie was holding her head high, her face rigidly composed. She was so intent on bearing herself well that at first she was able to concentrate on little more than the thick-fleshed face of the man at the desk.

*(Continued on Page 84)*

## *Choice*

**By Catherine Haydon Jacobs**

**Vistas and panoramas pall!**
**Show me a lonely waterfall,**
**A mountain peak against the sun,**
**Cool evening stars fixed one by one.**
**Count what the hungry eyes extol;**
**Know single beauty tempts the soul.**
**One steady beam on a darkened shore**
**Quickens the pulse, assures more**
**Than any galaxy of light**
**Feathering the even wave of sight.**
**A solitary heron brings**
**Enchantment. Of God-given things**
**I choose one tall and silent tree**
**Between the universe and me.**

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# Swift's Brookfield

BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE





(Continued from Page 82)

was a sardonic, young-old face. The mouth was heavy and sensual. The round head was almost clean-shaven.

Then she became aware, more clearly, of the two other men beside him. One was turned a little; she saw on his shoulder the silver insigne, like forked lightning, of the SS. Her eyes traveled to the black collars, with "SS" on them, then she made herself look higher. One had a narrow fox face with sleek black hair. The other ——

A man bayoneted will give that same unbelieving, wonder-struck look that she gave to André Rallon.

Her white face was empty of everything but that incredulous wonder. André was looking directly at her, completely at ease; he even smiled a little, as if reminding her, "You see—I said you would see me again."

She felt as if dying. Everything within her seemed dissolving. Her heart felt drained of blood. *It is impossible*, she thought. *It is utterly impossible.*

It was an effort to stand, to remain conscious. But there was a pride in her that held her up. She became aware that their eyes were feeding on her, that this was a moment they had greedily anticipated. She was a diverting spectacle. A French girl who discovers that her lover is a Nazi spy. That was a superb joke. They were waiting for her first babbling words, holding in their guffaws.

She made herself stand straight and still in a semblance of composure. She felt so stiff, so rigid, that it was an effort to obey when the man at the desk said, finally, "Sit down." But her weakness, her inner trembling were gone.

The SS captain at the desk was regarding her with sardonic humor. "You are surprised, mademoiselle, to find your dear friend is one of us?"

THE sound of his voice, in its heavily accented French, exploded a flash of recognition. Of course! He was the German officer who had accosted her that day at the bookstore window. When André had intervened. It had all been arranged, that drama. The intrusive German, the rash, chivalrous Frenchman. Nothing could have made her more surely take a stranger on trust. And she had fallen into the trap. Into all the traps.

But André had been so good an actor. Her mind was able to think that quite detachedly. He was so easy, so sincere-seeming. And with such natural charm. Never saying too much, but saying what he did so well.

"But naturally," she heard herself say, in a light voice of which she was intensely proud. "I was thinking what an excellent performance he gave. He is of the theater, perhaps?"

The captain turned to André with a grin. "This one takes it coolly. Perhaps you did not make such an impression?"

"Enough to get her here," said André's amused voice.

"But she is not emotional about you, André."

So his name really was André. A Frenchman. A traitor. "How is it that a Frenchman wears the uniform of the SS?" said Jeanne-Marie in that same light, impersonal voice.

"His mother had the honor to be German. And his father is Alsatian, not French. But we have not brought you here to discuss his antecedents. Now, your name ——"

They knew all these things he began asking, she thought; surely all those obvious facts were in the stack of papers before him. But they were methodical, these Boche. Name. Age. Family. Circumstances. She answered slowly so that when it came to the difficult questions her hesitations would not be so obvious.

A German soldier was taking down the record. Step by step the questions led on. There could be no denial that she had obtained shelter for a young man she thought escaping German authority. She had induced her brother to take him in.

"Out of courtesy," Jeanne-Marie said quickly. "Because he had tried—as we thought—to protect me." She felt an agony of fear for Paul. Would they arrest him too?





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But Paul had told André he was not in favor of resistance. That might clear him.

And there could be no denial that she had found a room for the refugee with a Frenchwoman who had disobeyed the regulations and not registered him. How had she found that room?

Jeanne-Marie gave a clear account, since André already knew. She had gone to Mlle. Clement, an old schoolteacher of hers, who lived in a locality where rooms were rented, and Mlle. Clement had directed her to Mme. Albiers. Mlle. Clement knew nothing of the circumstances. Mme. Albiers had been told that the Frenchman had left his papers at home through accident and was waiting for them to be forwarded, and she had consented not to report him immediately, simply as a favor.

"For a bribe," André mentioned. "My sojourn, Captain Kummler, is one of constant blackmail."

"These greedy people!" said Kummler, with mock lightness. "They will have to be taught."

The accusations went on. You have sheltered a refugee. You have patronized the black market. They could send you to prison for that alone, Jeanne-Marie reflected. But this was only the beginning.

The captain consulted a document and looked across his table to her. "You provided your—fiancé"—his voice gave ironic humor to that—"with the name of Marguerite Allecours. Where did you learn of Marguerite Allecours?"

That brave girl who walked refugees across the frontier was already taken, or as good as taken, Jeanne-Marie thought bleakly. This was her doing. In her trust in André she had been a betrayer.

---

**Let the woman dearest to a man say tenderly, "You were so handsome tonight, dear—I was proud of you." See his face light up with noble, unselfish joy, because he has given such pleasure to others!**

—MYRTLE REED: The Spinster Book (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

---

"There was an old tobacconist ——" Jeanne-Marie said slowly. She named a man who had been in the work, had been caught and executed. Those were the names you used, when you had to name anyone. "I was talking to him one day—I was very depressed, very hungry. And he told me if ever I wanted to go away, to get in touch with this girl."

"When did you talk to him?"

"It was in the winter." The tobacconist had been taken in January. "In December, I think. About Christmas."

"With what other means of escape did he furnish you?"

"Why, none. None at all."

"You did not think it your duty to report this to your government?"

"It did not occur to me to betray a confidence."

"And if he had confided that it was his intention to assassinate one of our troops?"

Jeanne-Marie said carefully, "I would have done my utmost to dissuade him."

"Possibly. You might have taken thought of reprisals. And now, Mademoiselle Fontaine, suppose you tell us how many you have sent out by this Marguerite Allecours? *How many?*" he shouted suddenly in a harsh voice.

"I have never sent anyone."

"But you remember the name so well. The passwords. And you have all the maps."

"I have the maps—yes. We have always had maps of France. As for remembering—I have a fairly good memory."

"What other means of evasion do you remember?"

"I do not know any others. If I had known would I not have told him?" she asked with an air of reasonableness. "Naturally I told him everything I knew."

The black-haired young man said something aside to André and they both grinned.

*(Continued on Page 87)*





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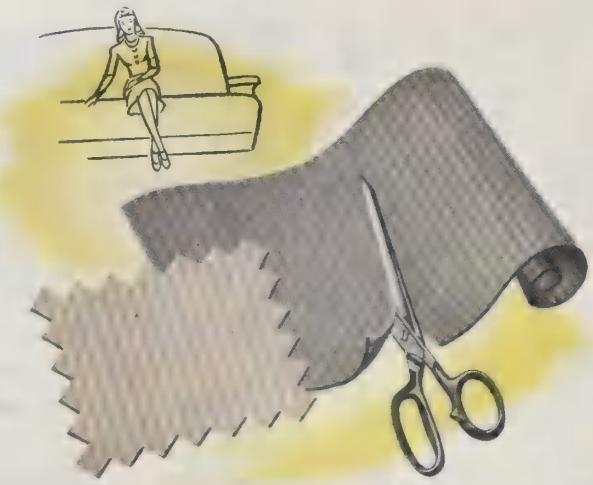
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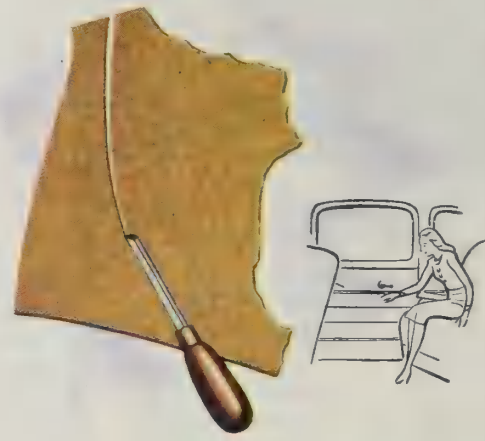
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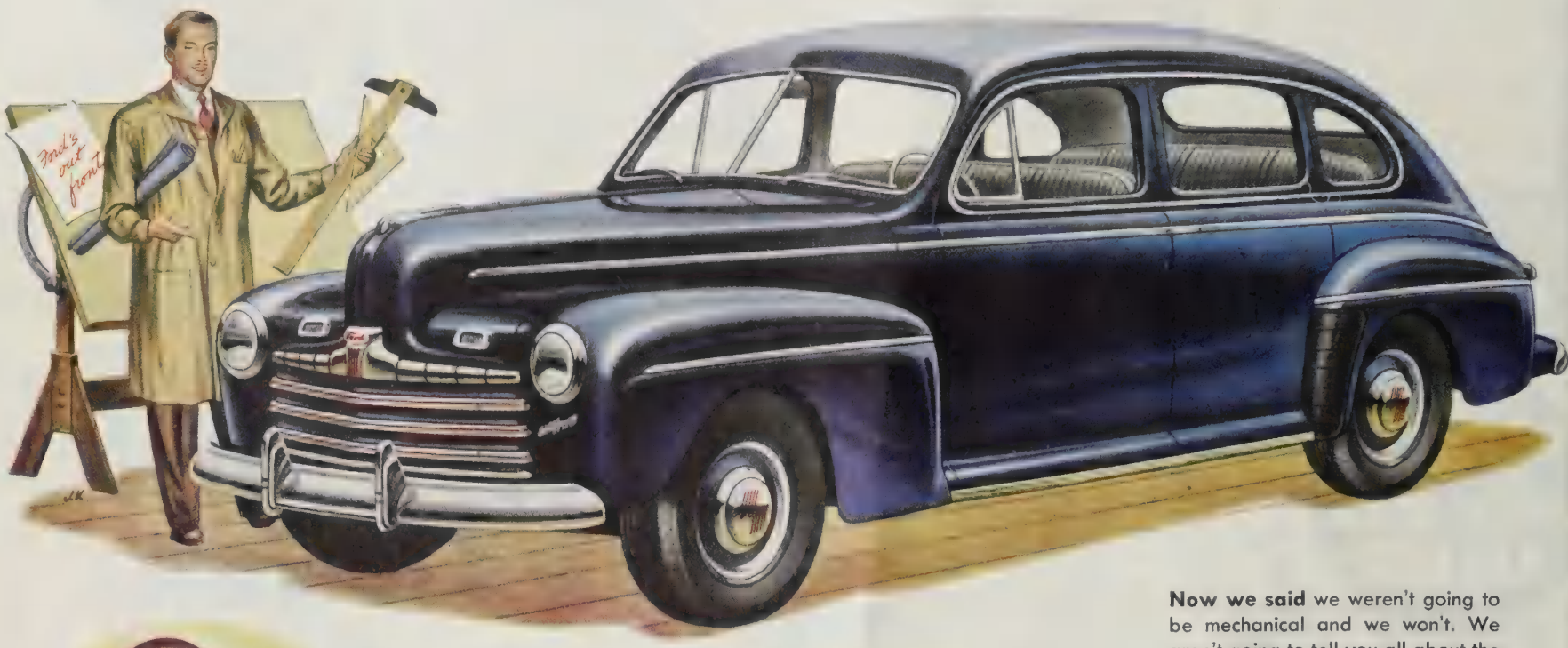
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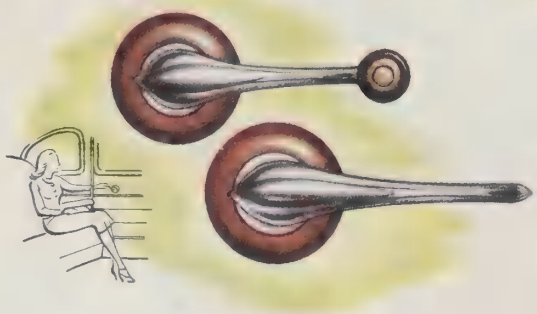


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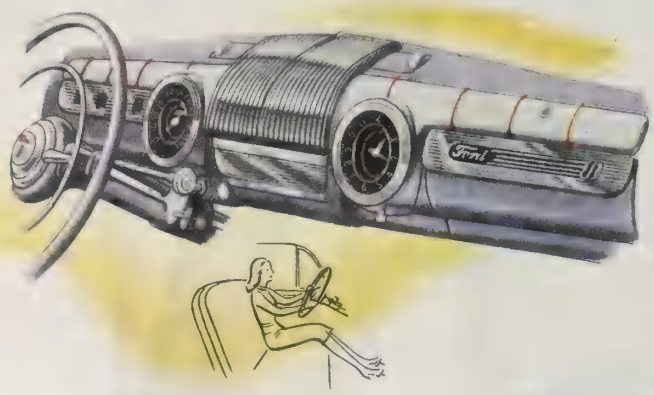
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*(Continued from Page 85)*

"You were not very prompt with your confidence," said the captain. "He had to waste a good deal of time on you before you used your memory. Come now, who was the first you sent out by this girl? You cannot harm them if they are gone, and if you are frank, that is in your favor."

"But I never sent anyone."

Over and over she made her denials. She knew nothing of any other ways of escape. She had never helped any other to escape.

The captain flung the name of De Gaulle at her. He was gratingly sarcastic now. "Do you also deny that you admire this De Gaulle?"

André was watching; he appeared diverted to know what she would find to say to that. He was like a cat with a mouse beneath its paws. Listening amusedly to its futile little squeaks.

"I admired De Gaulle," she said slowly. "As you would admire any general who does not surrender. Perhaps I exaggerated my admiration a little to impress a young man who was so ardent for him. Women are like that," she said with a rueful, astonishingly natural-sounding laugh.

"And women also lie when they are caught by the Gestapo," said Kummler sardonically. "But it is better not to lie. Because we always find out." Then he leaned forward and barked at her, in sudden violence, "Who was the man with you on the Metro on March twelfth?"

"March twelfth?"

"March twelfth. A Sunday, if your fairly good memory needs refreshment."

So that was it, she thought. The time that young American had said "Gee!" when he stepped on someone's foot. That had been remarked. Someone had informed on her. It had been after that she had fancied she was being followed. Then André had been sent to spy on her.

BILL and Bud had been the next aviators. Had they —— But she must concentrate on one question at a time, one problem. She made a violent effort to resist the inner trembling that wanted to start up again in her.

"The young man in the Metro?" thundered Captain Kummler.

She suddenly put on a bright expression. "Why, that was my American."

"Your American?" He seemed taken back by the admission.

"That is what I called him. He was really a Frenchman who has lived in America. We got to talking on the platform ——"

"Who is he? His name?"

"But I do not know. We simply got to talking. He bumped into me and said something in English and explained it by saying he had lived so long in America—his father gave some lectures over there, I think—so we kept on talking. He was very amusing."

"Where did you go after the Metro?"

Perhaps they had been followed. "He accompanied me to my home—he wanted to come in and when I refused," Jeanne-Marie improvised, "he went up the stairs anyway. He was what you would call in English 'fresh,'" said Jeanne-Marie. André knew that she spoke some English, so it was better to bring it out. She continued, "I had to shut my door on him."

"Remarkable! And you were surprised? And that did not teach you not to talk to young men in the streets?"

He asked more questions about this young man, but it seemed clear his suspicions were based on a report some informer had turned in. Then the inquisition returned to Marte Morel.

Jeanne-Marie could not deny that Marte knew of André's plans, but she insisted that Marte disapproved of evasion, although, in this case, she was glad to have André leave Paris because she thought him a dangerous influence. "Too much for De Gaulle," Jeanne-Marie said, wondering helplessly how much Marte had been led to say to André.

Now he leaned forward. "And where did you get my papers, Jeanne-Marie?" André asked gently.

This could not be happening, she thought. This simply could not be happening.

Kummler was sorting his documents. He found the papers she had given André, and tapped them with a thick finger. "Yes, tell us how you got these."

Jeanne-Marie's eyes widened. They looked very clear and gray; the pupils were black pin points. "Why, it was the man," she told them.

Bit by bit she unfolded a fantastic story. She did not know the man's name—people in *that* work, she said, naturally do not give their names—but she had heard of him through that same tobacconist, the same time he had told her about the girl. This was a man who furnished papers. For a price. This man frequented a certain café—she named L'Oiseau Noir, which was kept by a collaborationist. She was making up the fantasy as she went along, trying to impress every word on her own mind, not to contradict herself later.

"So," she said, "when *he* asked for papers, I thought of this man and went to that café."

"You hear about a man and four months later you go to a café and there he is!" mocked the captain.

"It was like that. I told you I had been fortunate," she said, quite simply, to André.

"Well, let us hear the rest of the fairy tale," Kummler ordered. "Describe this man."

She described a very nondescript man, neither young nor old, light nor dark. She did not recall what he wore, she said. Except a big dark overcoat and a muffler, and a dark hat pulled low. She did not notice any distinguishing marks. His teeth? No, she had not remarked his teeth.

"And by what miracle did you recognize him?" Kummler was heavily sarcastic. "This man without identifying features."

"By the way he used his hands. When he ate or drank. He used first the right hand, then the left. That was the sign. First I was to look for a very ordinary man. Then to watch his hands. That is how I found him."

"And then you introduced yourself? And he took you on faith—because of your pretty legs?"

"It was not like that," said Jeanne-Marie evenly. "There was a certain way of doing it."

She explained. You sat down at the table with this man and laid a certain book on the table. You left very soon, abandoning the book. He took it and inside was the money and a list of the requirements—the name and places and descriptions. The next day you came, and if he was there he gave you your book, saying you had forgotten it. The papers would be in the book. If he was not there you kept on coming till he came. Jeanne-Marie said, "With me he was prompt."

It sounded nonsensical, but it was the involved sort of thing they believed in, she told herself. She almost believed in that man herself. She gave detail after detail. The time. The cost. How she happened to have money on hand. She explained her finances and Kummler carefully checked the record before him. Then he shot at her, "What was the book?"

"Mein Kampf."

"You dared make use of the book of the Fuehrer for an act of treachery?"

"I put the enclosure at the paragraph about the advantage of big lies," she said in her gentlest tone.

FROM the way he looked at her she suspected him of something close to wry admiration for her spirit. But it was a mistake to show spirit. It put them on guard. If they believed her capable of defying them, then they would use torture.

Kummler said grimly, "You have not read that great book in the right spirit, Mademoiselle Fontaine. You need re-educating."

It was almost dawn when the questioning ended. Kummler said finally, "Enough for now. Try to refresh your memory before we continue this. It will be easier for you."

The guards took her away.

The cell was small, cold, damp and sour with prison smells. As he thrust her in, the guard flashed his light about and Jeanne-Marie saw narrow wood bunks against two walls and women staring out—one face was hideous, distorted, with unkempt gray hair. The door clanged and she was in darkness, facing a small oblong of pale gray barred with black lines.

A young, tired voice said, "The bunk above me is empty."

Jeanne-Marie felt her way to it and climbed up. There was a blanket that felt stiff with dirt, but the cold was penetrating, and she buttoned her coat tightly and wrapped the blanket about that and stretched out.

The release from the tension of the questioning gave her a sensation that was almost peace. For a time she was conscious of nothing but the cessation of strain, the comfort of surrender to the weakness of shock. Then her mind began to race. It went backward and forward, examining the things she had said, testing the impression made.

That fantastic story. But it was not more fantastic than the plot they had arranged to trap her. That elaborate scene—Kummler accosting, André intervening.

André. Her mind reached him and stopped. Intolerable to think of him, intolerable the pain and humiliation. But something tough and resistant in her fiber, a strength that had upheld her in that agony of shock, told her that shame and heartache did not matter now. The André she had thought she loved had never existed. There had been an actor, with great charm, playing the patriot.

She had been a fool to be deceived, she thought stonily, but it was hard to see how she could have suspected. Paul had distrusted his sincerity of intention, but not his circumstances. Marte liked him more and more. Oh, dear God, what would happen to Marte?

The fear was a knife moving in Jeanne-Marie's heart. It was



*"She was terribly disillusioned when she found out her parents liked him!"*




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near morning now and Marte would be still in her basement hideout, sleeping now—Jeanne-Marie did not know where she worked or who worked with her—ready, when the curfew was off at half past five, to bicycle about distributing that Resistance paper until it was time to go to work at the ration board. She would not be home till late afternoon. All this day she would know nothing of what had happened. Then she would come home, turn the key, see the confusion, the emptiness.

Jeanne-Marie visioned the scene. She saw Marte move to the telephone to call Paul. Sometime, in those next hours, André would come. He would explain his return—say the trains had been so crowded he could not get on. That often happened. He would come as if eager to see Jeanne-Marie one more time. They would tell him. He would be very quiet, not saying much. But saying always the right things. What was the reason for this? How had Jeanne-Marie risked herself? There were those papers she had got for him—had she been betrayed? How had she got those papers?

Marte did not know that, so Marte could not tell him. But she might own that Jeanne-Marie had got papers before. Marte might even confide about the aviators. Oh, if she could only get some word to her, some warning! She lay trembling in cold and terror. Then, in utter exhaustion, she sank into sleep.

Oblivion was brief. She was awakened by the entry of guards; she had to scramble down to stand at attention, to receive a piece of black bread and a tin cup in which was poured the ersatz coffee. There was light enough in the cell now to see its furnishings; the bunks, a stool, a pail, and a container on the wall which held water for drinking and washing.

---

**Books do not exhaust words, nor words thoughts.**

---

There were three women with her. The woman with the distorted face and wild gray hair that had looked so hideous in the torchlight looked more hideous by day, a crazed, filthy creature. The girl who had directed her to the bunk was young and haggard; her hand had been tortured by being run through a press. The third was a stout, friendly seeming woman, full of sympathetic interest. She was there for a violation of the food rules, she said.

She told Jeanne-Marie, "If they only knew what I did with that food! It went to feed a Britisher a friend was hiding." She gave a little chuckle. "What have they got on you, little one?"

Behind her back the girl with the tortured hand warned Jeanne-Marie with her eyes. So it was like that. A stool pigeon. But if she seemed to trust her and told only what she wanted the SS to believe ——

So Jeanne-Marie told about André, speaking in a dry, emotionless voice, not joining in the woman's angry outburst against him, but smiling a thin little smile. She told about getting the papers for him, telling the same story she had told Kummler.

She said, pretending despair, "Now I suppose they will get *him* too."

"It will be better for you if they do," the woman consoled. "Then they will see you told the truth."

"That's why I did," said Jeanne-Marie quickly and, she hoped, naïvely.

"That girl at the frontier—I suppose they've got her now, the brutes!"

"I suppose."

Jeanne-Marie could not endure to think of that girl. To think of what might be happening to her. Nothing could undo what she had done. Nothing could atone. The sight of that tortured hand was an awful reminder.

The girl in pain was walking up and down the cell. Five steps forward, five steps back. The space was so narrow no one could move without brushing against someone else. Jeanne-Marie climbed back in her bunk and lay down again. The friendly seeming woman climbed up beside her and asked more ques-

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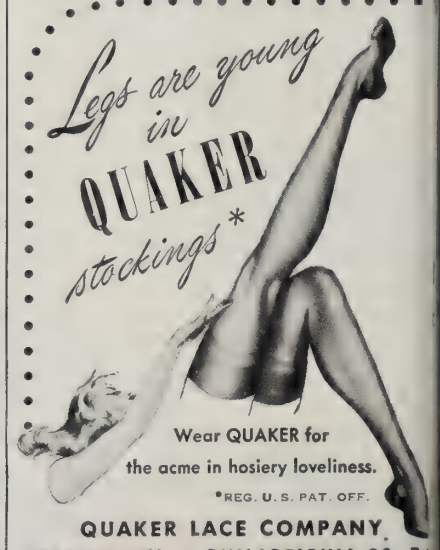
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tions. She abused André for a scoundrel, and now Jeanne-Marie tried to play her part more cleverly. She blamed herself.

"I never should have helped him—what do I care about De Gaulle? I was only trying to help *him.*" She saw the girl below turn her pale face up toward her. Perhaps she understood. Jeanne-Marie went on to lament that she had ever listened to that tobacconist. "It was all I ever knew of the ways to go," she said.

"Oh, come, little one, we all know a great deal more than that," the woman said, with a comfortable, knowing laugh. "I can tell you I have saved many a man."

She told stories about what she had done; she said she could put Jeanne-Marie in touch with the Underground, if ever she got out of here, but Jeanne-Marie protested she did not want to know. She wanted to live in peace. She did not know whether she had deceived the woman or not, but she felt faintly hopeful.

In the afternoon the guards took the woman away.

"She pretends that she is being questioned, but she goes to report and eat," the girl with the maimed hand said fiercely. She advised, "You had better sleep—they may question you again tonight. They like to work late, when we are tired."

"I must find some way of sending a message—a warning."

"There is no way."

"The guards? A bribe?"

"Don't try. They would inform. One is a brute, the other a sneak. Better go up there and try to get some sleep."

She climbed up. Finally she slept.

THEY were together in the front room, Marte, André and Paul. Marte's face was swollen with crying. Paul's eyes were sunken and tormented. André sat with his head in his hands.

He said over and over, "If it is for those papers—I can never forgive myself."

"You should never forgive yourself," said Paul harshly.

Marte looked at André's bowed head. "Don't say that, Paul. It does not help."

"He has a right to say it," muttered André. "Where did she get those papers, Marte? Could I find the man? At least I could find if he had been taken, if he was the one who denounced her."

"I don't know. I truly don't know where she got them."

"Could it have been something besides those papers?" He seemed pleading to have it something else. "She used to talk vaguely of Resistance."

"It is more to the point," said Paul, "to discover what has become of her. In what prison." He said bitterly, "This is the time you wish for collaborationist friends."

"Perhaps Pierre's aunt," said Marte. She explained to André, "She is a collaborationist, one who admires the Germans because they are strong, will make a strong Europe. Her husband was an attaché for a time at Berlin, and she became impressed by the master race." Her choked ironic voice was hardly recognizable. She looked at Paul. "Perhaps Pierre could induce her ——"

"She might, if ——"

There was a heavy silence. Then André got to his feet. "You wish, very naturally, that it had been Pierre instead of myself. To have her safe now, I could wish that. But perhaps I can do something. Sometimes one can buy information. Good night." He bowed toward Paul. Then he caught Marte's hands and looked down into her tear-stained face. He bent and kissed both her cheeks. "I will see you tomorrow," he said gently.

When he had gone the mask of repression slid from Paul's face. He looked toward Marte in naked agony. "This is the second night she has been in their hands. What are they doing to her?"

Marte's tears blinded her again. She stumbled toward him, putting both hands on his shoulders. "Don't, Paul, don't! We must have hope."

"Hope? How can we hope?"

The terrible stories that he knew were torturing him. He shuddered and put his



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arms about Marte. They clung together, in utter abandonment to grief. Then the touch of her, soft and yielding, made him ache with another agony. A flame spread through him and through her. He held her tighter.

"Oh, Paul, Paul," she sobbed, half clinging, half resisting.

"I love you so," he said in a tormented voice. His lips pressed against her throat. "Oh, Marte, we have only each other now. Only—this."

They did not question her that second night. She slept fitfully, waking to tenseness at sounds in the corridor. Once there was an alert and a terrific noise of antiaircraft guns, but she heard no bombs; the target must have been a distant one. Her mind played with visions of a bombardment that would shatter the prison walls. But the walls were there when the gray light of before dawn came in the window. She felt as if she had lived a hundred years in that prison room.

Somehow she got through the long hours. She made herself as clean as she could with the little water to use, but she felt begrimed, and she shuddered when the crazed, filthy old woman scratched at her hair and skin. Hunger was beginning to gnaw; the prison food was wretched. Bread and coffee for breakfast—never enough—and thin soup twice a day. It was disgusting soup, but it was food of a sort.

The third night Captain Kummler questioned her again. André came in only briefly; he was not in uniform, but in the worn brown tweeds so familiar to her, and ice seemed to form about her heart as she realized he must have come from Marte. He gave Jeanne-Marie an almost bantering look and talked to Kummler in low tones. Kummler swung toward Jeanne-Marie and said loudly:

"Good! Your friend, the Morel woman, has confided everything. Now you tell the truth before we lose patience with you."

Another trap, Jeanne-Marie thought. He was not so good an actor as André. "But I have told the truth," she said steadily. "And I never told Marte Morel about the girl at the frontier or the man who made false papers. I never told anyone but *him*. I never tried to use them for anyone but him."

"What did you order at that café—when you sought that man? What did you order—*quick!*"

Kummler jumped from one question to another. There was a light turned on her face, a light so blinding that looking into it was like looking into the headlight of an onrushing locomotive. She was told to keep her eyes open, and her eyeballs felt seared, and her head throbbed, and the strain distracted her so that it was hard to think clearly.

She was afraid that soon they were going to try something on her more interesting than this light, which pinned her exposed face up before them. But they did not. Finally she was sent back to the cell.

André had found Marte alone that night. All day, instead of going to her work, she had hurried about Paris, trying to find someone who might know someone who had influence and courage enough to make an inquiry—a hopeless quest. You asked no questions of the SS. She went to friends where members of the family had been arrested to learn when they had been informed, if visits had been obtained, and her heart grew heavier at every story. She was almost beside herself with worry. The worry drove out of her even the memory of the last night with Paul. It was as if she refused to believe in that night.

André brought her tea and bread and cheese which they drank and ate together. "I was afraid you would forget to queue," he said, and Marte was touched at his thoughtfulness.

"I was almost afraid to come home," she told him with a smile. "I was afraid the SS might be here for me."

"But why for you?"

"Because we lived together."

"But could you find a refuge?" he said with an air of anxiety. "Do you know a safe place?"

She could go underground, with some member of her Intelligence group, but she could not tell him that. She had wondered if she ought not to go underground, but if she disappeared that would look guilty and make things worse for Jeanne-Marie. She simply did not know what to do.

"A safe place?" she repeated. "There are no safe places."

"If they were coming for you, would they not have come last night?"

"I suppose so." But last night, she was thinking, Jeanne-Marie might still have guarded her name. Who could say what would happen, any hour, if they tortured her? The thought of Jeanne-Marie in torture contorted her face.

"Marte, is there something you know you are not telling me?" he said quickly. "I know there is—Jeanne-Marie has talked vaguely of Resistance. I never questioned her, because I thought —— But now, nothing should be hidden. I am her man. I live only for her. I should know where this danger has come from."

That was true, she thought. There was no sense in secrecy now, with Jeanne-Marie taken. It would be comfort to confide and seek advice. But—*I live only for her*. She did not know why, but that struck coldly on her ears. She did not like the way he said it.

The impulse to confide receded a little. She said, "I am afraid it can from those papers."

"But is that all you can think of? Could it not have been something else?" It was as if he were beseeching her to take that load from him, and again his sympathy swayed toward him, and she hesitated.

The bell rang. *Paul*, she thought. *Paul is the one to confide to.* She said to André, "I can think of nothing but those papers."

Pierre Roget was at the door. "Paul told me the morning," he said in a taut voice. The he saw André and his bearing stiffened. André seemed unconscious of constraint, eager to talk together, but Pierre sat silent and André quickly left. When Marte came back from seeing him out, Pierre said harshly, "Why is he still here?"

"The trains—he could not get on the day. You knew he was going?"

Pierre asked, "You trust him?"

"Naturally. He is almost of the family, Pierre," she reminded him.

"Paul does not like him."

"Paul blames him. And he blames himself because he is afraid it is his papers. The papers Jeanne-Marie got for him."

Pierre was silent a moment. "How can that be?" he pointed out. "He has not been picked up and his papers examined."

"No, but the man who made them might have been arrested for some other cause and made to confess those who had come to him. That way the SS would have Jeanne-Marie's name."

Pierre thought that over. His face was grim and set, but something like a quirk of grim humor tugged at his tight-shut mouth. "That isn't it," he said in a wry tone. "The man isn't taken."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am the man. Making papers is my job. Why else do you think I started with that printing firm? That gives me the facilities. The man in the antique shop takes the requests and makes the photographs and relays them to me. He does not say who has brought them, so I did not know it was Jeanne-Marie. But I recognized this fellow from the description. There are not too many with red-brown hair, yellow-brown eyes, the build of an athlete, a scar on the left hand. So I knew he was planning to be on his way."

*(Continued on Page 93)*

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*(Continued from Page 90)*

Marte was preoccupied by her astonishment that Pierre was in the Resistance. "Why didn't you tell Jeanne-Marie? What you did, I mean. She thought you were against it."

"I had no right to tell. I should not have told you now. Only now nothing seems to matter. But don't tell that fellow. And I was against her doing anything. I wanted to keep her safe. I wanted to take her to the country with me. It was getting too dangerous—I'd had a tip I ought to get out."

"You should get out then. If they make her tell about the man in the antique shop who takes the orders that man may confess about you."

"I shall hide as long as I can behind my aunt's skirts," he said bitterly. "I saw her today—I came to tell you. Naturally she is not anxious—she does not like to acknowledge the prisons, the deportations. To interest her I had to tell her that Jeanne-Marie and I were engaged. I thought you should know that. You and Paul."

"Do you think, then, that she ——"

"She says she does not know what she can do. But she will make some 'discreet inquiries.'" His emphasis was savagely mocking.

"You were good to tell her that. To let her think ——"

"I haven't too much hope of her. She was chagrined that I could have a fiancée so indiscreet as to be arrested. Since the engagement has not been formally known to my family, she besought me to break it. Nice people, my family."

"All families are—divided."

It was growing near curfew time now and Pierre rose to go. It was then that Paul came. His face was pale above his black beard and his eyes dark and sunken.

Pierre said quickly, "No news?" and Paul took his head. In parting Pierre gave them an odd look, as if curiosity had wakened.

"That was bad luck," said Paul.

"Yes. He knows now you must stay all night. Unless you leave at once."

"He will think I'm leaving. I had to come."

"It is all wrong," she said in a choked voice.

"I know. But it is all we have."

What did it matter, she thought? She could not send him away to loneliness and his fears for Jeanne-Marie. She could not endure her own loneliness and fears. Since he had stayed once, let him stay again. He loved her so deeply. Was she loving him too? Or was this only yielding to love? She could not tell. It was a brief oblivion, a bitter ecstasy, a comfort, a clinging together. Two desolate human beings, driven and desperate.

One night more then, since honor was already shattered. But surely, she thought, with irony, no lover ever came to his tryst with a more riven conscience than this Paul. Never were two lovers more shocked by their love, more secretly self-condemning.

The third day in prison passed. The fourth evening. It was long past midnight when the guards came for her, and brought her to Captain Kummler again. Only the recorder was with him. The captain's face was red; he looked as if he had been at a party. His manner was sharp, abrupt, making an end of it. He made her go through her stories again, but this time without the light. Finally he brought his hand down heavily on the papers.

"Enough. We have enough. You are a traitor, Mademoiselle Fontaine. And do you know what we do to traitors? We crush them. We kill them. You are to be hanged."

He was watching to see how she would take this and she tried to make the words mean nothing. She simply looked at him and her face, clear-cut and delicate, was so composed that it seemed the face of some serene young nun.

"Do you understand?" he demanded. "You will be hanged tomorrow morning. It is already almost day, so you will be hanged tomorrow."

She asked, "May I see my friend, Madame Morel? To bid her farewell."

"No. The Reich grants no favors to its enemies."

"May I write a letter?"

"No. Your effects will be sent her."

"Thank you," she said automatically.

He looked her up and down. Something gleamed in his eyes and then they dulled, as if caution had breathed on them. "It is a pity," he said ambiguously. "But you chose to defy the Reich. You will meet the end of an enemy of the Reich. Heil Hitler!"

So she was to die, she thought, when she was back in her cell. She had not thought much about what would happen to her, at the end, but she found now that, unconsciously, she had been expecting a concentration camp. But it was to be death.

And such a death. There was a horror to being hanged. And that horror was enhanced by what the guard told her. The guard with the morning coffee, who emptied the pails, was a brutal fellow, and since he found she understood German he enjoyed saying brutal things. This morning he knew about her sentence and he told her they did not hang with a short rope, so the fall would break the neck, but with a rope long enough for the feet to touch ground, so she would slowly strangle.

"It is never sooner than five minutes," he said gloatingly.

Afterward, Jeanne-Marie said to the girl, "Five minutes is not very long." Her thoughts brushed past the horror. Her own death seemed a small thing compared with the deaths that she had caused and would cause.

The Reich was hanging her as a traitor to Germany. She was a traitor to the true France. She had trusted André. Now Marte trusted him. He would destroy Marte. He would stay close to her, make some excuse

*(Continued on Page 95)*



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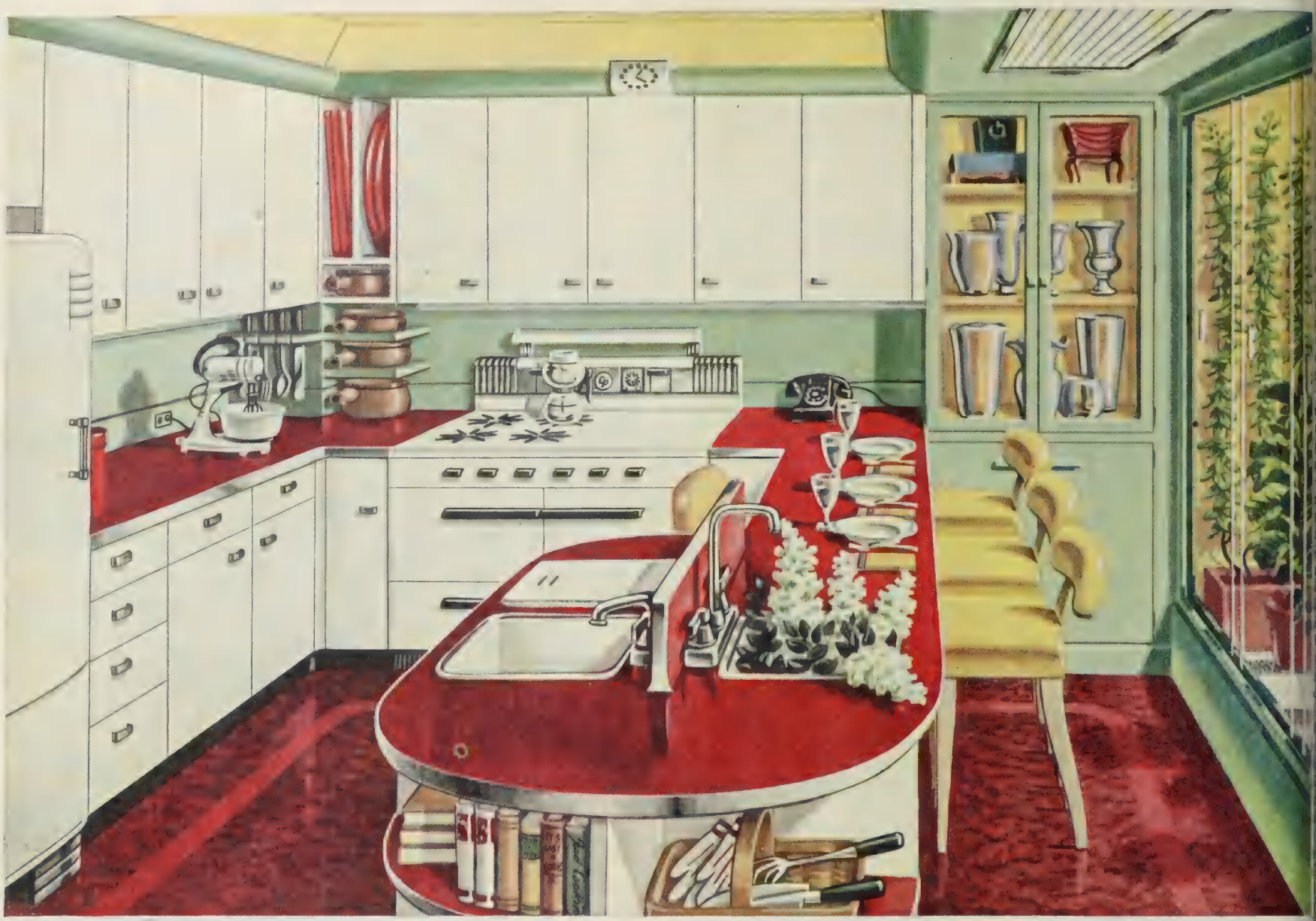
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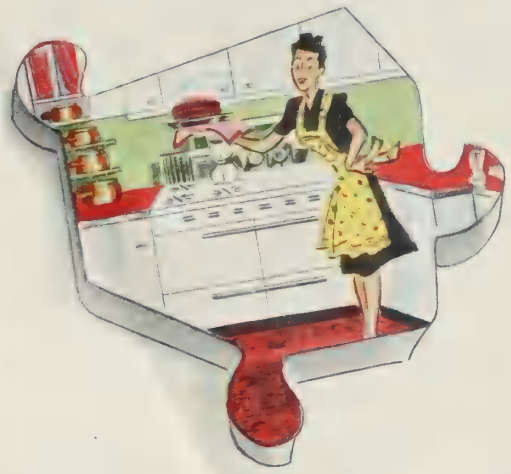
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**THE WONDER FLAME THAT COOLS AS WELL AS HE**

(Continued from Page 93)

not leaving Paris. He would win her idence. Marte would be careful at first— must have been careful so far or she ld already have been arrested—but he ld find a way to trap her.

hat was it Captain Kummler had said? is one takes it coolly." So there had t others before her. And there would thers after her; there would be Marte others after Marte.

he girl at the frontier—she must be in r hands now. She was one they would ly torture, for they knew she knew much. who would do her work? That escape blocked for the aviators who were to fly over the Reich with their bombs. . . . e were French, on this side, working se- y with the Allies, about the places for ings, and it might be André who would a clue to them. With his French bearing, French tongue, his wit and charm, he d do anything. He was a hideous danger. one thing, the success or failure of it, t be all-important to the war.

e poured out the story to the girl with maimed hand; she begged her to send ings. The girl said she had been two ths in that cell without seeing anyone the men who tortured her.

e said, "They let it mend a little and ——" She told Jeanne-Marie dully, u can do nothing," but Jeanne-Marie d not accept that.

e thought, *There must be something!* there was so little time. If only she d think. Mad plans sometimes succeeded use they were so mad. These Boche were o clever that they could not be deceived. had deceived them already, for if they thought that she was not telling all she they would have tortured her. That mmler ——

e stopped short. She had been walking nd down the cell. Now she began to walk , thinking intently of Kummler. The he had looked at her. Something in his at times ——

e thought that she conceived was so that it seemed insanity, and so hideous she dared not look deeply into it and ts ultimate horror. She could only com- erself to it, feeling she could endure any r, if only she could do one thing vital e cause she put above her life and in- ual honor.

noon guard was the one they called neak, sly, inquisitive. When he brought oup Jeanne-Marie begged him to get a age to Captain Kummler. "Tell him I something important to reveal. Some- that is for him alone." She gave the l her bag of good leather, and said, l the captain will make you a present." guard said he would see what he could Now she was in a fever of tension. She to walk again.

e girl with the maimed hand stopped nt of her. "What are you going to tell?" ne-Marie looked at her mutely. The held out her hand. "I never told one ."

nne-Marie choked out, "I plan to de- —deceive ——"

e girl looked at her disbelievingly.

nne-Marie turned to the water tank took a little water for washing. She ed her compact on the stool and swirled air into a soft pompadour. She made ips brilliant. She smoothed down her and gold-colored blouse.

is might all be no use. The guard might deliver the message. The captain might e in the prison that day. And if he was he might not trouble to see her. Yet were thorough and curious, the Boche. got that message ——

e wrapped her toilet things in her towel, she had now no handbag. She smoothed air again. Fortunately she had remem- l to take hairpins. How long ago was hat night seemed in another life. Four s ago. This was the afternoon of the h day.

e door opened and two strange guards for her. She had a sudden feeling that might be taking her to her execution. for the SS were whimsical about time; but no, she was taken the way grown so familiar, past the doors where sometimes she heard sounds she tried to shut her mind to.

Kummler was alone at his desk. He lifted his head, and gave her a slow stare. "Well, mademoiselle, so your memory is improving?"

"If I could see you alone?" she said breathlessly. "This is for you alone, captain." She tilted her head and smiled as she had practiced. She did not wonder he stared. "You may tie my hands," she suggested in a whimsical voice.

"I think I can take care of myself." Deliberately he laid his Luger on the desk. He dismissed the guards.

"Thank you," she said softly, in German.

"Ah, you know German?"

He knew she did—it was in those reports he had checked so tirelessly.

"Only a little. Anyway, I cannot say this except in French. It is difficult ——"

"You have a confession to make? You have remembered some names?"

## *Being*

**By Janet Weinberger**

I cannot quite believe that I am dead!
I had been young forever and I grew
More alive with every day of being.
Yet I never grew as tall as I wanted to.

To be forever reaching, on tiptoe ever stretching,
Holding the wind to my face, and my face moving
Into the wind and my feet running into the hills—
I cannot quite believe that will not be again!

I gave the earth my life because it was
All that I had to give. I used to touch
My fingers to her heart till every sense
Churned with her breath, and I belonged to her.

And now I will not grow again, or run or breathe or be,
Who used to think that living was the sole essence of me!

"No, no. I am saying this because you have understanding—you will not laugh. You see, since I am to die tomorrow ——"

She could see the refusal forming for the request he thought she was to make.

She burst out, "It is dismal to spend your last night in a cell! With only memories of words of deception to mock you. I would like to know something of life before I leave it. Something exciting. I am not ashamed to say this to you, Captain Kummler," she said, looking at him directly. She was not smiling now; her face was earnest and intent. "You have understanding. You seem to me a man of—of great attraction. It is with you that I would spend this last night." He continued to stare at her, his eyes narrowing. "I cannot bear to go out of life without having known it," she flung out.

"So. You propose ——"

"It is only to you I would propose it. I feel that you—even in these strange times I have felt you were a man of breeding. I am of good family, as you know. I think I could offer you something—congenial. You Germans have not known the true French."

"Don't be too sure. We have our choice."

"Yes? Then perhaps I have not so much to offer. I am only a girl. Without experience"

"So André let you remain a virgin?"

"He was dealing with a girl of good family. He was correct."

"And you are disappointed? Perhaps what you'd really like is to spend the night with him."

"No. What I admired was his spirit—what I thought his spirit. Now I know he is only a tool. He does what you tell him. You are his masters."

"He is one of us," Kummler said, but she thought he seemed flattered. He threw out, "It would do you no good to want him anyway, for he is away for the night. He will not be back even for your hanging." His eyes glinted sardonically. "We are taking pictures for him. He has a collection."

"Of his own? Is it large?"

"One hundred," said Kummler solemnly. "He has brought one hundred to death." The figure palpably impressed him. He expected her to be suitably impressed.

*This simply is not happening*, she thought. And she thought, *How Paul would laugh, if I told him this.* Then the dreadful meaning of his words cut through her. One hundred loyal French. Dead through that spy.

"But he is not such a man as you," she declared. "He is an actor, not a soldier." She continued to look at Kummler with that desperate coquetry which made her face alight, and the man heaved himself back in his chair, looking at her like a big businessman dealing with a small commodity.

"What makes you think I want you? I could have you, if I wanted you."

"But not prettily! I do not imagine that you care for *that* type of thing. But if I came gladly—oh, how gladly, for a night's distraction—that would be a diversion for you. We could have supper together and be gay—you surely have some place where you could offer supper to a lady? Where we could spend a few hours?"

"And do you imagine that you can make an escape?"

"I am not so foolish." Then she smiled, with an air of confession. "I think perhaps you may like me so well you won't have me hanged the next morning."

"So that's it! You can put that out of your head now." His face grew a little sullen. "And I don't want to spend a night being importuned."

"Not a word!" she said eagerly. "I promise you. I am thinking only of the gaiety that I could have with you tonight."

He would not believe her. He would believe, as she wanted him to believe, that she would try to become his mistress. That, in her desperation, she would do everything to endear herself. He continued to stare at her, looking undecided.

She flung out, "Oh, I do want to be gay! My nature is gay. And for this last night I want to experience all the gaiety of a thousand nights."

"Like Scheherazade! Only I do not want you to tell me stories." He was playful now. Then he turned sharp. "And no sniveling into the champagne."

"Ah—champagne! No sniveling. It is understood. All the gaiety there is—for my last night on earth."

Back in the cell she asked herself, *Have you gone mad? Are you going to do this thing?* Yes, she was mad, she thought, mad with that intense, consuming purpose, with the utter frenzy of rage that drives men straight into the face of fire, of certain destruction. She would go through with this—she felt in her tense spirit and body the strength to bear any horror that would serve her.

But if it was useless? If she gave herself to this dishonor and accomplished nothing?

It was the only chance. If she stayed in this cell she would be taken out in the morning and hanged. There would be no one to save Marte, her dear, brave Marte, dear as a sister. There would be no one to save all those others after Marte, to avenge those who had been betrayed before: that girl at the frontier, all those brave, unknown ones, risking themselves, fighting so desperately against this terror, fighting to free France. For their sakes she could do anything.

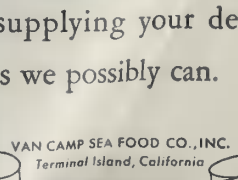




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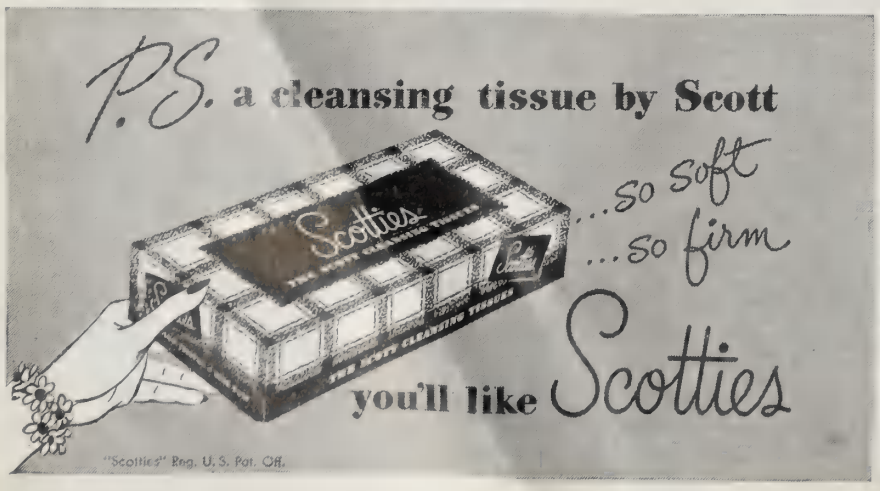

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But perhaps Kummler would not send for her as he had said. Perhaps the chance would not come. But she must be ready.

The girl with the maimed hand watched as she put more brightness on her lips. Her stern eyes asked, "What have you told?" When, at the beginning of evening, the guards came and Jeanne-Marie said with a strained smile, "Pray for me," the girl did not answer.

Even then she was not sure of their purpose. As before, she had a fear they might not be taking her to Kummler. But they brought her down to the prison entrance, to the room where she had been searched on her entry, and she was searched again, but less rigorously, the guards running their hands down over her clothes—as if she could have acquired a weapon in her stay here! Outside the door a long dark sedan was waiting. She was put into the back seat beside a soldier who had his Luger in his hand. On the front seat Captain Kummler, beside the soldier driver, made no sign of recognition.

Suddenly she felt very quiet and calm. The decision had been made and there was nothing to do but play her part and watch for opportunity. She felt capable of anything. The madness in which she was involved was all part of the madness which had possessed the world. A mad world. You fought fire with fire.

They were rolling along the Champs Élysées; the sky was still light, pure and beautiful. Jeanne-Marie looked out eagerly. The avenue was full of cars—French and American makes, chiefly, all holding Germans. Bicycles were weaving in and out, pedaled by home-going Parisians. On the sidewalks German soldiers strolled in twos and threes; a few had German nurses with them, or "mademoiselles." Out of a side street swung a detachment of soldiers, singing a marching song, moving with precision, like a many-legged piece of machinery. Sturdy. Invincible. When you saw those men, when you saw their equipment, when you thought of millions of men like them, millions of guns, tanks, planes, trucks, you felt it almost folly to hope. But you did hope. Fiercely. Tensely. There were the Allies, fighting near the top of Italy. Once they had been retreating in North Africa. There was Russia, lunging forward and forward. Once she had been ravaged and besieged.

America had turned the tide. Her equipment, her men. The radio told of great preparations massed in Britain. Any day now ——

A passion of longing went through her. Longing to see the day of liberation. Longing to help it by even one useful act. She had so much to atone for, she thought. So much to avenge.

THE car turned off the avenue and stopped before a *maison de luxe*. It was already shuttered, but the driver was instantly admitted and came out with a great box which he stowed in back, at the feet of Jeanne-Marie and the soldier. They drove on, down another avenue, and stopped again. They were before one of the dignified old mansions of that part of Paris, one apparently taken over for the residence of German officers.

Captain Kummler got out and went in and the driver followed with the box; presently he came back to the car and said to the guard, "Bring her in."

"*Aus!*" said the guard peremptorily and added the inevitable, "*Schnell!*"

Following the driver, with the guard behind her, she went through the door and mounted two flights of stairs. The carpeting was deep and soft, the stair rail delicate.

In the upper hall the captain was standing. He jerked his head toward a door that was ajar and told Jeanne-Marie, "Go in there." Then he dismissed the men.

Jeanne-Marie walked in slowly. This room was not at the front of the house, she was thinking. The captain came in behind he They were in a large bedroom, a very sp cious old room, with a marble fireplace in t wall at her right, and tall windows opposit opening on a balcony. There must be a ga den, Jeanne-Marie thought instantly. A ga den walled off from the street, for this was the side of the house. Or perhaps this was court, an inner court.

At one end of the room was a big doub bed, covered with yellow satin brocade, li the draperies on the high windows; the were fine old pieces of furniture about t room, and in the center stood a round tab with a white cloth falling to the floor. It w set for two with china and silver, and the were flowers in a silver bowl. On the tab stood a bottle in an ice cooler.

Jeanne-Marie said softly, "Ah—the cha pagne." She glanced at Kummler with smile which showed nothing but delig "This is magic, *Herr Kapitan.*"

THE box was on the bed. Kummler we over to it and opened it. He threw out the bed a crimson-velvet dressing gov heavily furred. Beneath it, in the box, w folds of something white. He thrust the box into Jeanne-Marie's arms.

"Go in there," he said, nodding to a d beside the bed, "and get those stink clothes off. Wash yourself clean." He add "Leave the door open."

Was that to humiliate her, or did think she might drown herself in a last ment panic? She said audaciously, "N at all; we are *comme il faut* tonight," closed the door behind her. She was i small dressing ro with a bathroom yond. Kummler jer the door open ag grinned at her, then, as if to show was magnanimo closed it halfway.

Jeanne-Marie loo about swiftly, sea ing the shelves. razor. No poss weapon. Not eve drinking glass. He thorough, that one She heard him n ing about the bedroom, calling out or Hurriedly she got out of her clothes and them neatly near the door, her shoes be them. She turned on the water in the Hot water. Hot water for the Boche v the French had shivered in their free houses. It was delicious to be in a hot again. She used the soap luxuriously. dried her slender body on fine towels w monogram on them and a crest—some French family must have owned this h She was sorry there was no perfume, bu talcum had a sweet smell. She did not of prison now.

Outside, in the bedroom, she heard so of preparation; dinner was being broug Heavy steps. A rich fragrance of food clink of dishes, Kummler's curt direction an obsequious, "*Zu befehl, Herr Kapi*

She hastened to lift out the dress i box. It was a ball gown of filmy white sort for a *jeune fille*, full-skirted with a blue sash, and on the breast a touch of rosebuds and forget-me-nots. She won if he had chosen it in mockery or sentim perhaps he meant to send it later to a d ter or a young sister!

Her slenderness gave the dress grace she was lovely in it. Above its soft whit her face looked back at her in actual be It was incredible, she thought, the cal of that face of hers. All this was incre

She brushed her dark hair into a pompadour, remade her mouth—tha the accent this whiteness needed—and on the silk stockings and garters and the slippers which were too large—definite creation was destined for some *Fräulei* took one last look into the gray eyes, looked back unflinchingly.

She swept into the room, making trance. Kummler was alone there no waiter gone. A fire burned brightly

*(Continued on Page 98)*

**The ideal which the wife and mother makes herself, the manner in which she understands duty and life, contain the fate of the community. Her faith becomes the star of the conjugal ship, and her love the animating principle that fashions the future of all belonging to her. Woman is the salvation or the destruction of her family.**

—AMIEL: The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom.

MRS. GEORGE MURPHY—
*delightful wife of the debonair screen star.*



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Tangee Red-Red is not only a favorite in hard-to-please Hollywood—it's the world's most popular lipstick shade. This rich, rare red is both exciting and inviting—both alluring and enduring...because Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish means lips not too dry, not too moist...lipstick that stays on for many extra hours.

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## A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

*The perfect cake make-up is here!* Some cake make-ups pleased you in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal *in every way!* It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect your skin—and does not make you look as if you were wearing a mask.



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## Made with no extra sugar!



EAGLE BRAND IS THE SECRET OF THIS MAGIC RECIPE!

QUICK! EASY! EXTRA CREAMY!

**VANILLA ICE CREAM**
(*Automatic Refrigerator Method*)

⅔ cup Eagle Brand
⅓ cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup chilled cream or evaporated milk

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, water, and vanilla. Chill. Add cream or evaporated milk. Mix well. Freeze rapidly in freezing unit of refrigerator until half frozen. Scrape from freezing tray into chilled bowl. Beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit. Before mixture is completely frozen, beat again until smooth. Finish freezing. Serves 5.

FOOLPROOF RECIPE!




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*(Continued from Page 96)*

hearth, for the April air was chill. The door to the balcony had been closed, the curtains drawn.

"But you have taste, my captain!" she cried admiringly. "I congratulate myself upon your taste."

In spite of that intimate "My captain," there was a touch of formality about her, an air of expecting nothing but good manners, and she counted, desperately, upon his "correctness." She hoped he would not want to discredit the social standards of the German army, even with a lady about to be hanged the next morning.

He looked very pleased with himself and with her appearance; he made her revolve before him while he surveyed her. He squeezed her narrow waist and planted a heavy kiss on the nape of her neck. *But this is no worse*, she thought, *than if I were a girl given to some strange husband. Women have always had to endure this. Even queens. Especially queens. I must think of myself as some far away princess of France.* She was growing fanciful, she thought then. Hunger was making her faint.

The food was waiting, and Kummler turned from her neck to the table. It was a rich dinner: soup, meat, potatoes, white bread and butter, cauliflower —— Oh, how faraway that night at home when the cauliflower had been cooking and Pierre was waiting! If she had listened to him then—if she had not turned to André ——

She must not think of that. Only of the moment. She must talk. What did you talk about to a German who sat across the table from you? A German who intended to go to bed with you. Food. How good the food. And the wonderful champagne.

She remembered a scene in a farce she had seen, an old dated farce but funny, where there had been a table like this, in a man's room, and two people in evening dress. That was the seduction scene. She heard herself telling Kummler about the farce, how she and some other girls had run away from school to go to it.

He told her, "You French girls are badly educated."

Her eyes laughed at him. "But you find us attractive?"

He said, "For an evening. An experience."

Mlle. Clement, her teacher, had been severe about that escapade. Mlle. Clement, to whom she had gone to find a room for André. Mademoiselle lived in a small lodging now, taking in dressmaking to eke out the remains of her savings. She had resigned from teaching after the Occupation, for fear she would be asked to teach something repugnant.

SHE had told André that, she remembered with sudden apprehension. She had told André that if ever he had to escape by the roofs, he should follow them to the corner, then follow along that street till he came to a taller house and scramble down to the nearest balcony. That belonged to Mlle. Clement. She was patriotic and would take in a refugee Frenchman. André had asked what this patriot looked like and when she told him, "Fortyish and plump," he had laughed and said he would stay on the roofs—he was particular about the Juliet to whom he played Romeo on balconies.

But he had repeated the name carefully. Mlle. Clement was another to investigate. No mouse too small for them to trap. But Marte would be the next. But tonight he was away. Kummler had said he was away. Marte was safe for tonight.

"This food is an experience," she said brightly, making a joke of Kummler's brutal words. "I had almost forgotten what such food is like."

He was curious about conditions in Paris, and her tongue ran on about them; she told humorous stories of the ordeal of queueing and he listened amusedly. He was interested in French psychology and asked questions which she answered readily but carefully. When she told him how they fled from Paris in the first days he gave a lecture on the folly of that and the g sense of collaborating.

She gave back lightly, "You cannot s am not collaborating now!"

"But too late," he said pointedly.

A LITTLE difficult to be gay, with that minder, she thought wryly. Yet she c not seem to believe in the words. In her death. Perhaps it was like that up to the moment. Until they put that rope a your neck. She shuddered then. He sa glanced at the fire which was burning brig then at her bare arms and throat. He go and put the crimson velvet robe about

"More good taste, *hein?*" he said ch fully. He kissed the back of her neck aga his mouth was greasy—and for a fearful ment she thought the kiss would lea others, but he went back to his food. thing at a time. "Now you look gay," he her. "Red becomes you. I have dressed up, my little mistress for the night. And took my silk stockings after all." He lau uproariously at that.

She laughed with him. "I was ter afraid of you that day," she lied. "D show it?"

"Not when you went off with your he the air. Like this." He stuck his sh head in the air and pulled his features i mock-haughty look. "But when our A began to protect you from me"—he laug "What a little fool he made of you!"

"That one!" She made a delicate gri of distaste. "But he is a good actor. T must have been many like me."

"One hundred," he her again. "He is a nomenon. A natural. the women he never There was a widow. sent him off 'to sa with her own boy. walked into our arm told you, did I not, he would not be back tomorrow night? He a us to take picture should have a pictu you tonight, like this. will make him furious."

"I can imagine. What a night this is this—this elegance—this food ——"

"We should have music with it."

There was a phonograph on a side t and he put on a record.

"The love music from Tristan and Iso he announced. He listened attentively he ate. At the conclusion he said admiri "Ah, that is music. Now another love Of today." He put on Lili Marlene, the the German soldiers sang. The sweet song of a girl who waited for a boy wh marched away. His eyes grew sentime "So many at home are waiting like t He scraped up the last of his dessert, a tard with a thick sauce. He poured champagne. "But your glass is not emp

Jeanne-Marie was being careful wit champagne. She was hoping that he heavy drinker, one who grew somnolent wine, but though he drank thirstily seemed only enlivened. When he pushed his chair again she, too, rose quickly.

"Those pictures," she said. "By the nograph. Might I see them?"

She went to the table, carrying her gl her hand. She put it down behind the p graph and took up the photographs in heavy silver frames. One could strike these, she thought. If he were off g But how could she get away? Down there was singing and the low rumb talk. Servants were in the halls.

He was beside her, explaining the pic That was his wife. He had not seen h two years. This was Ernst, the five-yea And this Greta, who was three. Erns a sturdy, serious face. Greta had blond

Kummler picked up a smaller snap "This is the baby, Elsa. Taken at t months. She is fifteen months old I have never seen her." He sighed an down the picture. "This is a cruel wa

*(Continued on Page 100)*

**Little Willie rushed into the house and showed papa a new penknife he said he had found in the street.**

**"But are you sure it was lost?" asked papa.**

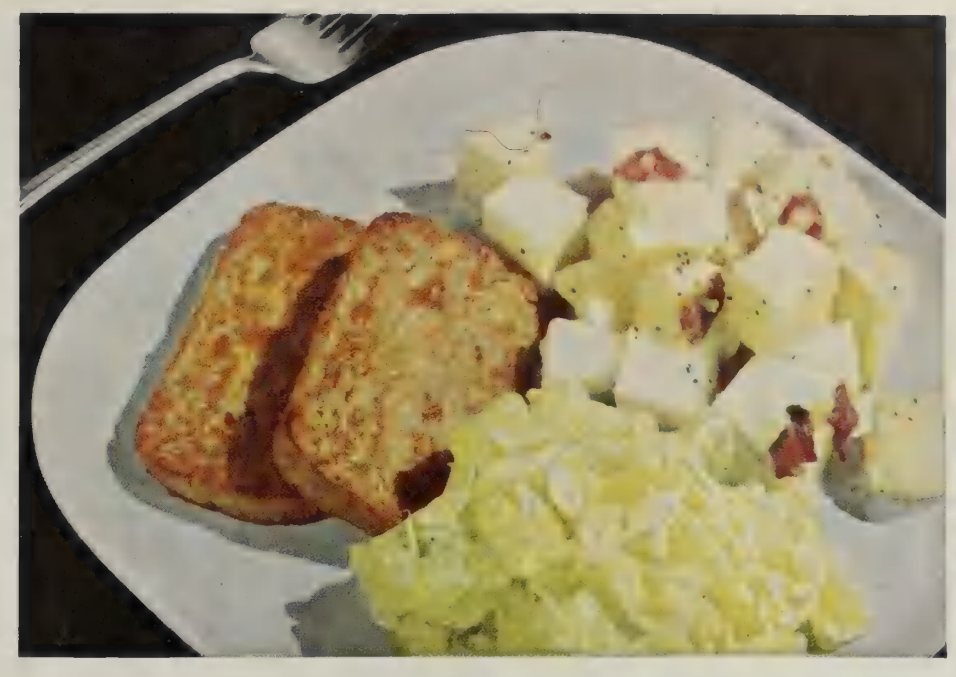
**"Of course it was lost," said Willie. "I saw the man looking for it."**

—NEAL O'HARA: Take It From Me.



**No color "come-on"**

This plate holds good foods and good flavors, but something's missing—color.



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d the golden color, the farm-fresh flavor "just pen" in Niblets Brand whole kernel corn? ! The answer is years of scientific experimen- ion and farming by the Green Giant. This produced an exclusive seed (D-138) from ich Niblets Brand Corn is grown. It's a ghter-eating kind of corn—so—"Look for the een Giant on the label."



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SOCONY-VACUUM



*Typical symbol of hospitality—Mermaid Tavern, Rye, England*

TAVERN HOME PRODUCTS

*(Continued from Page 98)*

It was a fantastic thing, to her, this German speaking of his family with such serious affection. Speaking to her, in this room, at this time. *In a moment*, she thought, *he will be reading me their letters.* Puzzled, she looked at him. He was actually sincere, lonely, full of sentiment.

She said, in a low voice, "Doesn't this make you sorry for those other children?" At his look of inquiry she said, "The Dutch—the Poles—the English."

Instantly his face was a hard face, closed and inaccessible. He said curtly, "Naturally I am sorry for children. But those people resisted us. What you do not seem to understand, mademoiselle, is that the race must pay for the crimes of its leaders."

Quickly she asked something about the little boy, but he was offended now, and a little tired of talking about his family—perhaps he found the domestic atmosphere made incongruous the approach to seduction. He put the pictures back on the table and picked up a small statue of a pagan goddess and set it on the dinner table beside the flowers.

"That is our goddess for the evening." He seemed trying for joviality, a little ill-at-ease with her good manners. "My Venus."

"She is lovely," said Jeanne-Marie sincerely. The small sculptured body was slender, yet rounded; the pose was provocative, but the face was almost austere and brooding. "Is it a replica?" she asked. "Something I should know?"

"No, it is an original. It is very good. Something I ——" He broke off and did not tell her how he had come by the statue. He said with heavy joviality, "We must drink a toast to her. To Venus."

She took the small glass of liqueur he handed her. "To Venus," she said gaily, and felt the brandy hot in her throat. Beneath the long velvet sleeve her left hand tensely made the V sign.

He emptied his glass and filled it again. Jeanne-Marie sipped cautiously, for the stuff was strong. He took a third glass, then went to the door and called an order, and a soldier waiter appeared promptly and began to carry out the dishes. Kummler said, "Heinrich, you stay at the door tonight. You understand?"

"*Zu befehl, Herr Kapitan.*"

That must mean he was to guard the outer door, Jeanne-Marie thought. He looked stolid and stupid, but he hadn't a bad face, really. If she could steal away—plead with him —— That was nonsense. These fellows knew nothing but obedience.

KUMMLER hurried him about the clearing off. He found the champagne glass that Jeanne-Marie had set down behind the phonograph, and he handed that to Heinrich with a significant look at Jeanne-Marie that said he perfectly understood the uses of a broken champagne glass in the hands of a desperate woman.

Jeanne-Marie still held her glass of liqueur; he looked at it, but the glass was too squat and thick for breakage, and he did not take it. Heinrich had replaced the white cloth on the round table with an old-fashioned lace centerpiece, and Kummler placed the Venus very exactly in the middle of that. "So," he said with a satisfied air, and when Heinrich closed the door behind him he took off his Luger and with the same smiling knowingness put it on a tall chest of drawers, out of reach. He began unbuttoning his uniform.

## FOOL

**The basic meaning of this term is a bellows, a windbag, an inflated ball. In early use "fool" was a less contemptuous term than it is at present. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England it was used as a term of endearment.**

**In modern colloquial usage a fool seems to be a person who reigns supreme in the domain of intellectual speculation and spreads himself like a green bay tree in the various channels of moral activity. It was a fool who invented the steam engine, the telephone, printing and the submarine. He is from everlasting to everlasting.**

**He it is who, because he doesn't have enough sense to come in out of the rain, does not miss the world of loveliness we who keep snug and dry know nothing of.**

**—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.**

Jeanne-Marie said breathlessly, "One m favor. May we go out on the balcony a ment? I adore balconies. And I have a w to see a French garden—for the last tim

"It is too dark. And there is nothing to anyway. A few shrubs ——"

"Then let me look at the skies. You take your pistol if you'd feel safer," laughed.

"I don't need a pistol. But you go—like this." He opened the glass do then caught her wrists and held them bac her. His hands were like a vise.

She asked, over her shoulder, "Do think I came here to throw myself off a cony?"

He chuckled. "Perhaps you meant throw me off."

"Imbecile! What would happen to then? Besides, I want you to like me."

ONE ahead of the other they had m out between the doors to the balcony. put his arms about her now, holding close against him. She tried to make he feel nothing. Her body was unimport Nothing was important except fighting.

Her voice came tranquilly. "Look a stars."

It was a night of stars, and the sky light behind the and chimne Against its lumi pallor they see sketched in char Paris—was there anything so love the roofs of Paris looked down; th den was a pool of ness, with a dark dowed house be A small, enclosed den, she thought a high wall shutt off from the stree tried to remem there had been a in that wall bu could not reme and if there w would be locl they were so thor these Germans.

And there w way to get to th den. His arms hard about her. was no way t away, no way t herself now, e she wanted to herself to death

There was a den drone of planes overhead.

"Ours," said Kummler. "Coming from England." His voice held a huge faction. The April air blew cold on and he said, "Enough of stargazing."

There was a thickening urgency voice now. This had all been very ple very civilized, his voice said, and th played a pretty game that it would be ing to tell about, but he was reac something else. He pulled her back in room.

She had counted upon his falling But he was too astute for that, and l rose in the darkness and, since the elec was off at one, he flashed on an u electric torch that diffused a soft glow lamp, then pulled on a dressing gown a the chill of the room. The coals in th were dull embers. He went to the c drawers and reached for his Luge dropped it in a right-hand pocket. Fr bed Jeanne-Marie watched him in s questioning. He picked up the tele He called a number. Jeanne-Marie drawing the bedclothes up about her ders. While he waited for his connec looked toward her and with exaggerat ualness inquired:

"You will be ready for the car in hour?"

"The car?"

*(Continued on Page 102)*



*Luxurious-looking, moderately priced, this charming, carved-effect carpet is Bigelow Beauvais 1764*

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**I SAW WORDS OF LOVE**

*in my boy's misty eyes*

Mixed feelings of pride . . . love . . . and fear gripped my heart. Must Tommy's graduation be so wonderfully complete and yet so cruel? Had our lovable little boy suddenly outgrown his boyishness? Would his mother's tender kisses be set aside for the false pride of manhood?

Disturbing thoughts I might well have spared myself. For when Dad and I gave him his graduation gift . . . a marvelous new Moore Fingertip Pen . . . I saw Tommy was still our "boy". There in his eyes were words of love and appreciation that made our hearts sing with joy.

That look in his eyes made me feel more grateful than ever that we had used such care in selecting a gift he, himself, would prefer. I'm glad now we compared the leading pens and gave Tommy the finest . . . a Moore Fingertip Pen, of course.



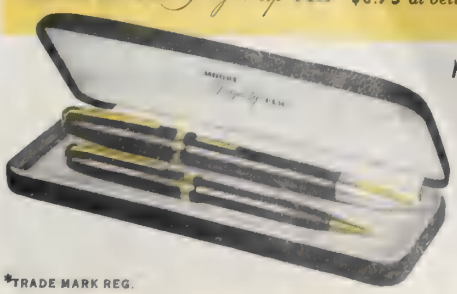
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*Compare all 4 . . . and you'll give a* **MOORE**

*TRADE MARK REG.

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*Manufacturers of Fine Pens since 1900*


*(Continued from Page 100)*

"To take you back. Have you forgotten your engagement for this morning?"

Of all the horrors this was the most incredible. That he should rise from embracing her, from his endearments—for he had been sentimental as well as sensual—and order her carted back to prison. She looked at him in unguarded terror. No chance. No chance for him to sleep, for her to steal away. She had endured this in vain.

He was eying her closely with a look that seemed to be licking up her emotion in greedy satisfaction. His face was a sadist's face, evil, cynical, ruthless.

He repeated, "In half an hour?"

"Yes." Her voice was faint. "May I—may I finish my liqueur?"

He nodded, beginning to speak into the phone.

She slipped out of bed, on the side away from him, murmured, "Cold," in a vague, child's voice, and drew on the red robe. She went to the table and picked up the tiny glass. She held it in her left hand. Her right had seized and withdrawn beneath the velvet folds the small bronze Venus.

Holding her glass, she moved toward him. She said, "One moment," in a beseeching voice.

He glanced at her, very pleased with his little surprise, then went on speaking. He finished his directions—the car and two guards in half an hour—and she waited till he had finished, till the receiver was back in its cradle. Then, before he could turn his head, she struck. The bronze Venus crashed against the base of his skull.

His knees buckled; he slumped forward. She sprang to the stand, to save the telephone from a fall, but his body had cleared it. She stood a moment, tense and listening, then bent over him. There was a little blood on the scalp, but no sign of much injury; he was breathing and seemed merely stunned. She did not know how long that stupor would last.

**The conversation of women in society resembles the straw used in packing china: it is nothing, yet without it everything would be broken.** MME. DE SALM.

She looked at his bulk and thought that she must get him to the balcony. A fall from the balcony might seem accidental, might account for the injury. It might prevent reprisals. He must not be found here. If he was found in the garden that would call attention from the room.

She did not know whether she was thinking sanely or not, but she had to act quickly. She drew out his Luger and laid it aside. She went to the French windows and set them ajar. Then she knelt by Kummler and put all her strength into getting his weight upon her back, drawing his arms forward over her shoulders and gripping them. The weight was almost more than she could bear. She staggered under it. The distance seemed interminable. She was terrified that Kummler would rouse.

She shouldered the doors open and stepped out on the balcony. It was dark now, the stars gone, the sky overcast. The blood was drumming in her ears, and now the drumming seemed all about her, outside her, roaring louder and louder—then she realized she was hearing a low-passing plane. Except for this there was silence. Utter silence. The men who had racketed below, who had come once to their door and pounded on it, must be sleeping. Everyone must be asleep, except that guard at the front door.

The balcony rail was low and she turned and backed against it, then straightened, letting the weight of Kummler slide over. She stood rigid, her back turned, listening. She had not known that the fall of a body made such a hideous rending sound, like the tearing of cloth. She wondered that no one wakened. But there were more planes overhead, back from England. Drunken sleepers did not distinguish sounds.


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She went back into the room, closing the French windows. In half an hour, he had said. She had no idea how much time had passed. That progress to the balcony seemed an eternity. She washed the Venus and set it on the table. She flung off her robe and pulled on her own clothes, except the coat, which she left lying there, and the shoes; these she wrapped with the white dress, the silk stockings and velvet robe. She dropped the Luger within her blouse. Then she wrapped a sheet about her, hiding the big bundle beneath its stiff folds. With the sheet over all but her bare legs she looked a creature covering nakedness.

She unbolted the door and stole down the stairs. One flight down. Snores rasped behind a closed door. Her heart jumped. Another flight. Ahead was the entrance door where Heinrich had been told to stay. Did he guard the occupants all night? Or was he waiting for that car?

Her eyes strained through the darkness and made out something more solidly dark sprawled in a chair by the door. As if nudged by the sixth sense which warns a man, the figure sat up. She breathed, "Heinrich," and pattered to him on her bare feet.

A LIGHT flashed on her, and she said, "Sh-h!" quickly and softly, then, clutching her sheet, she came nearer—he was on his feet now—and breathed, "Come quick—your captain—come to him quick!" She gasped, "He is drunk—crazy—he will destroy himself! Come—come quick!"

She turned, as if leading the way, and he came after, hurrying at the urgency of that "Come!" She stumbled in her sheet and he passed her on the stairs and she took another step and stumbled again, with a stifled moan of exasperation, and he hurried on. She had counted on that; she had hoped that a naked creature in a sheet, imploring him to go to his captain, would not seem someone to watch.

When he was ahead she cast off the sheet and fled down the stairs to the door; she dropped her bundle to struggle with the bolts, then, as the door opened, she caught up the bundle and slipped outside, shutting the door softly.

She ran a few steps down the street, but she knew that flight was hopeless, that at any instant soldiers would come tearing after her. An alarm would be sent out, the quarter surrounded. And any instant that car from the prison would roar down the street and pounce on her.

She stared at the houses beside her and chose the smallest and narrowest as least likely to be a German billet. She rang the bell and then knocked loudly. The SS always knocked like that and the occupants would not dare refuse to open to the SS. Still knocking, she unwound the velvet robe from the bundle and drew it over her—if that car came she might pretend to be a resident who had come to the door at some noise.

Someone was coming. Slow steps. A woman's voice, asking who was there. She knocked again. Oh, dear God, the car was coming. She could hear it.

The door opened cautiously and she thrust herself into the opening and shut the door behind her. She held the Luger ahead of her, straight toward a frightened old Frenchwoman with a candlestick in her hands.

"Don't make a sound!" said Jeanne-Marie fiercely. "I am hiding from the Boche."

The woman's jaw fell open. She was a bent old woman with a dark robe over a woolen nightdress and a knitted scarf about her head. Another woman was coming down the stairs, holding her candle high to see.

"Sister?" she quavered.

"Not a sound!" said Jeanne-Marie. "No one will hurt you if you are quiet. But come here."

Uncertainly the woman advanced. Jeanne-Marie gestured them together. They peered fearfully at her in the candlelight; she knew she made a mad figure, with her pistol, her disordered hair, her red robe over bare feet. She did not wonder their candles shook.

A few doors away the car had come to a stop. She heard the brakes screech. Her

*(Continued on Page 105)*





Pretty **Penny Edwards**, Conover cover-girl, adores the jasmin bouquet of ***Dulcinea***




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(Continued from Page 103)

mind saw the guards going into the house, meeting the confusion within.

"You are French—you must hide me," she said desperately. "I am out after curfew. I must hide till morning."

The older one's mouth moved a moment before she could find words. "Go away," she said mumblingly. "Go away."

The other spoke up, quavering but angry, "We have nothing to do with you! Go out of our house!"

Perhaps the pistol had been a mistake. She had frightened them to antagonism. But she could not trust to their mercy—these old souls did not look capable of generous risk.

SHE made her voice hard. "I tell you I am going to hide here. If you make a sound you will be sorry for it. I am quite desperate. But if you are quiet no harm will come to you. I will go when the curfew is off. No one will know."

"Madame?" A third figure appeared from the back of the house, carrying another candle.

"Be quiet. Come here," said Jeanne-Marie.

"She has a pistol," said one of the scared old voices.

The third woman was stout, middle-aged, with a peasant's broad face. She had taken time to dress, and over her dress she wore a knitted sack. She stared curiously at the revolver in Jeanne-Marie's hand and at Jeanne-Marie herself and crossed herself. The two others began to whisper to her, but Jeanne-Marie stopped that.

"Where is your telephone?" she asked suddenly. "Perhaps I could arrange ——"

When they said eagerly, "In there," she told them:

"No, we will not go near that telephone. You will not move."

The car had started again. Now steps passed the house. Heavy steps in cadence. Guards searching the streets. They would be looking for a girl in a black skirt and a gold blouse or in a red-velvet robe. She must not look like that girl.

It was cold in the hall. She had them sit down and she tucked her bare legs under her robe. The sisters pulled their wraps tighter. The maid folded her arms across her broad chest. She looked the most resourceful and Jeanne-Marie watched her carefully. Every half hour a clock deep in the house struck melodiously.

Jeanne-Marie was afraid the candles would burn out, so she extinguished two. They were short candles. One by one they burned out. Then it was growing light. There was a window on the stair landing, and it sent down a gray light.

The clock struck five.

"In half an hour I can go," said Jeanne-Marie. "But not like this. You must give me an old coat, a kerchief and a basket. For that I will give you this velvet robe. You can see it is valuable. It is worth more than an old coat, a kerchief and a basket."

They looked at her suspiciously. "It is a trap," the older one mumbled.

"No. And it is not stolen. It was a gift. But you had better not display it for some time. Sell it secretly."

They whispered together, then the younger one told the maid to fetch the things asked for. "To get this one out," she said, with bitterness.

Jeanne-Marie said, "No. We will all go. We keep together."

She got up and the sisters got up, stiffly, with groans, and the maid helped them. Then Jeanne-Marie herded them, like sullen sheep, up the stairs to the maid's room—where they selected a worn brown coat and a kerchief. Then down the back stairs to the kitchen. Reluctantly the maid handed over a market basket.

Jeanne-Marie put on the coat. It was big and shapeless. She dropped the Luger in the pocket. She put on her shoes, rubbing her chilblains. She parted her hair and pinned it in a bun, and tied the kerchief under her chin. She rolled the white dress tightly and crammed it in the market basket and covered it with a piece of paper she took from the kitchen.

"Remember—you have harbored me," she said. "They will never believe you innocent. Never. But you will come to no harm unless you talk." Then she looked at the maid. "It would be better if you walked a little way with me."

"No." The woman looked back at her with peasant finality. "I do not budge."

"I think you are right. Now please show me the service door."

In the street were already other women with market baskets like herself making their way to the shops in the Parisian's daily quest for food. Most of them were maids, for this was a well-to-do neighborhood.

Jeanne-Marie caught up to one and said, "Pardon me—I think you dropped some money. I heard a sound."

THEY began to search; then the woman counted her change and said she had lost nothing. Still, they looked a little longer, and when they went on they walked together. Two women with kerchiefed heads and baskets on their arms. The German soldiers glanced at them and let them pass.

The woman took her place before a shop and Jeanne-Marie walked on. Sometimes she stopped and joined a queue. Before it came her turn she went away. Where should she go? Not home. Not to Paul. Not to any of her friends. That would be death for them and death for her. The only safe place for her was with Mme. Chaffours. If she could reach that house she could be smuggled out by the Underground.

But she was not going to Mme. Chaffours. What she had done that night she had not done to save herself.

She walked toward Les Halles, a logical destination for a woman with a big market basket. She did not dare take the Metro, but trudged along the less frequented streets. The great markets, once so bustling, thronged with laden carts, were now almost deserted, only a few carts creaking in and those mobbed before they could come to a halt. Everywhere were the bent scavenger crea-




*"Donald's asleep—now give me the story straight."*

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tures, clutching at a wilted leaf in a gutter. Seeing her filled basket, women demanded if she had something to sell and reached to lift the paper. Uneasy at the interest, she wandered away.

In the Rue Montmartre she found a café that seemed all right—no Germans there. Two drivers and a French gendarme. The coffee was a bitter brew of acorns, but it was hot. Sipping it, she thought that at this time, if she had stayed in the cell, she would be dead. Her throat would not be swallowing. She had money in her blouse, money she had been allowed to keep in prison because she had not yet been sentenced, and got it out carefully so as not to show the color of the blouse—such little things seem important when you are hunted. She could not buy bread, for she had no bread coupons.

From the Rue Montmartre a lane led to the north portal of St. Eustache's. She went in the church and knelt in one of the chapels. She felt terribly tired. Her legs throbbed, her whole body ached, but her head felt light and airy as if at any moment it would float off from the heavy body the way soap bubbles had floated from her pipe when she was a child.

She rose from her knees and went out. She went on and on, toward the west now, taking the less important streets. She had a long distance to go. But she had time. She did not want to come to those streets where she might be recognized while it was still light.

Several times she went into churches to rest. Once she fell asleep, her head on her hands that were clasped on the back of the pew before her; she woke when she felt herself slipping to the floor. After that, she felt better.

But now she began to be teased by uncertainty as to whether Mlle. Clement would be in or not. If not, she must make another plan. She began to hurry. She counted the streets. Now she was at the building. Luckily there was no concierge to face. The stairs were empty. Five flights up. Those above five flights were allowed to use the elevator to ascend, but not descend. The Boche were watchful of that current.

Halfway up a man came out a door and Jeanne-Marie flattened herself humbly against a wall as he passed. She went on up. The fifth-floor landing was too dim to see the name on the little card over the bell, but she had counted the flights and rang. The door opened on a chain.

"WHO is it?" Mlle. Clement's voice revealed the apprehension all French knew at sudden callers.

"It is I—Jeanne-Marie Fontaine."

The door closed, then opened. "But enter—enter!" said Mlle. Clement cordially.

Jeanne-Marie stepped in and closed the door. "You are alone?"

"Yes, quite. I am so glad ——" The welcoming voice broke off and Mlle. Clement's round brown eyes fixed with some astonishment on the kerchiefed head and shapeless coat. Then they touched on the basket and glanced tactfully away. Jeanne-Marie knew the other thought it contained food from the country and that this odd costume was some country wear.

She was sorry to dispel the hope. She said painfully, "I must ask you for a little help."

"But come in. Let us come where we can talk." Mlle. Clement picked up the small lamp she had set down to open the door and carried it into a room off the entry. She sat down opposite the girl, a middle-aged woman with a look of great good sense. "Now what is all this about?" she asked, as if Jeanne-Marie were still one of those students. "Are you in some difficulty, my child?"

JEANNE-MARIE thought of the words that she could say. She thought how incongruous and melodramatic they would sound: "I was to have been hanged this morning. Last night I slept with a German who was to take pictures of my hanging. I threw him from a balcony and killed him." Instead she said merely, "Yes. It was not kind of me to come here. But I do not think I was seen. Only by an old man on the stairs. And he did not see my face. But if you are ever questioned, you must think of someone who delivered something to you today."

The face regarding her turned a little pale. "Is it—truly serious?"

"Yes. It is better you do not know about it. When I go away I shall try not to be seen. And I shall not stay long."

"I have only one bed—that couch you are sitting on," said Mlle. Clement practically, "but you are welcome to it."

"Oh, I shall not stay all night. But you are very good to offer."

"I am not very good. I am like all the rest, struggling to keep alive. But for a friend, courage is necessary." She was silent a moment. "Yes, then it is indeed necessary."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Lines to a Little Girl*

**By Ruth Mary DuBois**

**Run—with your brown hair flying,**
**Glossy in the sun,**
**Run—like a young colt trying**
**Its legs for fun.**

**Be one with the warm sweet air,**
**Wear the gentle wind;**
**Take care, take care**
**Of every nimble hour**
**And every meadow flower.**
**Gather the world in your two slim arms**
**And hold it there.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I only want to stay till it is dark, and it is almost dark now. Then please leave me here. So you will know nothing. But don't lock the window. Only do not worry, if I do not come back. I may have gone—another way."

Mlle. Clement looked toward her window and little balcony, then at Jeanne-Marie. "But this does not make sense. If you are going away, why not down the stairs?"

"It has to be this way. Truly, it has to be."

There was finality in that tense voice. Mlle. Clement heard it; she saw the desperation in the girl's white face. She said, "I will make you some tea."

"If I could wash?"

When Jeanne-Marie came out of the bathroom the tea was ready. She drank it gratefully and ate the bread and the morsel of meat.

"I am ashamed," she said, lifting apologetic eyes. "But I have not eaten since last night. And I must confess that I have stolen three of your matches."

"It would be better if you would lie down. And put out of your head all this nonsense about clambering over roofs." That was the tone which used to say, "Whatever would madame your mother think of this escapade, Mademoiselle Fontaine?" and Jeanne-Marie smiled faintly.

"I must ask you to do one thing more. If I do not come back." She gave Paul's address and the address of Marte's ration board. "Please go to either of them and say, 'The Alsatian is a spy.' But do not telephone. I have not dared to telephone. They listen."

Now her two dear ones would be warned, she thought. But the warning would not save them if Marte had made any confidence. Nor save the others.

Then she got up. "Please leave the room a moment," but Mlle. Clement told her firmly, "If you are climbing those roofs you are going to put on my rubber-soled shoes—I have a pair. I was provident. And they are not too small for you." Mlle. Clement had always been proud of her small feet. "Here they are," she said. "Put them on." Jeanne-Marie put them on and tied them tightly.

*(Continued on Page 108)*




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(Continued from Page 106)

The other continued, "And I am going to hold a chair for you. That is what I did for the neighbor's boy who went up after my little cat. If anyone sees us I shall say you are after the cat."

She took the lamp to the kitchen and closed the door, then placed a small chair on the balcony. It was dark now. She held the chair while Jeanne-Marie, who had taken off her brown coat, climbed to the top of it, then crawled up on the adjoining slope of roof. Then the older woman mounted and passed up the basket as Jeanne-Marie had asked.

She made one last objection. "Why do you cumber yourself with that basket?"

Jeanne-Marie said, "It is necessary."

It was very eerie, to be on the roofs in darkness. Jeanne-Marie had always felt insecure in high places. On the platform of the Eiffel Tower she had clung to her father. Now she clutched at chimneys and felt her way from one cluster of chimney pots to another, crouching, not to offer a silhouette to any who might be looking.

To make your way along the level top of old mansards is not difficult when eyes grow accustomed to the night. She reached the corner, then turned along the roofs of the adjoining street. This was the street where André lived. She was preoccupied by the fear she might not know the right house. It was the third house from the end.

She crept about, counting chimney stacks; she leaned over on her stomach to scan the outlines of the dormer windows below. She could not be mistaken, she reassured herself. It was the fifth dormer from that side. That house was narrow with only one window. To go down with the basket was difficult. She hesitated, took out the blue sash and tied the basket to her waist, in back. She thought, *This is fantastic.* But to back down those slopes with a basket was only a little more fantastic than to back down without one.

Now she was on the top of the dormer and cautiously she lowered herself down its side and crept about to the window. There was still a projection of roof between her and the eaves. The room was dark—but that might be because the curtains were drawn. The casements were fastened. Clutching at a projection, she put her weight against the center and the latch gave. The two casements parted and swung in, and she half pitched, half leaped inside, tangling with the curtains, putting a hand within her breast to draw out the Luger. But there was no sound in the room but the sound of her own breathing.

Slowly her heart quieted, but she held the pistol in her hand as she felt of the couch beside her—empty—then groped to the door—locked but not bolted. She put on the bolt. She went back to the window and closed it, and drew the curtains carefully. Then she began tiptoeing about the room, feeling for a candlestick—she moved lightly, not to disturb the occupants below, but she told herself that they would merely think the owner of the room was back.

It took one of her three matches to find the candlestick. The candle was short, but in its light she discovered an electric lantern, such as Kummler had lighted before he telephoned, with a transparent top to which the light could be switched so it shone like a mild lamp. They had good gadgets, these Boche. The electricity might be on here, but she did not pull the cord of the one bulb, for fear light might show under the door or through a crack in the curtains.

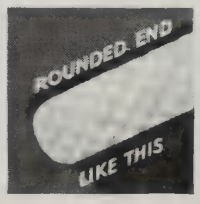
For a moment now she looked about her. This was the room she had found for André, the refugee, a man who had never existed. Here they had all been, the night of his little dinner, André so generous, so merry. She had sat on this couch and he had put cushions behind her; she had worn her red dress and a red flower in her hair and every time she looked up, he was looking at her with those intent eyes she had found exciting. They had been in high spirits. Paul had looked worried at their jokes. About the convenience of the roofs. Marte had made an omelet with the eggs they thought he had found in the black market. German plenty.

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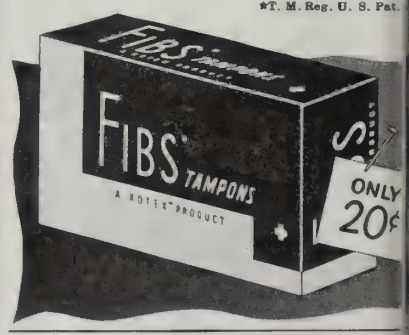

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

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BOB PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN




• The pins with a lasting grip
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The scene faded. The room was empty. Hurriedly she took off her skirt and blouse. There was a basin and cold water in a pitcher and she washed her grimed hands and legs and drew on the white dress. It was badly creased and she shook out the folds impatiently and arranged the blue sash. She drew on the silk stockings and tied on the white tennis shoes. They looked, she thought, a little like a ballerina's dancing shoes. She looked a little like a ballerina herself in that gauzy dress.

She brushed out her hair and swept it up into a pompadour. It hung in a dark cloud over her forehead. She made her mouth vivid. In the soft light there seemed no tiredness in her face, only feverish brilliance.

But if André should not come? He might not come for days. This place was merely for his character of refugee; he must have a very luxurious room somewhere like that of Kummler's. Perhaps he lived in the same house. But she thought not; she had a feeling that André would continue to use this room. He had established himself here; he would want to work quickly on Marte's distress. He would come.

She found a piece of paper and a pencil and put them on the table. She moved the light to the table's far side, then switched it off.

Now there was nothing to do but wait. She stretched out on the couch and her body rested, but her mind would not rest; it raced incessantly. It went over and over the things she had planned while she had knelt in those churches that day. So far she had had luck. But what was to come was going to be difficult. It might be folly to delay, to contrive that letter. But there were reprisals to think about. If there was any way to circumvent

---

**The average man could accomplish twice as much in this world if he did not spend half his life in telling a woman how to do things.**
—HELEN ROWLAND: This Married Life: (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

---

reprisals —— She could think of no other way. She would have to take the chance.

Now her thoughts strayed. That girl at the frontier—bitter anguish to think of her. She thought of the mother that Kummler had told her about, the mother who had trustingly sent André out toward freedom with her own son. Three ghosts out of a hundred dead. Dead through him. *With the women he never fails*. Kummler had said that. And now Marte. Sweet, unsuspecting Marte. She felt as if an iron claw was gripping her heart.

Somewhere in this world, she thought, there were safe, happy people, taking life and freedom for granted. But not in France. Not anywhere in Europe, Hitler's Europe.

Suddenly she remembered a scene of the past. She remembered it so vividly that she felt she smelled the strong scent of the raspberries, ripe and pungent on the laden bushes. She had gathered a skirtful and come running to her mother and father. This was in her grandmother's garden in the country.

Her mother had looked with dismay at the stained skirt. "Henri, will this little wild thing ever get any sense?"

Feet tramping under the window. A heavy rumbling of trucks. Memory leaped back to the dark roads, on that flight from Paris. She could feel her mother's hand gripping hers as they sat hour after hour in their car, stalled behind wrecked trucks, wedged in by other cars, frantic people on foot fighting their way forward. Her father had not wanted to leave Paris. But her mother had been terrified. "We must save this child of seventeen."

They had always wanted to save her from harm. Her mother and father. Paul. Pierre. Pierre Roget had wanted to take her to the country. He was probably there now. She had not been kind to Pierre. He had offered her a true love. And she had been beguiled.

She could not undo what she had done. She could not bring back the girl at the frontier. But from this bitter experience had come the chance to save others. To save

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them for France. She must be quick and careful.

Now she heard steps coming up. Her heart began to hammer. They were coming up this last flight.

Paul had slept but a short time when he woke, in the nightmarish terror of the dream. It was always the same dream—the dead girl under a sheet, and he beside her, feeling a fearful guilt. The sense of horror and guilt stayed with him, though he knew he was awake, fully awake, and he examined it, with his physician's mind, wondering why he should feel guilt in the dream since he had felt none when the girl died, only distress that he had not been able to save her. He had not been to blame. She had come to him too late.

There had been something about that girl's death, some implication, which had haunted him. In the beginning it had associated itself with Jeanne-Marie—undoubtedly because he was worrying about that sudden rash love of hers. How mild that worry seemed now!

But the dream had nothing to do with Jeanne-Marie. He seemed quite definitely to know that. She was not the girl under the sheet. That girl was blond, with blue eyes like Marte.

Marte. Marte, who lay beside him, sleeping. But Marte was safe, alive. Yet it was for Marte he felt this terror, laden with heavy guilt. Guilt because of Guy? Yes, he felt that. He had never pretended to himself that he was not ashamed to the bone because of Guy. The prisoner husband. The absent friend. He knew that Marte was bitterly ashamed too. Neither of them had intended this unfaithfulness. Their anguish for Jeanne-Marie had broken down their guards.

Was it because he had swept Marte into this disloyalty that he felt guilty toward her? That was part of it. But there was something more. A gnawing worry. And now, suddenly, he knew what it was. The revelation exploded in his brain. *Of course*, he thought dazedly, *of course*. That was the fear, deep buried in his subconscious mind.

The thing was incredible. He, a physician, not to have given thought. This was the fifth night now. His fault was past belief. They had behaved like children. Like innocents. But they were not children. Not innocent. Only tongue-tied. Unwary. This would be the price, then. That he would have to destroy his child and hers. This would happen. This would be exacted.

But Marte would not die. He told himself that resolutely. She would not be like the dead girl, slinking to some quack. This terror was warning. He would speak frankly to her. Perhaps it was not too late.

And to the premonition of disaster was added another premonition—and this was utter certainty. When he and Marte talked of their relationship it would end. It had never been love for her, only loneliness and longing. They had tried to comfort each other. This was the end. This was the last time that she would lie beside him like this. He would have to go on, as best he could, pretending this had never been, both of them pretending.

Outside the house André's car stopped. André was asleep on the back seat. He sat up, looked at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. "Too late," he decided. He told the driver, "Go on."

If he went in now, he could cook up some story about being caught out late after curfew and ask Marte for refuge, but the thought of that role bored him. He was too sleepy. Marte could wait. Tomorrow night would do. It would not take long, now that she had begun to confide in him.

She had told him that he must not blame himself for Jeanne-Marie's arrest, that it could not have been caused by the man who forged the papers, for that man had not been arrested. She had just found out who the man was, she said, but she wouldn't say how she had found out or give the man's name. But she was very positive the man had not been caught. André had grinned to himself

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at that. He knew perfectly well the man had not been caught—Gretchen had been hanging about L'Oiseau Noir for four or five days now with a copy of Mein Kampf in her hands and the man had not shown up. He must have other hangouts. It was quite possible that Marte knew other ways of finding him. It would be fun to catch him through Marte, before Gretchen got him.

He would tell Marte he needed papers for a fellow Alsatian. He had already talked of meeting a fellow refugee in Paris. Now he would say that the man had been captured and got away and was hiding in Paris. He needed new papers.

"Stop here," he told the driver. Always he got out several blocks from his lodging. A refugee does not drive up in a smart car with a Nazi emblem. He got out, carrying a small bag, and stood, lighting a cigarette, until the car drove off. No one was in sight. He walked toward the house.

Very interesting, that family he had been with. Very, very interesting. The brother had been a naval officer. He was certainly in touch with London. They were important people, people that London would trust. He smelled something about landings. That sister with the long eyelashes was in on it.

Such fools, these French. All this passion for *la patrie* and *la victoire*. You'd think they'd learn. The thing to do was to be on the winning side.

But these patriots kept life from being dull. This was a good life in Paris. Very amusing. Much more cheerful than the Russian front. Oh, much.

At the sound of the steps Jeanne-Marie slipped to the door and softly unbolted it. She flattened herself against the wall, hoid-

**Who is happy? The one who lost his fears and kept his self-respect.**
—GROVE PATTERSON:
Quoted in Capper's Weekly.

ing the Luger in her hand. She remembered to throw off the safety catch.

A key turned in the lock. The door opened and the light of an electric torch made a circle of brightness on the floor, then on the table. André walked in, shut the door and set down a small bag. He went to the table and switched on the lantern lamp there. The glow from the glass top sent out a soft light. He dropped his torch back in his pocket.

Jeanne-Marie made some movement. André turned like a cat, one hand at his hip.

"Hands up!" she said in a taut voice. "Stay there! Hands up!"

Slowly his hands went up in front of him. He looked at her, this sudden apparition in the astonishing white dress, pointing the Luger at him, and for the first time in their acquaintance she saw a flash of shock in his face. From the extreme surprise she knew that he had thought her dead. Hanged this morning. He had not telephoned, then, since his return. He knew nothing of last night.

Now he began, deliberately, to smile. He said, and he sounded genuinely amused, "What a ferocious little voice!"

"Captain Kummler would not like it if I had a warmer welcome," she said, with slow distinctness. "I promised him the reception would be extremely cool. Don't lower your hands or it will be short."

His hand stayed motionless. "Kummler?"

"Yes. He arranged this." Nazis would believe anything of each other. He could puzzle on that. She said harshly, "Your color is coming back. Did you think I was a ghost?"

"Did I turn pale? You must admit —— But I thought you a charming ghost, Jeanne-Marie. A very—elegant one."

"Your captain bought me this. He is clever, that one. You did not know why he sent you out of town, did you?"

He said nothing to that. But his eyes were narrowing thoughtfully.

"Walk over to that wall," she told him, "and turn your back to me. Put your hands

*(Continued on Page 115)*


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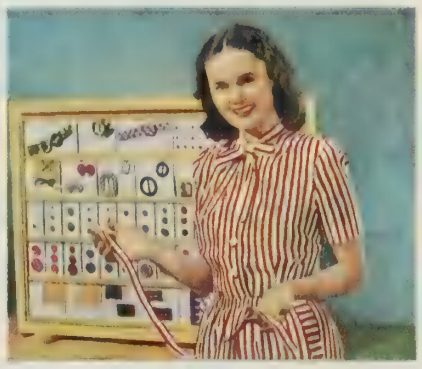
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(Continued from Page 111)

h over your head against the wall. Do
ts, or I shall fire."
His look measured her. Then he obeyed,
in a leisurely fashion.
She said, "Not close to the wall. Stand
ay and lean forward. Press your palms
inst the wall."
She held her arm rigidly ahead of her as
walked toward him. She thrust the
uth of the Luger against his spine before
got close. She was very afraid of this
t. She knew that an agile man can spin
out and wrest away a weapon pressed at
side before the trigger can be pulled. The
ators had shown her how it could be
e. But she did not think he could do it
h his arms above him and the gun at his
e.
t was not easy to touch him. She felt a
zy of repugnance. But she put her left
d in his hip pocket and found the re-
ver. It was small and light. She looked
vn to make sure it was loaded, and flicked
the safety catch.
"I suppose you have a knife, too," she
d, "but I can shoot before you draw it
." She backed away. She felt safer at a
tance.
"May I turn around?" he asked.
"Keep your hands clasped behind your
k. Move slowly. Sit down in that chair—
re." She indicated one near the table
hin glow of the
t. "Keep those
ds up," she cau-
ed tensely. She
down on the edge
he couch opposite
.
"This is the devil
an uncomfortable
ition," he said in
amused sort of
mbling. "What a
e-à-tête! You are a
y difficult ghost,
nne-Marie. But so
tty. Truly, I have
er seen you more
hanting. I hope
have that thing
safe. It has a hair-
gger action."
"I know. It is not
safe."
"It makes an in-
nal noise. They will
ot a hundred hostages if you touch me."
"It is always a hundred with you, isn't
Kummler said you had betrayed a
ndred."
"Kummler?" He seemed to weigh the
ne consideringly. "What is all this about
mmler?"
"We became great friends. I dined with
last night. In his room. We had a beau-
l dinner. And champagne. He bought me
s dress. And a great velvet robe. And
se." With one hand she lifted the white
ds over her silk-clad legs. She was careful
to look down. She said, "You remem-
—he began by offering to buy me silk
ckings. We thought it a great joke."
"Well, well—so you are his *petite amie*,
you?" The amusement in his voice
nded a trifle forced. He was staring at
dress appraisingly.

"YES," said Jeanne-Marie. "That is a
asant name for it. And he finds me too
asing to part with. So—since your pres-
e would be a difficulty ——" The only
ng he could feel would be the pang of being
cked. Betrayal was all he understood. It
med curiously important that this man
uld suffer something in his mind.
But he was not an easy dupe. "No," he
d, rejecting the explanation. "You got
ay, somehow. He's a trusting dumbhead.
is probably biting his nails in fury, afraid
own that he let you get away. I'll bet he
nged someone else to cover up!" That was
lip. His eyes laughed at it and asked her
share the joke, as they had laughed and
ed on that day in the street when he had
yed his impertinent role against Kumm-
. Then his tongue ran on, falling into an
almost caressing tone. "So you came where you knew you'd be appreciated, didn't you, Jeanne-Marie? You knew that in spite of all, I adored you—that it went against the grain ——"

It was not possible, she thought, that he should believe her vulnerable. It simply was not possible. "Go on," she said harshly. "It is very amusing to hear you making love to try to save your life."

"To save my life? Oh, come now, Jeanne-Marie, you could not kill a man."

But his eyes never left her. Behind their gaiety was a wariness that watched its chance. Yet he was not afraid. She saw, with curious astonishment, that he was not afraid. Death, his own death, was incredible to him.

"WHAT did you think you would do?" he went on in the same tone of cheerful raillery. "The scene from Tosca? Lay me out with candles? But I do not see that you brought any candles."

Now his eyes roved about the room. She thought, *He is trying to distract me. Then make a spring.* He was quick as a cat. She knew the way he moved, the strength of his young body. He could crush her, wrest the gun away.

He looked at her again. "Tell me," he said interestedly, "how did you get away?"

She thought, *He thinks that if he can get me to talking, if he can distract me* ——

"You could not have liked that one," he told her. "You were right to come here. You knew that I would hide you. You are angry and you want to scare me, but in your heart you know there is an explanation. We have different faiths, different loyalties—yes. And I was sent to trick you. I admit it. But I did not trick you. I fell in love with you. I did not inform about you. They had the goods on you. They had picked up that man, that man at L'Oiseau Noir, that man who made the papers, and he confessed. So they knew it all anyway. I had to go along with them."

She wanted to say, "There is no man at L'Oiseau Noir," but that would be folly, for he might be too quick for her. It was good to know they believed in that man she had created—she had felt sure they did, or they would have tortured her, but still it was good to hear. Now she must not waste more time.

"There is a paper and pencil on the table," she told him. "Stretch out one hand for them, very slowly. You are to write something. . . . Do not reach for that light."

The light was on the other side of the table. It was not so heavy as the small bronze Venus, but it was dangerous. She watched every move while he took the paper and put it on the flat arm of his chair and poised the pencil over it.

"Now write what I tell you." She had risen now and stood, looking down at him. She said, "Now write this. 'I cannot live without you, my captain.'"

He wrote, then looked up. "What is all this nonsense I am writing?"

"Write on. Say, 'I follow. Forgive me, Fuehrer,' then sign only 'André.'" He might add some other name, she thought, something that would show it false.

He gave her a sudden sharp look. There was awareness in him now—he saw the plan. Something had happened to Kummler. He saw that she had changed pistols, that it was his own she held in her right hand. He looked down, to hide awareness. He wrote. He would write anything to gain time. He must be thinking very intently of expedients.

He signed "André" slowly, then looked up. His face showed nothing but guarded attentiveness.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Ebb Tide*

**BY DORIS BRYANT**

I have spent the morning
Where the shadows meet the sky,
Explaining to myself
How love can die.

I have spent the evening
Where the white surf meets the land,
Picking up my heart
And shaking out the sand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★


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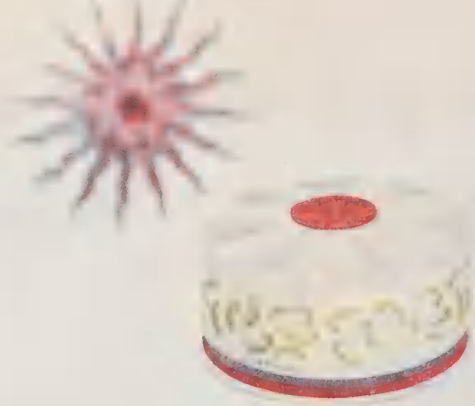
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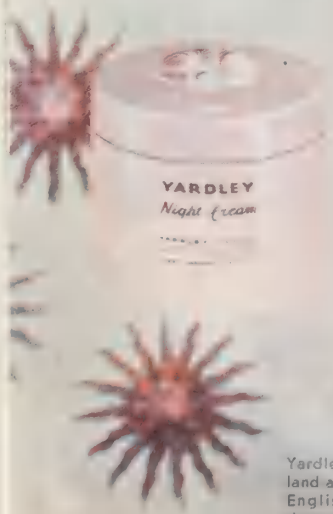
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ADV. N. W. AYER



"Put your right hand in the air," she told him. "Now, with your left, throw the paper on the floor. Toward me."

He did it, watching her as she watched him. There was no pretense in him now that this was an absurd game, done to indulge her whim. Danger was naked, acknowledged. She did not look down at the paper. Her eyes never left him. She was mortally afraid. But this letter had seemed necessary.

And it seemed necessary to say, "It is not for myself—it is for those others ——" But the tense, desperate voice never finished the words. He sprang, hurling himself against her, bearing her backward.

Afterward she did not know how long afterward—she became aware that she was lying on the floor. That was all she knew for a moment—she was on some floor—and her eyes lifted bewilderedly and fixed on the light of the lantern on the table above her. Then recognition came, and memory, and stabbing questions.

---

**The sun is rising on another day. What can I wish that this day may bring to me? A few friends who understand me, and yet remain my friends. A work to do which has real value, without which the world would feel poorer . . . an understanding heart . . . a story of something beautiful the hand of man has made . . . a little leisure . . . and the patience to wait for the coming of these things, with the wisdom to know them when they come.** —W. R. HUNT:
(Adapted) Quoted in The Scrapbook.

---

How long —— That noise. She seemed to remember a noise like a clap of thunder. Had she fired? Fired and missed? Was he gone? Were they coming?

She sat up. She could move then, some particle of her frantic mind recorded. She was not hurt. And he was not gone. He was there, before her. He lay, face down, sprawled across her feet. She drew them back. She got up, picking up the revolver from where it lay on the floor. She was trembling violently. She had fired, then, she thought. She had no recollection of firing, no recollection of anything—save that clap of thunderous noise—from the moment that swift body had launched itself at her.

Had it been only an instant ago or half an hour? Were people at this moment coming to the room, to discover the cause of that sound, or had they come and found the door locked and gone to give an alarm? There was no telephone in the house.

She stood tensed, listening. No sounds of commotion. Perhaps no one had come. People were not eager to run toward trouble in these times. They could persuade themselves that a sound was not a shot but the backfire of a car or a D.A.C. gun at a plane. Even if an alarm had been given she had a few moments.

She stooped over him. There was blood about the head. The floor was dark with it. She had meant to aim for the heart, but when he sprang his head had been down. There was the look of death about that slack, relaxed figure, but she had to make sure. She must look at that head. She must touch it, lift it—look at it. That face which had smiled at others' deaths.

She made herself look at it. She lowered the head and wiped her rigid fingers on her white skirt. Paul would never believe that she could see blood without growing faint. When she had tried to help him in some small surgery —— And now, twice in these terrible hours ——

She had laid down the revolver and now she picked it up and wiped off her prints and put it into his right hand, pressing the fingers about it. Then she pushed it a little away. Perhaps a man dropped a revolver when he died.

The paper was there, creased by their fall, but the writing was clear. She slipped it under the outflung left hand.

Then she peeled off her white dress and found her hair and neck were wet with blood.

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The back of her head was bleeding. It must be badly cut though she felt no pain—she felt nothing but tense, trembling horror and the urgency of fear. She wiped her hands, pulled on her skirt and blouse, fastening them with flying fingers, and then remembered the Luger and found it on the floor where it had dropped from her left hand when she was flung down. She thrust it deep into her blouse again. She crammed the white dress into the basket, slipped the handles over her arms and parted the curtains carefully, not to let them brush against her bloodied head. She climbed through the window.

From the outside she could not close the casements, but they did not open far; they rested against the drawn curtains. There was no wind. No wind to blow away that paper. But it would not blow away, no matter what wind blew, for it lay beneath that hand.

Such a confession might save reprisals, might make the SS hush up the death. They would believe anything scandalous of one another. There were plenty of scandalous relationships. Goering flaunted them, coming into Maxim's with rouged and painted young officers.

She tied on the basket and edged about the dormer and began the struggle up the slanted roof. It was harder to go up than to descend, but she clutched at crevices and broken tiles and dug her toes into cracks, grateful for the rubber soles. Once she slipped badly, cutting her arms and knees on the sharp tiles, but she got a grip again and worked her way to the top of the slope.

Now one slope more, this one a much slighter angle. If she had courage enough, she told herself, she could walk up this easy slant, bending forward, but she was too terrified to try and crawled on to the level top.

It seemed nothing at all now to walk along it. She went almost to the corner, then paused by a cluster of chimneys to look back through the dark. It was too soon to feel safe. If an alarm had been given, the SS men at any moment might come out of trap doors and flash their lights about the roofs. But they would never catch her. She would throw herself off. But if she were connected with the death there would be cruel reprisals on Paul and Marte.

She was conscious now of pain in her head, and suddenly she remembered that there must have been blood on the floor where she had struck and she had forgotten to wipe it up. But it was close to that other blood, the pool about André's head. The SS would not find it strange. A man might jerk about, in dying.

Then she thought, *Whatever happens, it is done.* She had done what she had set herself to do. André was dead. Never again would he betray.

The realization brought a relief so intense that it was dizzying; she put a hand, steadyingly, against one of the chimneys. Never again. He would work no more evil. They were saved, those others whom he would certainly have destroyed. Their work for France, that he would have destroyed, was saved. France was free of him.

A profound exultation went through her. Everything she had endured seemed obliterated—it had not been in vain. She was free of the terrible tension of her fear, of her compulsion. Free—free ——

And free to live, herself, to go on to tomorrow. She had not thought she would have so much luck. Now only a little more strength.

She must not rest with Mlle. Clement. As soon as it was allowed for the French to be on the streets she must be out in that brown coat with kerchiefed head and market basket, making her way across Paris to Mme. Chaffours. Once there she would be safe, or what seemed safe.

She looked out over Paris. The dark roofs rose about her, wave after wave of a wide, motionless sea; Jeanne-Marie seemed to be looking into the depths of it, into all the suffering beneath those roofs. The needless, cruel suffering, the waiting, the despair. She looked down for some moments, her heart full. Then she looked up. Already the sky was brightening.

(THE END)

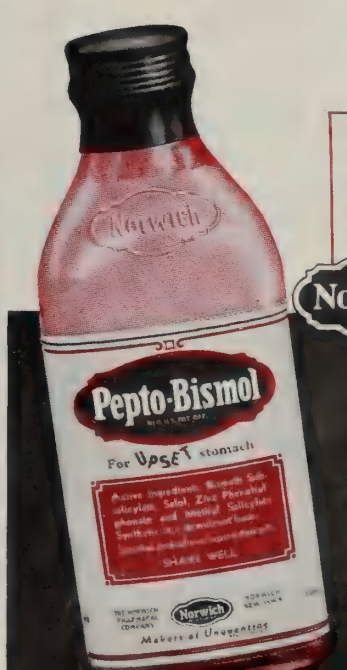
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## BLENDED JUICE

## LITTLE DUCK AND THE SHE-WOLF

*(Continued from Page 23)*

Hope looked up at her—quite far up it was. "Ben Fiddler?" she repeated.

"Now don't interrupt and I'll tell you about it. We'll go in my car, then I won't have to keep saying, 'Straight ahead, turn right.'" As she drove she told them about Ben Fiddler. For five years she had been trying to get him to sell. She herself offered him fifteen thousand cash not three years ago. Now suddenly he was off to Vermont to live with a son. And the house was on the market at—she laughed at the utterly absurd idea—"at eight thousand five hundred."

Hope looked up at Wayne. His eyes were on Tanagra so fixedly he didn't respond. "Well," he said, "that sounds pretty good. I guess we'd better look at it."

"You know—if it hadn't seemed too wacky, I would have had you over here last night at eleven o'clock with a kerosene lantern. I just wish we had made the appointment for nine-thirty." She drove the car a little faster.

"It's like that, is it?" Wayne asked.

"It certainly is," she said. "The last five houses I sold, my clients bought without looking at anything else. One man made his deposit with another broker bringing his client in the front door and a third phoning he was on the way over. It's like that. There is nothing to sell."

"But if a client buys the first house you show him, at least it saves you time—and trouble—and ——"

Hope was cut off. "If they do," Tanagra said. "Some decide to take *just twenty-four hours* to think it over and ——" She shrugged as though their fate were too awful for words.

*She's wonderful*, Hope said to herself. *She could sell igloos to South Africans. A little obvious though.*

"Tell us about it," she said. "How large is it, how much land?"

"Now look, Hoopy," Tanagra said sharply. "You have to let me do this. Naturally I'll tell you about the house, but I want you to understand the situation first. For your own protection."

"Of course," Wayne agreed. "We appreciate that."

"All right," Hope said meekly, "only please drop the 'Hoopy.' I haven't been called that since college."

Tanagra laughed a merry peal across at Wayne. "So sorry," she said with mock seriousness. "Well, this Fiddler house is quite a wreck, of course. No lights, no water in the house—good well, however—no heat." She slowed down. "This is the Manchester place. I sold it twice last year."

"Sold it twice?" Wayne asked.

"I sold it to the Hornbeams—the most attractive couple. Two months later, the Hornbeams were divorced and I sold it for Spike Hornbeam to a retired banker."

"Look, Tanagra, what's good about this house you're going to show us?"

TANAGRA looked at Wayne again and laughed. *The cute impatient child*, her look said. "Well, it's a small house, half very old, half—oh, Greek revival, I suppose you would call it. Nice detail on the windows and trim. It has the largest fireplace I think I ever saw."

Wayne came to life with a start. "Fireplace? Really?"

"In the living room. It used to be the old kitchen—oven and crane and that sort of thing. Another fireplace in a bedroom. The end of the house toward the river ——"

"You mean there's a river?"

"Oh, yes; didn't I say so? The house overlooks the Aponog. In summer you can't see the waterfall, but you hear it."

"Waterfall!"

"We skate just above it. Wonderful fishing. Swimming. Sin always found woodcock through those woods."

"You don't mean it!"

TANAGRA slowed again. "I sold the Kitchells this place last month. They got it for thirty-two five, which isn't bad. Did you know Ted Kitchell at Williams? He's a darling."

*And what did Nancy or Susie or Whatever-her-name-was Kitchell think of the house Tanagra sold her darling Ted? I know I won't like this house*, Hope thought. *I'll hate it.*

"Here's your house," Tanagra said.

Hope took one look and forgot all her annoyance at Tanagra. It was the darlingest little house she had ever seen. It sat not far from the road, but with a tremendous lilac hedge across the front. It was small but dignified, with a wide lawn on one side held in by the lilacs, and lots of room for a vegetable garden and a little orchard on the other. Of course it was shabby, but painted white—or pink!

"Oh, Tanagra!"

"Yes, darling, but you haven't seen anything. Come around to the back."

They walked around the corner and there down below was the river—a beautiful river with grassy edges and overhanging hemlocks. Up above, stretching from one wooded shore to the other, was a dam at least fifty feet wide, with water rushing over it madly. The air was filled with the music.

"Let's go inside," Tanagra said. "Remember, the house goes with it."

But Hope didn't need to go in. This was it, their home, and a thousand times more wonderful than she had ever dreamed.

The inside was dark and smelly and the rooms were small. "Take these two partitions out," Tanagra said, "and make this one big room—windows east, south and west. A big window overlooking the river."

Wayne wasn't listening, he was staring into the old fireplace. "Take five-foot logs," he said in an awed whisper.

"The gun cupboard is around the side of the chimney."

"Gun cupboard!"

They could hardly get him to go upstairs. If this partition was moved and the room with the fireplace made larger, then the other room could be a bathroom. This room would do for the baby—sunshine all day. That for the guest room. It laid itself out for them. Hope wandered into and out of the rooms, trying to imagine them painted white, trying to place their furniture, seeing wallpapers, chintzes.

"I want you to really see that waterfall," Tanagra said. "Do you want to come, too, Hope?"

For that she would go, but Wayne said no. The bank was steep and slippery and there were vines. She'd better wait right there in Fiddler's old chair.

Tanagra's laugh came up the hill again and again and then they disappeared. After hours they came back. Wayne helped Tanagra up the hill, talking hard. He didn't see

### *Green Remainder*

BY MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

Who will pick the papers up
And set the pictures right?
Yesterday I might have cared;
But not tonight.

Yesterday I might have cleared
The cobwebs from this room.
(A kiss, far more than empty hands,
Can wield a broom.)

Tonight your parting hangs like moss
Upon the shaken door;
Who will sweep love's green remainder
From the mind's floor?





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Hope there waiting. "Oh, hello, hon. Now, Tanagra, tell me again; where would you put the big window?" He and Tanagra walked around the corner and Hope followed slowly after them.

This was Tanagra and Wayne's house. She was just someone who was going to have a baby. She had wanted a house more than anything in the world, except the baby, and here it was before her, the darlingest house. She loved it; Wayne loved it—and she was on the brink of tears.

"I want you to meet John Peters," Tanagra said. "He's your nearest neighbor, his land abuts yours."

"Our abuttor," Wayne said. "Our aid and abuttor."

Tanagra laughed a peal of merry laughter and Wayne flushed with pleasure.

Tanagra had obviously had no chance to prepare John Peters for their coming, but he put on an A-1 act. He sat before his fire, a setter on one side, a spaniel on the other, a book on his knee, a drink beside him. He was tall and handsome, with a long British face and graying side locks, good cheekbones, the best Groton-Harvard accent.

The room was lined with books in worn calf, the furniture was blackened oak, the doors showed light only where the dogs had scratched through to the wood. The chintz was faded to dull plum and muddy brick. *They bought it old*, Hope decided. *They never had anything new in their lives.*

---

**Under our present system, a youngster is taught practically everything on earth save the one thing requisite for a happy life—*how to get along with other people.* Every year sees new novelties added to the curriculum: tap dancing, flower arrangement, window trimming; endless devices for enriching one's personal store of information, and catching the elusive penny. But where will you find a class on that most indispensable of all human arts—*how and when to keep your mouth shut?* It is a safe bet that more careers have been crippled by ignorance on this subject than by all other handicaps put together.**

—ELSIE ROBINSON: The Clearing House.

---

The other half of "they" did not appear. "She's driving the youngsters to a children's forum," John Peters explained and shoved his pipe back in halfway through the sentence. *Anyone caught with his pipe out of his mouth is a rotten egg*, Hope told herself as Wayne pulled out his pipe and lighted up. She was tired and hateful and she didn't care if she was.

"Isn't this perfect, Hope?" Wayne said, looking around the dark musty room. Hope could see him mentally measuring the fireplace and finding his own longer. Then Tanagra took him to see the barn and herb room.

John Peters turned to her with twinkling eyes. *I get it*, she thought. *He works on the lady clients. I'm supposed to fall for him the way Wayne has fallen for Tanagra.*

"I have given much thought to just who I would like to see in Ben Fiddler's house," John Peters said. "As you can see, it is something very special."

"Yes, it is," she had to agree. "It's a little duck."

"Exactly." He pointed his pipe at her as though she had hit the word he had sought for months. "A little duck. Exactly. So many people wouldn't get it at all. Tanagra has a genius for matching people and places."

That might well be. "There's a lot to be done to it."

He agreed. "That, to me, is the best part. To buy a house, unlock the door, move your traps in—a pretty dull program, don't you think? And as for a newly built house"—he shook his head sadly—"completely lacking in ——" He lifted his glass of port.

"Bouquet," she supplied.

He pointed his pipe at her again. "Exactly."

*I'm as bad as Wayne*, she thought. *He opens the door and I walk in like a dumb bunny.*


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**LARVEX**


*If he points that pipe at me again I'll say "bang-bang."*

Going home, they drove slowly by the Fiddlers' house.

"John Peters and I named it Little Duck," she told Wayne and Tanagra.

Tanagra laughed. "Cute."

*I guess when people give a house a name she knows it's sold. Maybe she'll relax now and let Wayne alone.*

Tanagra's house was the antithesis of John Peters'. The fish that escaped his net got their gills fatally tangled in hers. There were wide bow windows letting in fifty square miles of sunny landscape. There were chintzes of chartreuse and light blue and scarlet at twenty-five dollars a yard, and organdy curtains with ruffles a foot wide, and white rugs. The furniture was pearwood and satinwood, and mirrors everywhere. The lamps, not tea canisters and coffee mills like John Peters', but priceless *sang de boeuf* vases. Tanagra's bathroom had a fireplace in it!

"Wayne and I are going out to the kennels," Tanagra called up the stairs. "Come on out, darling. Out beyond the garage."

She watched them from the window. If Wayne looked back she would go. He didn't. She stretched on the chaise longue and considered the whole horrid business. It would be like this from now on. Tanagra, only a mile away, would drop in and invite Wayne here and command him to go there. Wayne would of course offer to stay home with her and she would urge him to go. If he went she'd be hurt; if he stayed home, ashamed. *If I weren't encumbered I wouldn't let her do it. I can hold my own against any old she-wolf, but she's got me while I'm down.*

What Hope couldn't understand was why Tanagra was doing it. She had thought at first it was just to sell the house. Suddenly she understood. She stopped crying, aghast at the awfulness of it. There were no houses to sell—so Tanagra sold a house and then, if by any chance the couple that bought it should happen to get a divorce, she sold it over again. Like the Hornbeams.

"Hope." Wayne was under the window. "You all right, darling?"

"Oh, yes. I'm fine."

She brushed up her hair before Tanagra's triple-mirrored, two-yard-long dressing table. As if Tanagra could ever get Wayne to a point where he would let Hope get to a point where she would want a divorce. Nobody could separate them. And of course Tanagra wasn't that bad. She was a shocking, low-lived she-wolf, but not that bad. She went down the stairs all smiles. Tanagra and Wayne didn't hear her—partly because of the thickness of the white stair rug. Partly because Tanagra was playing on one of the pair of grand pianos and Wayne was staring at her, smiling.

*I'm not going to buy Little Duck,* she decided then and there. She knew it was silly about the divorce business, she knew Wayne didn't really care two cents about Tanagra, but she wasn't going to let any woman alive put that silly look on his face.

At lunch Wayne brought up a few practical questions, more as something that was expected of him than as though he really cared about the answer. "Do you know a good contractor?"

She nodded, smiling. Obviously she would know the best contractor in the state.

"I suppose the title is O.K."

"We have it searched. It costs three quarters of one per cent of the sales price."

Hope could see that Wayne was thinking about his fireplace and she was berating herself as a rat. He'd recover in time, she tried to tell herself. They'd find a house that would do—in New York State or somewhere.

After lunch Tanagra said, "Let's go into my office, Wayne. You can write out the check there. A hundred dollars will do it. This will serve as a legal binder until the contract is signed."

Hope gave herself a vicious push. "Check?" she asked naively. "What is Wayne writing a check for?"

Tanagra almost gave her up. "Look, darling," she said with terrific patience. "You

*(Continued on Page 123)*


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*Tune In: John Charles Thomas, Sun. 2:30 EST., N.B.C. • Ted Malone, Mon. Through Fri., 11:45 A.M., EST., American Broadcasting Co. Network*

(Continued from Page 121)

't expect Ben Fiddler to hold that place
t for your pretty blue eyes."

"You mean you thought we were buying
t house? Why, Wayne, you didn't want
buy that place, did you? I never dreamed
were serious. It's rather cute, but I
nk we ought to look at lots and lots of
ises before we decide."

Wayne was counting ten. "Darling, Tan-
a told us there aren't lots of houses to
k at. And what there are cost more than
can pay."

"Oh, I guess there will be others."

"But Hope—I thought you liked it.
thought—I was sure ——" Then she
him remembering his mother's warn-
. "Of course, darling, we'll do as you
—but ——"

Tanagra considered Hope's act suspi-
usly. "It's nothing to me whether you
the Fiddler house or not. I have at least
clients who will grab it so fast it will make
ur hair curl."

She probably had. Darn her—darn
men—and men—and love. Going home,
yne asked her at least ten times if she felt
right. She nodded, feeling in the utter-
st depths of lousiness.

Finally he couldn't stand it any more. "Is
our idea that you want to look for some-
ng else? Of course you know Tanagra
d she couldn't even show us a cellar hole
der thirty-five thousand."

"There are other towns."

"But we both decided Wayover was where
wanted to live."

"I know."

"Funny—I could have sworn you were
zy about that house."

"It is funny, isn't it?" They went a mile
rer to the crowded little apartment, a
e farther from Little Duck, and then,
Wayne"—she didn't know what she was
ng to say, but she had to do more than
her cheek against his sleeve—"Wayne,
ve you—I mean even more than I thought
lid—and I thought I loved you much
re than you ever imagined."

He laughed and leaned over and kissed
.

MONDAY night Wayne came home looking
though the canary had slipped down like
oyster. After a few minutes of working
to it he said, "By the way, Tanagra says
has dug up another house and wants to
w if we want to come out Sunday."

"Oh—did she phone you?"

"Yes, but she was in a phone booth and a
waiting, so I met her at the Biltmore.
She was taking the five-fifty-six."

So, giving up Little Duck accomplished
it! Instead of going skating and shooting
d walking together—where she would at
st see them go and return—they would
et in the city secretly. Tanagra would
ne running to town every few days with
ouse she had "dug up." And Wayne would
et her thinking they were real houses.

Hope sat on the couch pretending to read,
t behind her book she had the plans she
d been working on all day. The paper was smutty and nothing was in scale—the fireplace was larger than the kitchen—but she had decided where to put a window in the baby's room and where the linen closets would go. And she had a wonderful idea for the kitchen. Atlee Tower had an arrangement in the barn he made over—a sort of bar between the dining room and kitchen. They could copy that. Wayne would love it. She was dying to tell him about it, but what was the use? They couldn't build bars in someone else's house. One of Tanagra's clients undoubtedly bought it today.

"Don't you feel so good?" Wayne asked.

SHE listened back over her last few breaths. Had she groaned or sniffed or something? Then she saw that Wayne had a paper in his book too. He had added up $8500 and three fourths of 1 per cent of $8500. The darling! She *had* to do something. There might still be time to get the house if only she could think up an idea for protecting Wayne from Tanagra. All sorts of idiotic notions went through her head. Dyeing Wayne's hair a repulsive green. Pushing him down stairs so he broke a leg and couldn't skate or take walks. Pushing Tanagra downstairs so she broke two legs. In despair she looked down at the book she was reading, The Mother and the Preschool Child. And there it was! Just the idea she needed. If the child gets hold of something dangerous, like a carving knife, don't grab it away but substitute something just as bright.

Whom did she know who was as shiny as Wayne? She made a list of their good-looking friends and worked it down to one. As soon as Wayne left in the morning she phoned Cassie Throop. It was such ages since she had seen Cassie, how about lunch? Cassie had a date, but asked them over for the evening. Poor Wayne was so busy these nights—but she, Hope, would love to come.

The few friends jammed the apartment. Cassie said nice things about Hope's hat, called Tom to get her a drink and went to meet new arrivals.

Hope backed Tom into a corner—he was undoubtedly very handsome—and went to work. "I hear you are looking for a house in the country." A safe beginning these days.

He admitted they were being evicted. Who wasn't?

"I know the most wonderful girl in real estate. She's an absolute wizard. Why don't you go see her?"

"Sure. We will. . . . Darling, don't drink that stuff."

"Would this week end be all right? I'll phone and make an appointment. Saturday or Sunday?" She was breathless with her effort and he had dropped like ripe fruit.

"Saturday or Sunday. Fine idea. . . . Where did you say this girl operates?"

"Wayover, Connecticut—the prettiest town. You'll love it."

"Oh, no, not Wayover. That's too far out."

She grabbed his sleeve. "But it isn't. Only an hour—and club cars and—any day they'll have planes ——"

"Anyway, Cassie saw a place she liked on Long Island." He smiled down at her. "If



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you have a reason for drinking that stuff—good luck."

She put the tomato juice down. Her hand shook so she would spill it. Tanagra did it so easily. She would have acted bored with the whole thing, agreed that Wayover was miles out, and he would have rushed for a train to buy. Salesmen are born. She looked at the crowd. Surely someone, someone not too unattractive, wanted a house in Wayover.

"Did you say Wayover, Connecticut?" a voice behind her asked.

She swung around. "Oh, yes—do you know Wayover?"

He was old—over fifty probably—but tall and very erect, with a white mustache and a manner. He would do.

"I've heard of it. Rather suburban, isn't it?"

"Oh, no—it's way out. I mean—well, it depends ——"

"On whether you fly or walk." He had a great ho-ho laugh. "Well, I'm thinking of buying a farm—not anything too large. Seventy-five acres, maybe. Thought I'd try my hand at sheep."

"Wayover might be just the place." How could she be blasé with this handed to her! "We've just bought a little place out there. The girl who found it for us is so clever, if there were a place for you she might know."

"Well—why don't I drop her a line?" He pulled out a notebook. "What's her name?"

"She's terribly busy."

"Nonsense. No real-estate agent is ever too busy to take on a new client."

"There isn't much for sale out there."

"Well, it wouldn't do any harm to try."

It worked! Men were all the same. If they can't have it they want it. She was almost too excited to breathe. "It just happens I'm going out tomorrow, if you'd care to come."

"Why not? Let's phone her now, then she can be thinking over what I want. Where's a phone?" He had her by the arm, making a path through the crowd. Tanagra would love him.

They went around the corner to the hotel. He was Col. Archibald Reese, a bachelor. He had a little place in Florida and an apartment in the city. Used to have a villa at Cannes.

"He'd like just a small farm," she told Tanagra. "Not more than a hundred acres. And barns and stables and things. He has a something of ponies—string, is it? If it has a swimming pool, so much the better."

"If he'd asked for that last week," Tanagra said, "I would have laughed in his face. But it's the funniest thing. You might be describing the Mitchells' farm. Does he look good for a hundred thousand?"

Hope looked out of the booth. "Oh, yes. We'll take the ten-ten train, then. And Tanagra, has—is there any news of Little Duck? I mean is it sold?"

"Ben Fiddler's place? No, I haven't heard a thing. Bill Curtis was showing it to someone when I came by. Thanks for digging up the colonel, darling."

The colonel was charming all the way out in the train. He was so much better than Tom Throop would have been! And the fact that he was a bachelor soothed her conscience. She never had conspired against people before.

Tanagra came across the grass to meet them. "Hello, Hope. What fun." She looked at Hope. But she knew the colonel was there.

And did the colonel know she was there! His bright blue eyes were bugging out inches. She had made the appointment with Jean Mitchell for after lunch, Tanagra told him, laughing that wonderful laugh.

"Hope," she called upstairs, "I'm taking the colonel out to see the kennels. Come out, darling. Out beyond the garage."

Hope laughed. How different everything is when you have taken the carving knife out of the baby's hands and given it a nice safe rattle! Tanagra could take him out to see the kennels and over the fields and far away for all she cared. It was working wonderfully.

"Is Mrs. Tyler here?" the maid asked at the door. "Mrs. Mitchell on the phone."

Hope's hair rose a fraction. Could anything be wrong now? Oh, sweet heaven, no.


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It could. She ran and got Tanagra and Tanagra phoned Mrs. Mitchell. Then she came into the room and announced with superb self-control that the Mitchell place was sold. The three sat and said nothing. The colonel had lost a home, Tanagra had lost a whacking commission, but Hope thought it was hardest on her. It made such a fool of her! If Wayne knew what she had done! Of course there was just a chance, now the colonel and Tanagra had met, that it might continue.

"There isn't another thing in this town. Or any town around," Tanagra said bluntly.

The colonel was furious. He had planned to go look at a place in New Jersey today. Tanagra did not like men who got furious. "New Jersey!" She laughed. She linked it with the Utah badlands and the Black Hole of Calcutta. He pulled out a timetable to see when he could get a train.

Tanagra turned to Hope. "Wayne was asking me about an Afghan hound. I dropped him a line about one yesterday. I'll take him to see it this week end if he comes out."

She nodded numbly and followed Tanagra into the dining room. She couldn't eat, she was still holding a cocktail glass of her everlasting old tomato juice untouched. She turned to the maid beside her to shake her head and then gasped.

"Sweetbreads," she burst out. "Oh, I'm so sorry—but—I do like—sweetbreads," and she burst into tears.

"Nothing like hitting your guests' tastes," Tanagra said. "They aren't usually so uproarious about it—but glad you're pleased."

The colonel laughed and Tanagra laughed and Hope choked over every mouthful because now she knew, no matter how black it looked, everything would come out all right.

"Telephone, Mrs. Tyler."

---

**If you don't claim too much intelligence, people will give you credit for more than you have.**

—ANON.

---

"Take the message, Tillie." Tanagra gestured her despair to the colonel. "What's the use? Another fine fellow about to hate me because I can't find him a house."

He patted her hand. "Now, my dear Tanagra, you take it too much to heart. You give too much of yourself."

She got up. "Of course it might be a listing, Archie. A hundred-acre farm with a swimming pool and a squash court."

They didn't hear Tanagra answering. And she didn't come back. They waited and waited. Then Hope listened and hurried into Tanagra's office. There was Tanagra with her head in her arms, sobbing.

"Tanagra!"

She looked up. Her make-up was horribly streaked, her hair streaming down. "It's Sin. He's coming home—and he's going to sta-a-ay." She blubbered. Just like Hope. Just like anyone. "He's probably going to write a book. I'm such a fool about that guy—it's thrown me off my stride." She blew her nose. "Aren't we fools, Hope?"

Hope put her arms around her and they wept together over women—and men—and love.

"Tanagra, my dear," the colonel said when he got a chance, "if something should come on the market—large or small—not too far away, of course ——"

"I wouldn't know about it. I wouldn't know if the state of Connecticut came on the market tied up in blue ribbon. You'd better take that place in New Jersey. New Jersey's wonderful. God's country."

Wayne was awfully funny on the phone. He didn't know Hope had gone to Connecticut and he never heard of Archie and he couldn't remember who was called Little Duck. He just kept asking her if she felt all right. She laughed and laughed. It was so silly of his mother to tell him those stories about women getting queer notions. Such nonsense!

"I feel wonderful, darling. I'm just trying to tell you we've bought it—Little Duck—our house."


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***Charming Ilka Chase, like her Miss Tilli Bean, comes from Quaker stock.***

was staying at the same house, but the little American girl held her own.

Like Tilli Bean, Ilka Chase comes direct from Quaker stock, and like Tilli, little Ilka used the "thee" of the Friends right through her childhood. But Tilli Bean went to Europe to live, and there the two figures, real and fictitious, part. Tilli Bean got herself a job in a high-class dressmaking establishment in Paris, and in due time became a famous dress designer with a line of beaux that were the pick of the international market. In fact, clothes and sex run a close race for interest in the story. We are betting on the clothes.

• • •

**We know a teacher in high school who has two pupils in her classes who *cannot read.* Another teacher we know, in the second grade, says that she is obliged to promote children whether they can read or not, lest they get an inferiority complex. This may be extreme, but the fact remains that reading comes hard to millions of Americans. The majority of people read only if they are obliged to. Tabloids are the popular newspapers because in them people can look at pictures instead of words. At Columbia University, in New York, tests have been made in the reading habits of ordinary persons, and the revelations of illiteracy and semi-illiteracy are scandalous. And whose fault is it? Apparently it is the fault of those who do the writing. They use long words and long sentences and too many clauses, and the reader gets tired or bored.**

**But there's a book out now which could change all this. It is a book which every teacher and politician and clubwoman and research worker and clerk and minister and labor delegate and ad writer and lawyer and government official would do well to read. It is THE ART OF PLAIN TALK, by *Rudolf Flesch*, and it tells you "how to speak and write so that people understand what you mean"—just that.**

**It is a model of simplicity itself. The author has worked out a formula for clarity, and exercises for putting the formula into practice. Here are a few suggestions picked out at random: "*Try to keep sentences under twenty words.*" (Tests have shown that the sentence of 8 words is very easy; of 11 words, easy; of 14 words, fairly easy; of 17 words, standard; of 21 words, fairly difficult; of 25 words, difficult; of 29 or more words, very difficult.) "*Don't make the memo a sermon or prolonged lecture or a display of book learning. Make up a Gobbledygook Dictionary and make it unpopular to use any word on the list.*" ("Gobbledygook" means big foolish words and wasted words.) "*Do not use rhetorical questions. Do not use metaphors without an explanation. Do not use irony.*" (Half the people won't get it.) As the author says, this is a book for everyone who has to speak or write to anyone outside his or her own family; the family will tell you soon enough if they don't understand.**

## UNDER-COVER STUFF

*(Continued from Page 4)*

Chips, the dog hero of the invasion of Sicily, was awarded the Silver Star. Now he is home with his family in Pleasantville, New York, but like so many of the men who went through the campaign with him, he is still unadjusted. "He doesn't seem to wag his tail as much as before going to war," his master says, "but I suppose he is suffering from battle fatigue." Chips was sired by a Husky and born of a part-collie and part-shepherd. Besides the Silver Star he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, but the War Department revoked the latter because of protests from persons who believed such medals should be reserved for human beings. During campaign days romance was not encouraged among the dogs, but Chips and Mena, a German shepherd,

INTERNATIONAL



***Johnny hugs his "Chips," the only Silver Star war dog.***

did have an affair, and although Mena suffered shell shock in the first North Africa landings, her nine pups were born healthy and normal. Four of them, Marquis, Gus, Butch and Runt, were sent home for basic training and later entered military service. Chips is one of the many characters from real life in ***John M. Behan's*** DOGS OF WAR.

• • •

***Fletcher Pratt,*** the author of THE NAVY'S WAR and FLEET AGAINST JAPAN, is a first-class historian and a man of parts in every way. He also has a very pretty wife. Not only pretty, but practical, and a valuable person to have about when you need a taxicab. She can whistle louder than any doorman in New York.

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***"But you're mistaken, I assure you. I was whistling for a cab."***

**And speaking of whistling: *Peggy Joyce,* the much-married, once rented her house in New York to *George Kaufman,* the playwright. In the master-mistress bedroom was a gold whistle—18-carat, we're sure—Miss Joyce never felt safe in her bedroom, she told Mr. Kaufman, without it. Mrs. Pratt's whistle, incidentally, is of the lungs.**

• • •

***Kathleen Winsor,*** we learned from spending a week under the same roof with her, is a girl of character. The world knows how she went into seclusion for five years, immersed herself in the Restoration Period, and finally brought forth FOREVER AMBER. She entered the novitiate as a sophomore in college when she married another sophomore in college and began reading over his history notes. She ended it on the eve of her husband's departure for the Pacific. In fact, as we recall, the two of them put the manuscript in the mailbox on the night before Bob went away. But on the ranch where we met her last fall, she showed other—if lesser—marks of the strong-minded will-to-do. No one could pick up a pencil with her toes the way Kay Winsor could. In fact, she was called The Foot. It was an art she had worked on, and she was as nonchalant about

INTERNATIONAL



***This is not Kathleen, but if she keeps practicing it could be.***

picking up that pencil as most girls are with a cigarette. (As a matter of fact, Miss Winsor does not smoke, nor does she take a cocktail, nor does she—in spite of Amber's proclivities—swear.)

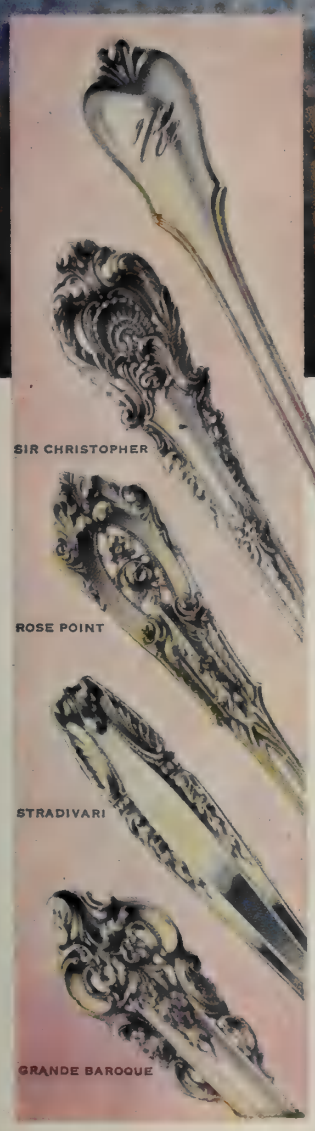
Feet were quite a topic on the ranch. It seems that on the street Kay always wears high-heeled, open-toed and open-heeled shoes, especially made for her. The one winter that she spent in New York was one of our coldest and slushiest, but never an overshoe and never a pair of rubbers—never any compromise—for the author of F. A. Before the trip to the ranch, she had never been on a horse. But she persisted in daily riding long after 6′ 3″ Bob, her marine-hero All-American football husband, was wearied and lame and sore. She also took up table tennis for the first time.

While she was in New York she began studying the art market with a view to buying some pictures. (There's a wonderful liberty of choice when you've written a book like hers and sold it to the movies.) Miss Winsor now knows her Picassos and her Renoirs and her Georgiana O'Keefes and her Marins. When she and Bob planned the South American trip of this past winter-spring, she set herself the task of knowing Spanish. And we feel entirely confident that she now speaks Spanish and refuses a word of English to all the Latin Americans she comes across, though Bob, we feel quite as sure, sticks to English. But we have no confirmation of all this.

*(Continued on Page 128)*

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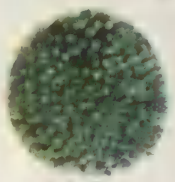
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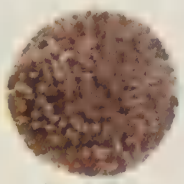
*Mauve*



*Beige*



*Apple Green*



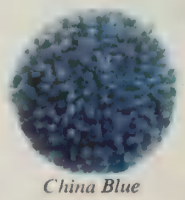
*Maple Tan*



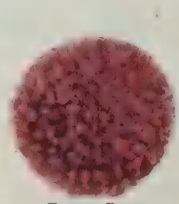
*Dawn Grey*



*Spanish Wine*



*China Blue*



*Dusty Rose*

# CAN AMERICA BE PROSPEROUS IN A SEA OF HUMAN MISERY?

(Continued from Page 35)

Mrs. Roosevelt," she asked in her low, active voice, "do you think the women America—or any of America—really erstand the conditions overseas?"

No," said Mrs. Roosevelt, and she shook head. "None of us could understand how ble things are in Europe, without going actually seeing them. Even pictures of mbing remain only pictures to us, unless ave stood among the rubble and destruc- ourselves, as you and I have. That is those of us who have been in Europe Asia must try to stir the sympathetic ination of the rest, so that they will at understand with their hearts that the for help is desperate."

was significant that the mahogany cu- at Mrs. Roosevelt's elbow held no groan- lates of angel cake and crumpets today; was a plate of buttered brown-bread . There was a plate of small cookies. was all. On the tea table, a fine silver gian service stood against the cloth of ow linen, the blue-dragon teacups of a ern once carried in every five-and-ten- store. Behind Mrs. Roosevelt hung half en unpretentious water colors of Venice; to them is a set of rare and precious er sunsets. Across the room a fine ox- l Chinese vase stands a few feet from nch of jonquils and snapdragons in a glass holder. On a plain, green sofa, Malvina Thompson sat and knitted a 's pink woollies; at her elbow was Na- on's elegant, rococo chocolate set in a display case. Overstuffed chairs, with ght splash of flowers on their slip covers, ed a standing mahogany bridge lamp, h a Park Avenue decorator would im- ately junk.

is is a room in which a busy woman can her friends at ease; it was never meant ate functions or elbow-length kid gloves rties at which "medals will be worn." , such a formal world seems as obsolete muel Insull.

The devastated world must be rebuilt," ated Mrs. Roosevelt. "And I think we'd r face the fact that either *we* will take ead in building it, or Russia will. Cer- y Great Britain cannot do it. She will, nk, rehabilitate herself, and do it very but there will be no margin left over for ng on the bigger job. So if we Ameri- don't restore the ruined countries, who Russia will?"

w Mrs. Roosevelt, the hostess, leaned from the dainty ritual of the teacups became Eleanor Roosevelt, spokesman he hungry and oppressed. Her gestures me more ample and precise. She was a haired Portia, entering her earnest and dered plea:

Ve Americans," she said softly, "cannot t to live on a little island of prosperity sea of human misery. If we try to, thing frightful will happen to us, and we be swamped too.

Ve cannot make our political system, view of life, seem appealing to other es, if we are withholding friendly help them in the way of food. That would y make them our enemies, drive them the arms of a Russia which appears to more sympathy for their troubles."

RE was a little silence, broken by a taxi horn outside in the square. Mrs. evelt spoke intensely, her eyes never ng those of her listeners.

Mind you," she said, "I am not saying ing disagreeable about Russia; if it had been for the Russian war effort, there t be no Europe left today. We must re- ber that. And maybe"—her mind spec- d for a moment—"maybe it would be d thing for Russia to do the rebuilding But if we don't want her to, if we think we ourselves have something better to ribute to the world, why, then we had r make sure that we *do* contribute it, n a way that shows our essential friend- s to other people when they are in le.

"Make no mistake. The world is in deep trouble today. Europe has disintegrated. The social structure, the underpinnings of all life are gone."

Mr. Gould set down his blue-and-white cup. "And it is unlikely that people who are faced with conditions as desperate as that will remain static in their political beliefs?"

Mrs. Roosevelt nodded. The pearl fleur-de-lis on her black crepe dress caught the light from the shaded lamp. She moved her hands (innocent of nail polish) in a platform-speaker's gesture of assent.

"Remember that the hard core of the Resistance movement in Europe was often the Communists, who were well trained and well disciplined. The Russians have really all they can do now, in winning security and more prosperity for their own people; but if we refuse to help the others, Europe may go Communist by default."

## *My Mother Loved Her Roses*

**By Jenny Lind Porter**

**My mother loved her roses. Each young bud**
**Was like a person to her: a small child**
**Who first looks out on life, o'er which the flood**
**Of hours is yet impending, and the wild,**
**Wild torrent of the years is yet to break.**
**My mother knew the Infinite could make**
**Far lovelier things, but still she ever flew**
**Unto her secret thought: "God loved these too!"**

**My father loved the stars—and he could see**
**Beyond their baffling web of mystery.**
**He walked among them, like a saint apart,**
**And something of their splendor lit his heart;**
**My father loved ▪ Master's plan unfurled,**
**But mother loved the roses of the world!**

"These are *big* matters, Mrs. Roosevelt," said Mrs. Gould. "Matters of state, and interesting to all of us as citizens. But is there nothing—nothing that we American women can do to help the Europeans more directly?"

Mrs. Roosevelt turned attentive eyes.

"Yes," she said. "That is one of the things I wanted to tell you about. I have a plan by which we can, each of us, do something to show friendship to a single European family in need. It is for a voluntary stream of offerings from individual American homes. I myself am now able to furnish lists of European families who stand in desperate need of food packages. I can give the names of schools in Europe to schools here, if a group of our children should wish to send their candy bars abroad. The kind heart of the individual American can do a great deal to show the individual European that we feel for them all as neighbors. Do you think the American women would like the idea?"

"I am sure they would," said Mrs. Gould.

The telephone in the hall rang and Miss Thompson moved to answer it. Washington wanted Mrs. Roosevelt? Washington must wait; this was a woman who has learned the art of one thing at a time.

"Little things mean so much," she went on. "I sent a box of candy to Princess Juliana in Holland, and I had the most thrilling letter back from her. It was the first candy her children had had since they left America. They live on exactly the same diet as the other Dutch children, you know; and, in Europe, that isn't much. The food allowance, in all the countries on the Continent, is only fifteen hundred calories a day; in Italy, I am shocked to hear, even that little may soon be cut in half."

"ARE there women's organizations on the Continent, as there are in England, who could help arrange for these food packages?" Mrs. Gould was very intent in her questioning; she, too, has visited Europe: in 1942 and again in 1945, just before the war's end, after the bad bombings had occurred. She has seen the pinched faces of the undernourished children.

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Roosevelt nodded. "In Holland, for instance, there was a women's organization which attempted to feed the neediest during the war; twice it was suppressed by the Germans and forced to go underground. But it is operating today. This group has lists of children, of old people, of invalids—of all kinds of Hollanders to whom a food package from America might mean life itself.

"On the Continent, you know, nearly all the common articles of life have been destroyed. Besides the scarcity of food, there is a lack of paper and pencils for school children, pins and needles and thread and hairpins for adults. Such articles would be received with warm gratitude if American families chose to send them."

For a moment Mrs. Roosevelt was silent over the tragedy of a Europe reduced to rubble. But her resiliency returned. The widow of the late President gave her head a little shake and returned to a question of the type that always interests her most: What can be *done* about it? What is the course of action indicated for today, tomorrow—no later, surely, than next week?

"Some Americans still think we have done all we can for Europe already," put in Mrs. Gould. "They believe that our UNRRA contribution of food is all we need to meet."

The President's widow sat up straighter in her chair. (She is no lounger and she does not fidget as she talks. Mrs. Roosevelt, who is 61, belongs to the tradition that says a lady never raises her hand to her head in public, to the generation which learned posture by carrying a dictionary on its head.)

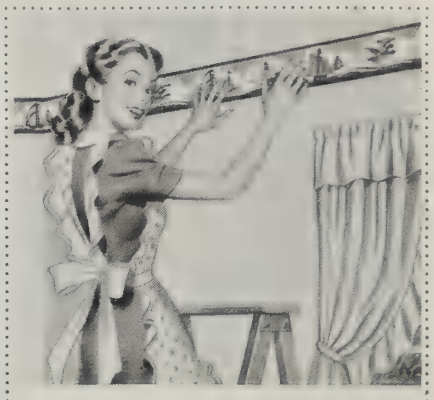
"We Americans are *not* doing all that we could do, for we are still a pioneer nation, a very wasteful nation. If we are willing to try, we can learn a greater economy in our use of food than we have ever practiced. *And I do not think that such a change would even mean a serious sacrifice.* We need give only a little more care and thought, as a gift to the desperately needy people overseas.

"Suppose that we decide that things—all the things we own—must be used to the greatest possible advantage. Do you see? That would entail going through our clothes closets and taking out the garments that are never worn, having them repaired, if necessary, and sending them abroad. No woman can feel that it is a great loss if she gives away the dress and coat she hasn't worn for the past twelve months; yet such a gift may mean a lot in Europe.

"And in the way of food," she went on, "all of us can learn to be far better housekeepers. It isn't really necessary that we eat three or four courses at a meal; most of us would just as lief eat two things for lunch as four things. And if we did, European lives might be saved—at a very minor sacrifice on our part.

"I should like to see slim meals become fashionable in America, as they are in Europe among the few families over there who


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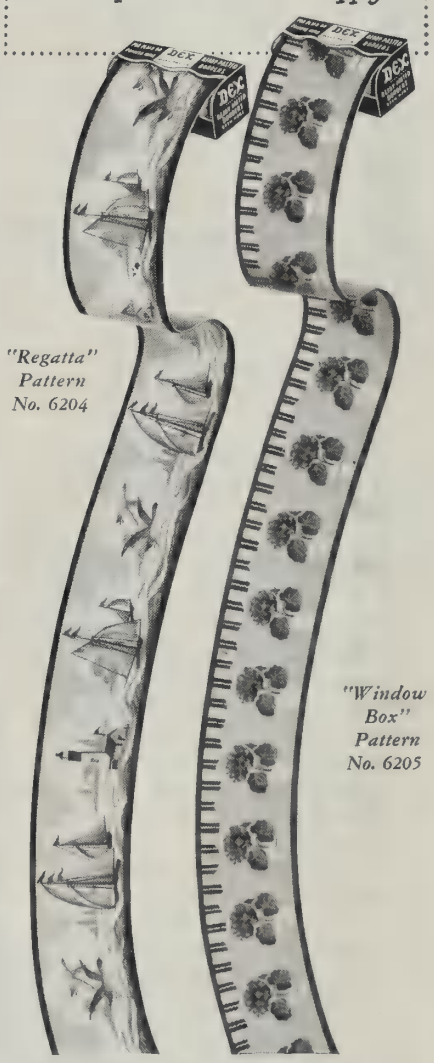


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could, if they wished, eat more than their share. Nowhere in England did I get more than three courses—no, not even at the table of the King of England!"

Mr. Gould leaned forward. The marble clock on the mantelpiece chimed six. There was darkness over the park now, and the pool of light from the table lamp showed a deeper glow of gold.

"Is it your feeling," he asked, "that Americans owe these small sacrifices to the rest of the world because of our common humanity? Or do you feel that sending supplies to Europe is an act of enlightened selfishness—a sort of insurance, taken out to protect our own political future?"

"My feeling," said Mrs. Roosevelt—and she spoke quickly, eagerly, as if she had thought of the matter many times before—"my feeling is that we might, possibly, ignore Europe's needs and get along pretty well by ourselves for the next few years if we wished to be selfish and shortsighted to that degree. But that is because Americans today have a backlog of savings, which they are eager to spend for new consumers' goods. And this demand will keep our factories humming only until the savings accounts have been spent and the buying spree is ended.

"And then what? Suppose that we have allowed Europe to become, politically and economically, even more prostrate and helpless than she is today; what will happen when our own people no longer have the money to buy the goods we produce? Under such conditions we will have, in America, the dreary cycle of closing factories, falling values, unemployment, wholesale misery."

A moment's silence fell over the quiet, twilit little room. A child's voice crying "Com-ing" sounded from the street. The black Scotch terrier—the beloved Fala, fully recovered from his wounds—stretched himself and sank back at his mistress' feet.

"It is very simple, really," she continued, thinking out her sentences carefully as she spoke. "People who are not working cannot buy. We must help Europe to start to work again, perhaps even to train her industrially, so they can be our customers. We will have to do this thing through many methods, some of them governmental, for our own long-term benefit. But there is no conflict between the government-activated plans and the one we were discussing—the little human contributions of food and clothes and other needed articles from an individual American family to a grateful family in any of the devastated regions abroad."

"Now that war is over, is there still actual suffering in England?" asked Mrs. Gould, out of a memory of her trip to that country a year ago.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Roosevelt. "Life in England is very drab. Food is even harder to obtain than it was during the war, than you and I remember it, and the only differences peace has brought are the disappearance of the bombs and the blackout and the fact that the men are beginning to come home. I felt that some of the Englishwomen who have stood up so magnificently, so patiently, throughout the war, are beginning to say to themselves, '*Now* I deserve a rest.' And that attitude makes it even harder for them to go on doing the necessary things. England still needs our help.

"But I would like to impress one thing on you," she said, and she chose her words very slowly and precisely, as if she were reading them off an invisible manuscript. "That is the fact that we have obligations to Russia, too; she must rebuild devastated regions of her own. Russia has never brought up this matter, but we cannot forget her people's suffering, just because they do not complain. Back of much that is hard to understand in the Russian foreign policy, I believe, is this dreadful hardship of her citizens."

Mr. Gould interrupted: "You do not regard it, as so many do, as appeasement to yield to the necessities of a nation like Russia?"

Mrs. Roosevelt's gestures were emphat ample, precise. "I do not regard as appea ment anything which is fair, or which i recognition of the legitimate aspiration of a nation. But"—there was a moment of st ness, of suspense—"I regard as equally i portant our own obligation to stand up what we think are the rights of human bein to defend the principles *we* believe to essential for civilization and progress."

Mr. Gould smiled. "And that was why spoke up against the Russian delegate, Vishinsky, in favor of the political minorit the displaced persons who did not wish to sent back into Russian-dominated areas

Mrs. Roosevelt nodded. "That was motive. And the Russians seemed willing respect my criticism because they knew was sincere, and that I was not attack them out of mere dislike for them *as* Russia

"I believe," she went on—and she again very earnest; her eyes shifted rapi from face to face, as if to gauge the respo to what she had to say—"I believe that Russians have very great tenacity and mendous powers of concentration. None their delegates to London ever misse session, none of them ever left early or rived late. They were serious about all matters in debate, and ardent in their be that their solution was the right one. I th they expect to wear other people down *believing* harder in their way of life than imagine any of us do in ours. They are prised to find someone from a liberal cou like ours ready to plead for his belie warmly as a Communist defends his own this happens, the Russians are puzzled, fail to understand why we consider principle at stake so portant, but they do spect honesty and will ness to work for convictions, whatever may be."

> **We are not so sensible of the greatest health, as of the least sickness.**
> —B. FRANKLIN.

The front door b open and a young ma a very tall young ma invaded the room. "Hello, mummy," called. "Cookies left?" It was John Ro velt. He swooped toward the fragile cur picked up a handful of cakes and was o another room. Mrs. Roosevelt followed smiling, with her eyes.

"The Russians are very different in s other ways," she said. "When their me off to war, all contact with the families c to an end; there is no regular mail ser for the Russian army. American par would hardly stand for that. And ima what our men would say if they drew Army pay for four full years, as happene the Russians."

"They weren't paid for *four* years?" a Mr. Gould.

Mrs. Roosevelt shook her head.

"But, you know, they are awfully sim to us, in other ways," she said, and her returned to the chatty tones of the ho talking over a neighbor's little crot among friends. "Look at the dele Russia sent to UNO. Twenty-five ago, I dare say, most of these men were servants or clerks. Some of them may worked with their hands. Now, such can feel at home with us Americans, bec ours is a country where the same changes of position constantly occur. when the Russians come up against British, with their tradition of states ship and of public service running in fam they are not so much at ease.

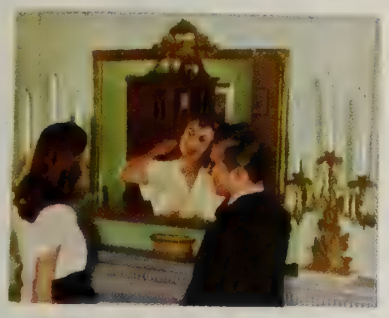
"The British, after all, sometimes ma feel as if they were looking down their at us. I think they tend to have the effect upon the Russians. All three na will have to work together for a long before we can understand how the d ences in background and type of civiliz have brought about our separate viewp and our points of conflict."

"Will UNO make this easier?" a Mrs. Gould. "Did you feel, in London, the Assembly was bringing about an crease of understanding between the sonalities who disagreed? Or did you

*(Continued on Page 134)*

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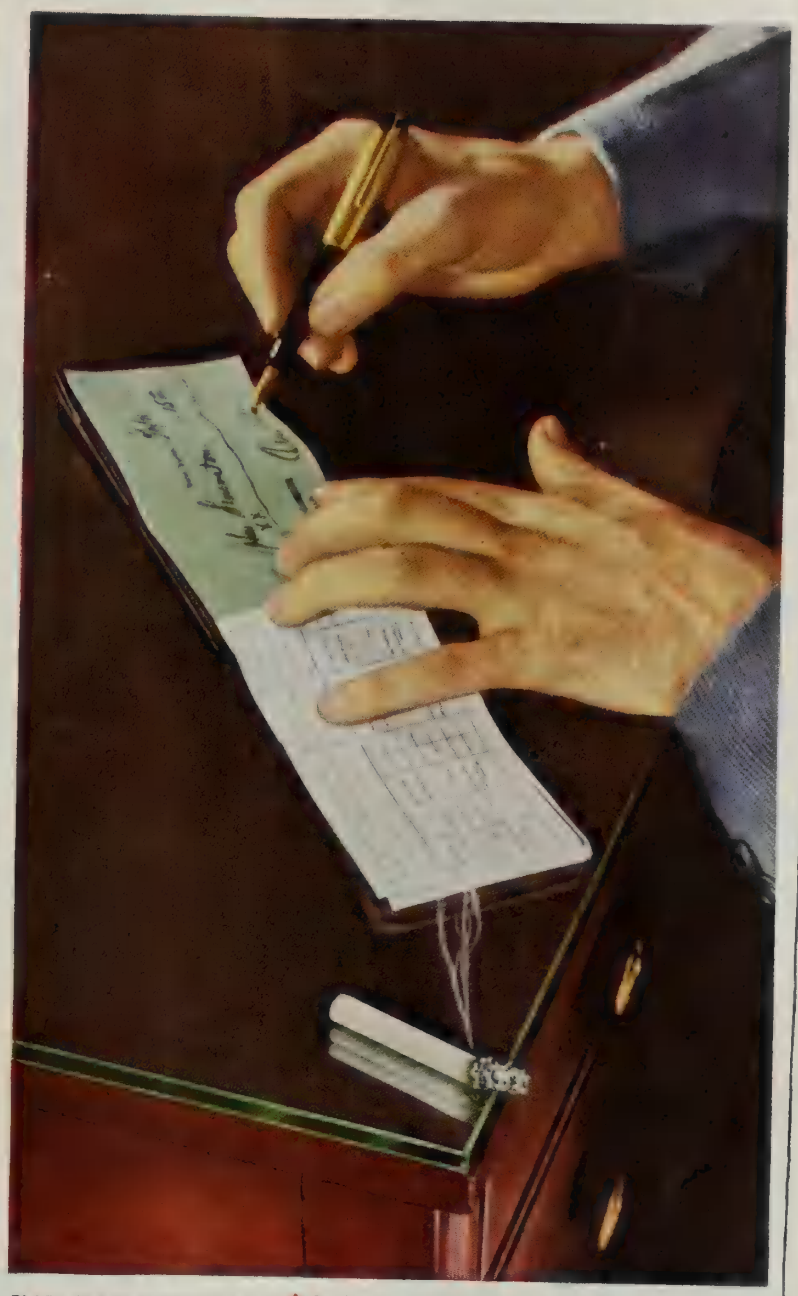
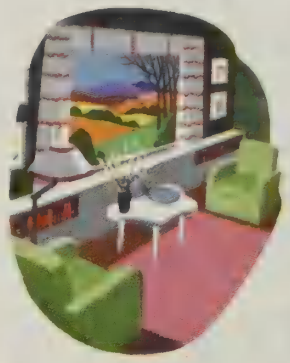


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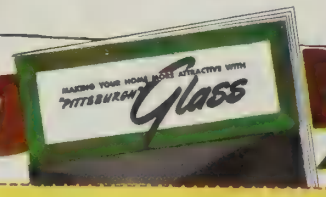
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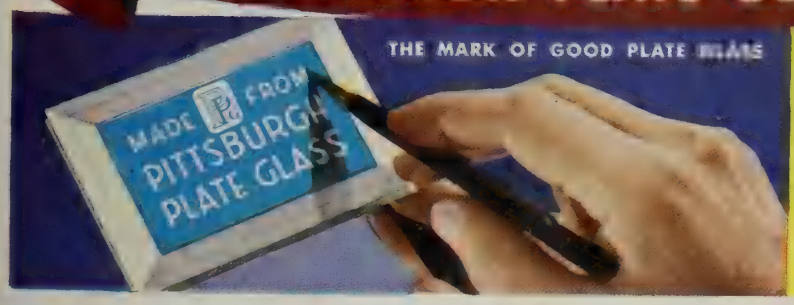


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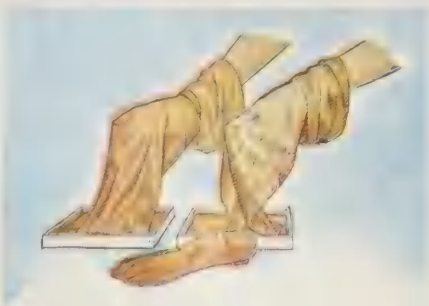
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## THE PREREQUISITE FOR PEACE

*(Continued from Page 6)*

primarily, not on peace as an end in itself, but on its condition: the creation of enforceable international law. And we should discount the UNO, in its present form and structure, as a means of creating, interpreting, adjudicating, and enforcing, a law of nations.

We must get clear in our minds, first, the inexorable necessity of creating a law of nations; second, the minimum requirements of such law, and the minimum adherents necessary to its creation and enforcement; third, the minimum institutions required for creating, upholding and enforcing that law; and, fourth, the obstacles in its way, and the means of overcoming or circumventing them.

Whether we ever find the right answers to anything depends on whether we ask the right questions in the first place. It takes more than good will; it takes serious, methodical thought to construct, even in one's own imagination, an international order of peace which is more than a series of transient capitulations from one side or the other, and ephemeral truces.

Disarming any nation before there are other instruments for its protection is not an advance in peace, but invitation to open or veiled aggression. No negative policies are sufficient to avert war or protect civilization.

It takes heroic intellectual and moral effort, and the answer to our correspondents cannot, therefore, be contained in a single editorial such as this one. We shall return to it, we humbly hope, logically and constructively, again and again and again.

## SERGEANT MICKEY AND GENERAL IKE

*(Continued from Page 26)*

room and kitchen. On Sundays the general would get into old uniform trousers and a khaki shirt and the commander would put on slacks and a white shirt and canvas golf jacket and they would knock golf balls around in the big yard. Sometimes the three of us would play catch. The general liked that. He used to play a lot of baseball and for a while, I've heard, played semipro ball. He has a couple of crooked fingers that I'm told go back to those days.

At Telegraph Cottage we got Telek. Telek was—Telek still is—a black Scottie, given to the boss by his staff. Telek was quite a pup; his father must have been a dead-end kid. He could think of more things to do than any dog I ever ran into. Like taking the logs out of the fireplace after I had laid the fire, and spreading them all over the living room.

All that summer and into the fall we knew, of course, that we were getting ready to go somewhere. We didn't know where. I mean, naturally, that I didn't know where. The boss did and, of course, Butch did. It was a summer of conferences for the boss—in London at headquarters, in the Dorchester at lunches and dinners, and sometimes at Telegraph Cottage.

A few things stick out in memory. There was the time that the boss went to Chequers to visit Prime Minister Churchill and I packed for him and forgot to include his pajamas. When the Prime Minister's man unpacked, he couldn't find any pajamas, naturally enough, so he gave the boss one of the P.M.'s nightshirts. It didn't fit very well. About two o'clock that morning the general woke out of a terrible dream about somebody strangling him. Something was—the Churchill nightgown had worked up until it was around his neck, and he was all tangled up in it, choking. He got it off and slept the rest of the night in the raw.

I heard about this from the boss, and from other people who were along, when they got back. The boss thought it was funny by that time, but he said that when he woke up with that big nightgown choking him all he wanted was to get his hands on Mickey McKeogh.

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3. *Will not harm your clothing. Antiseptic and soothing to use in underarm areas.*

4. *Economical—gives more for your money than other leading brands. Buy Etiquet today at a toilet goods counter.*




10¢ AND 39¢ *plus tax*

it's Etiquet

*Formula Patented*
*No other like it*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping





We left England the morning of November 1, flying from Bournemouth in a convoy of B-17's and starting in the rain. Fifteen hours later we came down at Gibraltar.

The general went to Africa with Commander Butcher on November 23. The next day I went with the office staff and the rest. We stopped at Oran to pick up fighter escort for our C-47 and then went on into Algiers. We got there about five o'clock in the evening, landing at Maison Blanche field. We drove into Algiers and there were plenty of signs of fighting—burned-out trucks and tanks, rubble in the streets, big holes. We got to headquarters in the St. George Hotel. It had been a nice hotel once. Now it looked as headquarters always looks—hurried and busy and with telegraph wires looped all around, fastened to whatever the Signal Corps boys found handiest.

The general was in his office. He looked worn and tired and he looked angry. He told me to get his stuff, which had come in the truck, up to the house and to try to get things fixed up enough so he could spend the night there.

The house was a big villa and turned out to be a beautiful place, although the boss never really liked it. He thought it was too big. There were a library, living room, music room, parlor, dining room, kitchen, seven bedrooms and two bathrooms, and quarters in the basement for some of the staff.

I slept in a kind of cloakroom at first on a makeshift bed. Telek slept there, too; actually it was more Telek's room and he let me share it.

About midnight all hell broke loose. It was a real raid, concentrated on the dock area, and it was more noise than I'd ever heard before in my life.

The general looked almost as tired in the morning as he had the night before. When I asked he said he hadn't had much sleep; he said how could he, with all that noise? That was about all he ever said about air raids. Sometimes a raid would come while he was eating dinner and the guests would all get up and go look out. He didn't usually. He'd say he'd be damned if he was going to let the Germans interfere with his dinner.

He didn't actually say just "damn." I suppose everybody knows he uses a good deal of profanity, because there have been items about it in the newspapers. He does, although it isn't the kind of talk a good many men use in the Army. His profanity is pretty clean.

But there were references to it in newspapers, and one nice lady out in Texas wrote him a letter about it. She said he ought to pray instead of cursing. The general was sort of annoyed by that, and hurt too. He said, "Damn it"—but he didn't really say just "damn it"—"I don't curse. I just use some words as adjectives." That was true, but I don't suppose the lady in Texas would have understood that it made a difference.

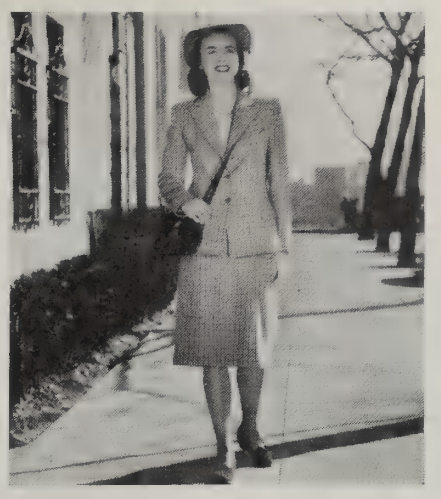
I used to write Mrs. Eisenhower every couple weeks, telling her how the boss was and sometimes asking her to send little things I knew he needed—like clothing and a kind of dehydrated noodle soup we all liked, and more Western stories. It was sort of funny, considering the amount of shooting we were getting most nights, that he still wanted stories full of six-shooters and barroom brawls, but he did. He didn't insist on that sort of thing in movies. He liked comedies. Abbott and Costello, Frank Morgan, Bing Crosby and Betty Hutton are favorites of his. He never liked war pictures, and he didn't like tear-jerkers or pictures with too much love in them.

In the music room every couple of weeks we would have movies and everybody would go: the guests who happened to be there, the other generals who were around—Spaatz,

**Work hard and save your money, and when you are old, you can have the things that only the young can enjoy.**

—The Public Speaker Treasure Chest. (Harper).


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**Take-it-easy clothes.** Skylarking comfort—that's for you! Easy-shouldered suits, good-to-walk-in shoes. And comfort-insurance for "difficult" days. So, the smart gals choose the sanitary napkin that's *first* for softness—Modess! 3 out of 4 voted it *softer* to the touch, in a nation poll.



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First for softness
MODESS



Smith and Davis usually—Admiral Cunningham and his aide, the whole office staff and the chauffeurs and boys who worked in the house, everybody. Sometimes there would be somebody who was good at the piano and everybody would sing—West Point songs and the Artillery Song and sometimes Western songs. It was along then sometime that the general got to singing the song about roses—"Get me one dozen roses, put my heart in beside them"—and he sang it for weeks, usually when he was taking a bath.

Incidentally, he isn't bald, as you'd sometimes think from his pictures. His hair is light in color and not very thick, but it's there. It's not so much there that he has to use a comb; a brush will do. But it's there.

He made me a tech sergeant on January 21, after he returned from the Casablanca conference. A few days later, General Marshall came to visit us. The boss moved out of his room so the Chief of Staff could have it. As always when we had a very high-ranking guest, I was detailed to act as his personal orderly. When he arrived I got his baggage up to the boss's room, very snappy. Then I waited and after a few minutes I heard the two generals coming with Telek behind them. They came in with Telek and I stood as stiff as I could and looked straight ahead.

"General," the boss said, "this is my sergeant, Mickey."

I stood there and didn't know quite what to say or do, because this was the top man in the whole Army, and it's unusual for a G. I. to meet the top man in any army. He was very pleasant and said he was glad to know me and hoped I was taking good care of the general.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Telek sniffing around the way dogs do, and I got a little uneasy. He seemed particularly interested in the bed, which had a nice red satin cover on it. Then, when he decided the boss wasn't looking, he jumped up on the bed. I moved—but not quite fast enough. I made a grab at him and threw him out and everything was pretty confusing, with Telek—he was less than a year old, but he knew bet because we had told him often enough—y ping his head off.

The boss looked at Telek and then he sa "Mickey, when he does things like that, h your dog."

Then General Marshall started to lau I guess he knows dogs. He said obviou Telek didn't like the idea of his master bei put out of his own room and was just showi what he thought of the whole business.

The next thing that happened was Pear It's difficult to tell about first meeting Pear All I can be sure of is that a car came w some visiting firemen and I went down help, as I always did, and there was Pear

She was a Wac with an overseas cap do over one eye a little and she was very sm behind the wheel of a big car. She was t prettiest girl I'd seen for a long time, with bluest eyes. She was very military-look as far as her uniform went. But her e weren't military at all.

I went around to her side of the car a said, "Hello."

"Hello, sergeant," she said. Her voice v just as nice as the rest of her.

Maybe I would have said something e but then I had to help take the luggage up the house. By the time I got back, the and the Wac weren't there any more. N day I went down to the headquarters of and kept my eyes open and sure enough, new Wac was there. I found her and sa "Hello," and she said, "Hello, sergeant Her eyes were still blue. She was a little I'm not very tall myself and she was about the right size. So I asked her for a next Sunday, and she said all right.

I met her the next Sunday about ten eleven in the morning. There wasn't muc do in Algiers. We walked around and I sho her things I knew about—old buildings things that were different in Algiers from way they were at home. I found out she Pearlie Hargrave and that she came fro

*(Continued on Page 140)*


# When MINUTES Count




## Old Dutch Cleanser CAN SAVE YOU REAL TIME AND WORK

DISSOLVES GREASE QUICKLY

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## Summer Sweaters



WEAR them with skirts and blouses, wear them with summer dresses, wear them with slacks or shorts! And some are especially designed to wear with long full skirts on festive evenings. Choose yours now from the JOURNAL patterns listed below and start your knitting needles clicking.

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### SWEATERS WITH SHORT SLEEVES

2198. SLEEVELESS CARDIGAN IN FISHNET PATTERN. *(Pictured).* Knit this with a bright-colored fishnet pattern on a white ground and wear it with a white shirt. 5c.
2204. SLEEVELESS CARDIGAN. This one has vertical stripes. 5c.
2189. BOW SWEATER. Sleeveless slip-over with a front slit opening tied with a taffeta ribbon bow. 5c.
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### SWEATERS WITH LONG SLEEVES

2194. PIERRETTE CARDIGAN. Glamorous jeweled ruff neckline and cuffs. Sweater is knitted, ruff crocheted. 5c.
2195. SLIP-OVER. This has a new shoulder and a novelty sleeve striped in two colors. 5c.
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2199. HOOD SWEATER FOR EVENINGS. The button-front sweater is knitted; the mesh hood is crocheted and trimmed with star sequins. 5c.
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*We will gladly send any of these patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere i United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addresse velopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchas their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pe*

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Automatic—turns itself on and off! Saves by cooking with stored-up heat. Higher, handier broiler—larger, banquet-size oven. And wait until you see the UPS-A-DAISY—today's secret—tomorrow's sensation!

**NEW HOME FREEZER**
The NEWEST thing in freezers! Upright—handy—space saving. Wall-to-wall, glass door *shelves* keep food in easy reach—open view. *No more diving!* Freezes faster—more economically.

THE SOUND OF BELLS
echoing over the hills
... gentle symphony from
the hearts of those who've
said farewell to one so
dear ... and now departed.



Is it any wonder that in this
hour so many choose the
Clark Metal Grave Vault ...
the *finest tribute*
in their power to bestow
... *the most trusted*
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For the stately, beautiful
Clark is armored against the
elements. All-metal.
Nonporous. Noncracking.
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the pressure of trapped
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An enduring custodian.
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with the finest.

*The finest tribute ...*
*the most trusted protection*

CLARK
GRAVE VAULTS



*When an inverted tumbler is submerged in water, the pressure of trapped air in the glass prevents water from rising inside. Placed over the casket, the Clark Grave Vault is designed to exclude water by this same scientific principle.*

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*(Continued from Page 138)*

little town in Minnesota called Pillager. She told me something about Pillager, but not that she had taught school there for a couple of years. She didn't tell me that until later. She had been in the Army almost a year and liked it, and was excited about being in North Africa.

The boss was a four-star general by that time. Another Navy officer came up to Commander Butcher and asked the commander to convey his congratulations to the general "on his new rank." Commander Butcher looked surprised, and the other officer told him he had just heard the news on the BBC. So Commander Butcher went to the boss and said he wanted to be one of the first to congratulate him. The boss said, "On what?" Commander Butcher told him, and then the boss really did swear. He said several things, ending up with, "Why the hell doesn't somebody tell me these things?" He was really annoyed, but after a while he accepted Commander Butcher's congratulations.

That same day, I think it was, he called in all the boys in the household and promoted each of them a grade.

The general had caught a cold which he couldn't seem to shake off, and the doctor ordered him to bed. Of course he kept on transacting the business of the war from his room. One afternoon an officer was there and the boss decided, after talking a while, that he wanted a cup of tea. I went down to the kitchen. Williams, the waiter, was there and he and I made a cup of tea and I took it up. I handed it to the general and he took one sip and made an awful face and spat it out. He was indignant; he said it was full of salt.

I apologized and took the cup back and told Williams what had happened. We investigated and, sure enough, a can of salt standing on the stove had tipped over into the kettle we heated the water in. We cleaned the kettle and made some more tea and I took it back and gave it to the boss, along with the sugar bowl. He put sugar in the tea, took another sip and, believe it or not, made the same face again.

"Damn it all," the general said—or something like that—"there's *still* salt in it!"

I apologized again, getting pretty red, and took the tray back downstairs. I couldn't see how it could have happened twice, because I knew we'd cleaned out the kettle. Then I got an idea and tasted the sugar. Sure enough, somebody—I never found out who, and, believe me, I tried to—had put salt in the sugar bowl.

Well, Williams and I went through it all again, fixing another cup of tea, and I took it up to the boss. He looked at it, and then he looked at me. I moved a little and got behind the officer. The boss shook his head.

"GET out in the open, Mickey," he said, and I never did know whether he was fooling. "Get out in the open, because if there's anything wrong with this cup I'm going to throw it at you, and I want a good, clear shot."

I moved and he took a sip of the tea and I waited. He took one sip and then paused a minute and then took another. After the third sip or so he said this was all right. So I went back behind the other officer where, of course, I belonged.

The boss didn't like a fuss made over him, and didn't like to wear a helmet. He almost never did. But he did once because he had to. That was in the middle of March after things had begun to go better. We drove to LeCeif, so the boss could pin three stars on General Patton's shoulder. We got there the morning of the seventeenth, St. Patrick's Day, and the boss pinned the stars on. The boss didn't have a helmet and I didn't.

After the ceremony, while I was standing by, General Patton called me over. He asked if I had twenty-five dollars to throw away. I said I didn't, naturally. He said in that case I'd better get a helmet. He said the fine for being without a helmet in his area was twenty-five dollars. I got a helmet and, as soon as I got a chance, I told the boss about it. He sort of nodded, and then he said I'd better get him one too. He said he didn't have twenty-five dollars to throw away either. The boss wore the helmet the rest of the time he was in General Patton's area.

IN Africa there wasn't much more war. It was over on May 12, and we all went to Tunis, living in a command post near Mateur. The weather was warm again, and from our house you could see the Mediterranean. For a while it wasn't just something we had to cross to get to Europe; it was a beautiful stretch of water with beaches. It was a place we could go swimming. Everybody did when he had time, including the general.

I gave him a pair of swimming trunks and some poor G. I. saw them hanging on the line and appropriated them. You have to be an awfully unlucky G. I. to steal the swimming trunks of a four-star general when you might as well steal the trunks of a—oh, of a second lieutenant, say.

This G. I. had just tucked them away in his helmet and the MP's found them. But, for such an unlucky guy, this G. I. was really pretty lucky, because if you are going to steal a general's pants, General Eisenhower is the general to steal them from. Maybe he thought the scare the man had when he found whose trunks he had stolen was enough punishment. Anyway, he didn't press charges. It might have been rather serious if he had, because the G. I. was on guard duty when he lifted the trunks; he was supposed to guard the clotheslines, not swipe things off them.

December 18 the general and his staff flew to Naples and I went with them, and some of the office staff. And Pearlie. The next day we started a rather complete tour of Southern Italy.

The day before Christmas the general decided to go to Capri to inspect a rest camp for the Air Force, and he took Pearlie and me along. We got to Capri about noon and left at five in the evening and it was a very fine day. The general said he thought it would be a good idea if I spent the rest of Christmas Eve with Pearlie. We went to midnight Mass. And that evening we heard the big news.

The boss was going to be the supreme commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force. He was going to lead us into France.

We got back to London and found it hadn't changed much. At headquarters all the top-ranking generals of the Allied armies were in and out—Patton, Bradley, Simpson, Spaatz,

## *Last Days of Camp*

### THE HIKE

**By Virginia Brasier**

It wasn't the long trip he
remembered best
Of the mountain summer. That, too,
had been good,
Despite the blisters, for it was a test.
And he had passed it, as he hoped
he would,
But feared he wouldn't. No, it was a
climb
One evening when four others and
himself
Went on a clan hike after supper-
time,
On a brown deer track narrow as a
shelf.

He led and suddenly around a bend
They faced a well-grown fawn who
stopped! They, too,
Stood breathless still and, waiting,
tried to send
Their good will toward it. But it
turned and flew
In little bird leaps blending with the
sun.
And then they breathed again.
"Oh, gee!" said one.

The Refreshing way to clean!



Bathtub ring vanishes in a flash when you clean with Sergeant's Disinfectant.

Removes dirt, disinfects, deodorizes, kills many germs.

Leaves a refreshing scent of pine.

Easy on the hands.

Use for cleaning kitchen, bathroom, floors, woodwork — all around the house.

At drug or department stores.




Sergeant's DISINFECTANT
It's fragrant of PINE



FIXES
BROKEN CHINA
. . . also glassware, luggage, toys and furniture. It's transparent and waterproof. Makes models, too.




DUCO CEMENT
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DOES YOUR DOG ITCH? SCRATCH?
DON'T BLAME FLEAS
. . . MANGE . . . DIET
If your dog or cat itches scratches continually, it's probably not due to fleas, mange or diet. 2 to 1, it's FUNGITCH, grass-borne fungus infection long a puzzle to science. It starts as an itch followed by dandruff-like scales or brownish-edged sores with mouldy odor. May start in ears, on paws, underbody, tail or eyes. Can have serious results—costly care—even total loss. Now noted specialist's discovery—Dr. Merrick's SULFADENE—applied externally, stops itching in minutes . . . clears up scales and sores in a few days. Only $1.00 in stores or order direct. Money back guarantee. Address:
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Dr. MERRICK'S SULFADENE





Doolittle, Quesada, Marshal Tedder, Montgomery and Dempsey; and Navy people of our own and the British. You could feel things building up. You could feel that the time was getting short.

On the first of June, 1944, we moved to the command post at Portsmouth. The long-range preparations were all done. Now all that the general had built for was coming up.

Although our armies were in France, the command post stayed in Portsmouth for a few weeks. That didn't mean the boss stayed all the time, of course. He would fly to France, inspecting, conferring with our generals and directing them, and then fly back for conferences in England.

It was on the seventh of August that we moved to France; or rather, it was on the seventh that I moved. Our new command post was in an apple orchard—what had been an apple orchard—at Lomalay. It was about twenty miles from the British front lines and all the time you could hear the artillery hammering away. From there the general could make his inspection trips by car—and did.

He began to worry when we got to France that he was getting fat. He'd say he would have to cut down on his food and get more exercise. I don't think he did get fat, but some of his clothes shrank, the shirts particularly. If I walked the way the general does, I'd think I got enough exercise. He takes very long strides and takes them fast. If you're supposed to keep up with him he just about wears you out. And he used to insist that you keep up with him. He hated to have people trailing along behind.

He has a bad knee, which I don't think is generally known. He got it somehow when he was much younger—playing football, some said. Most of the time it didn't seem to bother him—but now and then it would slip or something and was evidently painful.

Things were going very well then—early in the fall of 1944. The Army at the front was moving faster and that meant headquarters was moving up faster too. Late in September we began preparations to set up a new command post at Reims. The post was set up early in October.

Pearlie and I had been talking for a long time about getting married, although we knew what it would mean. There was a rule against married personnel serving in the same theater of war. One of us—and it would be Pearlie—would have to go someplace else. Still, we wanted to get married and not wait until the end of the war.

I went to the boss and asked his permission. He listened and then he smiled and after a moment nodded. He said he was certain Pearlie and I were not rushing into something we would be sorry about afterward. He said he thought we were really in love.

So we went ahead and made the arrangements, and everybody helped, including the general. And Special Service made a wedding gown. They had one of the dressmakers in Paris make it for the WAC, but for this time the WAC meant Pearlie. After the ceremony it went back to Special Service and other Wacs used it when they got married. But it was made for Pearlie.

We were married on December 16 in Marie Antoinette's chapel in the palace at Versailles. The boss came to the wedding. We were married by Father John Keegan, Catholic chaplain of the headquarters company. Colonel Lee gave Pearlie away and Sergeant Margaret Chick was her bridesmaid. Sergeant Farr was best man. Afterward the general gave us a reception. He couldn't stay long; he was very busy that day.

The boss gave us a hundred-dollar War Bond and we got a good many other presents. And we had important guests—General Smith, Major General Everett Hughes, Brigadier General Davis and a good many other officers. And Captain Butcher, who was going away on a trip, gave us his apartment in Paris. Pearlie and I had a week in Paris. Then she went back to the States by air and I went back to the boss.

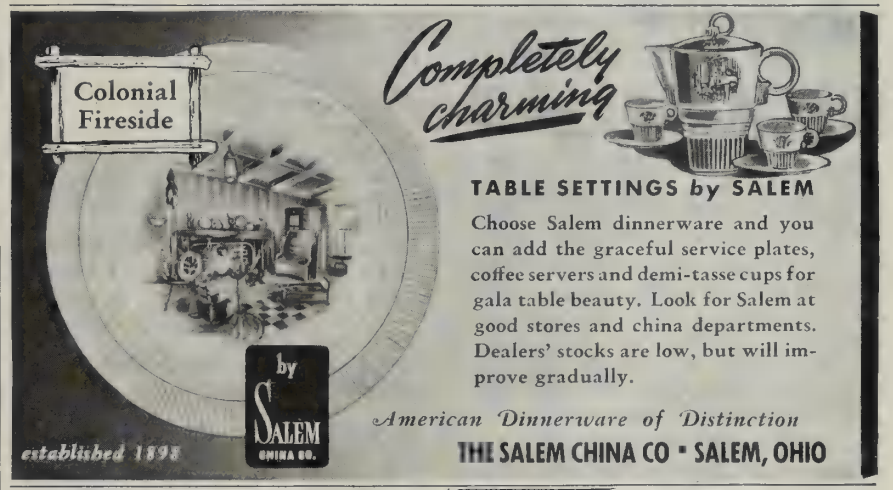
We stayed in Reims the rest of the winter. The general made most of his trips by plane

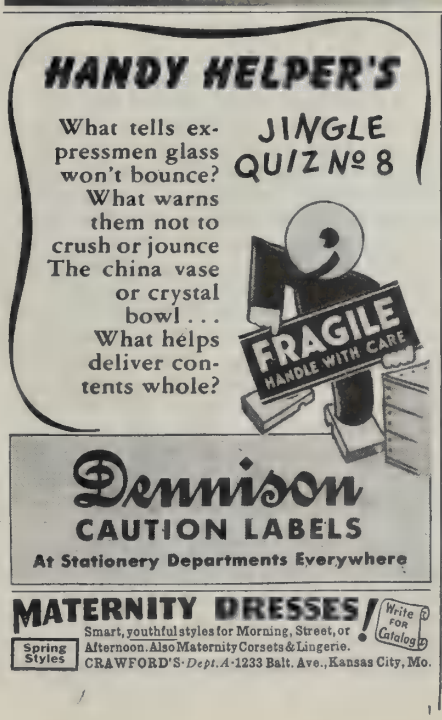














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MAGIC WEED KILLER

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from Reims because the front was moving faster. He would leave in the morning and come back the same evening and almost always he came back in fine spirits.

The evening of the sixth of May he came home about six o'clock with Captain Butcher and Colonel Gault. After dinner they sat and talked and played cards and didn't seem to want to go to bed. I went to my room and went to bed, but I was still awake when the bell rang at one-thirty. I ran downstairs buttoning my shirt and with my tie in my hand.

"Get the car out, Mickey," the boss said. "We're going to headquarters." He had the happiest grin on his face I'd seen in all the time I'd known him.

I ran for the car and brought it around. The boss was ready and we went in the dark to headquarters. I let the boss out, parked the car and went in. All the lights were on and the corridors were jammed with brass and newspapermen and photographers. Everybody was excited.

I'd been there a couple of minutes when some officers came out of a room down the corridor. General Strong was leading and there were three Germans and a couple of Russians. They went into the War Room and we all waited. After a few minutes they came out and this time General Smith was leading. The two Russians were beaming. They were certainly a couple of happy-looking men.

It had happened. The Germans had signed, and General Smith had signed in behalf of the boss, and the Russians had signed. It was over. The whole thing was over.

We got to Washington on June 18. I got the boss's stuff to the Wardman Park and then I went to the Statler and got ready to have dinner at the White House. And, of course, I called Pearlie. She was out in Minnesota, visiting her folks.

I went to the White House and was ushered right in. My boss was standing with the President, and introduced us. The President held out his hand and I took it while the boss said, "Mr. President, this is my sergeant, Mickey. He's been with me a long time."

The President smiled and said, "Let's shake on that again," and we did.

I met General Marshall and talked to him a minute, and some other people. Then we went in to dinner. I sat next to General Handy, and Sergeant Charles Kiley, a reporter on Stars and Stripes, sat on the other side. It's a funny thing, but I have forgotten what we had to eat. I think it was lamb, but I don't really remember.

The next day we went to New York by plane. And it was something to ride down the streets of my home town, and hear everybody cheering my boss. I will say for New York, it appreciated General Eisenhower and wasn't afraid to show how it felt.

The next morning we flew to West P where the boss reviewed the corps, and next day we flew to Kansas City, where t was another parade and big reception— where the boss met his mother and the re the family. That night we went to Abilen a special train.

I was supposed to leave the genera Abilene, but he asked me to stay on a l longer.

We got back to Washington July Two days later I went out to the airport the general and then I said good-by to I had a lot of things ready to say, but wh came time I found I couldn't get the w out. I did tell him I didn't want to say g by; that I'd just say "So long." He sm and got into the plane and it taxied off ac the field and went into the air. He was o way back to Germany.

I went to the War Department and ported in and got my orders. They were g orders—report to Fort Dix for discharg went home and then I went out to Minne to get Pearlie. I stayed there three we seeing her people and the little town she l in—and Pearlie. Then we flew back to York.

On September 12 I went to Fort Dix got discharged and went back to Queens Pearlie. Two days after I got out of the Ar Pearlie and I had a little daughter. We na her Mary Ann.

## BUTTON, BUTTON—

*(Continued from Page 29)*

could stay in the sunroom and sleep on the couch.

"I will even put up your picture that I took down out of the guest room," she said, "and the lace boudoir pillows she's given me for the last five Christmases. That should make Magdalene happy."

Father had given up. He thought Mr. Pemberton ought to sleep in the sunroom but he gave up. He went out of the house and didn't come back till late.

At breakfast the next morning he said, "I got Little Theatre tickets for Marjorie and me. I suppose you and Mr. Pemberton will stay home and play button-button."

"I believe we will," mother said quiet-like. "You had better leave me the car. I told Mr. Pemberton you would pick him up at six, but since that is too much to expect I shall do so myself."

Father quit eating his breakfast and slammed down his coffee cup. "I suppose Marjorie can come out in a cab?" father said.

"I should think so," mother said. "She ought to know the way."

Father slammed the door and went over to the car line.

Mother was banging things around fixing up the sunroom for Aunt Magdalene. She put the picture of father when he was confirmed at the foot of the couch.

"There," mother said, "she will see him the first thing when she wakes up."

"Does she want to?" I asked her.

"Yes," mother said, "she does. That is a picture of your father when Magdalene knew him before I did. She has never stopped being sorry that I ever met him. I'd like to see her keeping house and scrubbing and cleaning and cooking like I do. Not her! She might have married your father if she hadn't been afraid of housework. I'll bet that *is* what kept her from it. I'll bet it is. She's willing enough to let other people work for her though. Coming through every trip home—every vacation—every year—all this time. I'm sick of it. And now with Mr. Pemberton coming. She'll make fun of button collecting, too, you'll see." Mother threw a pillow onto the couch. It seemed like a pretty long answer for such a little question.

Mother had everything ready for dinner and was all dressed up. Pud and me were going to stay home alone for the little time it would take her to pick up Mr. Pemberton. She stood in the door telling us what to do. She had her coat and hat on and the car keys.

"Stay right in the living room," she said, "and look at your books. I won't be long. Don't mess anything up."

Just then a taxi turned into our drive.

"Darling Magdalene!" mother said through her teeth. "Right on time!"

But a man was getting out of the taxicab. He was helping a woman out. The woman was Aunt Magdalene. Pud and I went running out yelling, "Aunt Magdalene! Aunt Magdalene!" She really doesn't care if we call her that. She thinks it's funny. She hugged us and gave us our presents. Mother was talking to the man. A nice-looking man with a gray coat and hat and a suitcase.

"This is Mr. Pemberton," she told us.

Mr. Pemberton was very nice. He was nice to us. He was nice to father. He was nice to mother and he was very nice to Aunt Magdalene. Father was not very nice to Mr. Pemberton though. Oh, he was polite. You wouldn't dare to not be polite.

**If only every woman would ask herself why any man should marry her at all, there would be less discontent among women, more happiness among men, and many more successful marriages. When a man marries he gives up everything. . . . The woman gains everything. We all know this, if we bother to think of it, but so many women forget it.** —ANON.

"Will you have some of this?" he would say—or some of that. He was trying to show him that he was welcome at his table. He was trying to show him that his guest was king. That's what he's always telling us. "Show your guest he's king," he says. "Give him the best you have. Give him anything he wants." So he gave Mr. Pemberton more and more roast beef and browned potatoes and stuff. He even offered him an extra piece of pie. But he didn't talk to him much. He talked to Aunt Magdalene.

They talked about the olden days. Aunt Magdalene and father were alive together in the olden days. They went to school together. They went skating together. They went hayriding together. They went dancing together. They went to college together. Their families knew each other. It's special when your families know each other. It's special when you went to school together. You know things that no one else kn You know songs with different words tha one else knows. And it makes other pe mad that you know things they don't k Especially mother.

It must be fun to know things other pe don't know. I hope I go to college with s one that knows my family. Then I will them come and visit me when I am ma and I will do like father does. I will "How is old Fred Wilson?" and my fr that knows my family will say, "Oh I him in Cleveland last summer, didn't I you? Same old Fred. You still want to l when you see him." . . . "Do you remen the time he blew up everything in chemi lab and old Doc West ——" I will say laugh and laugh like father did. Aunt M dalene laughed too. So will my friend will laugh and laugh and no one will k what we are laughing at. Just like Pud I didn't. Just like mother and Mr. Pembe didn't. They tried to laugh a little too isn't polite not to laugh when other pe do. If you can. I didn't try becau couldn't.

Something was wrong with mother couldn't think what. She looked just like time when we had a dinner party and s thing was wrong with the food. They c hardly cut the meat. She looked like t Like there were so many tears behind eyes fighting to get out that they pushe eyes way out. But the roast beef was wo ful. I didn't know what was the matte

"Have you picked up anything inte ing since I saw you?" Mr. Pemberton a mother.

"Not much," mother said. "I'm pr much tied to my home. If I could get out look——"

Then they sat and looked at father Aunt Magdalene. They smiled a little and then.

"Have *you* picked up anything interes since I saw you?" mother asked Mr. P berton.

"Well—ah," Mr. Pemberton said. "U yes, yes, I have."

"Mr. Pemberton collects buttons t father said like he was talking about a li boy. He smiled at Mr. Pemberton.

"Oh, does he?" Aunt Magdalene said

"He rode all the way from the Coast the train with you and didn't talk about buttons?" father said.

"Well, I don't believe he did," Aunt M dalene said.

*(Continued on Page 144)*

# Behind their backs — or to their faces

## (IT'S A SAD, SAD STORY!)



"HM-M-M, PUTTING ON A LITTLE WEIGHT?"

**1.** **Well, actually,** our fine little friend hasn't gained an ounce. It's her dress that's lost—*inches!* Such a sad case of shrinkage shouldn't happen to *any* girl these days. Look for a dress tagged "Sanforized"—and be *sure* it'll keep on fitting, keep on looking smart!



"WEARING BIG SISTER'S DRESS TODAY?"

**2.** **Looks that way,** doesn't it? This silly girl bought a dress too big—to allow for shrinkage. What a pity! A smart shopper buys a dress tagged "Sanforized" in the size that *fits*, a dress that'll never shrink its good looks away, tub it as much as you will!



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BRASSIERES 79¢ to $1.50

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(Continued from Page 142)

"Everyone," mother said, "does not show an interest. I doubt if Magdalene has seen even my buttons."

"Oh yes, I did—once," Aunt Magdalene said. "Very pretty. Very pretty."

Mother looked at Mr. Pemberton. "Pretty," she said, like she thought Mr. Pemberton would understand.

But Mr. Pemberton was looking at Aunt Magdalene. "Very pretty," he said. He was talking about Aunt Magdalene.

She was pretty too. She was excited about something. Maybe about the olden days. But she kept trying not to talk just to father. She kept trying to talk to Mr. Pemberton. I had a feeling that she knew something with Mr. Pemberton too that nobody else knew. Maybe her family knew Mr. Pemberton's too. Maybe they went to a *different* college together. There was something they knew.

Aunt Magdalene was wonderful. She laughed and talked and joked with father. At the same time she was bright and gay and interesting to Mr. Pemberton. Only mother was left out. Poor mother! That was what was the matter. Nobody talked to her. I wished I could talk to mother but I couldn't think of anything to say. I was afraid mother would start to cry if she started to talk.

At last we were through with dinner. Mother hadn't eaten much. We got up from the table. They all went in the living room. Mother had Manda to help so she didn't have to do the dishes. They sat down by the fire.

Pretty soon father said, "Well, I'm sorry to leave you two, but you'll have your buttons. Marjorie and I are taking in a show. We'll have to get going."

"I'll get my buttons," mother said. It sounded like when Bob comes over to play with Pud and Pud keeps getting more and more things out because Bob wants to go home because Pud is so much younger and Pud thinks maybe Bob will stay because he's got such swell things.

Mother went upstairs. "I'll help you," I said. I ran after her. I patted her on the shoulder. She looked around and squeezed me hard. She blew her nose and wiped her eyes. We each took a box of buttons down. They were all standing in the living room. Aunt Magdalene had her coat on. A new coat, gray curly fur. It makes her look like a queen or something.

"You look wonderful, Aunt Magdalene," I told her.

"Thank you," she said.

"I don't get it," Mr. Pemberton said. "Magdalene? Marjorie? What is your name?"

"Well, both," she said. "Marjorie is my real name. Magdalene is my sort of pen name—it's my collector's name."

Something happened to Mr. Pemberton. Before that he looked like their families knew each other, his and Aunt Magdalene's, and he looked like they had gone to school together and they knew something no one else knew but it wasn't quite all there like it was now. Now he looked like he and Aunt Magdalene could sing songs no one else knew too.

"You collect?" he said and he sounded awful glad. "You're a collector too?"

"Yup," father answered. "She's everything."

The three of them stood in a circle near the hall door. Mother was standing in back of them with her buttons.

"What do you collect?" Mr. Pemberton beamed at Aunt Magdalene.

"Handkerchiefs," Aunt Magdalene said.

"You must show them to me sometime," Mr. Pemberton said.

"I'd love to," said Aunt Magdalene.

"We'd better get going," father said.

"I brought my buttons," mother offered.

"Oh—uh," Mr. Pemberton said. "Oh yes." He turned politely to the buttons for a

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minute. "What play are you seeing?" he asked father then.

Mother was left in the back with her buttons, all alone again.

"Kiss and Tell," father said.

"Would you mind very much if I came too?" Mr. Pemberton asked. Then he thought of mother and her buttons. "Wouldn't you like to go to the play?" he asked her. "We could look at the buttons tomorrow, perhaps?"

"No," mother said. "No, I don't believe I would. But you go ahead. I have rather a headache."

Father didn't say a word to mother. "We'd better get going," he said to the others.

"Reminds me of Don," Aunt Magdalene said.

"Yeah," father said. "The three of us. But it was fun." That was something else no one else knew about.

They went out and drove away. Mother put the buttons down on the coffee table. I put my boxful down too.

"Will you show them to me?" I said.

"You go ahead and look," mother said. She put her chin in her hands and sat looking into the fire. All of a sudden she began to cry. "Bad word that woman anyway," she said. "Bad word that woman." She got up in a minute. "Well, I guess the old plow horse, the cook, the chambermaid will go to bed."

Somebody was at the door. It was father. He came in and hung up his coat.

"Aren't you going to the play?" mother said.

"No, thank goodness," father said. He sat down and put his feet up.

"I thought you wanted to see it."

"With a gabby woman like that?" father said. "Not on your life. Sitting through a meal does me in. I pretended I couldn't get another ticket. Maybe I couldn't. I was glad he took her off my hands."

"I guess he was glad to," mother said. "I thought he seemed smitten. Imagine Magdalene picking him up on the train!"

"Oh, Marjorie was always a fast worker," father said. "Maybe this time she can make it last."

Mother looked at him. "How would you like to go the movies?" she asked. "Manda's here to stay with the boys." Father loves the movies. It's mother who doesn't much care to go.

Father put his feet up on the stool and stretched. "It seems so nice here," he said, "just us. Do you know what I'd really like? I'd like to have you show me your buttons."

## "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN"

*(Continued from Page 6)*

they are also one of the cornerstones of democracy, which is the most civilized form of government yet invented.

Democracy is based upon the assumption that most men are men of good will, and if left alone to govern as much as possible, each himself will behave, on the whole, in a fair, just and amicable fashion toward his fellows.

Far from being merely polish, actual manners, then, are as fundamental as the earth, as sensible as bread, and as necessary as the air we breathe. They are a man himself. What he is. His attitude toward himself and other men. His attitude toward life in general. They are charity, fair play, the ability to put yourself in the other fellow's place. They are the phrase "fifty-fifty" and the sentence "Live and let live!" They are awareness of your surroundings, and the appreciation of relative values. In short, morally and philosophically, they are the simplest application of the Golden Rule; of the injunction to treat your neighbor as you yourself would be treated; and, like all goodness, they are also good, hard common sense.

On the lowest level they make for good nerves, good humor, general good health and personal success or failure. The successful man is frequently rude, but he wasn't so in the beginning. His present state of mind is merely childish self indulgence and inability to handle power properly. Really large men and women are never rude, most




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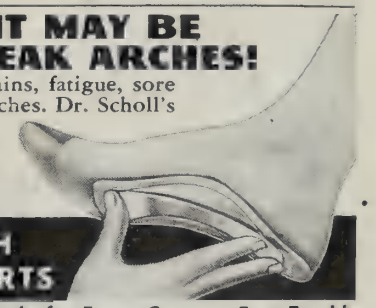
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especially to the small and humble, for actual manners know no class, nor race, nor creed, nor pocketbook. They know only a common humanity. While as for the increase, or decrease, of public health and good humor, no one yet has figured out the amount of manpower, foot-poundage—call it what you will—wasted in one day because of bad manners, the resulting frazzled nerves, indigestion, heart trouble, loss of adrenalin extract and distraction from the business on hand.

A good man may have bad manners, and some good men have, but in so far as a man's manners are bad, just so far does he show that he is unaware of what ultimate goodness is. A bad man cannot have actually good manners, no matter what his surface courtesy may be, for manners, basically, are the result of a sense of proportion; and evil, basically, is the result of an entire lack of it.

But manners are also scientific. They have to do with physics, the primary science.

With the first man aware of the fact that the human body had three dimensions—height, breadth and thickness—and that, therefore, when two human bodies approached each other, both had to give way a little, manners began. Manners are a means of avoiding collision: mental, spiritual and actual. If it were not for good manners, no one could walk down a crowded sidewalk, and our highways would be impassable as a result of wrecks. Traffic experts agree that selfishness—bad manners—is the cause of most traffic accidents. Every experienced driver can tell in an instant what a man is like by the way he handles his car; and this with no need to see his face.

So much, then, for manners morally, philosophically, scientifically and psychologically. They are equally important any way you care to look at them. Since they are the basis of civilization, of necessity they are also the basis of law, as no less a person than Niccolò Machiavelli has pointed out. When manners break down, anarchy begins; and anarchy always ends eventually in force and tyranny of some kind. The Dark Ages were the result of a total breakdown of manners; that is, of consideration, justice and humanity. Fascism and Nazism are modern examples. Yet no one is more "polished" than a German *Junker*.

It is upon a breakdown of manners, civic and personal, that all the dangerous people in this country, the marplots, the demagogues, the haters of democracy, are banking in their search for personal power. The surest weapons to destroy these enemies are patience, courtesy, tolerance, decency and fair play. The rude man, no matter who he is, and no matter how unconscious he may be of his rudeness, is an anarchist and an antidemocrat, adding his mite to potential future disorder.

William of Wykeham (1324–1404), English bishop and statesman, founder of the English boys' school, Winchester, and New College, Oxford—still called "New" although it is now 566 years old—presented the latter with its famous motto, "Manners Maketh Man"; and ever since, men have been arguing as to just what he meant, or else misinterpreting him—the latter group, numerous Winchester and New College graduates. William of Wykeham, being a forthright and learned man, probably meant exactly what he said. He meant that manners "make" the man show what he is, as has been said. And they also "make" him actually. His place in the world, in the esteem of his fellow men.

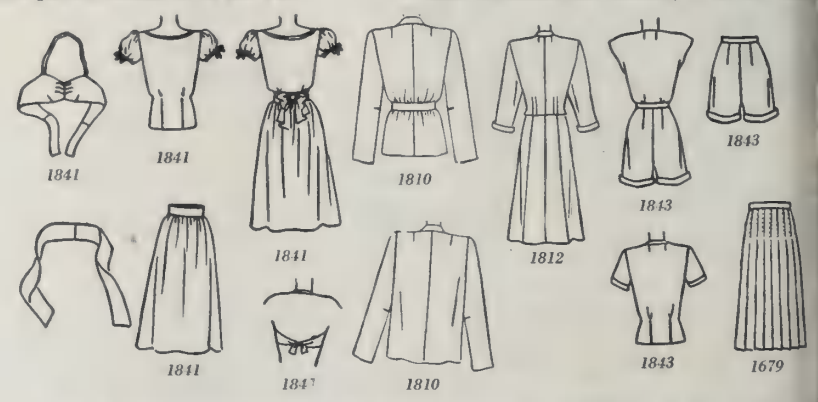
> **A quarter of an ounce of patience will provide sufficiently for inconveniences.**
> —MONTAIGNE.

Americans have always been noted for their natural good manners. That is because most Americans are men and women of kindness, co-operation, justice and good will. Most Americans, furthermore, are democrats. But war is a dislocating business. People are hurried, crowded, overworked, each with his private worry. For while manners, like everything else, get along as best they can. But peace is different. Peace is civilization and the return to democracy.

Justice, tolerance and good manners mean America. Forget them, and we'll lose what Americans have fought for, hoped for, been born to. Remember them, and the future is ours. The dream. And the greatness.

**Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 42 and 43**

**1679. Skirts (plain version not shown), sizes 24 to 32 waist. 25c.**
**1810. Jacket, sizes 12 to 42. 15c.**
**1812. Two-piece suit dress, 10 to 18. 25c.**
**1841. Blouse, bra and skirt, 10 to 18. 25c.**
**1843. Blouses and shorts, 12 to 20. 25c.**




**Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Page 44**

**1779. One-piece dress, 10 to 18. 25c.**
**1789. Blouses, sizes 12 to 20. 15c.**
**1801. One-piece dress, 10 to 18. 25c.**
**1818. Two-piece bolero suit and blouse, sizes 10 to 18. 25c.**
**1840. One-piece dress in two lengths, sizes 10 to 18. 25c.**
**1844. Two-piece suit dress, 10 to 18. 25c.**



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## BACK TRACK TO LOVE

*(Continued from Page 33)*

a moment she sat down on its companion at the other side of the fireplace. He lit a cigarette. She saw in his face bent to the flame the lean modeling of jaw and cheek, the touching whorl of dark hair above his left ear. As she had remembered.

She clasped her hands tight and the thin platinum wedding ring bit into her fingers. "I've lived and prayed for this moment," she said. But it came out strangely, brittle and almost mocking.

He glanced up at her, and away. "So have I, Red." The yellow fog pressed down thicker. Suddenly he flung his cigarette into the fireplace and stood up. "Look, sweet, let's call up that hotel where we spent our—our honeymoon. This is a swell place, but I—I feel like an intruder. And it has a suggestion"— he paused, his eyes went to hers with irony, with apology—"I don't feel married here."

Heat rushed through her face. She sprang up, pulling the telephone and the directory from behind their lucite shield. "I'm afraid—perhaps—you see the hotel situation's awfully bad, everything jammed. Last Saturday Dick Johnson—my boss, you know—tried to find a place for a client, and we called up twenty-nine hotels."

Phil looked confident. "Oh, the manager of the Brownstone's an old pal. I designed a shore cottage for him once."

But the Brownstone's manager had left a year ago, and the Brownstone was unyieldingly full. And the Wickley, and all the rest.

Phil drew a pad and pencil to him, ticked them off with increasing grimness. "Hospitable town," he remarked, "if I am a native." And while he dialed yet one more number he executed an intricate architectural doodle.

---

**Families with babies and without babies are sorry for each other.**

—E. W. HOWE: Quoted in Post Biographies of Famous Journalists: Drewry (Univ. of Ga. Press.)

---

Gale had been leaning against the desk, watching. Her expression fixed to interest, while inside was blankness. A numb, plodding blankness. Then astonishment struck through it. "Why, you're left-handed, Phil!"

He put the receiver on its cradle, pushed away the pad and pencil. "I am, my sweet. Do you disapprove of southpaws?"

"Heavens, no! But imagine not knowing a thing like that about one's husband."

Phil stood up again and said slowly, "I guess there are a good many discoveries for each of us to make. Let's go out and get some food, Red."

She swallowed, nodding quick acquiescence. She replaced the daring black hat, adjusting it before the mantel mirror. She picked up her bag and gloves, and the phone rang. It was Dick Johnson asking her if she'd have dinner with him and go over copy on the Denton account.

"But Phil's home! I told you, Dick."

"Oh, of course. Sorry, old girl. Didn't mean to butt in on the reunion. But when the raptures die down a bit, let me know. I need your help on that account."

"I won't promise anything," she said violently, and slammed down the receiver.

Phil was staring out the window at rooftops.

"My boss," Gale said. "He's a slave driver."

"Do you dine with him often?" Phil's tone expressed nothing but polite interest.

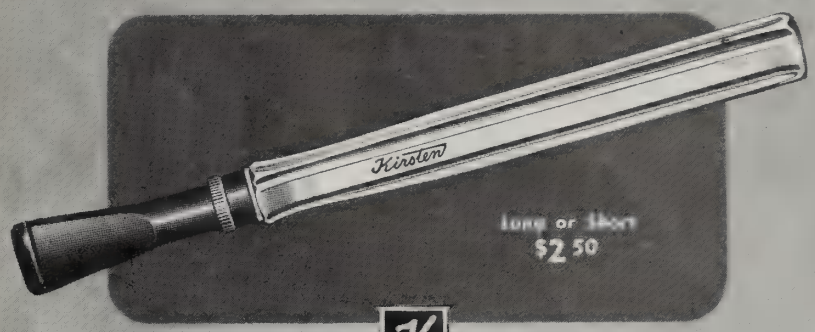
"Just sometimes, when we're working on something together. I wrote you all about him, Phil. Don't you remember?"

"Certainly." He smiled at her, picked up his own hat. "All set?"

They hadn't wanted to go to Guglielmo's—the little restaurant where they had met, where Cheryl Fenton's crowd hung out. They tried several places, but they were jam-packed, lines to the sidewalk.

"You've got to have pull at this hour," murmured Gale. "I'm afraid ——"


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Phil lit a cigarette, stamped it out at once on the pavement. "I've forgotten how to behave out with a lovely lady," he said. They walked along Fifty-second Street. "How about Guglielmo's?" he added. "Maybe old Luigi will remember me—or you."

She answered the implied question casually, "Oh, no, Phil, I haven't been there since that night." How could he think she had gone there—to their place, the shared bright island of meeting, of memory?

Luigi did not remember. "Mr. Delafield—yes-s, yes-s—no table now, perhaps a leettle later," the indifferent harassed eyes sliding over them toward the door.

Then there was a whoop and a shout from the back of the room. "Phil—*Phil Delafield!* For the love of Mike, it's the bride and groom!" Cheryl Fenton waving and beckoning, other faces curious, welcoming.

They went to the back table and joined the party. Cheryl, sleek and glamorous as always in a beige cocktail suit, two amiable young Navy officers still in uniform, and another auburn-haired girl, Jean Stratton.

"Phil—it can't be, but it is!" she cried breathlessly, as they all sat down. "I couldn't believe it when I heard Cheryl call your name! My, but it's nice to have you back." Jean's blue eyes shone up at Phil, delighted, caressing. Her eyes moved to Gale's face. "But did Cheryl say 'bride and groom'? Is this Mrs. Delafield?"

"Indeed yes," said Phil. "We're old married folks. Two years almost."

Jean pouted prettily, shaking her dark auburn curls. She leaned toward Gale. "He always was partial to redheads, but after seeing you I don't wonder I couldn't compete." She sighed, made a charming little face. "My heart's broken," she announced earnestly to them all. "I had him first. Why, we practically grew up together. Get me another Scotch, somebody, I'm shattered."

EVERYONE laughed. The two Navy officers swarmed near with mock comfort.

*She's cute,* thought Gale, *terribly pretty.* She hadn't looked at Phil, but she did now. He, too, was watching Jean, indulgently, with amusement—with something else?

"Oh, Phil," cried Jean softly, "do you remember the time you took me to the Yale game, and Peters made that touchdown, and I got so excited I fell right down on top of that old man on the lower ramp?"

"And was he furious, until he got a good look at you, and then he was all for cutting me out!"

Phil was laughing. *I've never heard him laugh like that,* thought Gale.

"A toast to the returned hero, to the reunited lovebirds. To Gale and Phil!" said Cheryl, lifting her glass.

"Of course," said Jean. "The best of everything. You must forgive our reminiscing, Mrs. Delafield. But we did used to have fun."

"Of course," said Gale, and knew that her smile was almost right—gay and understanding.

They finished their dinner. Nobody made a move to go. Gale talked to one of the Navy officers and Cheryl. Jean entertained the other two men.

It was Cheryl who broke up the party. There was a little flurry of good-bys and good wishes, vague plans for meeting soon. Just as they separated on Guglielmo's doorstep, Jean held her lips up quite naturally to Phil. He did not move his head, but gave her an affectionate little shake instead.

"Get along with you, Jeannie," he said. "You never could stand but one drink."

Gale saw a darkening in the blue eyes. There was an instant of silence. Then Jean ran off to the others. "But I'll be seeing you both!" she called gaily.

Phil and Gale started walking down Fifth Avenue. Gale said what she had not meant to say: "Phil, were you two ever engaged?"

"Just boy-and-girl stuff; it didn't mean much."

They walked on another block. "You never mentioned her."

"No reason to. All over ages ago."

The bitter pain rose sharp and strong in Gale's throat. "Or have there been so many


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redheads that one more or less doesn't count?"

"Don't, Gale," he said sharply. "You're my wife."

*Wife*, she repeated to herself. *We're strangers. Hostile strangers.*

They reached the little apartment, and a black panic swept over her. He looked into her face, and his own hardened to the same bleakness.

"You go to sleep, my dear," he said. "I'm going out for a long walk."

She did not sleep. She lay face down on the day bed, among the feminine little pillows. Her eyes were dry now and burning as they looked into darkness. *Phil, Phil, what's happened to us? What are you thinking? What are you really? It was all a mistake, wasn't it! War marriage—a moment of violent attraction, hysteria, passion, separation, fear—big wrenching emotions. All gone now.*

Toward dawn she heard him come in very quietly. She did not move. He settled himself in the chair by the fireplace. The gray dawn light seeped gradually through her smart taffeta draperies.

At six he went into the kitchenette. She heard the tiny clatter of the percolator parts, the clink of a spoon. She jumped up, ran a comb through her hair, sluiced her face with cold water, walked into the kitchenette.

"Oh, Phil—I'll get breakfast. Please sit down."

His tired mouth curved briefly. "It's almost made. I'm used to it."

*Are you?* she thought. *Where—when?* The coffee was bubbling up in the percolator, the orange juice strained, toast buttered.

"You're very efficient," she said.

"I always got my own breakfasts, those years I lived in New York."

---

**There is no young man or grown man living who cannot do more than he thinks he can.**

—HENRY FORD.
Quoted in Capper's Weekly.

---

"Oh, of course."

She set the tiny table. They sat down side by side. They were very polite. He admired the pattern of her imported peasant china. She had bought it at auction on Third Avenue. They talked about auctions.

After they had washed the dishes he said, "Had you made plans for today, Gale?"

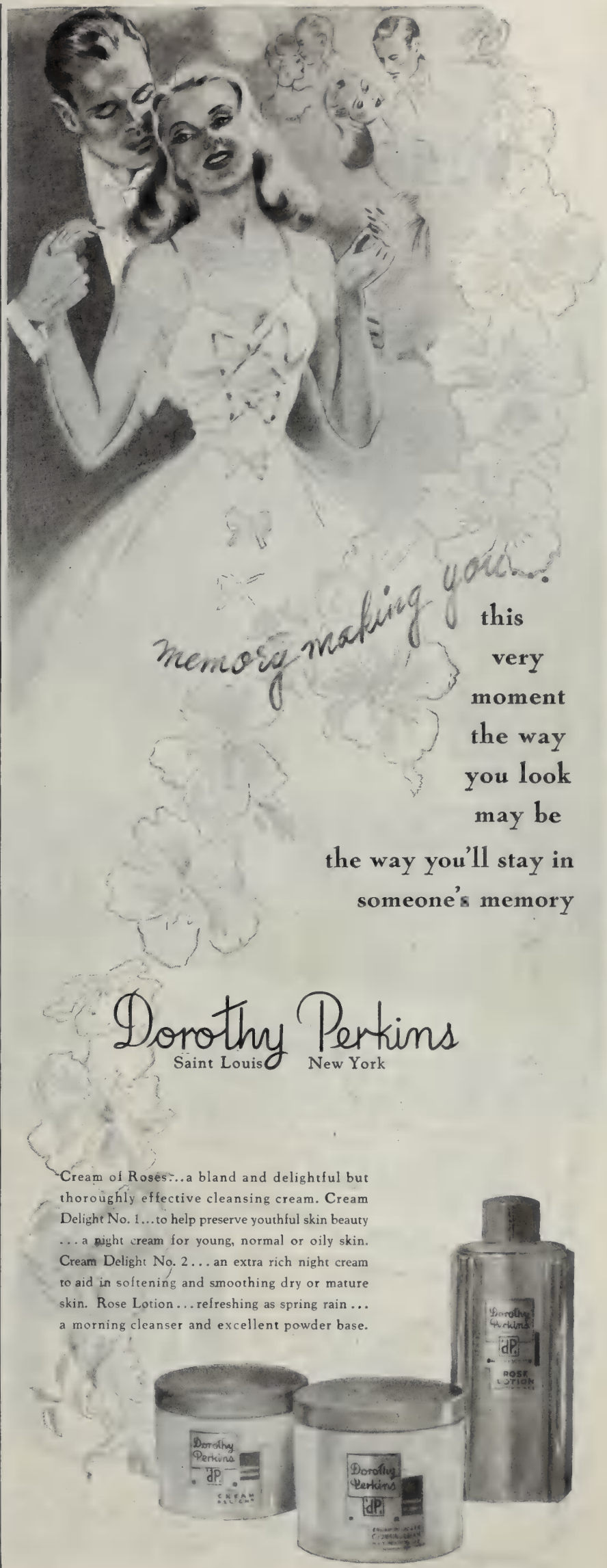
Her heart turned over. Plans for today! Plans made for months in joy, in a rapture of anticipation. "Why, I had." Her voice was dry and detached. "I rented a car. I thought we might drive up to Winfield and see mother. She's anxious to meet you—naturally. But if you'd rather not ——"

She turned her back, reaching up to the china shelf, stacking the saucers exactly, replacing the lid on the sugar bowl. *Say it!* she thought. *Get it over with. What's the use of going to see mother? What's the use of pretending?* She thought of the small white cottage in Winfield. Of her mother, the gray percale house dress a little too tight, the chintz apron, the felt slippers she wore because of her swollen feet. Her mother, famous for apple pie and the management of church suppers, who made a little pin money from the crocheting of intricate doilies.

"That sounds like a good plan," said Phil. "I'd love to see your mother—I've never stopped missing my own."

"I know," said Gale after a moment. For an instant something had broken through. That had been in the letters. References to the beautiful mother who had died ten years ago. She had been *the* Mrs. Howard Delafield. Cheryl had shown Gale a clipping. Society beauty, famous hostess, most popular young matron in the Long Island set.

Gale set her lips. She changed in the bathroom, emerged in an old blue tweed suit, sensible calf walking shoes. She had planned on an entirely different outfit for this day, an expensive, spectator sport suit. She knew that the old blue tweed made her look schoolgirlish, a little dowdy. Phil gave her a quick startled look. What did it matter?

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*Today's Bosco Is the same high quality product as ever. You may not find it at your grocer's at all times due to sugar shortage, but when you do—what a satisfaction to know you're getting the best!*

It was a beautiful spring morning. Along the parkways the maples and the willows showed a tender new green, enriched now and again by the delicate gold of forsythia. Phil drove expertly. The rented car had a radio and they listened to that for a while. They discussed the news. Past New Haven, as they plunged on into the gentle Connecticut countryside, they both fell silent.

They reached Winfield, exactly like a hundred other New England towns, with its prim rows of old houses painted white, its wine-glass elms along the village green, its shabby little Main Street. They passed the Congregational church, its high spire upflung against the blue sky.

"I was baptized in that church," said Gale, because the silence must be broken, "by Doctor Miller. There he is on the step."

Phil slowed down instantly. They both looked at the church. "Would you like to stop?" asked Phil.

"No. I haven't been to church in ages, or seen Doctor Miller."

Phil hesitated before he slipped the car into gear, and in that instant a new pain shot through her. Once she had used to dream of being married in that church.

"Mother's house is just around that corner to the left," she said.

They drew up before the little cottage. Mrs. Davis opened the door. Her face was flushed from the oven, her eyeglasses were crooked, she wore the gray percale house dress, the shapeless felt slippers. There was a floury smooch across her forehead.

Gale felt a great wave of defensive love. She flung her arms around her mother's neck.

"Well—dear," said Mrs. Davis quietly, kissing her. Her wise eyes examined Gale's face, turned to the still man on the doorstep. "Philip," she said in the same quiet tone, "you're very welcome."

Gale, amazed, saw her mother reach out a work-worn hand, and ■ quick incredulous response in Phil's face.

"You must be starved," said Mrs. Davis. "Lunch is most ready. You can go right up to the spare room. I fixed it for you."

A quick flush stained Gale's cheeks. "I don't believe I'll go up right now." Phil turned without a word and went upstairs.

The two women moved into the cluttered old kitchen.

"What is it, child?" Mrs. Davis smoothed the wind-ruffled red hair.

Gale shut her eyes, leaning against the solid comforting shoulder. "Everything," she whispered. "Everything. We're strangers."

In the silence, a coal fell in the grate of the old-fashioned stove. The dish-faced wall clock ticked loudly.

"How does *he* feel?" said Mrs. Davis.

"I don't know." Gale bit her lips against the note of hysteria. She moved from mother to the sink, turned on the faucet. "I don't know anything about him," she said in a cold dead tone. "I thought I did. It was a horrible mistake. I don't understand him." She dried her hands on the roller towel.

"I think I do," said Mrs. Davis.

GALE'S hands dropped. "You couldn't, mother. He's not like us. His whole life—his background—utterly different."

"You're talking rubbish, baby." Mrs. Davis moved briskly to the stove. "He's a man, and he's been to war. He loved you, and I believe he still does. That's enough."

Gale shook her head. "You don't know."

Mrs. Davis pulled ■ golden bubbling pie from the oven, set it on the table. "I was married during the last war, Gale," she sai quietly. "Timing gets out of whack in wa time. Timing's mighty important. In cook ing, in life, in love. If the timing goes wron you've got to start over. Do it right."

"You're a wise woman, Mrs. Davis." was Phil's voice from the doorway.

Both women started and looked at hi Phil looked different. Younger, more boyis He had taken off his tie and coat, his shi was open on a brown muscled neck.

They ate little of Mrs. Davis' deliciou food, but she didn't seem to notice. S talked a great deal, more than Gale ever r membered. About the church supper ne week. The county fair.

GALE watched Phil. If he smiled—if h condescended —— But he did not. He aske questions. He seemed genuinely interested And somehow there was comfort and pr tection growing in the shabby old kitch from her mother's chatter. She felt it warm ing her, relaxing the cold tightness in h chest.

"Now scat, you two," said Mrs. Davi rising with decision. "Go out and take walk. Down by the river to the old mill, should think. But mind you get her back b five o'clock, Philip. don't like Gale o after dusk. She has delicate throat."

"Mother!" pr tested Gale. It was ridiculous. Treatin them as though th weren't marrie Treating them actly as she used treat the boys w called long ago: "( down by the riv Be back by five Ridiculous—but w it? For the sensati of comfort and pr tection had sudden deepened.

And Phil did n smile. He sai "Right. I'll have h back on the dot five."

They started down Elm Street.

"How do we g 'Down by the C Mill Stream'?" ask Phil, singing it soft She caught her brea and pointed, not trusting herself to spea They scrambled down the short cut hind Reed's barn, and he took her hand. T warm grip was shy and young, almost ten tive. And a delicious shyness seized her t They tumbled down the last sharp slope the river path, and stood laughing a breathless.

There was another couple on the path. boy and a girl, perched on the overhangi branch of a willow, near the river. Gale a Phil glanced at the two heads, heard the s excited murmurs from the oblivious coup Their own hands met again and stayed gether. Her heart began to beat, not w fear, not with passion, nor with any emoti she had ever known with Phil. It beat wit sweet and tender anticipation like the v beginning of young love.

They rounded a bend and came upon old mill, long disused, its machinery rust the trysting place for generations of Winfi lovers.

"Look," said Phil, pointing to the mo fallen beams. They were lavishly carved both expert and bungling fingers. "J.G. lo W.E. 1850." . . . "Tom and Nellie. '7 Entwined initials in hearts, in rings, in p sies. "Courtship," said Phil, and he said little Victorian word softly, thoughtfully. looked down at Gale, and suddenly at l she knew. She met his troubled look from her own steady eyes the hurt and uncertainty vanished forever.

"Yes," she said. "We by-passed all t didn't we, Phil? All the sweetness,

*(Continued on Page 152)*

## *Child in Spring*

**By Sara Van Alstyne Allen**

**You and the spring are young together.**
**You are the bud of the enchanted flower**
**Released from winter's web of sleep,**
**Opening slowly in the morning hour.**
**Not marring the grass with your light feet,**
**You run laughing while the sky**
**Is shaped to listen, to reply.**
**The blue winds answer to your cry.**
**Your hair, like sun, shadows your cheek**
**And April are the words you speak.**

# MEET THE AUSTINS...

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**"I guess** Clapp's must hear plenty of stories about babies thriving on its baby foods," says Mrs. John Austin, of Rochester, N. Y. "But I wonder how often you hear about a family like ours—with *two generations* raised on Clapp's." And she continues . . .



**"We have a baby,** John, Jr., 15½ months old —and husky as they come! Johnny weighed 7 lbs. 10 oz. when he was born. And sometimes I wonder if he'll *ever* stop growing!



**"The doctor started** Johnny on solid food quite early. When I asked the doctor what brand of baby foods to get, he said, 'Clapp's!' And that didn't surprise me one bit . . .



**For my mother** and my husband's mother ad told me Clapp's was what *we'd* been raised n—when Clapp's introduced baby foods 25 ears ago.



**"So, naturally,** I was pleased that Clapp's are still my doctor's choice. What Clapp's has done for Johnny, you can see from these pictures! At 6 months, he was sitting in a high chair . . .



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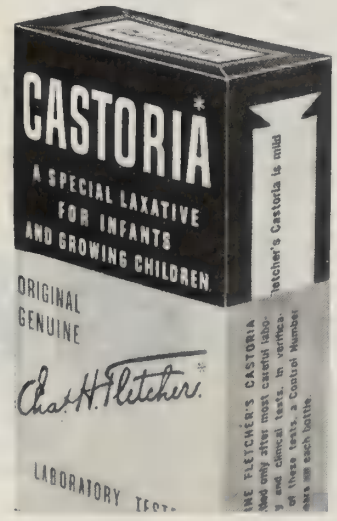
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Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.




Chas. H. Fletcher

# CASTORIA

***The original and genuine***


*(Continued from Page 150)*

beginnings, the little sentimental things. Because we had to. But I didn't think you—I didn't think a man ——"

She saw the light come into his face. He put his arm around her very gently, drew her down beside him on the fallen beam. "It's continuity, Gale," he said, frowning a little, groping for words. "You get a lot of time to think out there. You want the old values, the true ones, the ones our parents and grandparents had. You want things rooted, slow-growing—certain. Your mother's right, darling. Timing gets out of whack in wartime. We couldn't help it then. But we can now." He turned to her, putting his hands on her shoulders, searching her face. "Do you understand ——" and he added the love name, the one he had called her in the letters. She raised her lips to his.

And this kiss was as though the others had never been. They whispered "I love you," and it was like the first time for them both.

They went back along the river path and up the hill to town. They reached the little white cottage as the church clock struck five. They stood hand in hand on the step as Mrs. Davis opened the door.

"I got her back on the dot," said Phil.

Mrs. Davis stood a moment looking at them, and her eyes slowly lit with an answering smile.

They moved together into the front room, and Phil put his arm around Gale's waist. "Mrs. Davis, I love your daughter. May I have your permission to marry her?"

Mrs. Davis sat down slowly in the old rocker. "I believe you'll make a happy couple," she said. She took off her spectacles and wiped them on her apron. "I asked Doctor Miller would he step around tonight. I thought maybe you'd like to make arrangements." She put on her glasses, looked up at the two faces above her. "Real wedding in the church. Isn't that what you mean, children?"

## COCKER OF THE WALK

*(Continued from Page 20)*

had seen. I won't describe her, because she is the most famous spaniel in the United States and you have probably seen a million pictures of her. It is enough to say that when she turned to look at me, a bolt of lightning started at the top of my skull and jingle-jangled all the way down to my feet.

I didn't say a word, because I couldn't, but Flyaway Queen is very smart, and after a moment she said, "Fresh! When did they let *you* out of the whelping box? You can't be more than six months old—beat it."

"I'll grow," I said hopefully, but she sniffed and turned her head away.

"All right," Bill Wainwright was saying to Christy, "that's a date. And I promise not to pester you about selling Pepper. Did I tell you you're beautiful?"

When he drove away, Christy stood looking after the car, smiling. She bent down to fondle my ears, and said in a voice that sounded a little strange, "Pepper, I like him. He's quite special. But conceited."

"The two of them," I said, but I didn't expect an answer, because I spoke in Spaniel, which is understood only by spaniels.

A little dashed, I went back to the kennels with Christy, and dreamed all night about Flyaway Queen. In the morning, mamma asked me if I felt wormy, because I had circles under my eyes—that's mothers for you. However, I was very young, and in a few days I had almost, but not quite, forgotten Flyaway Queen.

Christy and Bill Wainwright had a good many dates, and one day, a couple of months later, mamma said to me, "I believe they're falling in love. It would be very nice for all of us if they married, since he's a millionaire; and he won't have to go away to war, because he's been." So we watched the developing romance with a great deal of interest.

Of course they had a few lively arguments now and then, because Bill wasn't able to keep his promise not to pester Christy about me. He used to come and stand over me,


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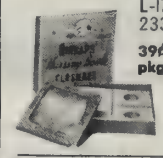



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muttering under his breath, "Golly, how I want you, you wonderful little dog, you!" and then he'd go and try to wheedle Christy, and after a while they'd both blow up.

"What's the earthly difference?" he'd shout. "He'd be shown at the Garden as Morgan's Black Pepper, with your father down as breeder. Who cares whether you own him or I own him? I should think you'd sell him to me in simple justice to the poor dog; with an awful greenhorn like you falling all over him in the ring, he's a dead pigeon!"

Mamma said *she* could see the difference. Christy wanted me to win while I was still a Morgan Kennels dog, shown by Jack Morgan's daughter. Besides, mamma said human love is a very confused thing, and Christy, who is proud and hot-tempered, would feel better about loving Bill if she could give him one good shellacking in the show ring. That I don't understand, but no doubt mamma is right.

Anyway, that was how things were, with a bottle of red ink on the office desk right next to the ledger, and Christy, between love and bills, very edgy, until the big event that ripped everything completely.

Christy had a slight cold, so she had sent the kennelman, George, with Trotter, one of the parti-colors, to a small Connecticut show where Trotter had been entered. Now mamma has not very much use for Trotter, either personally or as a show dog. "Always a reserve winner, never a champ," she says of him, which is nervy, as mamma has only three points to her own name and everybody knows the judge had had too many old-fashioneds the day she got those three points. But none of us cares particularly for Trotter; he is a great groaner and complainer.

So when he got home from the show that night, we listened unwillingly, yawning and

**Would that the race of women had never existed—except for me alone!**

scratching with boredom, while he explained that the dog that was put up over him was high in the rear and swung like a gate when he walked, and the judge was crazy.

"The judge is always crazy," mamma said sarcastically. "If you lose, that is."

Trotter is no gentleman. "Listen to her," he said. "The only judge that ever gave her a point was so pie-eyed they had to wheel him into the ring." He shoved his nose out as far as he could and glared at her venomously. "By the way, I've got some news. That old baggage George won't be showing up tomorrow. He's gone to another kennel. A place where they pay money, I understand."

We stopped scratching and yawning suddenly. This *was* news. Good kennelmen were rare as pearls in oysters nowadays, and Christy would never be able to get another.

"What kennel?" mamma said. I suppose the same thing had struck her that had struck me. "It wasn't Bill Wainwright that stole George, was it?"

"Sirup," Trotter said. "It might have been, and it might not. You may ask till your pedigree curls—if you've got a pedigree." I heard him turning around in his kennel and lying down.

Mamma said a few words, and then she added threateningly, "We'll get you in the yard tomorrow and bite it out of you."

"Sticks and stones," he said, with a yawn.

Well, that was what ruined things between Christy and Bill. Because an apologetic note from George turned up the next morning, but George did not, and the very same thing occurred to Christy that had occurred to mamma. I heard her talking to Martha about it, while Christy walked me up and down the road to improve my gait.

"You know very well who did this to me, Martha," she said, panting with exertion and temper. "That Bill Wainwright! He was at the show, too, and he'd do *anything* to get this little dog. He figures that without a kennelman I'd have to give up. Well, I won't!"

*(Continued on Page 155)*


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(Continued from Page 153)

Now, Mis' Christy," Martha said mildly. hat note from George don't say whut ken- he go to. Mistuh Bill don't strike me the kind of guy who do a trick like that."

Oh, doesn't he?" Christy said.

couple of weeks went by when we didn't from Bill except for a flock of cheery s from out West, telling Christy how he was doing at the big shows there. se blithe telegrams did little to smooth isty, who wasn't doing well at anything. nd then one cold snowy evening in Feb- y, a week before my debut at the Garden, ething woke me. I could smell the snow ing against the outside door of my ken- and the wind was moaning like a pack of . "Ow-uff," I yawned, and was just curl- up again, when I heard mamma's voice.

You Pepper," she said irritably. "I thought d been chloroformed. What goes on in office?"

didn't care, but there would have been nore sleep for me that night if I hadn't what mamma wanted, so I went to the of my kennel and looked out.

he fire in the stove had burned low, and sty was asleep in the chair beside it. Wainwright was standing over her, and ust have just come in, because the snow powdered him like sugar hadn't started elt. He stood there looking at her, smil- a little, then he leaned over, kissed her k very gently so as not to waken her, and and sat down in the other chair.

Well, what?" mamma said impatiently. st then that fool Trotter came to and d, "Help! Help! Burglars!" and the e kennel began to bugle. Naturally, sty woke, got out of her chair and banged he wall to quiet us. When she turned nd she saw Bill. "Oh!" she said.

Hello, beautiful. I missed you."

That's big of you," she said.

screwed his eyebrows down, a trick he when puzzled. "What causes the sharp in here, h'm-m?"

ISTY sat on the edge of the grooming and looked at him; I was glad *I* wasn't e other end of that look. "You wouldn't , son?"

No, I wouldn't." Bill isn't the sort to quiet very long under rough treatment. ess you're worked to a cranky frazzle ut your kennelman. By the way— you're not in a social mood, let's just it business. When I heard about George ng you, I wondered if you wouldn't be ested." He took a slip of green paper out pocket. "A check for twenty-five thou- dollars, if you'll sell me your whole el—including, of course, Black Pepper."

f course," Christy said. She took the from his hand and sat staring at it.

"I *thought* it was you. I'm glad to be sure." She lifted the stove lid and dropped the check on the pink coals. "I don't want your filthy check."

"Would you mind explaining what you mean by these cryptic remarks?" His voice was fuzzy with rising temper.

"As though you didn't know darned well," she said. "You stole my kennelman."

He stared at her. "Don't make me mad," he said. He got up out of the chair and started to put on his overcoat.

"Bill, you know I hate a cheat!" she said violently, her eyes angry. Then, after a deep breath, she took a few more stunning cracks and hard swipes at him, nicely mixed with glancing blows. Mamma said it was the finest dressing down she ever had heard.

BILL said nothing, but his ears slowly reddened while he buttoned the buttons of his overcoat. "When you're ready to apologize, you can call me up. Until then, that's all."

"Don't wait by the phone," Christy said. The door closed behind him with a slam of wind and snow, and then the kennels got very quiet and tense.

"Heavens," mamma said soberly, "now we are all in a very desperate predicament."

Christy went back to the chair, and after a moment she put her head down on her hands, and her bright hair flowed like gold all over the green blotter on the desk.

Mamma, who was listening intently, looked over at me. "She's undoubtedly a silly little fool, but even so—baby, do your stuff. A spaniel is better than nothing."

So I whined and whined, and in a few minutes Christy came back to my kennel and took me up in her arms. "Oh, Pepper," she said, "poor little fellow, now we're all alone."

"And whose fault is that, I'd like to know?" mamma said, but of course Christy did not understand her.

She went on talking to me in a husky voice thick with tears. "You've got to win at the Garden. You've got to beat his dogs—you've got to go way up. You've *got* to!"

At last she put me down again in my kennel, turned out the lights and went back to the house.

"You heard her, Pepper," mamma said. "If you go way up at the Garden, it will make the kennels. She can get big prices for the puppies and dogs, big stud fees; and since we're not going to marry money, we'll certainly need it. *If* you go way up."

"What's all the iffing?" I said.

"Have you ever been in the Garden? With all those thousands of dogs and tens of thousands of people staring and roaring at you?"

"No, and neither have you, mamma," I said. "I think you exaggerate."

"I'll take care of you in the morning," she said stiffly. "By the way ——" She hollered

LITTLE GUY



*"How could there be anything but peace after they smoked 'em?"*





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along the row of noisy kennels, "Trotter, dear, will you tell us yet who stole George?"

"Don't bother me," Trotter said.

We had cornered him several times in the yard, but Christy had always rushed out and broken it up.

"Tomorrow," mamma said silkily, "Christy will be too upset to save you, I'm thinking."

Well, we got him in the morning, although mamma forced me to stay on the side lines, since the Garden was only a week away, and she wanted no fight marks on me. I heard Trotter yelling from the bottom of the heap:

"All right, all right! I'll tell. It was some geezle from the Wacky-Cocky Kennels in Massachusetts."

"I don't see what earthly good it does us, mamma," I said when peace was restored.

"I wanted to know for my own satisfaction," she said gloomily. "For heaven's sake, get your big feet out of that wet snow! If you got a cold, we'd be ruined."

That was the way it went on for the next week. If I had been an emotional dog, Christy and mamma between them would have made a nervous wreck of me. If it wasn't Christy, grooming me, walking me, working me on the show lead, it was mamma, taking me aside and telling me how to behave at the Garden.

"Now, mamma, how in the world *could* I lose?" I said.

"Well, if they gave blue ribbons for conceit, you'd surely corner the market," she said, nipping me crossly but with care, so as not to damage me.

No, no other dog in the world ever went to Madison Square Garden with greater assurance.

But at the Garden, I sang a different tune—with a multitude of dogs talking and cursing and howling around me, crowds of loud-mouthed human beings milling and shoving, and strong, alarming smells assaulting my sensitive nose.

Christy spread a soft rug on my own bench, and chained me. I sat and shuddered. It is terrible to want your mamma that hard, and know she is fifty miles away. I wanted my familiar old kennel too.

As Christy began combing me nervously, she said, "Scared, b-baby? There's nothing to be scared of."

Oh, no? I felt as though I were in the bottom of a pit, with all bedlam shoved in on top of me.

Frog-voiced, the loud-speaker boomed suddenly: "Puppies, dogs, Ring Number Five."

Christy's hand shook on me. "Oh, Pepper," she said huskily, "that's us!" She took the chain off me again, and picked me up in her arms. I heard her sigh; I could feel her heart drumming against my side—she was as scared as I was. When she set me down, limp as lettuce, on the pale green carpet of Ring Number Five, I felt as green as the carpet. "Spunk up," she said anxiously, patting me with a hand that jumped like an electric vibrator, as she wheeled me into line with the other dogs.

I guess my rivals were a nice bunch of pups. A few of them were bat-eared with excitement, and a few had show-ring shakes like me. One who was more self-possessed licked my face and expressed pleasure at meeting me, as his mother had taught him.

In the Puppy Class, the judge makes allowances, and a very good thing it is too. Because I cannot say that Christy and I showed well. She dropped my lead once, and I went wandering around the ring for a few moments, crying, "Mamma, mamma," and then when the judge had her move me, she turned too short on a corner and almost fell on me. But nobody laughed.

In fact, after a while I began to realize that all those staring faces outside the ring liked us, because there would be a loud rustle of applause whenever the judge stepped near me. Mamma says I am the most appalling show-off in the world, and I guess it is true, because suddenly I felt a great deal better about things.

I began to look around and take notice, and the first noticeable thing I saw was Bill Wainwright. He was standing just outside


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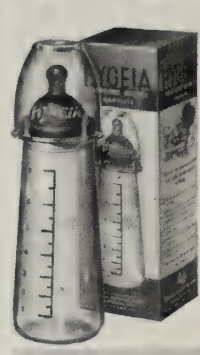


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the ring, and staring at Christy the way mamma stares at a beef bone when she is very hungry. It was not surprising, because Christy is a tall blond dream anyway, and now she was lighted up and very excited. I suppose that was because she sensed what was coming.

I must say I hadn't, as it had seemed to me that the judge hadn't paid much attention to us. So nobody was more agreeably amazed than I when the judge stooped down, gave me a firm tap on the head, and said, "First." Then they handed Christy a glossy blue ribbon. A loud noise of applause rushed like a wind around the ring, and Christy smiled and smiled at the judge as though she would like to kiss him, and was only just managing to hold herself in check.

How can I describe how I felt? Now I knew I was a show dog. When Christy carried me down to the bench, I went yelling at the top of my lungs, "I won the blue! Hear ye! Hear ye! I won the blue!"

Of course, I understood there were a few hurdles still in front of me before I could be Best in Show. I would have to go Winners Dogs, Best of Winners, Best of Variety and top the Sporting Group before I even got into the Best in Show group. But when did I, in a normal state of mind, underestimate my chances?

After Christy had got back to the bench and chained me, she took a thumbtack and prepared to stick my ribbon to the boards at the rear of the bench.

"Way up high, chum," I said, "where everybody can see it."

Suddenly a beautiful dark head squeezed around the corner of the bench. "My, *how* you have grown!" she said admiringly.

---

**A friend may be known in adversity, a hero in battle, an honest man in a loan, a wife when riches are spent, and a relation in trouble.**

---

I had known Flyaway Queen would be at the Garden, but I had never expected her to be benched right next to me. I was pleasantly surprised. Now that I was grown up, I could see that she was old enough to be my mother, but she certainly was the most beautiful female in all the world.

I rolled my eyes and said, "Hello, lovely. Did you hear I'd won the blue?"

"Well, if I didn't, it certainly wasn't your fault," she said in that dry way of hers. "Won't it be grand if you go right through to the Specials? Then we'll be rivals—but I'm almost afraid you'd beat me!"

"I sure will," I said cheerfully, and she jerked her head back as though I'd bitten her. Since Flyaway Queen won her championship, she has never been topped by any other spaniel, but mamma had always told me to take no guff from anybody.

I was just sitting down to worship my blue ribbon in peace and quiet when Bill Wainwright's voice said:

"Hello, Christy. I'm awfully glad you won. How about just one little apology, so we can be friends again? Just one little lick of the boot?"

Christy looked up at him. "Apology for *what*?" she said coldly, but her hand had closed hard on one of my ears, and I don't think that she felt cold. "I see you're benched right next to me. Your bright idea, of course?"

"If I'd ever had an idea like that, I wouldn't have thought it bright." His face skimmed over with ice, like a pool on a November morning. "By the way, for Pepper's sake, *do* try to do a better job next time you go up."

She turned her back on him then, and after a bit of thick silence he got up and went away. As mamma says, it is indeed odd that human beings have got to their position of prominence in this world, when you consider how stupid they are. Because Christy was suddenly unhappy. She sat there in a listless slump, staring at the unopened catalogue on her knee, and I had an idea she would have loved to punch herself.


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My next class was Winners Dogs, in which I competed against the winners of the Novice, American-Bred, Limit and Open classes. As the American-Bred and Open send up winners with all the stuff in the world, even I did not expect a cakewalk. But it was a cinch, and they gave me the purple for Winners Dogs.

By this time the cocker fancy in the Garden were aware that a new champion was being born, and the ringside was so jammed a dachshund couldn't have wriggled through. I only wished that my dear mamma could have been there, to see what that intelligent crowd thought of her son; they applauded till my feathers rattled. Winning this class gave me my first points toward my championship, and made me eligible to compete with the winning female when she came up through the same merry-go-round on the distaff side.

Christy had her lunch with me down on the bench, because I guess she was afraid my jam of admirers might take me apart for souvenirs. Trying not to look smug, as mamma had instructed me, I listened to the snatches of conversation that went on over me: "—— best little spaniel in twenty years. He'll beat the Winners Bitch. But he *couldn't* beat Flyaway Queen—it's never been done." The voice added in a whisper that Christy couldn't hear, "Especially the awful way that gal is showing him." What with having her mind pinned on Bill Wainwright and not knowing much about the dog business anyway, Christy as a handler was a downright scandal.

However, in spite of all Christy could do to the contrary, late in the afternoon I beat the Winners Bitch. She was a sweet little bit, and the judge had to take a few minutes more than he usually needed before he said "Best of Winners," and thrust a blue-and-white rosette at Christy. That made me eligible for the Specials, and as they were coming on immediately, I stayed in the ring while they were brought in. This was the class in which Bill Wainwright was showing his wonderful, "unbeatable" Flyaway Queen.

I looked the Specials over carefully as they went strolling by me. They were six of the finest black spaniels I ever had seen, and of course they were all champions. They didn't seem to be pleased at having a graduate of the Puppy Class come up against them, because they certainly said things when they saw me, mostly unprintable.

Flyaway Queen said nothing at all, but I don't think she was pleased either. She just walked by like a great shining star, pride in every wonderful line. She was so really terrific that she gave me to think. Bill Wainwright was at the other end of her show lead, and he was ignoring Christy just as carefully as she was ignoring him.

And then it happened; never ask me how. Christy stepped back quickly so she wouldn't be too close to Bill, and I heard a short snapping sound, like the report of a tiny popgun, and my feet flew out from under me. When I pulled myself together, I saw Christy lying on one elbow on the green carpet; her face was white with shock. "I can't get up," she said to the startled steward who was bending over her. "Something's wrong—my ankle ——" Christy has beautiful ankles, but one of them now was swelling so fast, even as I looked, that it scared me.

THERE was a sudden deep hush, and someone at the ringside groaned. I might have groaned myself. *Poor dear mamma*, I thought. Because how could Christy show me, lying on one elbow like that? Then a beehive of activity buzzed up about me. There was Bill Wainwright, looking very frightened, and a doctor who came down out of the mezzanine, and about twenty women who had studied first aid and had come down with him to advise him.

They got Christy to a chair at the ringside somehow, and after a few moments the doctor said, "I'm sure it's only a nasty sprain. But you can't show that dog. Someone get me tape, please, and I'll tape this ankle."

Then Bill Wainwright leaned over Christy. He was holding me in his arms, which was kind of him, as I had been very much afraid of being stepped on in the confusion.

"Chris," Bill said, "this is no time to be uppity. I'll show little Pepper for you."

"Never!" And have you deliberately ruin his chances—I know you." She stared at the steward, who was eying his watch. "Can't someone get a handler for me—*anybody* will do!"

"Anything at all except me, eh?" Bill said, and then he beckoned to a man standing near us, handed him my lead, and walked away.

WELL, never ask me how *this* happened either. All I know is that I certainly started into the ring with the strange handler on the other end of my lead. However, when I looked up again, sensing something with my usual alertness, I found that Bill Wainwright was now leading me, and the handler had shifted to Flyaway Queen. I was very much surprised, naturally, and Christy at the ringside was very much surprised, too; she was so white, between pain and rage, that I didn't know her for a moment.

I won't deny I thought I was ruined myself. It is too much to ask any man who has been kicked around very hard by a pigheaded girl to show that girl's dog so well that his own famous unbeaten champion might lose.

But it wasn't long before I changed my mind. Heaven knows why, Bill wanted me to win. His heart was really in it. "Come on, little boy, steady now," he said. "Don't you want that nice silver cup? Win it, boy; we're out to show that bad-tempered gal I love."

Bill has grand hands; I like them. He worked me as though he'd made a life's study of me. I let him pose me with those firm, hard hands as though I'd been chiseled out of black marble—oh, it was a nerve cure, after that Christy.

> **He has got one horseshoe—now all he needs are three more horseshoes and a horse.**
> RUMANIAN PROVERB.

Very soon that group of wonderful champions had simmered down to just Flyaway Queen and me. "Don't get up your hopes, sonny," she said, with an anxious gleam in her eye when the judge waved us side by side. "He's only giving the crowd its money's worth."

It was getting its money's worth. The ringside was thickly silent as a heavy summer day before a thunderstorm, while the rows of faces swiveled this way and that, studying me and that wonderful Flyaway Queen, studying the perplexed judge. No man ever worked harder. I don't know how many times he had Bill and the handler move up, nor how many times he returned again to that silent, absorbed examination.

I got rather bored with it after a while. I knew how it was going to end, of course, the way it always did. So when at last the judge ran a combing hand through his hair with a gesture of finality, and I knew he had made up his mind, I yawned—it would be very nice to show mamma that big silver cup.

Poor mamma. Poor me. Because the judge breathed out a tired sigh, stooped above us and tapped Flyaway Queen on her glossy black brow. "*She* gets it," he said.

Bill just stood there, his face turning the pink of a very pink brick. He opened his mouth wide to say something, but then shut it again with a click, because you don't argue with a judge's decision. In a few moments he was stalking out of the ring, with Queen's silver cup for Best of Variety, and Queen's envelope of prize money. I will draw the curtain on how *I* felt. I knew I was nobody again. I knew I wasn't going Best in Show. I was a nice little black spaniel, that's all.

Bill was muttering under his breath as he prodded his dejected way through the crowd toward Christy. I had never heard such staccato-studded language in my life; I had never believed it possible there were that many things you could call a judge. Bill was very mad.

"Chris," he said, when we got to her, "the blooming cup, this prize money, they ought to be yours. You've got the better dog." And then he turned away from her, so she couldn't see his eyes. "I'm so awfully sorry."




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"Bill, I want to talk to you," Christy said. "Not here. Let's find some quiet place."

"What for?" he said. "Anyway, there is no quiet place in this blankety-blank Garden." But he helped her up, and in a few minutes we were back in one of the cool, dimly lighted corridors, and he had scrounged a camp chair for her to sit on. "All right," he said gloomily, "begin."

"Begin what? I lick your boots in shame. You never stole my kennelman." She reached up and took his hands. "And nobody ever tried harder to put a dog over. It wasn't your fault."

I got out of Bill's way only just in time, because he was suddenly down there in front of her, with his hands on her waist, and his eyes very funny. "You know I love you, Chris," he said.

And then there was a long, boring interval, very dull to me, before she said, "Darling, I'm almost glad Pepper lost, because if he hadn't, I'd always have thought you married me just to get him."

"Well, that enters in," he said, and she laughed, and he kissed her several times, to the amusement of the few passers-by. At last he opened his eyes a bit as though coming out of a fog, and said happily, "Next year will be another story. Pepper's still a little young. Next year he'll have more substance, a better coat—he'll have had more ring experience. You know what he's going to do when Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright bring him back to the Garden next year?"

"I know," Christy said, looking dreamy. "He's going all the way. Next year, he's going Best in Show."

I did too. And if you come up to our kennels sometime, mamma will bore you to tears with all the ribbons and medals and cups, because mamma is very proud of me.

## THE WILLAPAWAMPUS

*(Continued from Page 24)*

For a while his mother had tried to coax him into talking, and once she hid and jumped out and scared him. He remembered that. Afterward she'd cried and cried and held him on her lap in the rocker and rocked back and forth with him and said over and over that she was sorry. And she hadn't tried any more. She prayed a lot about it, though. And every night she rubbed olive oil into the burn scar on his arm.

Frank took Jody's hand to show his mother, without having to say it, that he wouldn't let anything happen. "If he don't behave," he said, "I'll get the Willapawampus after him."

Jody could hear the hall clock going tick-tick-ticka-ticka-tick, eating up the seconds. Eating them right up. Fast as they came. Without missing a one.

"Well," his mother said, "I guess you'd better be going." She smoothed Jody's jersey across his shoulder. "Have a good time." She followed them out onto the porch. "Have a real good time," she said.

At the corner they turned and looked back. She was still standing there. She fluttered her apron at them.

"Wave," Frank said to Jody. "Wave so she can see."

Jody waved. He hopped up and down and waved as hard as he could. He could feel his milk and soup sloshing around inside him. He wondered, fleetingly, if they were mixed up, or if they stayed separate or got in layers, and if the beans floated or if they sank.

Ordinarily, Jody relished the jouncing luxury of the trolley. He loved the slick feel of the straw seats and the pleasant "woggly" sensation that came and went if he made himself limber. And the way things whished by. However, as they rode along and the streetcar, already filled with passengers, became packed solid, the mounting excitement in him crowded aside all else. When, his cheek pressed against the metal bars guarding the open window, he caught his first glimpse of the flying pennants atop the gigantic tents, it was very nearly more than his pounding impatience could endure.

The circus! The circus!





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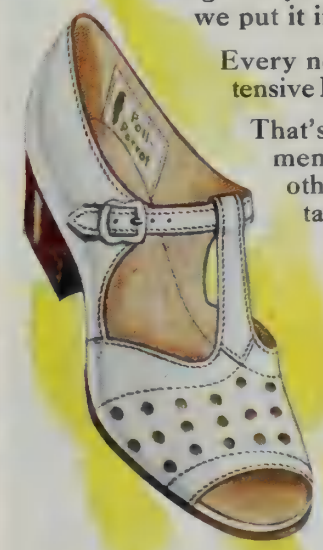
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Alighting, he held tightly to Frank's hand. They were swept into and became one with the throng streaming toward the entrances. Past the popcorn and peanut hawkers, the balloon venders holding whole enormous bunches of multicolored balloons tugging at their strings, the hoarse-voiced men selling sparkly canes with looped silken cords and golden tassels, and toy monkeys, and painted wooden clowns on sticks, and imitation birds that whistled around in a circle with their tails twirling red and blue and green-yellow; and there were even live lizards with froggy toes and little silver chains around their mottled green necks.

Inside the circus grounds, an intoxicating smell assailed Jody's nostrils. It was, he thought, the best smell he had ever smelled. It was better even than jelly beans when you put your nose in the bag. And cooking chili sauce. And rain-barrel smell. It was better than all three of them in a lump.

He couldn't look fast enough. Or hard enough. Or long enough. At anything.

There were the red wagons with gilt wheels. There was the spun-sugar candy like great fluffy puffs of pink-and-white cotton. There were the booths filled with lamps, and Kewpie dolls, and glittering knives, and vases, and plaster figures, and china dishes. There were the tremendous canvas pictures stretching high above the side show, and the side-show people themselves who came outside and stood on the platform—one by one—every once in a while so that, if you stayed, you got to see them all. Free!

Jody liked the fat lady the most. She was a big soft dumpling of a fat lady and she looked happy and as if it'd be nice to sit on her lap and lean back. The human skeleton wasn't a skeleton at all, but was more on the order of Mr. Gilhooley, who'd died. The tattooed man could make his skin jump and he was a purplish red-cabbage color, sort of. The midgets Jody liked the least. They had sharp bright eyes.

After a while, there was the main tent. It was tremendous. Through its vaulting-away hollowness seeped a dusty daylight that made pale milky blurs of the faces lining the immense oval ring. Men in white jackets with baskets on their arms ran up and down the plank aisles selling cold drinks, ice cream, peanuts and souvenirs. Above, like a sloping sky skewered in position by slim lofty poles, the tarpaulin moved gently as if fanned by invisible wings. Below, beneath the planks, was a dizzy no man's land of empty space.

The smell was thicker in here. It was, Jody thought, the most wonderful smell in the whole world. He practiced letting his feet hang while his eyes—wide and round—explored the meanings of the dangling ropes, the aerial scaffoldings, the co-ordinated movements of the men in the loose red coats who were building a circular cage in the center ring. No matter how much you looked, he thought, you couldn't look yourself out. Ever.

"Some punkins," Frank said.

Jody nodded, his eyes shining.

Frank pointed to the nearly completed cage. "Lions and tigers."

A shivery chill of anticipation ran on quick mice feet down Jody's backbone as he recalled the terrible tigers that had taken away Little Black Sambo's red coat and blue trousers, and purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings, and his green umbrella.

---

**Suppose your wife suddenly disappeared and you decided to advertise for someone to do her job. Your classified announcement would read something like this: Woman Wanted: To help in house. Eighteen-hour day, seven-day week. Sleep in. Must have knowledge of cooking, sewing, medicine, law, child welfare, elementary electricity, bookkeeping and men. Must be strong and willing. One who can help in garden preferred. No wage, but all found.** —World's Press News.

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He sat bolt upright as, with a crashing blare, the circus poured into the tent. Tingles of ecstasy raced through him. His lips parted and his eyes—blue incredulous mirrors—fastened with rapt unswerving attention on the flood of colorful pageantry that transported him into an enchanted fairyland. He absorbed it through his pores and his skin, and drank it in through the roots of his innermost being. He breathed it. Lived it. Was it.

He was the horns and the drums and the prancing horses. He was the clowns with their flour-white faces and domino eyes and false noses and floppy shoes, somersaulting, playing jokes on one another, making sad-funny grimaces. He was the ponies, and the monkeys, and the cracking whips. He was the little dogs in fancy costumes walking on their hind legs, and the bejeweled elephants, and the beautiful ladies dressed in spangles that winked and glistened like gold and silver stars. He was the plumes and the tinkling bells and it was he, Jody Murphy, who, in a padded vest, flaring breeches and polished boots, won the roaring acclaim of the multitude by wrestling with the rippling, tawny-maned lion.

He put the tigers and the polar bears through their paces and made the black panther jump through a flaming hoop. It was he who swung through the air from the highest trapeze to whirl breath-takingly at the last possible instant while a sigh went up from everywhere at once. He minced across the gleaming skein of wire balancing a long slender wand of a pole, and carrying a pink-and-white-and-gold lady on his shoulders. He juggled a rainbow of balls, and plates and butcher knives and, as a stirring climax, torches of fire. He rode a dappled horse bareback—standing up—and flipped over it and under it and changed into a clown who made the echoes shout with laughter as he wobbled and slipped and almost-not-quite fell from his lolloping perch and, then, got thinner and thinner as he peeled off his ill-fitting clothes and tossed them away.

Time—as time—ceased to exist. Time was a beautiful lady in tossing ruffles, high in the air, twisting over and over and over her own taut arm while the drums rolled louder and louder. Time was the tatarrrrrra . . . ta . . . ta of a flashing trumpet. Time was the grand finale of the circus parade with the elephants holding tails, the majestic swaying camels, the rollicking clowns, the calliope, the dazzling magnificence of the animal wagons——

His heart gave a sickening lurch. There, in one of the wagons, was the Willapawampus! He recognized it immediately. It was just as he'd known it would be. The gray hulking body, the short squatty legs, the little pig ears and eyes. The cavernous mouth!

*I see you up there, Jody Murphy,* the Willapawampus said. *Don't think I don't.*

*I'm not ascairt of you,* Jody said, without conviction.

"Lookit!" Frank said, nudging Jody. "The hippopotamus."

*That's my brother,* Jody said to the Willapawampus. *He's not ascairt of you either.*

*I could swallow you up without even chewing, Jody Murphy,* the Willapawampus said. *And him too. I could just crunch once and that'd be the end of you both.*

"The blood-sweating hippopotamus," Frank said. "Golly. Lookit it."

*Do you really sweat blood?* Jody asked the Willapawampus.

*I sweat it by the bucket,* the Willapawampus said. *That's that smell you've been smelling. Willapawampus perspiration.*

*How do you do it?* Jody asked.

*That's for me to know and you to find out,* the Willapawampus said. *And you'll find out all right some one of these days. Don't think you won't. I know all about who it was filled his squirt gun at the holy-water fount when he thought nobody was looking. And who it was got into the tar wagon when it went up to Feighan's alley. And who put the fever worms in Nellie Haggerty's packing-box playhouse. You'd better mind out, Jody Murphy. And don't think you hadn't. I'm on to you.*

*My mother'll chase you with a broom,* Jody said.

*Like heck she will,* the Willapawampus said. *She won't be there. When she comes home*

*(Continued on Page 163)*





# "Come on, mother, give the kid a break!"

**MOTHER:** You stay out of this, William. I know what's best for Jimmy.

**WILLIAM:** Listen, Mom—all you have to do is get him canvas shoes with "P-F".



**MOTHER:** "P-F" . . . what in heaven's name is that?

**WILLIAM:** The coach at school told us all about it. "P-F" means Posture Foundation. It's a special built-in feature. Keeps the bones of the feet in normal position. Guards against flat feet and strained leg muscles.

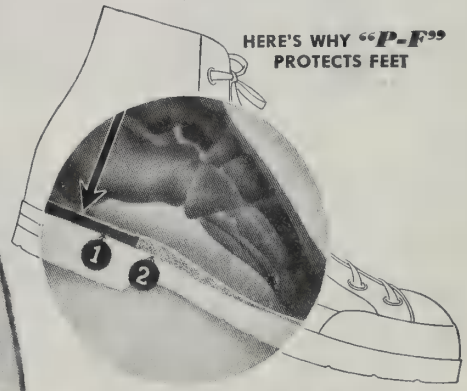


**MOTHER:** Well, it certainly sounds like a wonderful idea.

**WILLIAM:** Look, here are my new basketball shoes. They've got "P-F" in 'em, and boy, it sure does make a difference in the way your feet feel.



HERE'S WHY "P-F" PROTECTS FEET




1 This orthopedically correct, rigid wedge keeps the bones of the foot in their natural, normal position.

2 This sponge rubber cushion protects the sensitive area of the foot.

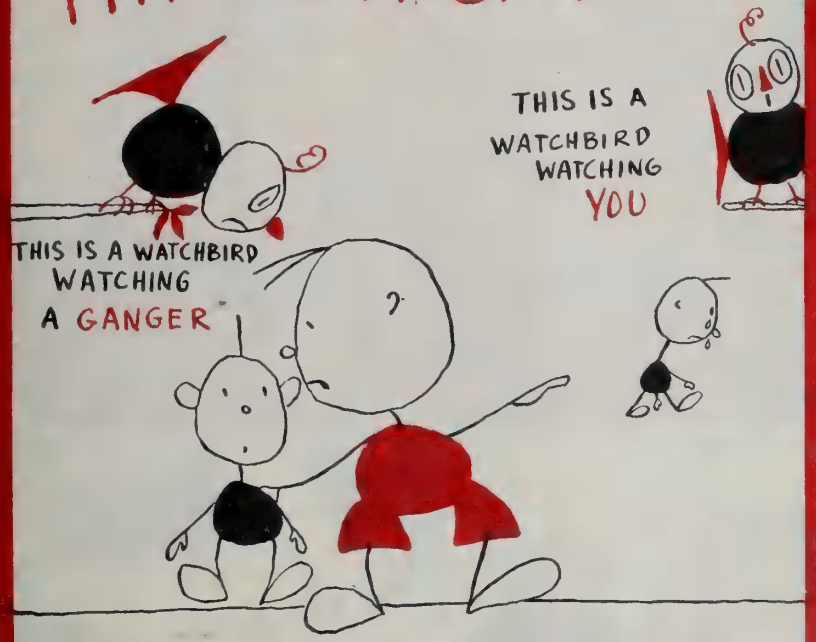
**WILLIAM:** One thing more, Mom. "P-F" is a Patented Feature. The coach says only canvas shoes made by B. F. Goodrich or Hood Rubber Company have it

"P-F" means Posture Foundation

—a Patented Feature found only in canvas shoes made by

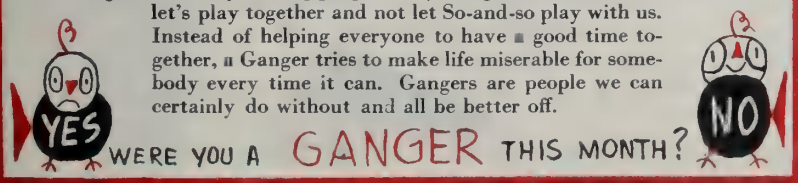
**B. F. Goodrich** *or* **HOOD RUBBER CO.**


# THIS IS A GANGER




***By Munro Leaf***

THIS disagreeable person is a Ganger, and the thing it likes to do most of all is to spoil other people's friendships and make them miserable. Gangers are always telling people nasty things about others and saying let's play together and not let So-and-so play with us. Instead of helping everyone to have a good time together, a Ganger tries to make life miserable for somebody every time it can. Gangers are people we can certainly do without and all be better off.




WERE YOU A GANGER THIS MONTH?



***Pictured:*** North Star "Nocturne" in Rose Dust, $8.95 . . . at fine stores everywhere

*Settings and accessories by Lord & Taylor*

***Nothing's too good for Mother***—on her birthday, Mother's Day or *any* day! And nothing's nicer for Mother's beauty sleep than a fleece-soft Nocturne, North Star's airy wisp of a blanket. Nocturne is made of fine-fibered virgin wool, woven to give warmth without weight. You'll treasure light-as-a-sheet Nocturnes, too, for their lovely soft colors and for their versatility . . . they're on the bed in varying numbers according to the temperature—not only in summer, but the whole year 'round!

**FREE BOOKLET:** *"Decorate Your Dream Room"* . . . . *full of exciting, inexpensive ideas on bedroom color, furnishings, arrangement. Write North Star Woolen Mill Co., 283 So. 2nd Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.*



**Your favorite June bride** will bless you for this luxury gift—a pair of heirloom quality North Stars. And year by year her smoothly double-napped North Stars, made of springy, long-fibered virgin wool, will outwash and outwear any number of ordinary blankets.



**A pocket edition** of your own loved North Stars is baby's best friend—her snuggle-soft, fine-fleece North Star Baby Blanket. It's the perfect, always welcome gift for a mother-to-be or for baby's first birthday.

North Star
*Beautymap*
Blankets

100% VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS

(Continued from Page 161)

*re won't be anything left of you but maybe ittle bitty old smidgen-sized bite.*

*You wouldn't dast,* Jody said.

*Wouldn't I though? You just try me too far d see.*

*You do,* Jody said, *and I'll throw hot corn al on you. I'll get a whole big wash boiler l of it and dump it smack on you. And then l get some more and dump that on you! d I'll run upstairs and dump some more m up there! And I'll climb out on the roof d pull a string and the sky'll tip over and hot n meal'll just come squashing! It'll shrivel u up into a frizzle! That's what!*

*Ho,* the Willapawampus said. *Don't you k biggety, though!*

A sea of laughter broke over Jody. He nked. The red wagon containing the Wilawampus was rolling onward. Behind it lown was leading a teeny-tiny Willapampus. Momentarily, Jody thought it was aby one. It came as a tearing shock when saw it had dog feet. They were making of the Willapawampus! The clown. The g. Everybody. ey were *laughing* the Willapawams!

His eyes darkened they followed the derous animal, its ssive snout lowed, its head bowed humiliation, and heart swelled with low, thick, curious otion that left him mbling.

*They don't know,* told it.

But the Willapampus was too amed to hear. ound the ring it nt in its red wagon, olate and suffer-

*I take it back about corn meal,* Jody d. *I didn't mean it. uly I didn't. nest.*

But the Willapampus was mute, squiggle of a tail p and disconso-

*Please,* Jody enated it. *Oh, please, ease!*

The red wagon nded the sawdust ul. Jody wrung his nds.

*I'm ascairt of you,* called to it. *I am, e ascairt!*

A split second before the horses pulled the gon into the lane that led to the oblivion he yawning exit, the animal lifted its ugly id.

*I love you, Jody Murphy,* the Willapampus said.

"What's the matter?" Frank asked. ody. What's the matter?" His gaze still the rapidly vanishing circus, he bent and his mouth close to Jody's ear. "You got go to the bathroom?"

Jody shook his head. He wiped his nose h his sleeve. A splattering wave of apuse went up as the last of the parade appeared from view.

"You sure?" Frank questioned.

Jody nodded.

"Well, here," Frank said. He gave Jody handkerchief. "Blow your nose."

Dutifully, Jody blew his nose.

They joined the crowd surging down the les and the planks, across the sawdust and ough the tent flaps into the late-afternoon slight.

It was suppertime when they reached me. The kitchen table was set, and from e stove came the sizzle of frying sausage. hile they ate, Jody listened to Frank tell mother of the wonders they had seen: of the tumblers, and of the seal with a ribbon around its neck who had played a tune; of the trapeze artists in silken tights who, plummeting downward, had landed in the net to bounce and land again; of the huge wrinkled elephants rearing up all together; of the dancing horses and the butterfly ladies who swung by their teeth; of the crazy antics of the clowns when the lopsided house had caught fire.

"THE best one of all," Frank said, "was the lion tamer. He walked right up to them and *made* them do what they were supposed to."

*The best one of all was the Willapawampus,* Jody said. *The best one of all was the Willapawampus!*

Frank stabbed a slice of bread with his fork. "He had a chair and ——"

"You just put that piece of bread back," his mother interrupted. "Circus or no circus, that's no way to get a piece of bread."

Sheepishly, Frank obeyed. His mother passed him the plate of bread.

"And don't you forget it," she said to him. "Jody, eat your crusts. How do you expect to ——" She paused, to look searchingly at her younger son.

Jody put down his spoon and concentrated on the pale wash of milk coating the inside of his half-empty glass. His throat worked convulsively. He could feel the words pushing, pushing, all crowded up together, trying to get past his swallow: *The . . . best . . . one . . . of . . . all . . . was . . . the . . . Willapawampus . . .* THE BEST ONE OF ALL WAS THE WILLAPAWAMPUS . . . THE BEST ONE OF ALL WAS THE WILLAPAWAMPUS.

"What is it, Jody?"

Desperately Jody strove to rid himself of the words. They were alive now. Big beautiful red alive words, like the ones on the billboard. If he could get them up and into his mouth they would jump out and say themselves. They would fill the whole room, and they would ——

"Jody!" his mother said. "Look at me!" She scraped back her chair.

Jody pulled his gaze from his milky glass and fastened it on her. Her expression frightened him. The words gave a violent retching leap and dissolved into nothingness. There was nothing left. Nothing. Except an ache where they had been and a dragging heaviness and a little strangled sound that came from nowhere and lost itself quickly in a terrifying silence. Such a funny little ragged sound. Like it had been torn. Like it was a pulled-off part of something.

And then he knew it had been *his* sound—that he, Jody Murphy, had made it all by himself—because, all at once, his mother's face came to pieces the way it had the time Frank had come home walking springy. Only, somehow, the way it came to pieces was different. And Frank was shouting and doing a jig and the dishes and knives and forks and spoons were rattling, and the stove lids and the breadbox, and the gas money was jingling in the jar on the shelf and, even though his mother *was* crying, his insides didn't feel a bit leaky.

They *felt* the way Willapawampus perspiration *smelled*. Just exactly!

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

## *Modern Love Song*

**By Harold Applebaum**

Now when the world is turning
inside out
With progress, when the weeks
are bright with gold,
When days flash by like lightning
and the doubt
Of what to do, the fear of
growing old
Are far from mind, now is the
time: the time
To treasure what the treasure is;
to hold
Your love as shield against the
changing rhyme,
To keep one warmth against the
planet's cold.

The things of spirit are erosion-free
And love is ageless as the sky.
Machines
Grow hungry, orbits insecure,
time's fee
May pyramid or sunburst
intervene—
But where you walk a radiance will
last,
Though you are shadow and the
age is past!

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥





The Gear twins, Catherine and Barbara, are 7 years old and in the 2nd grade. They live in a suburb of New York City and are "good little helpers" around the house. They love to roller-skate and play house.

Mrs. Lawrence Gear




"A MOTHER OF TWINS REALLY NEEDS RINSO'S TWIN ADVANTAGES"

GETS WHITES
RIN-SO WHITE

KEEPS WASHABLE COLORS
RIN-SO BRIGHT




**"We love** Amos 'n' Andy—they're so funny! We listen to them every Tuesday night!"




**"The twins** always help on washday. But the biggest help of all is soapy-rich Rinso!"




RINSO IS ANTI-SNEEZE

(PATENTED PROCESS)

—the only granulated soap 98% free of irritating sneezy soap-dust

# Made specially for Baby!

## That's why Gerber's cereals are rich in added iron and B complex vitamins

Yes, Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are made to suit the special needs of baby as *starting* cereals, and right through babyhood.

You see, baby is born with a supply of iron gathered through the prenatal period. Doctors have discovered that this supply of precious iron often runs low some months after birth, so baby must get his iron from what he eats.

For this reason both Gerber's Cereals are rich in added iron, and as a further aid to baby's well-being both have generous amounts of B complex vitamins derived from *natural* sources.

Both cereals are pre-cooked—simply add milk or formula (hot or cold) and serve.

Avoid monotony and help baby's appetite by serving Cereal Food at one feeding, and Strained Oatmeal at the next. Baby likes variety, too!

Be sure to get Gerber's Cereals with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

*NATIONAL BABY WEEK, April 27 to May 4.*
*"Give your baby the right start in life."*




Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods © 1946, G. P. C.

*Free sample* .....

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. 85-6, Fremont, Michigan

My baby is now ..... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

*Name* .....

*Address* ..... *City and State* .....






H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

*Good posture can mean fun as well as health. Make your exercises into family games and play them every day.*

# Stand Straight for Good Health!

**BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN**

*President, Chicago Board of Health*

ALL children are entitled to the benefits of good posture. Only when children have correct habits of sitting, standing and walking can their bodies function as they should and develop properly. Poor posture ultimately always means poor health.

Through carelessness or lack of knowledge, many parents who can give their children the best of everything permit faulty posture. It injures health and interferes with good performance in school and at play. Fortunately, most posture faults can be overcome once parents have learned the importance of "standing straight and tall." When mothers know what to look for and what to do, and especially what to avoid, their children can easily be assured of good posture and all that it means in terms of health and growth.

A simple way to test posture is to hold a straight rod or stick alongside the child, or drop a weighted string from a point opposite the child's ear—the "plumb-line" test. If posture is perfect, the midpoints of the shoulder, hip and knee will all be in alignment with the rod or string. The extent to which the axes of head, trunk and legs zigzag away from this straight line measures the degree of postural fault.

While there are many different kinds of bad posture, and almost as many variations as there are children, the three main types that mothers should watch for are well defined and easy to recognize. The most common type is the so-called "fatigue posture": outthrust head; round, sagging shoulders; flat or hollow chest; protruding abdomen—all contributing to a pronounced zigzag when tested by the plumb-line method. Second, a variation of fatigue posture, is the humped-back type, in which the spine is curved so that the hollow at the small of the back is eliminated. The third type of bad posture that is commonly seen is the bantam type, with the chest pushed forward and the buttocks out in an exaggerated overcorrection of the fatigue slouch, often caused by improper teaching or by nagging at the child until he is self-conscious about his posture.

Mothers who learn how to analyze the various faults will quickly understand how they hamper good bodily functioning and thus interfere with health and growth. In example, in fatigue posture the shoulders sag forward and down, flattening and cramping the chest so that the lungs are crowded and full, and free breathing is impossible. The forward droop of the head puts an unnatural strain on the muscles of the neck a

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

oper spine. The protruding abdomen allows ie internal organs to fall forward from their ormal position; in time, these organs lose rength and tone. Thus good digestion and imination, so necessary to normal growth, e sacrificed to the greedy requirements of ad posture.

Similarly, other posture faults make unasonable demands on organs and muscles at were designed to function in a body that straight and firm. A humped back pulls ie whole structure out of alignment, resulting chiefly in stress on the spinal muscles and ie abdominal organs. On the other hand, ie youngster who sits and stands erect and ll has the poised, alert look that goes with od health and good performance.

The first step in correcting poor posture is ie removal of conditions, her than plain carelessess, which may be contribing factors. In young ildren, for example, imoper or poorly fitting othing may be an imporint cause. Shoes that are o short or too tight amp the muscles of the feet and legs and ake good, easy standing and walking difficult. To compensate, other muscles are called to play unnaturally—setting up a whole ain of wrong habits. Overalls and leggings ith suspenders must not be too heavy or too nall, or the shoulders will be pulled forward d the chest flattened. For the same reason, spender garments must carry the weight ose to the neck, not out near the tips of the oulders.

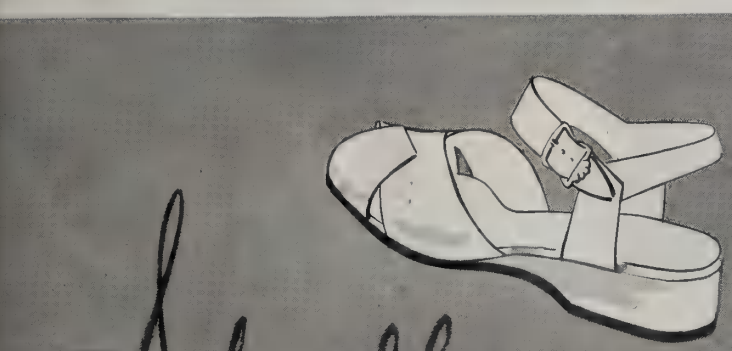
Another factor that must be investigated the furniture. School desks that are too all may make a humped-over position abitual; a bed that sags badly may encourge unhealthy spinal curves. Too, physical asons for peculiar posture may be found. child with poor vision may strain his head rward in a constant effort to see better; a youngster with unsuspected hearing fficulty may develop an odd tilt to the head and shoulders. A general physical examination is always in order as the means of correcting bad posture are sought.

But a far greater number of children need training more than anything else. Exercises may be needed to overcome specific habits, and children must be shown the right ways to sit, stand and walk. Yet most children dislike taking posture exercises almost as much as they dislike having their parents fussing at them to "stand up *straight!*"

The best answer is to make good posture a game for the whole family. To overcome a slouch or curved back, a good exercise is to have the child get down on all fours, then "make like a camel" by humping the back up and drawing the abdomen in—and holding this position for minutes at a time. The "elephant walk," with the trunk bent way over and the head and arms dangling loosely toward the floor, is another good corrective exercise that children will enjoy doing together. Mother and father can join in these exercises—with benefit to themselves as well as to the children! Other good exercise-games are touching the small of the back to the wall and keeping it there; carrying a book on the head while walking about the room, or up and down stairs; getting into and out of chairs with back straight and feet in close to the chair, bending only at the hips and knees; "army drills," with one child leading and shouting orders: "Shoulders *back!* Head *up!* Belly *in!*"; and deep breathing or push-up exercises done in unison by the group.

All these will help develop strength in the right places for good, straight, alert posture. To encourage the right habits, mother should urge the child to imitate his favorite movie star, whose posture is invariably excellent. Most important of all, she and father must be careful that their own appearance sets the right example!

**No one can be mean and happy any more than an orange can be sour and sweet.**
—ANON.

Adorables — for Little girls' fluffy dresses



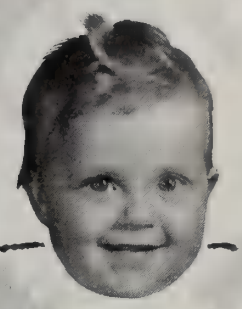
Bracelet sandals of white elkskin, precisely what style-minded little girls want and need with their pretty, frilly dresses. Charming, too, in black patent or brown leathers. All leather. Sizes 8½ to 11½ and 12 to 3.

FOOT-KIND

SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES



"WATCH MY WHITNEY CARRIAGE TURN THIS CORNER!"



*"Pretty special turn, isn't it?* All four wheels on the ground. 'Cause Whitney's Steer-O-Matic Wheels* turn corners automatically. Mummy doesn't lift and shove. I don't get tipped up, then down. No sir — Steer-O-Matic Wheels glide in any direction with just finger-tip guidance . . . Now watch me go over that uneven pavement. See how the Center-Suspension Springs* absorb vibration before it reaches my carriage. I'm hardly jolted at all. Smooth going, I call it . . . And isn't my Whitney Folding Coach a beauty? All the smart streamlining of an English coach. The Concealed Folding Gear** replaces the old exposed gear which was so homely and apt to tear or spot Mother's pretty clothes." . . . Better get a Whitney Folding Coach for your baby. You'll find it at your favorite store. You can get a free copy of a descriptive booklet by writing to Department L-5.

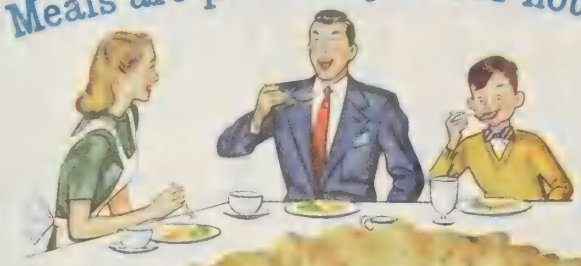
F. A. WHITNEY CARRIAGE COMPANY, Leominster, Mass.




*Pat. and pats. applied for under the Jonkhoff System.

**Pats. applied for.

Meals are perkin' up at our house!



Mom's made a discovery for Cakes, Pies, Fried Foods...

# Crisco improves all 3






1. Hooray! Crisco gives FLAKY PIE CRUST EVERY TIME!



**CRISCO FAMILY STYLE CHICKEN PIE**

4 tbsps. Crisco
6 tbsps. flour
3½ cups milk or chicken broth
Salt and pepper
3 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup cooked carrots
1 cup cooked peas
2 tbsps. chopped pimiento
Single-crust recipe Crisco pastry

Melt Crisco; blend in flour. Add milk or broth; season to taste. Cook until thickened. Stir in chicken and remaining ingredients. Pour into casserole or baking dish. Top with savory *Crisco Pastry. (Yes'm—it's flaky, tender pastry every single time when you use Crisco and follow the easy, sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label. And here's a flavor tip for chicken or meat pies—add one teaspoon poultry seasoning to the flour when making Crisco pie crust. Mmm . . . delicious!)* Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25-30 minutes. All Measurements Level. Serves 4 to 6.



2. Look! It's Crisco for LIGHT, DIGESTIBLE FRIED FOODS!

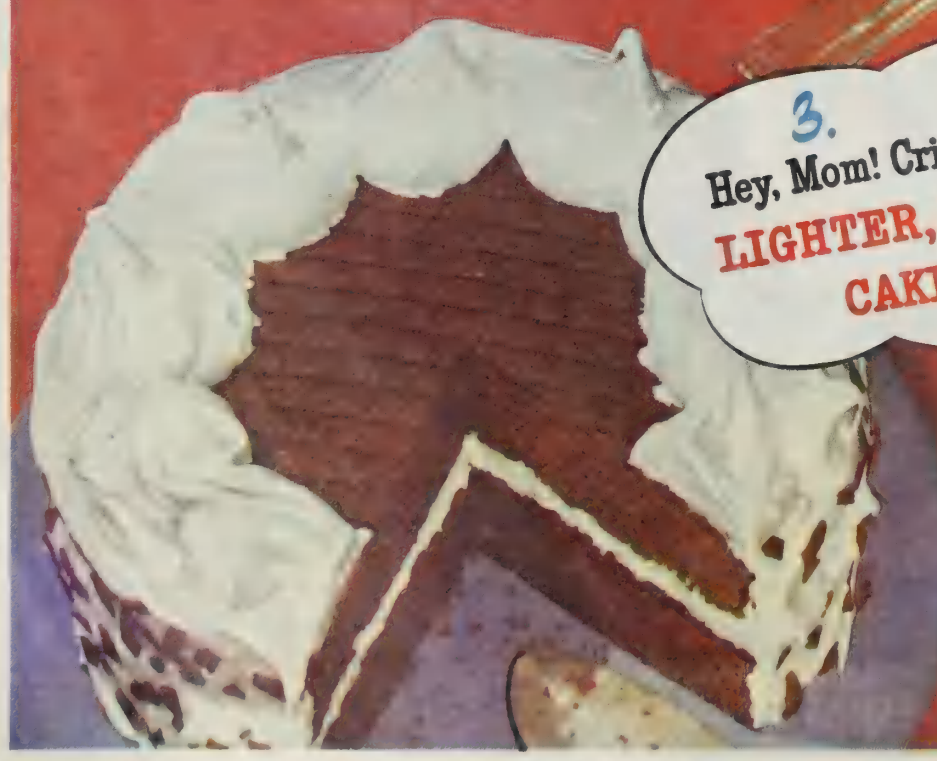


**CRISCO SKILLET EGG SUPPER (Serves 4)**

1 tbsp. chopped onion
2 cooked medium-size potatoes, chopped fine
3 tbsps. Crisco
1½ cups drained stewed tomatoes
½ cup finely chopped yellow cheese
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
4 eggs

Fry onion and potatoes till brown in hot Crisco. *(No need to fear upset digestions! Foods fried crisp and light in pure, all-vegetable Crisco not only taste better—they're so digestible even children may eat 'em!)* Add tomatoes, cheese and seasonings. When well-blended and hot, break eggs whole onto mixture and let them poach till white is set (about 20 minutes). Serve from skillet. All Measurements Level.

CRISCO COOK BOOK—Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page Crisco cook book, "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in U. S., including Hawaii.



3. Hey, Mom! Crisco makes LIGHTER, RICHER CAKES!



**CRISCO CHOCOLATE CROWN CAKE**

New Crisco cakes are better on every count—lighter—richer—moister—tenderer! But note that this new-method recipe is designed for **cake flour—should not be used with emergency flour.**

Measure into mixing bowl:

**1½ cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)**
**1¼ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco • 1 tsp. salt**
**1 tsp. soda • 2 squares melted bitter chocolate • ½ cup milk**

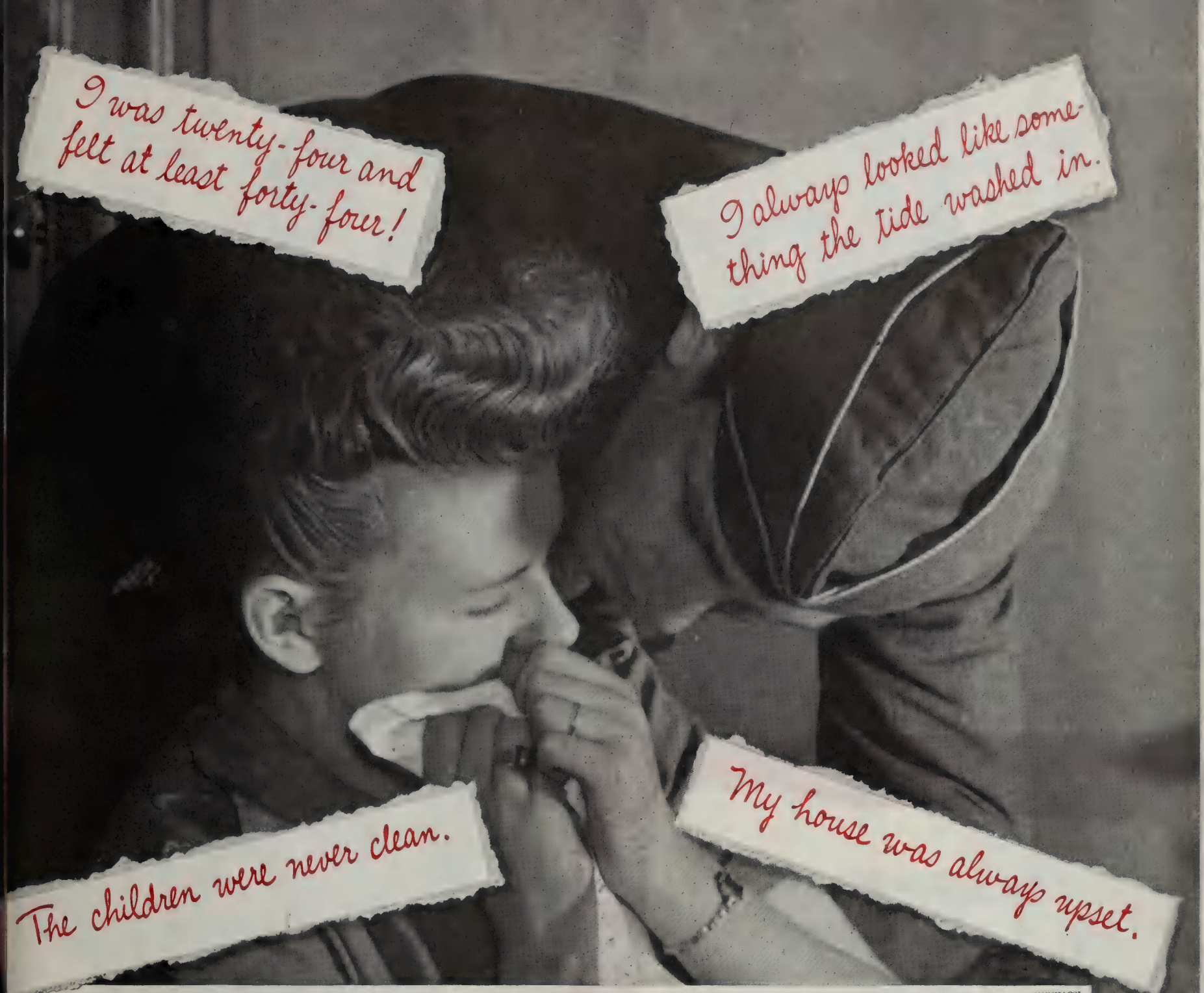
Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

**¾ tsp. baking powder**

Add: **½ cup milk • 2 eggs (unbeaten) • 1 tsp. vanilla**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) which have been rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25-30 minutes. *(Crisco has a baking secret. It makes cakes lighter than the most expensive shortening. With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe!)* Frost with your favorite boiled icing, piling it high around top rim of cake, crown-fashion. All Measurements Level.

CRISCO is America's Largest-Selling Vegetable Shortening—IT'S DIGESTIBLE!




MUNKACSI

*Life without father was no life at all for the Anderson family.*

# THE HOUSEWIFE'S DILEMMA

**BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY**

*"Like thousands of other women" began a letter which Martha Anderson wrote to Ladies' Home Journal last October, "I am trying to run a home with my husband away in the Army. My budget never balances, my house is always upset, and the children are never clean. There is never a time when at least one isn't bellowing at the top of his lungs, and I always look like something the tide washed into shore. I am twenty-four, and feel at least forty-four.*

*"I have three baby boys, Buddy, aged three, Petey, aged sixteen months and Richard, eight weeks old. Since my husband was drafted, life has been one round of washing diapers and floors, making beds and formulas, and giving baths and scoldings. There never is a day long enough to get everything done.*

*"Here is my schedule. I get up at 7:30, gather kindling and start a fire in the furnace. At 8:00 I make the beds, put the baby's wet bedclothes to soak, bathe and dress the two older boys. At 8:30 we eat breakfast, after which I put Petey in the play pen to keep him out of trouble and get Buddy off to play.*

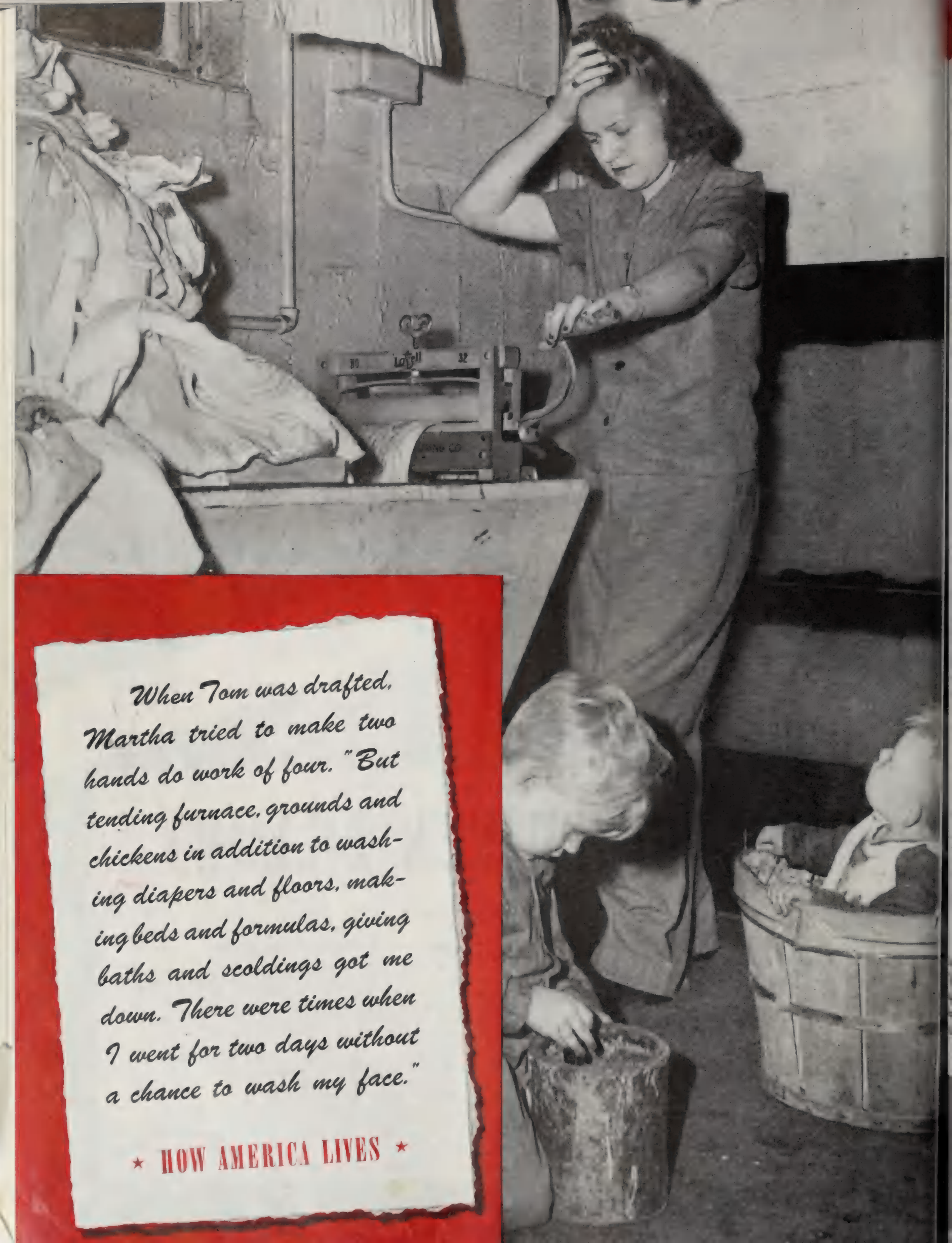
*"At 9:00 I feed the chickens. At 9:30 I gather up Petey's and the baby's bottles, sterilize them and make the formula. Between then and starting to get lunch at 11:30 I straighten and vacuum the downstairs, make the grocery list, bathe the baby, dry his crib again and tidy his room. While lunch is cooking, I straighten the upstairs.*

*"We eat at 12:00. At 12:30 I wash Buddy and Petey, put Petey to bed and give Buddy something to amuse himself. I then wash the dishes, and go out to water the chickens and carry them scraps. If it's marketing day, I get all three kids dressed and ready to start off at 2:00, and we don't get back from the store till 3:30 or 4:00. At 4:30 I start supper, and we eat at 5:00. At 5:30 I dry the baby's crib and clothes, putting the wet things to soak again, and get him up for a bit before bedtime.*

*"At 6:30 I do the day's laundry—Buddy's and Petey's play clothes, and baby's bedclothes and diapers. This takes an hour. At 7:30 I play with the two older boys and read to them; at 8:00 I give them baths and put them to bed. At 8:30 I clean the bathroom, wash and disinfect diaper pails.*

*"At 9:00 I start my weekly task for the day. On Monday I wash linens, my clothes, children's good clothes for Sunday. Tuesday I do the week's mending. Wednesday the ironing. Thursday I clean and polish living room and bedroom furniture. Friday I clean the Venetian blinds. Saturday I do leftover ironing*

**10 per cent of American families have incomes of between $2500 and $3000 a year.**



*When Tom was drafted, Martha tried to make two hands do work of four. "But tending furnace, grounds and chickens in addition to washing diapers and floors, making beds and formulas, giving baths and scoldings got me down. There were times when I went for two days without a chance to wash my face."*

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

*and bake for the week end. On Sunday, I read the week's daily papers and glance at magazines.*

*"You will recognize that I have not allowed any time for mowing the lawn, scrubbing the floors, washing walls and woodwork, carrying out the ashes, cleaning basement, washing windows, painting and making minor repairs, canning, etc.*

*"Also all day long I have to run in and out every ten minutes to check on Bud and get him out of difficulties. I never have a minute to rest. I am always tired out, usually on the verge of tears, or actually ill; I have lost twelve pounds due to overwork. Right now it is 11:30 and the supper dishes are still in the sink and I haven't written my nightly letter to Tom, so I'll close.*

*"Yours from the other part of America,*

**MARTHA ANDERSON.**

*"P.S. As you may have noticed, my schedule doesn't leave much time for beauty culture."*

MARTHA ANDERSON had a picture of how she and the children would look, what they would do and say, when Tom got back from the Army. When it happened, when one evening not long ago Pvt. Tom Anderson walked unannounced into his cheerful little home in the suburbs of Chicago, he found Martha collapsed in tears on the living-room sofa. Her life was a mess. Too much to do and no one to help.

To be sure, the house was reasonably neat, and the three little Anderson boys were bathed and fed and tucked away cleanly and peacefully in bed. But Martha's face wasn't washed, her lovely dark hair was uncombed, her hands were innocent of nail polish. Her slacks—she gave up wearing her attractive house dresses just as she gave up nail polish a week after Tom went in the Army—were covered with soot and coal dust. Five times since morning, Martha had built a new fire in the furnace. Now the monster had gone out again.

Next day's tasks and responsibilities paraded through Martha's tired mind. Weeping, she considered the pile of laundry heaped high beside the fifteen-year-old washing machine in the basement, Petey's broken bed that must be replaced by dipping into the rapidly shrinking emergency fund in the bank, the major shopping for staples that must somehow be done at the grocery store, a two-mile journey from the house. Because of the three babies, two in the carriage and one toddler on foot, that necessary trip was a weekly horror.

It was just at this point that the door opened and Pvt. Tom Anderson, complete with discharge, walked in. They laugh about that homecoming now, these two young people who are deeply in love and who from the beginning have shared their responsibilities, their work and their dreams.

"Without Tom," confesses Martha, "I was a flop."

"You were carrying two people's load," says he, "and you did fine."

"Tom certainly readjusted in a hurry," Martha interrupts with a giggle. "His first civilian job was to walk straight downstairs and fix the furnace. His second was to do the week's marketing next day and look after the boys long enough for me to visit a beauty parlor."

"I wouldn't have had it different," declares Tom. "A man likes to know that he's been missed."

Then the young Andersons look at each other and smile again. The kind of smile that makes you feel good about them and about marriage.

Most men fresh out of the Army feel entitled to at least a short vacation. Tom skipped the vacation. He and Martha live in Harvey, Illinois, a busy manufacturing community, some eighteen miles outside of Chicago. At the Sherwin-Williams plant, Tom's old job was waiting for him. It didn't wait long. Within twenty-four hours after his return, he was out of uniform and back at the factory working the shift from midnight until eight A.M. That first evening he and Martha talked it over and decided to save his mustering-out pay and the last allotment check.

"I'd rather work than loaf any day," explains Tom. "I guess that's my nature. Besides, Martha and I have plans for our money."

"We've always had plans," says Martha.

Perhaps that is their secret. From the beginning they have had a carefully thought-out plan of life. From the first they knew what they wanted and together they have struggled to get it for themselves and for each other.

They met nearly eight years ago at a young people's meeting held in the basement of a Chicago Methodist church. Martha lived with her family near by. She had finished high school the previous spring and gone to work as a file clerk. Tom was a newcomer to the neighborhood, and, according to Martha, a source of much interest to the young ladies of the congregation, particularly the minister's several daughters. According to Tom, he took one look at seventeen-year-old Martha Davis and instantly decided that she was "the cutest little joker" he had ever seen.

The course of their courtship didn't always run smoothly. Martha was paying board at home, but her parents were strict, and she had to be in every night, except Saturday, at half past ten on the dot. Church parties not excepted! On the 17th of September, 1938, she and Tom had their first date; they went to the Apollo movie theater to see Alexander's Ragtime Band, had trouble catching a bus and barely made the curfew hour. If they didn't fall in love on that wonderful night, it happened a few months later on a most

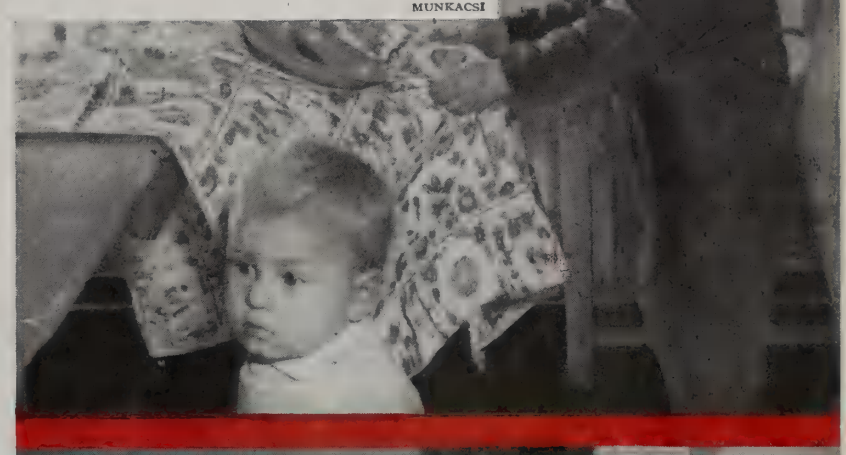




*"As a housekeeper, I'm a putter-offer," Martha says. "But I know what ought to come before what." Pet peeves are washing, sweeping, dusting—above all, ironing, which she leaves till baskets overflow.*

*Martha Anderson is a good mother, a poor disciplinarian. Chief regret in Tom's absence was lack of time to play with children. On his own, Bud got lost, turned on gas, painted himself red—all in two days.*

MUNKACSI



*uring five months Tom was with infantry, he never got home once. If he had, I wouldn't have let him go back," says Martha. Income and penses refused to jibe and zero hour financially came when $120 d to pay $140 worth of bills. Sale of chickens, a refund on coal, impier menus managed to keep family triumphantly in the black.*

*A full-time mother is a good thing, an overtime mother too much of it. Children had to be wherever Martha was—on two-mile trips to market, cellar sessions with furnace, turns with livestock. "It wasn't fun."*

MUNKACSI





*Tom learned to cook in the CCC, taught Martha the ins-and-outs of simple male menus. Family's favorite food is French fried potatoes, which turn up regularly three times a week.*

## HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

*"Even the dull chores seem to go faster when two people share them." Now that Tom's home, Martha has time to get to beauty parlor, give the house a real "Sunday polish," laugh with the children. Every day includes an hour off for resting, reading or just plain dreaming about the wonderful future of the Anderson family.*

unwonderful day. One sunny March morning th
set out on a hike, got hopelessly lost and hours la
found themselves miles outside of Chicago in
midst of torrents of freezing rain. Tom decided th
a girl who could honestly enjoy such a disastrous d
was the girl for him. Martha had decided alrea

They would have married straight off, except
Martha's mother. They could probably have talk
her father around. Mrs. Davis, however, thou
that at seventeen her daughter was too young, a
held firmly to that opinion.

"So we had to wait till I was eighteen," Mar
explains placidly.

To the skeptical eye of a middle-aged adult,
might seem that Tom Anderson at twenty-one h
little to offer a wife except nebulous qualities l
health and drive and ambition. Born in Kentuc
and with the lean, gaunt good looks of the mo
taineer, Tom grew up in a mining community
Southern Illinois. When he finished high school—
farmed twenty-five rented acres his last two years
put himself through—he was desperately eager to
on to college. His great ambition was to be a teach
College was out of the question. Lack of funds a
lack of jobs too—these were the dark days of
national depression—sent him into the Civil
Conservation Corps. Tom is grateful today for th
two years he spent in the CCC. They taught hi
great deal.

"For one thing," he says, "I learned how to har
money."

What Tom learned in the CCC was as simple
the classic discovery of Mr. Micawber that an anr
income of twenty pounds with annual expenses
nineteen pounds six results in happiness; an anr
income of twenty pounds with annual expenses
twenty pounds six results in misery. In the C
payment was made once a month. Tom discove
that if he spent sparingly the first three weeks of
month, he was comfortably well off and able to
his bills every day of the month.

"It's easy," says he, "once you've got the t
Don't buy what you can afford when you've m
in your pocket, and some of your money will sti

It is more than possible that Tom's mind was
pared for this financial revelation by his turbul
up-and-down childhood. With his family, as
many families supported by the mines, it was alv
feast or famine. Tom explains that his mother,
handled the pay checks, was not a good manager
wasn't unusual for her miner husband to ear
much as $100 a week for eight or nine months a y
She had only the one child to feed and clothe. Ne
theless, the family spent every fat winter payin
installments and debts acquired during the
summer months when the mines were closed.
Anderson simply couldn't see ahead. Tom can'
member a time when the household was even
the game, or free of the worry of debt. And he re



*Tom steers clear of routine housework but likes to go to market, take with children. Is also family economy wizard, pays bills, "carries budg his head," once proudly made it stretch to buy Martha $200 fur*



ly the inevitable fate of his twenty-five-cent-a- allowance. It was his small-boy custom to d five cents a week on the movies and put by the As soon as he accumulated five dollars his er would promptly borrow the sum to meet particularly pressing obligation.

None of that installment stuff for Martha and Tom says today. "When we buy, we pay cash." Ve save to do it," says Martha, and adds, "It's o save together for something you both want. aved first for our furniture." Then an amused lights her face and she points proudly to the t blue sofa. "Maybe you don't know it, but e sitting on a piece of my engagement ring."

gether they explain. Tom had saved up $75 to the engagement ring. Martha thought an en- nent ring wasn't necessary; all she wanted was dding ring. So the $75 was put in the bank to what they called their furniture pool.

at was five years ago. Tom and Martha began married life in a pint-sized rented room. The n was earning one hundred dollars a month in a go freight-handling office. An eventual career eacher was still in his mind, and he was going llege at night. With marriage Tom was obliged get the career at least temporarily and give up asses.

at Martha gave up, and gladly, was her $16-a- job. Tom is the kind of man who feels strongly supporting his own wife; and besides, the rsons hoped for a family as quickly as possible. babies before thirty was the particular dream eighteen-year-old bride.

ere wasn't much housekeeping at first. But a kept busy. For one thing, she learned how to Although she had grown up in a houseful of that feature of her education had been neg- . Martha learned how to cook from her hus- schooled on Boy Scout camping trips and in CC—a simple, plain, masculine cookery, frills. A meat and potatoes and vegetables ew salads and a little baking.

pint-size room cost $4.50 a week, and the g was taught and learned on a two-burner The newlyweds went in for every possible econ- They were thinking about that furniture. Well, ot it. In exactly eight months, these two people in a big city on an income of $100 a month ed the remarkable feat of saving $325. With m, plus the $75 that didn't buy an engagement hey triumphantly bought their furniture and l out of the single room and into their own nent.

was a wonderful time," Martha remembers, bit of it. Even movies are better when you o often. Or haven't you noticed?"

r the move to the $33-a-month apartment, und a new and better job with the firm where ow employed. He left the freight-handling

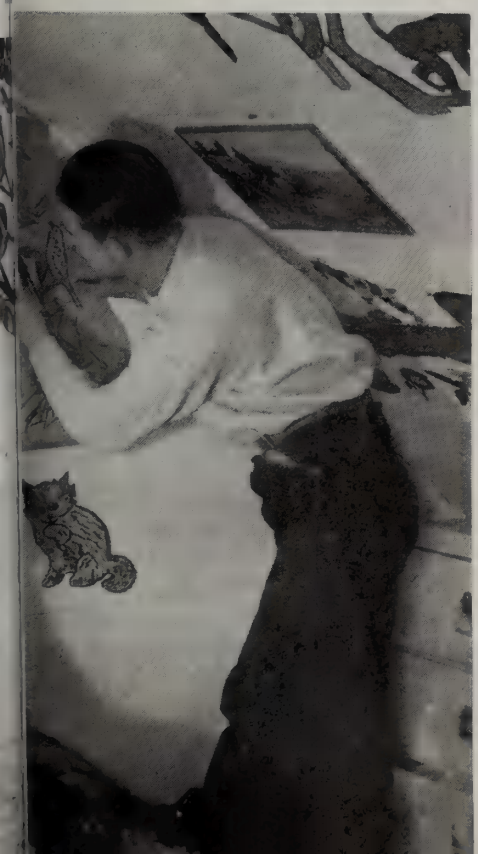


*Tom has ideas of his own about fashion, put Martha back in skirts again instead of her duration slacks. He likes to string along when she shops, thinks own attire requires solo foraging. "I bought him a necktie—once," says Martha. Since that episode she has let him face the clothing problem stag.*

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

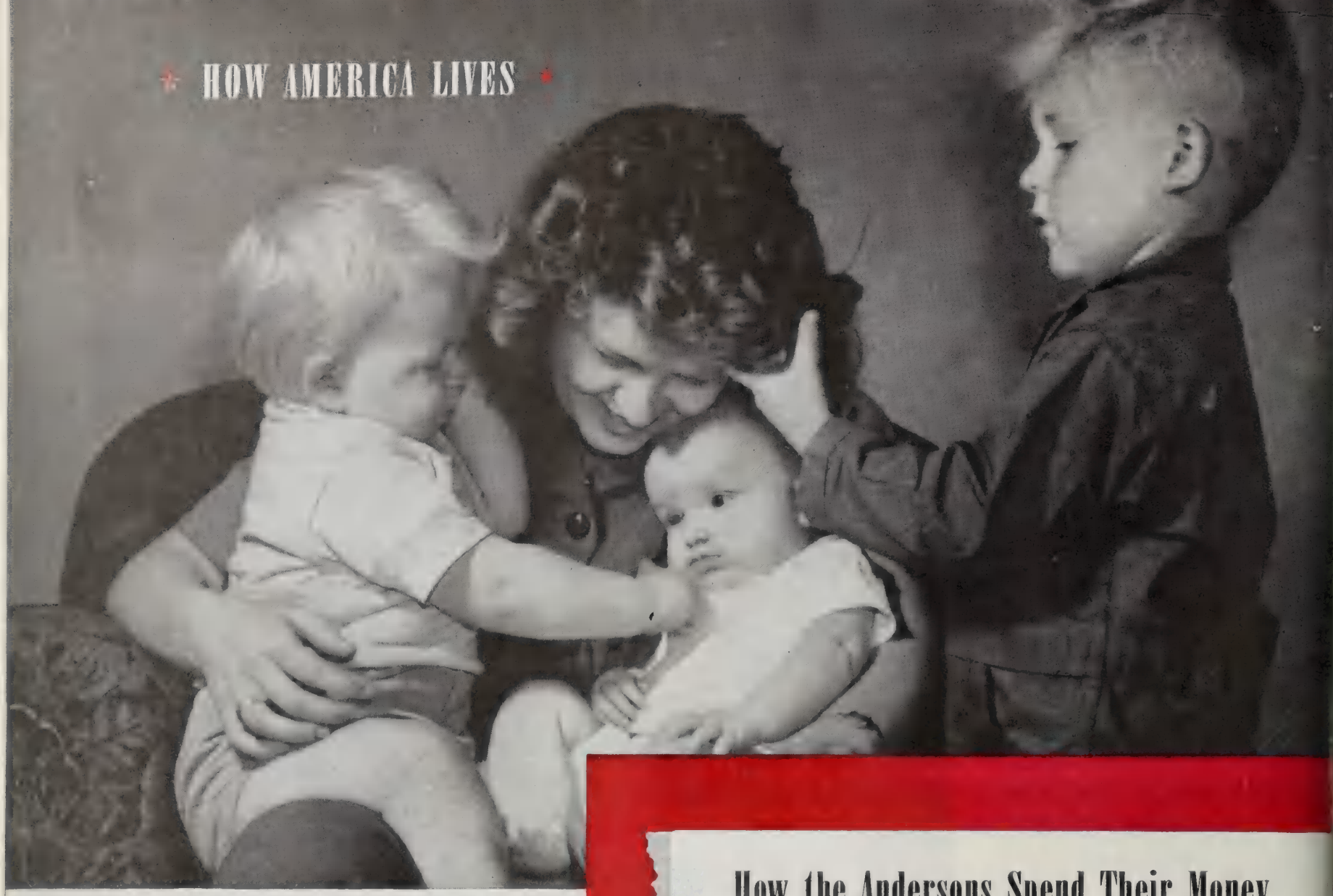


*wing the Army, Tom reports, he still couldn't do "right 'er arms." But as headman in Martha's life, he's five- aterial. A handy man with a can of paint, his inside-out brushwork increased value of house by several hundred dollars, provided special art effects for kids' room. Couple believe in "time off together," romping with boys or home-style ball.*









*As parents, the Andersons "back each other up" with Tom being somewhat on the stricter side. Since home-coming, Bud has been a jealousy problem, finds it hard to realize that Petey and the baby have a share, too, in the fun with "MY daddy."*

*A frontiersman at heart, Tom likes to do the impossible. At present he merely plans to keep his job, go to college, run a farm in his spare time. "We'll have lots more leisure that way," he explains, "and a real stake in each other's future."*

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



## How the Andersons Spend Their Money

| | |
|---|---|
| Payments on Farm | $785.00 |
| Insurance | 228.00 |
| Food | 1020.00 |
| Clothing | 120.00 |
| Car Expenses | 192.00 |
| Medical Care | 60.00 |
| Recreation | 120.00 |
| Papers and Books | 36.00 |
| Miscellaneous | 19.00 |
| Income Tax | 240.00 |
| Savings | 180.00 |
| | $3000.00 |

Mrs. Anderson explains: "We did not make a profit on the sale of our house but received $2500 in cash which we used for down payment on the farm. Tom's discharge pay was $200, and we now have about $400 working capital. Enough fuel oil went with the house to heat us this last winter. Savings will probably be spent in improving the house."

office and went to work for Sherwin-Williams in suburban Harvey. His business was to check the complex valves and gauges in the chemical neutralizing branch of the factory; a procedure that usually took a novice several months to learn, Tom mastered in three weeks. His commencing salary was $28 a week.

To the couple's mutual surprise and disappointment, they celebrated their first anniversary with no signs of that hoped-for family. It was then that Martha persuaded Tom to agree she could go back to work. The furniture project was safely behind them. They now had their eye on a car, a beautiful secondhand Hudson. Her earnings would help. Almost immediately after Martha started back to work—so tricky and capricious is life—young Thomas Anderson, Jr., familiarly known as Buddy, also started.

Martha quit the moment she knew. The secondhand Hudson was at once forgotten. A baby was more important than any car. "That old Hud as Tom puts it, "would have been worn out by But our boy, Buddy, why, he is just beginnin

They were determined not to bring their born back from the hospital to a rented apartr Once again they had a definite objective. What wanted and vigorously went after was a hor their own. It was 1942. War workers were po into Harvey, the competition for housing was Together they combed the vicinity. Finally n far from his plant Tom spotted a brand-new ho development just going up, and took Martha to have a look.

They settled on a four-room house with an ished attic. The house wasn't painted yet and was considerable undone work inside, but M liked the big yard and the shining, modern e ment already in place in the kitchen. The blea of the site, the dust and the mud, didn't troubl

*(Continued on Page 187)*

# For looks...features...dependability here's your best buy in today's refrigerators




**If you want** a new refrigerator in your kitchen *today* . . .

If you want the finest that's *now* available, ready for delivery . . .

Be sure to see the new 1946 G-E De Luxe!

No other refrigerator has the styling of this beautiful G-E. No other refrigerator has *all* its convenience features.

And no other refrigerator has a mechanism with the *proved performance record* of the famous G-E "sealed-in-steel" unit.

### The most important thing to consider

When buying a refrigerator, keep uppermost in your mind that you're buying "refrigeration." And that what *gives* you refrigeration is the unseen mechanism inside the refrigerator.

In the G-E, this mechanism is the famous "sealed-in-steel" unit—a unit so perfectly designed and built that it is *permanently* sealed up in an air-tight, oil-tight steel case. Dust can't get in, oil can't leak out—to cause troublesome wear and the need for attention.

General Electric pioneered this type of unit for home refrigerators—the most reliable ever known for giving the day-in-day-out, year-in-year-out performance you *expect* of a refrigerator. After 20 years, many original G-E units are still giving attention-free service. A million have been in use 10 years or longer. *This record cannot be matched by any other refrigerating unit!*

And today's "sealed-in-steel" unit is *vastly improved.* G-E engineering has more than doubled the unit's capacity, cut current consumption by more than half, and increased the ice-freezing rate by almost 5 times!

### See the De Luxe Model at your retailer's

Notice all the modern features it offers you—features like the *big* freezer for holding plenty of frozen foods . . . and the exclusive butter-conditioner that keeps butter at just the softness you want it!

We think you'll agree that G-E is your best buy in *today's* refrigerators. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

### Exclusive Butter-Conditioner!

■ One of the many great convenience features of this 1946 G-E is the exclusive butter-conditioner—a special compartment built right into the refrigerator wall. It keeps butter at exactly the degree of spreading softness you want! Holds a full pound.



**OTHER FEATURES** — Large freezer for frozen foods • Stainless steel shelves • Chiller Tray and separate large meat drawer Two vegetable drawers • Thermometer ▪ Full-length, chrome plated door hinge ▪ Decorative stainless steel base grill.



**G-E Home Freezers** are built around the same famous "sealed-in-steel" freezing unit, holding temperature at 0°F. Cabinets are so perfectly insulated, so precisely fitted, that food stays frozen several days *with power shut off*, under ordinary conditions. 4-cu.-ft. model holds 140 pounds of food.

## G-E Refrigerators

**A MILLION IN SERVICE 10 YEARS OR LONGER**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**



We *could* be wrong!

A great many women agree that Fels-Naptha is an extra fine laundry soap. They tell us it makes washing easier. That it turns out whiter, sweeter-smelling clothes. That it's the best laundry soap they ever used.

Naturally, we think Fels-Naptha Soap should be used in every home—but we *could* be wrong.

*You* might find that the Fels combination of good mild soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha doesn't give you the extra washing help other women have discovered.

You might want to tell us why.

But before you make up your mind—won't you give Fels-Naptha Soap a trial?




Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

# How to Prepare Your Daughter for a Divorce

BY MARCELENE COX

WHAT a pity some mothers cannot follow the example of the female cuckoo, who avoids parental responsibility by laying her eggs in the nest of another bird. I really think that's very clever of the cuckoo. The eggs are clever, too, for the first thing they do, after hatching, is to oust the fledglings of the foster parent from the nest. Then they settle back to enjoy their adopted penthouse without a regret or care in the world. This is the kind of co-operation between parent and child that's hard to get in most families.

But no human cuckoo should be discouraged over the fact that she cannot, like the bird, start evading responsibility *before* her child is born (as yet science has not managed to produce a baby without several months' assistance from the mother); she can still get in a thorough job of spoiling by beginning the day she and the infant, both smelling of antiseptic oil, arrive home from the hospital. It isn't a difficult job, either. In fact, it can be accomplished so smoothly, honorably and coated with so much sentiment that instead of daughter blaming mother for the eventual failure in her life, she will end by sending her Mother's Day cards versed in silly platitudes. It's being done all the time.

(I branched off above and used the word "daughter" instead of "child" or "son," because my own statistics, purely intuitional, tell me that the next generation of homes would be better and stronger if mothers concentrated on daughter raising. It's a poor husband, indeed, who doesn't fall in line with a wife whose early environment and training have shown her the value of love, affection and honor in a home.)

Now if that's enough of an introduction, here are a few examples which, if followed, will assure your daughter the unstable future of living out her life as a divorcee—provided she can get a husband. (None of these techniques of daughter raising is guaranteed to get your daughter a husband, only to get her an *ex*-husband.)

I

MARY is the daughter of a woman as like the female cuckoo in spirit as two yeast cakes. The nicest thing she ever did for her daughter was to name her Mary. She has never seemed to realize that children need to feel security while they are young and dependent. From the start she has done a thorough job of shedding parenthood (even without the aid of the G. I.'s baby bottle holder or the university professor's baby tender) by turning Mary over to maids, housekeepers, relatives (mostly unwilling), teachers, club leaders and preachers. (All necessary "goods" in the world up to the point where they are utilized in the extreme. For example, clubs are a fine thing until they wean the child from home by making the outside world too attractive, or become a dumping ground for parents shirking responsibility. One exception is the 4-H Club, whose work program permits the child to achieve his triumphs *through* the home.)

It doesn't take long for a bundle of babyhood to sense that it is being handed from one pair of arms to another; that there is no one who is really interested in its awakening personality and physical achievements.

Once a mother whose baby at the age of ten months had never spent any time out of the nursery except for a brief daily airing was asked if the baby could crawl. "I don't know," she answered. "I'll have to ask the nurse."

The whole house belongs to the baby from the first: the nursery in the morning sun, the center of mother's bed at odd intervals, the living room in the twilight, a "pallet" on the floor the moment he is ready for it—ev before. And always surrounded by frien voices and friendly arms.

In an attempt to wrest somehow the sa faction she misses by striking out for att tion, usually through undesirable behav the course of Mary's development is likely be from problem child to one of those ado cents the newspapers are filled with tod Because no one, in her earliest years, l time to answer her questions or lead her terests into the right channels, she will pr ably spend her adolescence reading ch literature and going to every movie she c whether or not it is suitable for her ye Her conception of life will undoubtedly b kind of pink illusion that love solves things. She certainly will not be prepa for the discovery that marriage is a lot other things besides romance.

We probably should give a bigger shar our sympathy to Mary than to her mot But somehow I feel more sorry for mother; think what she has missed by turn her child over to others and the world w she could have had those baby years.

Perhaps it would help the human cuc to comprehend the young child's sense of security by repeating daily those lines fr Housman:

*I, a stranger and afraid*
*In a world I never made.*

II

MIRIAM is being raised on the philoso that it is more beautiful to be unselfish t to be selfish, except as regards the thi which one wants. As soon as she could und stand the word "pretty," Miriam was t there never had been such a lovely child. the beginning she was not trained to dr herself or hang up her clothes. Today sh not being taught to assist with the work the household, or learn any skills, such cooking, sewing, child care (by letting look after the neighbor's children). She given deference in most situations. Her ture is pictured as a glittering career with reference to the biological function of moth hood. The theme of her raising is "Frail thy name is woman."

Now in her teens, Miriam has excuses all her faults. When she is late for cl runs out of gas (she calls the family car " car"), misses a road sign, it is never beca of any fault of her own, such as carelessn poor habits of organization, daydreami but always is caused by a lack or mistak some other person.

Miriam will probably marry—because does have a pretty face—but she is likely turn out to be the worst of all wives *selfish* one.

However, no matter how great her fail as a wife may be, Miriam will always exp to be admired, treated tenderly and cons ered, in some vague way, much finer a nobler than she is.

Miriam's mother should know that it is right to give a daughter every advantage admiration, affection, music and dancing l sons *if* at the same time you stress to her t necessity and joy of work and a comm sense evaluation of her own charms.

III

HARRIET'S mother is a "perfect" hou keeper; her goal is not 90 per cent perf tion, but 150 per cent. She is bringing H riet up to have an exaggerated idea of t importance of house in a woman's life. Wh ever happens in this family, such as cigare ashes spilled on the rug, mustard dripp

n a hot dog, father coming in late, is ated as a tragedy. Harriet is not being ght to say (and smile while saying it), veryone makes mistakes at times"; or ear old dad has to have a little fun"; or ccidents happen in the best of families." at anyone "feels" in this family is not portant at all, only what he "does." And t can be little. Sit cautiously! Walk efully! (Step from rug to rug and avoid hardwood floors.) Eat meticulously! eir family life isn't fun at all. Harriet is ng trained in smile resistance and an over- d attention to trifles. I shudder to think at will happen the first time Harriet's band rests his feet on the davenport. If does it a second time, or hangs his coat on air back, or leaves the top off the tooth- te tube, Harriet will probably look upon as a monster. When he resents her nag- g (nagging mothers nearly always have ging daughters), the marriage will prob- y end in divorce. But don't let's feel too ry for Harriet; she can always get sym- hy from mother, who will understand what the "poor r'" has gone through iving with a man o doesn't appreciate good" wife when he one.

Once a woman gets en by the house- ping bug, she is rare- cured. So there is e that can be done n Harriet's mother. will put *house* first t's the last thing does. And it will She won't think dying unless it's urday night and the k is all done up.

### IV

NE of the *surest* ways repare your daugh- for a divorce is to one yourself. So my t example is about ouple who didn't eve that a home h two parents is t for a child. t took Charlotte's ents only a few rs to decide that ng apart, if not bet- for Charlotte, would east be more pleas- for themselves. either one had been ned in self-control; were oversensitive praise and blame, er demanding or nting most of the e. As children, their mistakes had al- s been discussed and corrected in front thers.)

The judge who awarded the divorce di- ed Charlotte into two parts: six months to mother, six months to her father. But he ldn't divide Charlotte's spirit; it goes on nging to both parents. (Every night she ys, "Please, God, make mother and ldy love each other again.")

When Charlotte marries she will probably handicapped by a skepticism of marriage ich may prevent her making a success of own marriage. Above all, she is very ly to imitate her mother's quick temper, ring never been taught by example that a nt woman is a beautiful woman.

Couples about to get a divorce should lize that the *main* thing in marriage is not feeling parents have for each other, but operation in raising their children.

### V

HEN Alice was a little girl her father ght an automobile and made the mistake teaching her mother to drive. Mother er traveled on foot after that. Her main a was to get through the housework any way, pack the kids in the car and start . If mother wasn't going places she was having folks in. When gas and food rationing came along there probably wasn't a more miserable woman in the country than Alice's mother. But now that gas and tires are back, she's out on the highway again—except when Alice has the car. And there seems to be a battle on most of the time over which of the two gets it first.

It is probably too late to tell Alice's mother that it's natural enough to enjoy excitement, but *ruinous* to raise children on it. Our real concern, however, is Alice. Just imagine what will happen if the man she marries turns out to be a homebody!

### VI

SARAH belongs to a family that always spends before it earns. Can anything worse be imagined? What money this family has is usually carried loose in its trouser pockets. Economic disaster is most of the time just around the corner, if not coming up the walk. Once Sarah earned some money which she hid away in her piggy bank. Her mother discovered it and used the amount to buy herself some silk underwear. Sarah has never wanted to *earn* or *save* since.

Since lack of integrity in money matters usually goes hand in hand with lack of integrity in other things, Sarah is not receiving any training in punctuality, keeping her word, or even in being honest with her own self.

No matter what kind of man Sarah may marry, there's bound to be trouble, especially if he happens to be one who still has the first nickel he ever earned. For in marriage, birds of different feathers, as well as like plumage, may use the same checking account.

### VII

PRISCILLA'S mother has always guarded her against learning anything about sex. She's the "hush-nice-children - don't - talk-about-such-things" kind of mother. She never permits Priscilla to go into the bathroom when her younger brother is taking a bath. An air of secrecy surrounds the subject of babies. Even though it is almost unbelievable in this day and age, this type of mother still exists. (I've noticed that women of this type are often religious fanatics too.)

Priscilla is bound to do a lot of private thinking or investigating, and it will be very strange if she does not turn into the pre-adolescent child other mothers have to guard their children against. But even if she does get through this period and her adolescent years without mishap, her adult emotions are likely to be dwarfed.

Some mothers do have difficulty in frankly discussing the facts of life with their children. Perhaps one reason is that they do not begin soon enough.

A child should never remember *when* he first learned about birth or how the male differs from the female. If mothers begin in time, they can talk about the reproductive system as frankly as if discussing the new electric dishwasher.

Even though it sounds like a contradiction, it still holds water to say that later conventional attitudes toward sex are acquired through early unconventional attitudes. And no girl will make the right kind of wife and mother who enters marriage with other than

*(Continued on Page 216)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Brother*

**By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee**

I stood and watched him as his
plow's thin blade
Rolled the brown furrows true
as his steady gaze.
I was a stranger, and my shyness
made
A barrier between us. Some-
thing stays
All speech at such a time. But
suddenly
I saw the untouched circle of
the grass
Left in the center of his field,
where he
Had turned the horse, let lifted
plow blade pass.
A startled meadow lark climbed,
spiraled high
On rungs of light above her
hidden nest;
Her song was spun against the
evening sky,
The sun laid crimson on her
tiny breast.

His eyes and mine met then: he
was my brother;
Without speech we were knit
each to the other.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





What would St. Marys think of that fleece?"

*Ophelia, lambie, watch that fleece, or your barber will never dare suggest it as fine enough for a St. Marys Blanket. No inferior fleece ever goes into those famous miracles of warmth and loveliness. Only choice white wools, live and buoyant take the lovely St. Marys' colors . . . wear the deep satin-sash bindings and the label known to all the world for quality.*

*St. Marys Wool Blankets snow white, tender pastels, dark tones in full sizes, "tuck-in" length.*

St. Marys—isn't it a pretty name . . . and so easy to remember!




ST. MARYS BLANKETS ▪ ST. MARYS, OHIO

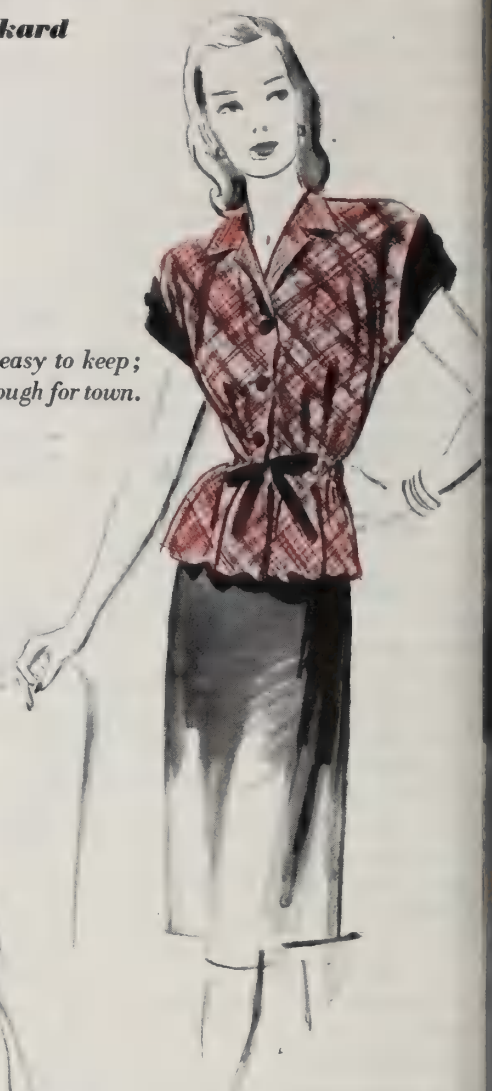
# MR. AND MRS. . . . TOGETHER AGAIN

**By Ruth Mary Packard**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

*New hair-do, new dress: Martha sees the double value in a black sunback rayon-linen that she can wear shopping with its button-on piqué shoulder-bolero.*



*Cotton and rayon-linen are cool, easy to keep; two-piece plaid and plain, nice enough for town.*



*White coat of fleecy wool for summer nights, the style that goes over everything, lasts for years.*



*Cotton play suit for morning work at home; skirt buttons on for marketing or a call to the door.*



*Print for a date to the movies with Tom, or for a party at home. This year's peplum style.*

**Martha Anderson, who fell into the shorts-and-slacks habit while Tom was away at camp, has the best of all reasons for some new clothes now that he's home again. He likes her in suits . . . and she needs one for Sunday-best and trips to Chicago . . . a pretty print for the movies, a sunback dress with a jacket for hot weather, shopping and holidays. To these she may add a coat and more cottons. Wives blossom out when husbands muster out.**



*Gray flannel slacks, tweed jacket, bright bow tie—Tom turns college man after hours.*



*Gabardine topcoat doubles for a raincoat; standard choice, nation wide, at prices for every budget.*



*Sleeveless pull-over sweater, year-round extra for flannel slacks, good buy in any man's language.*



*e sports jacket processed for rain or —for spring or fall, work in the garden.*

*Free and easy sports shirt—relief after regulation clothes—to wear at home or holidays.*

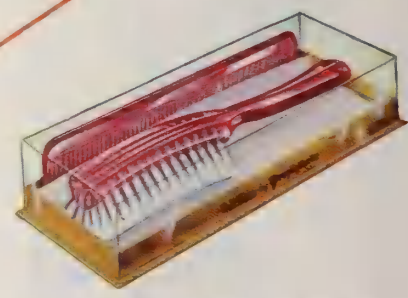
**Tom Anderson is one of the young men who thoroughly enjoy getting out of uniform into civilian clothes. After 100 per cent Army woolens, number one quality and workmanship, he is learning new standards in clothes. After some shopping around, he was able to assemble an entire new wardrobe, from office suit to sports shirts and sweaters . . . clothes which combine business sense and a liking for the comfortable and casual.**



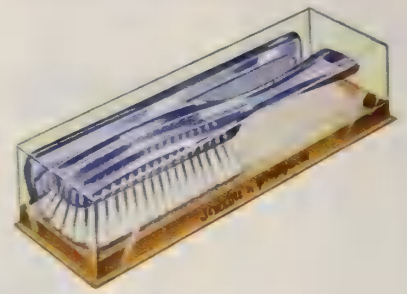
*Mr. and Mrs. Anderson go shopping together to buy a new suit and build a wardrobe around it. Hers a black rayon, around $25; his a pin-striped wool, $38.50.*

# For the dearest Mother in all the world





Roll-Wave brush and comb in ruby, sapphire, or crystal . . . . . $4.50



Brush and comb in ruby, sapphire, or crystal . . . . . $2.50



Hair brush in ruby, sapphire, or crystal . . . . . $1.75

## PRECIOUS *Jewelite*

## BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

You want the best for Mother. *Naturally!* Then give her Jewelite...the jewel among plastics! A gay gift with a flattering touch of glamour! Intimate, personal, yet practical, too. Sparkling, flawlessly beautiful combs, brushes, and mirrors . . . smartly packed in an attractive case with transparent "showcase" lid. It's a gift she will use and enjoy every day of the year! And because it's Jewelite it will last for years and years and years! (Finest plastic made, finest Prolon bristles.) You can get these lovely gifts at any good brush department. But be sure it's *genuine* Jewelite. Look for the name "*Jewelite*" on the package.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

# Waist Space



PHOTO BY STUART

SKETCHES BY MURY

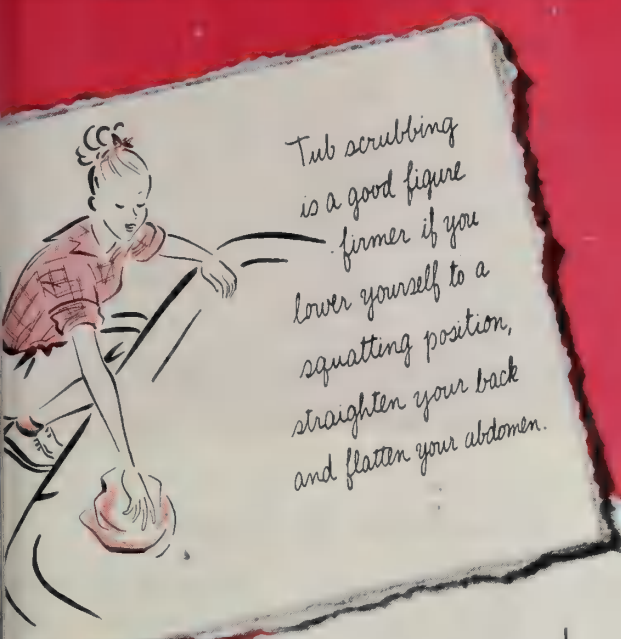
**n your knees, girls! Martha Anderson crawls on all urs to improve her waistline. *Back straight, keep omach pulled in. No old-time scrubwoman slump!***

**BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN**
*Beauty Editor of the Journal*

WHEN Martha Anderson consulted a famous exercise authority about her relaxed waistline and was told the best possible treatment was to get down on her knees and scrub, she couldn't believe her ears. It sounded as though the clock had turned backward and the homemaker was about to be demoted to her old position on the kitchen floor, when hand scrubbing was the only satisfactory way to tackle coarse-grained wood. Martha was particularly dismayed because scrubbing is one of the jobs that has tired her most. But when she learned there could be a beauty angle to the task—and that it didn't really have to be scrubbing, but could be dusting or picking up toys—well, that's different. She also learned that the beauty way of working might vary considerably from her previous routine!

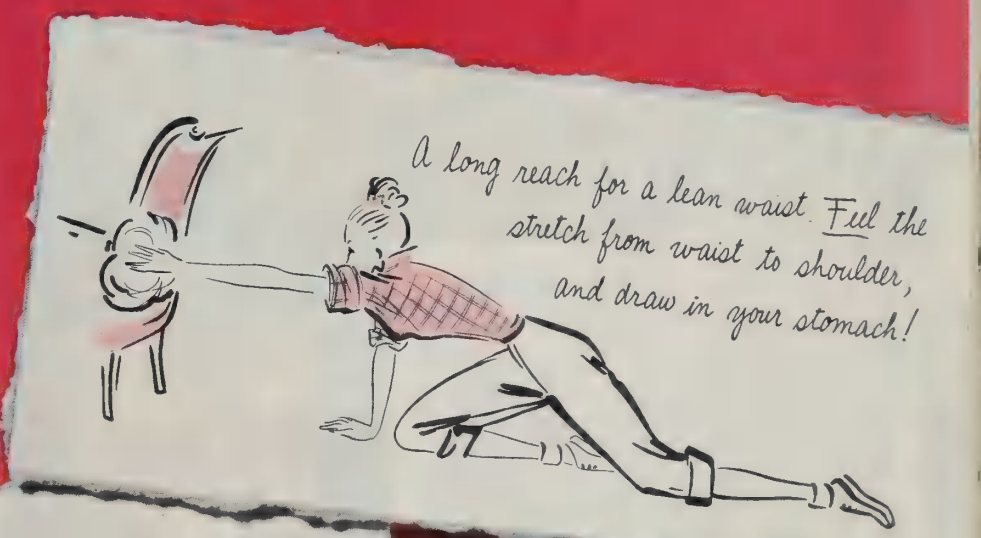
Here is the whole story. Martha Anderson isn't fat, but three babies in prompt succession have stretched her abdominal muscles slightly, and softened her waistline, so that now there is just a hint of roundness that *could* develop into a middle-age spread if it didn't get squelched right at the start. Martha is all for taking immediate action.

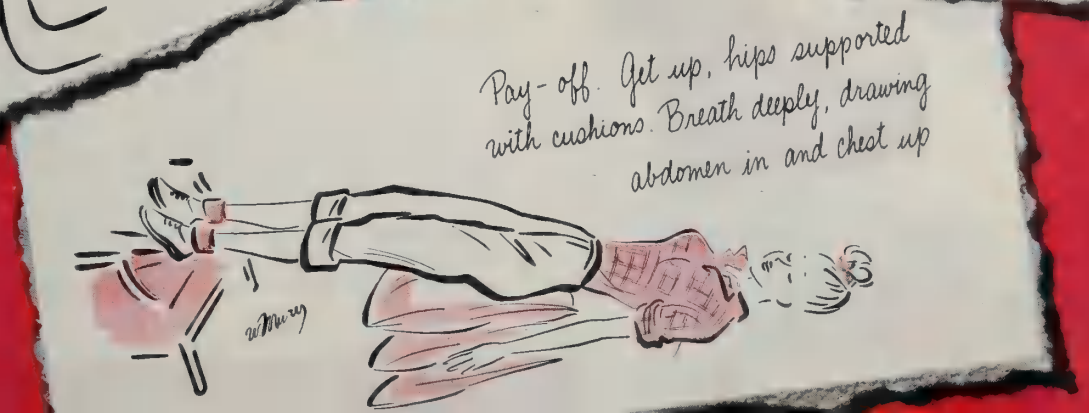
With plenty of housework and the care of three young children, she doesn't need any *extra* exercise. It was more important to discover how the effort she was already making could be made to produce beauty results. Fortunately, the answer is simple. For some time physicians have been giving new mothers exercises which involved getting down on all fours and drawing in the abdominal muscles as the best means of restoring a flat stomach after childbirth. Now a leading salon has devised a series of housework exercises that enable an ambitious homemaker to toil, and tighten her figure at the same time. She can dust, scrub and work on her waist space all in one operation!









# Party cakes...party cakes...made of Bran



Cupcakes

**NABISCO BRAN TEA CAKES**

1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran
1 cup milk
¼ cup shortening
¼ cup orange marmalade
2 eggs
3 tsp. baking powder
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt

Soak Nabisco 100% Bran in milk 5 min. Cream shortening and marmalade. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Add Bran mixture. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture; stir only until well mixed. Fill *small-size* muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 15 min. Frost and add to each a colored candy. You'll have 24 to 28 gay tea cakes — dainty and fine as cupcakes! That's because they're made with Nabisco 100% Bran—*finer-milled* to make bran particles smaller — your tea cakes perfect! (Furnish important *diet-bulk*, too.)

# a jolly good breakfast for a man



Cereals "he" likes

**NABISCO BRAN BANANA FAVORITE**

Yes, ma'am. This is it! Man's favorite way to eat taste-tempting Nabisco 100% Bran — with banana slices, a dash of sugar, cream or milk! You get the important iron, phosphorus and Vitamin $B_1$ that Nabisco Bran contains! Best of all — you get Nabisco Bran's diet-bulk to help relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk in your food. *Finer-milled* — Nabisco 100% Bran's *mild and gentle in action*. Really *"easy-on-you!"* Of highest quality because Nabisco uses only the best grade bran, produced in its own flour mills.

*Eat Nabisco 100% Bran regularly. If your constipation does not improve soon, see your physician.*




# Favorite for Flavor... this finer-milled Bran

One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
NAtional
BIScuit
COmpany




PHOTOS BY STUART

*Buddy's only three, but he's as fond of pie as his dad is.*

# Peas and Pears OR Pies and Pancakes

## By Louella G. Shouer

PETEY ANDERSON, at eighteen months old, eats about everyth but popcorn. He'd eat that, too, if Martha would let him. Bud now three, still won't eat near the variety of foods his youn brother does. He's harder to interest in vegetables, for one thing.

Petey's precocious appetite takes in French fried potatoes, and b children have a particular yen for pancakes and pies. So does their d As long as it doesn't seem to hurt the youngsters any, Martha indul this pie taste to the extent of letting them have pies made with frui the pudding filling they would normally have anyway. The good- them foods come first with this young mother.

### VEGETABLES TO A CHILD'S TASTE

The way vegetables are prepared or served to him may have a great deal to do with a child's reaction to a certain vegetable.

Children haven't the taste for salt we grownups have. Season on the scant side with salt. Make it taste good to him rather than to you.

Cook vegetables until just tender—not mushy. You aim to do this anyway, but children are particularly sensitive to overcooked vegetables. The brighter the color as a result of quick cooking, the more chance you have to win.

For children who are still at the mashed-vegetable stage, you might add some of the cooking water for extra flavor—and vitamins. Don't make slushy, though, that a child can't g up with a spoon. Surplus cooking li can be combined in soups.

Cut vegetables into large-eno pieces so your tot can recognize the that is, when he's graduated to this st

Serve tiny beets and young car whole—half inch for cubing should about right.

Juices, of course, are the easiest to get a child used to the taste of a v table if he won't eat it in its real fo One of those whizzer mixers will g up vegetables and fruits into won ful soup bases and drinks.

A leaf of lettuce is easier for s children to eat than shredded lett

ainer-stage young folks, as well as
brothers and sisters, like their veg-
s in soups. Make them thicker
you would for yourself—"many a
you know.

nove the skin before cooking toma-
serving them raw. I like tomatoes
peeled myself; don't you?

you haven't always done so, re-
the little pointed scales from as-
us and use only the tender part.
asparagus stalks where they snap
t. If you cut them, you may be
g some of the tough fibry portion.

*s on cabbage*. Getting youngsters
ish the stronger-flavored vegeta-
the hardest stile to get over. They
on't like them at first. They like
mild and bland, and the thing to
o soft-pedal the flavor and odor of
vegetables as much as possible.
ry-school experts say that children
radually grow to like cabbage,
oli and cauliflower if you cook them
ge amounts of water, even though
u read about vegetables says "cook
ttle water as possible to save vita-
nd minerals." You just can't have
thing. By keeping these vegeta-
ild-flavored and not overcooking
so they lose their natural color,
nay be able to add these to his
list"—then it's time enough grad-
to get the water question and vi-
s back to normal.

ldren will even eat onions after a
ials, the experts say, if you cook
in three waters—well, anyway,
night give it a whirl. You don't
him to be one of those people who
lts refuse any food seasoned with
s. And heaven knows—a good cook
ardly get along without using an
now and then.

etables that just won't go over at
y win if you grind them and add
ws and meat loaves.

over-two-year-olds adore eat-
getables raw, particularly carrots.
repertoire may even go beyond
Remember how you used to like
of raw potato when your own
r was peeling a panful for supper?

raw vegetables into eatable pieces
ildren. Serve them relish-tray
nations and salads little fingers
ndle.



A good introduction to the first "raws": grate a little carrot or chop some celery and put it between slices of buttered bread—that is, if he's old enough to chew.

### AN APPLE A DAY?

Fruits are not the stumbling block that vegetables are, for children usually like fruit. They've been used to orange juice, puréed prunes, apricots and applesauce from their baby days. A first meeting with raw fruits other than orange juice should begin with the bland fruits like ripe peaches and bananas and, later, apples. Isn't it wonderful to have bananas again? Children love them so.

If by any chance your young pride and joy hasn't taken to these fruits, it might possibly be that the peach wasn't ripe, the apple too tart. Continue cooking these two and he'll come around to them in his own way.

Some mothers add a little raw fruit to orange juice, a stewed fruit or canned one. This makes the acquaintance of a new food less of a shock.

Chopped apple can make its debut in this way—later the apple itself can do the same honors. And don't forget about apple snow. They'll love it if you haven't yet slipped it in on the bill of fare.

Custard sauce is a favorite with most youngsters, and most fruits do taste wonderful with it. It's *still* one of my favorite desserts.

Just how much sugar to use in sweetening fruits is up to you, but about half as much sweetening as you would like yourself seems to appeal to most young palates.

A soda-fountain sundae concoction of fruit and ice cream or sherbet intrigues a child. His first strawberry? Now's the season to try it.

Already friendly toward cereals, children might relish more fruits even more if you were to combine them with this good stand-by of their menus.

### CLEAN PLATES

Children are really pretty co-operative little human beings. If you play fair with them—not scorch their soup, oversalt their vegetables, serve them fruits that are puckery sour, or serve too much of a food too new to them too soon, or in too large amounts for a first taste—you'll never have to worry about pushed-away plates. And that reminds me—don't mention it to a soul in his hearing if your child should pass up food you've fixed to perfection. He might get the idea he *really* doesn't like it, and then you might as well forget it for a while. Try again when you think he's forgotten all about it. Change the form of serving this bugaboo food so that it will look new and special. Some fine day his curiosity will get the best of him. You never can tell. It might turn out to be a favorite.

***Guess what little Petey's favorite food is? French fried potatoes! "Horrors!" you might say. But this sturdy little fellow eats everything—has never been sick a day of his life—has never had a tummy ache.***

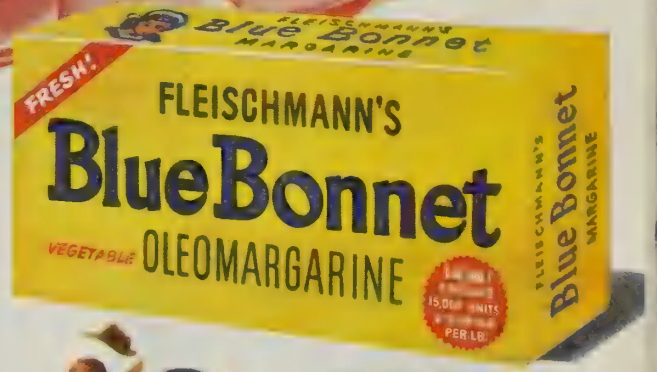

Flavor! Nutrition! Econom-e-e! Blue Bonnet Margarine gives "ALL 3"



Flavor—delicious flavor! The fussiest eater in your family will go for BLUE BONNET. It's so fresh, delicate-tasting, country-sweet!



Nutrition—proved nutrition! BLUE BONNET is rich in Food-Energy, rich in Vitamin A. Yes, *15,000 units of Vitamin A* in every delicious pound!




BLUE BONNET comes white—color for table use.






Economy—yes, BLUE BONNET saves you real money! Costs so little you can spread it on twice as thick!




A PRODUCT OF THE MAKERS OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST



*"Scrubadubdub, fewer clothes in the wash tub" was her theory about floors.*



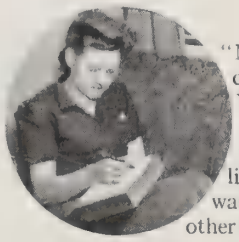
*One day Martha really saw her weary, grimy face in the mirror she had polished so faithfully. Then, bing! She wrote that letter.*



*It was June when Tom went, and of course they forgot furnace instructions.*

# "IF I HAD IT ALL TO DO OVER"

## By Judy Barry



"Madam," wrote Martha Anderson; and, as we read, we could almost hear her pen sputtering with indignation! You've seen on the preceding pages what followed that mad-clear-through "Madam!" But by the time we went to visit her, and talk things over in her pleasant little blue-walled living room, she had cooled down. Life was again worth living, the sun shone on her world—in other words, her husband was back home!

Not that the work wasn't still there to do, and her schedule pretty heavy, but her approach to it was all very different. Unwittingly, in setting all her activities down on paper just to blow off steam, she had made the first step toward organizing them. Even as she read the letter over before mailing it, she told us later, she could see, as she couldn't when she was just "doing" frantically, without thinking, how her snarls and tangles had happened. Some jobs were taking her far longer than they were worth, some could be cut out or dovetailed with others. But until then, it just hadn't occurred to her to make a survey on paper, and to proceed from the survey to a plan. (If any of you have read our words before, we're afraid we sound like a broken record or a radio commercial on that score. But it is so important that we're shameless about repeating it . . . plan, *plan*, PLAN!)

Martha didn't have the advantage, you see, of having to help with the housework and cooking when she was a girl growing up. That may sound strange, but "advantage" is exactly what we mean. Martha and her sisters were expected to spend all their time, when not actually in the schoolroom, studying and preparing lessons, rather than helping to bake or to sew a fine seam. Their mother preferred to struggle with her considerable work alone, if only her daughters would present her with report cards of straight A's. And so, with the kindliest intentions in the world, her mother unconsciously made Martha's adult job in life, that of homemaker, exceedingly difficult for her.

Her first bout with managing a home was, accordingly, pretty unsuccessful, in a small, dark, cluttered furnished apartment, which didn't arouse her interest at all. But by the time they had achieved their present home, Martha's pride in it, the instinctive desire that's in every woman to make home beautiful for her husband and children, made her long to manage it well and care for it lovingly. Naturally, since she didn't have the slightest knowledge of how to go about it skillfully, she was slow, and bungled many tasks considerably. Too much to do, learning how too late, trying to catch up on years in a minute, and then—Tom, her prop and mainstay, taken away. After he went, she seemed to be drawn *(Continued on Page 185)*



PHOTOS BY STUART



*Nowadays, when living-room vacuuming is done, the playroom "gate" goes up*



*The whole family shared Martha's relief on the day she turned the bookkeeping back to Tom*



*Bud's coveralls are folded rough-dry now instead of ironed. Bud's just as happy*

# *Exciting new kitchen!* Surprising low price!



**What a cheerful, pleasant room!** And *your* kitchen can be just as attractive, just as easy to work in, when you replace your old-fashioned cabinets and sink with spotless white enameled steel Youngstown units. This time-saving equipment will fit your kitchen perfectly. Installation takes only a few hours, and the cost for a modern kitchen like the one above will be *about $12 a month* on F.H.A. terms.



**-thirds of your kitchen work** is done at or near the n. You can do it much easier with this well planned ngstown "Kitchenaider." The twin-bowl sink with rcelain enamel top simplifies dishwashing, the handy rd is a great convenience, and there is ample storspace. Installed for *as little as $3.75 a month.*



**Add wall and floor cabinets** within reach of the "Kitchenaider," and you have the beginning of a good-looking, work-saving kitchen. These well made cabinets come in many sizes and styles for any kitchen plan. The arrangement shown above, for a $6500 to $7500 home, can be purchased with all accessories for *less than $8 a month.*



JUST THINK how wonderful it would be to have a beautiful kitchen like this, right in your own home!

You *can* have it, now, without doing any expensive remodeling. It will be a Youngstown kitchen of gleaming white enameled steel, with a modern cabinet sink, plenty of space to work on, and large storage cabinets arranged so that every kitchen task is easier.

Top quality Youngstown units are made in many sizes to fit your kitchen perfectly, and *the entire cost will be far less than you thought you'd have to pay.*



Look at the prices given here for the finest kitchen equipment you can buy! How can Youngstown offer it for so little? Only because Youngstown cabinet sinks and cabinets are produced in quantity, in the traditional American way.

Like everything else you buy for your home, your purchase of Youngstown equipment helps maintain national prosperity by keeping men and dollars at work.



You'll have a grand time planning your exciting new kitchen with Youngstown equipment! We have just printed a colorful, practical 20-page booklet, full of ideas and suggestions that show you how to do it. You also get 46 miniature cut-outs of cabinet sinks and cabinets.

Just mail the coupon with 25c in cash (no stamps please) and find out how easy and inexpensive it is to have a convenient and attractive kitchen.

**MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION**
**Warren, Ohio**
**Porcelain Enameled Products, Large Pressed Metal Parts, Design Engineering Service**

Youngstown Kitchens, Mullins Mfg. Corp.
Dept. L-546, Warren, Ohio

Send me your book on Youngstown Kitchens and the 46 miniature cut-outs. I enclose 25c in cash.

☐ I plan to remodel ☐ build

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

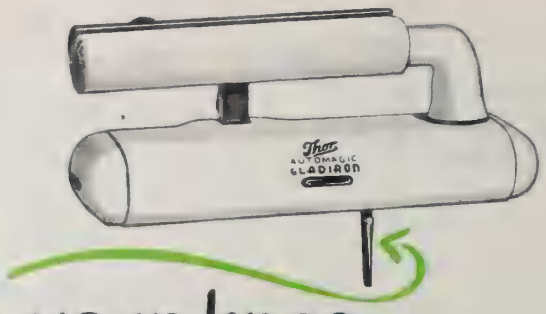
ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

COUNTY STATE

*Youngstown Kitchens*
**BY MULLINS**






# Touch ONE lever with your knee ...and you're GLADIRONing!

**Your new Thor Gladiron is automagic...operates with a single knee lever...irons so easily and sweetly you'll wonder why you ever slaved over an ironing board.**




Oh happy day, Gladirons are back . . . more of a blessing than ever. You iron sitting down AND you iron automagically . . . just by touching a single, cleverly placed lever with your knee. Instead of wearing yourself out pushing a heavy iron back and forth, you only *guide* clothes through the Gladiron. Trickiest pieces come out looking simply elegant . . . the Gladiron roll was *made* to fit *inside* sleeves, making ironing of shirts unbelievably easy and quick.

See the Thor Automagic Gladiron at your dealer's now—see how it irons, how it *folds* and tucks away in a closet, how easily it wheels wherever you want it. You'll want to take it straight home—and soon you can!

**It's Glad, Gladironing**

You'll *sit* and iron with your knee—use a single lever to open and close, start and stop the Gladiron *—at a touch.*

**It's sing a song of shirts**

You'll *sit* and iron a shirt in 4½ minutes. The Gladiron roll slips *inside* sleeves, makes ironing shirts (and all kinds of tricky pieces!) amazingly easy.

**It's bye-bye Gladiron**

You'll *sit* and iron wherever it's coolest or sunniest . . . then FOLD your Gladiron and wheel it away. It's closet size when folded —easy to tuck away yet always close at hand.

**Here's a Glimpse of That Unbelievable Thor Automagic Washer**

Your eyes will pop when you see how easily this streamlined machine can be changed from Automagic Clothes Washer to Automagic Dishwasher . . . with a simple change of tubs. Don't miss it!

**HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION**
Electric Household Utilities Corporation
Chicago 50, Illinois
Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 182)

n deeper and deeper into her own par-
ar slough of despond.
seemed to Martha that she had hit
om on the day she wrote to us. Her
unwashed for three days because she
dn't find time to think about it, looked
at her from the mirror which she dog-
y polished every day. The mirror shone
sparkled—her face was dust-laden, dull,
ouraged. Personally, we wouldn't blame
girl if she had reached up and put a fist
ugh the mirror! But we're glad she
't—we're glad she sat down and howled
t of her system.
om that black moment on, Martha be-
to pull herself up. Actually, she had
n her climb even before Tom came home
nd his strength and encouragement.
nd just to prove the truth of the old saw
t what happens to those who help them-
es, soon she acquired a washing machine!
ner aged and shaky to be sure, but still
shing machine, with plenty of life left
n it was coaxed and oiled. You can
gine how much this helped, psychologi-
as well as actually.
ext she parted with their chickens and
its, facing the fact that the time and
they required were all out of proportion
e value received from them.
ttle by little, each day, the mysteries of
furnace became revealed, if only by a
ess of trial and error. With each heavy
elful, Martha muttered, "Oh, if I had
all to do over—I'd learn, I'd know about
is business!"
way, then, went her glass-topped coffee
, into temporary retirement except for
al occasions. Wisely
ecided that, sticky and
r-marked, it was no
of beauty, but twenty
ings a day wouldn't
it otherwise just now,
ren being children,
'em! The fateful mirror
ft up, but she learned to speed its shining
a spray and a cloth in *each* hand.
No ironing for your play clothes from
on, my lads," she informed the wide-
Pete and Buddy, who didn't flicker an
sh on hearing of this mild household
ution. The next reform, banishment to
playroom after the living room had
ved its weekly vacuuming, they didn't
so lightly at first, for Martha used to
daily, and give them free run. But
re good little fellows, reasonable and
ent, so a day or two of firmness got
new order pretty well established.
us, step by step, Martha is learning.
had it all to do over, I would have
that way. I'd know what to let go,
what to do to make things straighten
aster, short cuts that would give me
time to enjoy the children."
at is her dream: to be friends with
as well as care for them; have time
d and visit with her husband; yet to
ner house so that Tom and the chil-
when they're old enough, may always
anyone home with them and be
of it.
e, then, for Martha, and for every
n who has a great deal to do, are some
and means to consider in making your
nd your energy come out even:

### UPS AND DOWNS

**down** all purely decorative objects that
st dust catchers. By this we certainly
mean that you should banish the grace-
er candelabra that gives you a thrill
time you look at it. Things like that
rth a certain amount of work and care,
lift and pleasure they bring you. But
everyone has unloved, unlovely ob-
round, though they serve no functional
etic purpose. Away with such!

**own** once a week, and plan your meals
whole week ahead. You've no idea
time and money saver this is.

**p** this worthy practice with another
ually considerate of your busyness and
. Make your marketing list then
der staple foods once a week only.

**Cut down** your meal-preparation time by scrubbing vegetables well and cooking them without peeling. Hope you'll all have pressure saucepans soon—they're such timesavers.

**Keep up** your high standard of table setting, no matter how rushed you are. The extra minute or two it takes to arrange china and silver attractively is well worth it to the family's morale, and gay well-mated dishes don't take a bit longer to wash than dreary unrelated ones. But washable place mats, paper napkins, sectioned plates are time and work savers that you needn't hesitate to use, for they're so attractive in their own informal way. Don't forget big trays to save steps in clearing and setting the table.

**Pour down** scalding water on your freshly washed dishes and let them air-dry.

**Jot down** household needs, food ideas, errands to be done when you think of them—use a blackboard in your kitchen or a memo sheet. This helpful habit cuts down extra trips to market or downtown amazingly.

**Dress down** your children rather than dressing them up! Nothing is more futile than spending hours ironing ruffles and pastel fragilities for them. Notice that the best shops show clothes of utter simplicity for small fry. Martha dresses Bud, her oldest boy, in sturdy little denim coveralls, well suited to his back-yard activities. But the hours she used to spend ironing them, until she realized how unnecessary it was! At present Pete and Richard just wear diapers for their at-home costumes, even on the coldest days, for Martha has a theory that keeping her house at a tropical 85° prevents the children from taking cold. We confess we don't agree, but none of the children has ever had a cold, she tells us, and they're certainly handsome little huskies to look at.

**They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.**

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

**Shave down** ironing time by using bath towels, dish towels, underwear, children's play clothes, and so on, just as they come from the line. Hang them carefully, fold them neatly, and you won't mind it a bit.

**Keep down** the amount of pressing needed by giving everyone room to hang clothes neatly, and enough hangers so they can rest in good shape. Children should have hooks within reach, hangers scaled to fit their clothes.

**Double up** by darning and mending while listening to your favorite news commentator. Ironing, too, is a good double-up job. Enjoy relaxing to radio's sweet music, hear the children's lessons, or make this their bedtime-story time, if you iron in the evenings.

### TOOLS OF THE TRADE

How many "tools of your trade" have you? And how good is their performance? Treat yourself to the very best you can get, but remember that the best isn't necessarily the most expensive. Sometimes a simple little dime-store gadget can be a tremendous help and comfort—a can opener that races round the can speedily, or one of those little shaver things that scrape carrots in a jiffy.

Think of the time and energy Mrs. Anderson could save if she used a wet mop with a wringer attachment for her bathroom and kitchen floors, rather than down-on-the-knees scrubbing. She feels that such scrubbing keeps her floors cleaner, and thus keeps the children's clothes from getting grubby. We still hope that she'll take our mop advice and save all that wear and tear on herself.

More than almost anything else, working in a good light makes a vast difference in the way you'll look and feel at day's end, to say nothing of being an important safety precaution.

### HOW'S YOUR RHYTHM?

Do you like to dance? If you do, you know how you can go on for hours happily, feeling

(Continued on Page 187)


LESS CARE

...Yet, My Floors Stay Beautiful Longer!

Housewives everywhere find Self-Polishing Simoniz a wonderful work-saver. Just minutes to apply with a cloth or mop applicator . . . no rubbing, no buffing. Now floors clean up sparkling with a damp cloth.

And always, lovely finishes "show through" radiantly beautiful . . . because Self-Polishing Simoniz on floors is crystal-clear. It's the same longer lasting beauty that makes Simoniz so famous for cars.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping




Self-Polishing Simoniz is sold by grocery, hardware, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

*Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes*

FOR LINOLEUM, ASPHALT AND RUBBER TILE, AND FINISHED WOOD FLOORS




© C. P.

# Sweet Mystery of "Baker" Street . . .

**EXHIBIT A:** One beautiful loaf of bread, fresh and fragrant, with firm, even texture and appetizing "bloom" and crust.

**THE MYSTERY:** The baker put dextrose sugar in the "mix" before baking . . . but there's only a mere trace of dextrose in the finished loaf . . . where did it go?

**THE CLUE:** Sugar is put in bread dough to "feed" the yeast . . . yeast cells thrive especially well on dextrose sugar.

**THE SOLUTION:** In developing a superior loaf of bread, the dextrose disappears but its goodness remains . . . which explains why American bakers use millions of pounds of dextrose every day.

**CONCLUSION:** When a bread wrapper reads "baked with dextrose" it means Quality . . . with a capital Q. You may buy *this* bread with confidence in its wholesome goodness . . . at no extra cost.

*Look for mention of dextrose on the labels of jams and jellies, canned fruits and juices, cereals, soft drinks, candy and other foods to which Dextrose gives better flavor, texture and appearance as well as genuine food-energy value.*

dextrose

FOOD-ENERGY SUG

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY • *One of the producers of dextrose* • ARGO, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 185)

the slightest fatigue (that is, if your ner, too, has rhythm!). When you're king around the house, you're on your , and free to have your sense of rhythm g you through a long busy day, if you'll relax and let it. Work to music as much ossible. Try sweeping and dusting and making with long graceful motions at an tempo. Work rhythmically as you iron, oping over large flat pieces as if you were g the "skater's waltz"!

### ABOVE AND BEYOND ALL THE REST

But best of all things as a homemaker's help is her spirit. Do you remember the story of the placid colored lady who lived to a happy, healthy, useful old age of 100 or thereabouts? Her secret, she confided to inquirers, was that she had early learned to "co-operate with the inevitable." The more you think about this, the more you'll realize that hers was a philosophy full of happiness and wisdom.

When there's a house to clean, three meals a day to cook, babies to feed and amuse, a certain amount of *work*, physical, mental and spiritual, is involved. That is the housewife's inevitable. Yet you have what every woman in the world is born wanting—husband, home, children. You have what songs are sung about—what makes the world go round. If you don't taste and savor every drop of joy that's in it—because there's work too—you're not the girl we think you are.

But we think you are.

## THE HOUSEWIFE'S DILEMMA

(Continued from Page 172)

y could plant. The monthly payments of 53 on the $5400 house seemed all right. the down payment of $600 was a nper. (Buddy's arrival and Martha's ital expenses would be covered by insur- Tom carried at the plant, and so weren't rry.)

n the bank, set aside for their house, the pective home owners and parents had tly $450. Martha and Tom anxiously ulted. Their money wouldn't stretch. e was pressing. If they dallied, they nt lose the place. Eventually Tom found nswer, made a deal with the contractor solved the $600 down-payment dilemma. agreed to take over the house in its de- dly incomplete state, and was allowed ) for doing all his own painting and in- finishing and decorating. With the down ment reduced to $390, they were left with lance of $60 to cover something vaguely d "charges." These charges, they were rmed, would be "around fifty dollars." ist as they were ready to take possession, as Buddy had given strong indication he was about ready to enter the world, blow fell. The "charges" amounted to 5. What did they do? Let Tom tell it.

"For the first and last time in my life," he soberly, "I went to a loan company and owed. I borrowed $50 and gave the com- y a mortgage on our furniture."

he loan went through just in the nick of e. The day after they signed the last ers and got their title, Buddy was born. dy's proud father didn't pass around rs. Exactly two weeks later he paid back loan with an added dollar for interest. way he saved the $51 was by doing his moving, after work and after visiting wife and young son in the hospital. He onally transferred the Anderson house- possessions the eighteen miles from the tment to their home in a borrowed auto- ile. It took a good many trips. He can recall certain difficulties with the beds the sofa.

"That $50 wasn't too hard to pay back," Tom. "Not nearly so hard as thinking he loan company showing up to haul off furniture."

"The point is," says Martha, "we got our e."

hese are among the bonds and the mem- that tie Martha and Tom together. se and their first day at home with dy. And the books 've read in the eve- s, and the friends 've entertained at sional inexpensive et suppers. Even cabinet radio that ds near the sofa has ory: it was a com- al purchase. Mar- short-lived job ided half of the Tom paid the half. Numbered eir memories, too, ng an important , is their only va- n trip—a highly nventional jour- It happened when dy was six months They wanted to off the first grand- to Tom's parents down in Southern Illinois. They couldn't afford to pay for first-class tickets. And they couldn't squeeze aboard Chicago's crowded day coaches or busses. So they took to the road, baby and baggage and all, and thumbed their way for 200 miles. For them, it was fun.

Working together, dividing their tasks, Martha and Tom draw strength from each other. Of course, as times improved, the financial struggle grew easier. Tom's weekly wages rose gradually but steadily. Their second son, Petey, who put in his appearance before Buddy was two years old, met a cordial welcome. Two babies were little more trouble than one. When the parents went out they simply took both kids along; if they dropped into a movie, well, they had two laps. Usually in those days they could even manage church, although their church is several miles from the house and the Sunday bus schedule is bad. That pleasant sense of freedom, both admit, has temporarily vanished now that Baby Richard's arrival has increased the Anderson small fry to three. No parents have more than two laps!

Richard was born last August during the time when Tom served in the Army. It was then, if she hadn't known before, that Martha found out that one member of a team couldn't possibly do the work of two, particularly when the absent member was as efficient as Tom.

She had depended on him for so much—for all major decisions. Tom very definitely is the head and boss of his own family, and both of them want it that way. It was Tom who paid the bills, and because he paid the bills it seemed natural that he should do most of the major shopping for food as well as for household articles, with Martha, of course, always consulted. The truth is that Tom enjoys bargaining and shopping, and is a wiser buyer than she is.

He helps a great deal with the youngsters because he loves the company of his three baby boys, and his nighttime work makes possible daytime fun and teaching the young idea how to sprout. Buddy and Petey are healthy, attractive, unusually bright children, who seem to realize that their parents expect a good deal of them and that it is up to them to deliver. Buddy at three promptly returns Petey's toys to Petey on request, fully grasping the difference between "mine" and "thine." Both little boys put their own toys away; each has a battered cardboard carton to serve as his own individual storage place. Martha says serenely that, except for occasional accidents, she expects her children to be toilet trained at fourteen months, and isn't surprised that both Buddy and Petey have obliged her.

Petey, of a more exploratory nature than his elder brother, started simultaneously to walk and to get into things some time back. While Tom was away, Martha, in sheer self-defense, was compelled to keep him confined to his play pen for much longer periods than she or Petey liked. Now that Tom is home Petey can trail around with Buddy in those glorious afternoon hours when daddy isn't sleeping or working at the factory. Tom handles the pair with expertness and ease and firm but warmhearted discipline.

With the two older youngsters off her hands, Martha now has at least two blissfully free hours every afternoon. And she doesn't use that time to catch up with her mending, unless she happens to feel like it. She puts Baby Richard in his crib right after lunch and lies down for a rest herself, or picks up a magazine and reads. Or maybe she takes a long, leisurely bath. It isn't necessary now, as she insists happened on one memorable occasion during Tom's absence, for her to go three whole days without finding the time to wash her own face! With a husband on the premises, she can get away easily for a weekly visit to the beauty parlor.

Tom's return has made Martha's life easier in so many ways. Just the marketing alone, what with the supermarket so far from the house, used to eat up hours of her energy each week. Also when Tom buys the food, Martha points out, there is an extra advantage in that the meals are automatically planned. Sometimes she gives him a list, but often she doesn't. Tom knows what they all like to eat, and is generally in touch with the state of the kitchen supplies.

Martha never was able to learn how to manage the temperamental furnace, which meant the fire was forever demanding attention or going out. The furnace is no mystery to Tom. He handles that job when he gets home from work each morning in five or ten minutes, even though usually he has an interested audience of two. Usually, also, he has the company of two little boys on his shopping expeditions.

Baby Richard is mostly Martha's department. The routine housework is strictly her department. Tom doesn't help with the dishes, the dusting, the cleaning, the laundry, except perhaps for hanging out the heavy things. Routine housework bores him. In his own youth as an only child, there was too much of that.

But Martha promptly handed back to Tom all the household bookkeeping. Keeping track of the bills, making out and mailing checks on the proper date, doesn't sound like much, says Martha ruefully, until you try to do it. Her talents don't run to mathematics. She can




*"She'll never develop grace and poise."*





"5 minutes too late! The Chief also heard she has a jar of

**Peanut Crunch**

BRAND

PEANUT BUTTER!"

Enjoy this delightfully *different* peanut butter that has such a deliciously fresh, peanut-rich flavor! Notice the appetizingly fresh aroma when you open the jar!

Peanut Crunch is prepared in a special way to protect its fresh flavor . . . and made only from the *best part* of the *best* peanuts Crisp, "chewy" bits of fresh roasted peanuts all thru it add to the delicious flavor of Peanut Crunch. Ask for a jar at your food store.

*Once you try it -- you'll always buy it!*

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OUR GUESTS WERE DELIGHTED WITH THESE

*Time Savers*



*George Rector*
*Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.*

**MOR Salad Plate**

Slice MOR and arrange around your favorite vegetable salad.

**Glazed MOR Roast and Sweet Potatoes**

Place two cans of MOR close together in a shallow baking pan, score in diamond shapes and stud with cloves. Garnish edge with mashed sweet potatoes put through a pastry tube. Glaze and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 25 minutes. Serve with glazed sweet potatoes. Serves 8.




*It's Different!*

"Easy does it" when there's a can of Wilson's delicious MOR on your "quickie" shelf. Besides being just right for sandwiches and cold snacks, MOR—when baked, fried or broiled—becomes a hearty, stick-to-the-ribs dinner meat.

You'll appreciate MOR's wholesomeness. Every slice has all the important proteins, vitamins and minerals of the good pork meat your dealer cuts for you.

Remember that MOR is different. Proof of this is its rare, distinctive flavor—its *master's* touch of seasoning.






**WILSON'S "QUICKIE" SHELF.** With a handy line like this, you're never out on a limb, come dinner time. Devote one shelf to these quality meat products—Wilson's MOR, Corned Beef Hash, Chili, Tamales, Deviled Ham and America's favorite meat flavor, Wilson's B-V, *all seasoned the Wilson Way.*

*The Wilson label protects your table*


count on Tom for those emergencies which arise in every house and with every family. When he was gone, just taking down the window screens and putting them away for the winter became a real problem until finally she was able to borrow the services of a neighbor's husband. If Petey breaks his bed, Tom is there to fix it. He planes down the doors that stick, replaces a dangerously worn-out step on the porch, or decides on his own accord that the woodwork needs touching up.

Minor repairs of all kinds strike Tom as sheer recreation. He is an excellent carpenter. In the three years the Andersons have owned their home, Tom has practically built it over, until now the spanking white place is the prettiest and best kept in the whole development.

Out of the vacant space in the attic two new rooms have come into being, with nursery decorations for Buddy accomplished by the hand of his father. Long ago—three whole years ago—the exterior painting was done, also by Tom. Martha assisted on the inside, and it was her idea that all the walls be covered by a glossy hard-wearing paint that would defy the marks of small, grimy hands. It was Tom who planted the fruit trees that haven't yet borne and enclosed the whole yard in a neat picket fence so the youngsters couldn't stray. It was he who built the unoccupied garage and the back-yard chicken houses and runs, where before the Army called he kept four hundred chickens to increase his income and beat the meat shortage.

During his absence Martha was obliged to sell most of the chickens, partly because she lacked the time to look after them and partly because she had no time at all to locate and buy scarce chicken feed. Toward the last, says Martha, the wretched chickens became ravenously hungry; when she appeared with her scraps, they flew in the air and pecked her fingers till they bled. Tom feeds the few survivors of his flock, and is vastly amused by the tale of why the others were sold.

You might get the idea that Martha and Tom think and worry most of the time about economy and thrift, about the serious business of keeping alive. You would be wrong. They figure closely because it is necessary. But Martha has a personal allowance of five dollars a week which she spends as she pleases. Tom never asks where it goes. Says Martha with one of her giggles, "And I never know either!"

Pretty Martha likes clothes. She is crazy about the two-hundred-dollar fur coat Tom bought her two years ago, and expects to like it just as well for several years more. Usually she persuades him to help her select her dresses, but she lets him choose his own suits unassisted, because in masculine attire it seems that their tastes differ. For instance, she frankly hates most of his neckties. But one time she bought him a necktie she fancied herself, and observed that after a tactful interval he passed it on to her father.

The Andersons love swimming and hiking and all outdoor sports, and expect to resume that kind of fun when their boys are a little older. Whenever they can get someone to stay with the youngsters, two or three times a month, they go into Chicago and take in a movie and stage show. They like dancing and don't need to go out for that. Many an evening they turn on the radio and dance in the living room with each other to the music of Guy Lombardo.

Both of them enjoy reading. They belong to a book club, and Martha prefers best-selling novels. Tom's special interest is history. The study of men and men's lives and doings in the past has always fascinated him. History was his major subject when he was attending college classes at night.

At this moment Tom is back from the Army, back with his wife and boys, safely back at his old job with Sherwin-Williams. His weekly income now, counting in a night-time bonus of 7½¢ an hour, amounts to $56.40. This more than meets the Andersons' expenses; they can save as they like to save; they have their present existence happily figured out. You might think, then, that Martha and Tom would be satisfied to stop awhile and draw a long, easy breath.

You would be wrong. The Andersons are contemplating a radical change. Tom's job pays well enough, but they can't see that it leads anywhere, to any eventual and lasting satisfaction. They want something better out of life for themselves and their sons. They haven't forgotten, either of them, Tom's longing to finish his college education and to teach.

Now they are planning to sell their house. Not without some regrets and some wonderful memories, Martha says. But they have a bigger plan—with a future. Tom has found the small farm of his dreams, complete with the inevitable chickens, a team of horses and a heifer. Tom and Martha can realize enough from the sale of their house—Tom's handmade improvements plus the payments they've made on the mortgage have increased their original money investment—to make a substantial down payment on the farm. The balance can be financed through a bank.

Tom is realistic about farming. He's kept up with modern methods since his high school farming days, and he realizes the vital importance of laborsaving machinery. "We plan to use a team of horses to cultivate the land the *first* year," he explains, but before many crops are brought in he expects to buy some new equipment.

Farming is only part of the Anderson plan. Tom is ready at last to make his college dream come true when they move to the farm. He will attend daytime classes at Thornton Junior College—tuition will be covered under the G. I. plan—while he keeps on working at his present job from midnight until eight in the morning. He guesses he'll work in the farm chores on his "spare" time. Tom isn't frightened at the prospect of figuring his twenty-four-hour day so closely. He likes to keep busy.

But both Tom and Martha feel they will be figuring their two-hundred-and-thirty-dollar-a-month income more closely than their usual policy. They've worked out their future budget this way: Payment on the farm, $65; payment on a new car (this will be an absolute essential when they move), $45; food and milk, $85; insurance, $19; all other expenses, $16. There's not much room to move around in money-wise, but both Tom and Martha say, "We want the farm badly enough to forgo all of our little luxuries for a year or so."

"I suppose," Martha says hesitantly, "this all sounds like an impossible dream to you." But then she turns to Tom—and you can see that these two *know* their dreams will come true. They have made each plan a reality before, by working hard for each other and with each other. They know it will happen again.

IT'S just like a thermometer rising in the sun. Harold E. Stassen's life, we mean. At twenty-three, he was county attorney. At thirty-one, he was governor of Minnesota. His people liked him—he broke political probabilities by holding that job three times. People also liked his background; good simple family farm life produced a man for politics and for war service in the Navy. Now, at thirty-nine, with the thermometer temporarily stopped by reconversion, he joins millions of other civilians in getting back to his old law job. But, he's called presidential timber for the Republican Party.

**Meet the Stassens**

*How America Lives*

**IN THE JUNE JOURNAL**




*Worth reaching for!*

THE QUALITY RICE
IN THE
BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE

What a pleasant surprise to see that wonderful quality WondeRice again! And what a delight to open the handy spout and see those plump, sparkling clean, whole grains come pouring forth. But remember, WondeRice standards are high, and housewives who appreciate quality quickly exhaust grocers' supplies. So look for WondeRice —it's worth reaching for.

WALTON RICE MILL, INC., STUTTGART, ARK.

WALTON'S WonderRice


## The Receipt in Person

Beat 2 egg yolks slightly. Add 1 cup of milk and 2 cups of cream. Cook over hot water until as thick as heavy cream, or when it coats the spoon. Remove from the heat and pour into a bowl. Soften 2 teaspoons of plain, unflavored gelatin in 3 tablespoons of cold water and add to the custard. Stir until dissolved. Cool. Add ¾ cup of sugar to ⅓ cup of water. Boil a minute. Beat 2 egg whites with a little salt until stiff. Add the sugar-and-water sirup to the whites in a fine stream, beating constantly with a wire whip as you add the sirup. Fold into the cooled custard. Add 1 teaspoon of vanilla and 1 cup of dry grated fresh frozen coconut. (If you use a frozen coconut which is packed with the milk, drain it very thoroughly before you use it. The coconut milk may become part of the milk in the custard. Anyway, drain and drain it.) You may use the dry packaged coconut if you can get some. Some have it, some don't. Pour the custard into a freezing tray. Freeze until about ¼ inch around the edge is firm. Beat up light in a chilled bowl with a chilled beater. Then pour into small individual molds. Return to the freezing trays and freeze until firm.

Turn out the coconut-ice-cream molds. Slice the jelly roll thin. Put a coconut-ice-cream mold on each slice of the jelly roll. A frill of whipped cream is a pretty nice job—if you like it.

You will undoubtedly want to keep the millinery theme throughout, so here are directions for making the little bonnet mints.

### BONNET MINTS

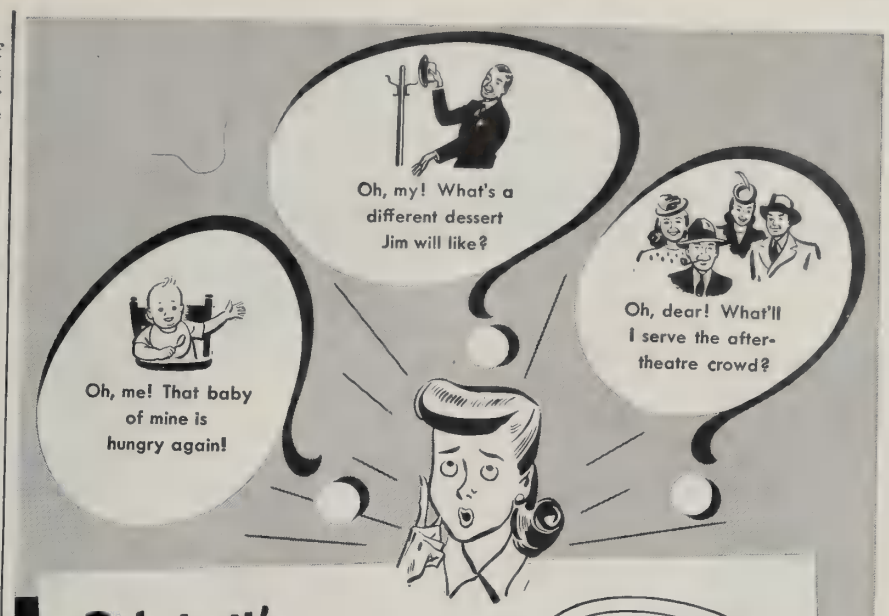
Make an uncooked fondant as follows: Heat ¼ cup milk. Melt 4 teaspoons of butter or margarine in the milk. Add 3½ cups confectioners' sugar. Mix thoroughly and add 2 or 3 drops of oil of peppermint. Knead the fondant several minutes with your hands. The mints may be plain white or you may divide the fondant and add vegetable coloring. Those in the picture were divided into three parts; one part plain white, one part pink and one part pale green, tinted with coloring. Keep the separate portions of fondant in a damp (not wet) towel to prevent it from becoming dry and crusty.

To make the little hats, pinch off a small piece of the fondant, roll into a smooth ball, flatten out into flat round disks (about 1½ inches in diameter) on wax paper. This is the brim. For the crown pinch off about half as much as you used for the brim and mold with the fingers to a small drum-shaped piece. Lay this in the center of the brim. When all the mints are shaped, decorate them with ornamental icing, using the smallest round tube of the pastry-decorating set, and make a ribbon band and bow around the crown. Color the ornamental frosting to contrast with the color of the hat. Tiny flowers may be simulated by using the icing and the smallest rosette tube.

To make the ornamental frosting for the "trimming," put 2 egg whites in a bowl and add 2 tablespoons of confectioners' sugar. Using an electric mixer or a rotary beater, beat 2 or 3 minutes until fluffy. Repeat until 1 cup of sugar has been added, adding 2 teaspoons of lemon juice a few drops at a time as the mixture thickens. Now continue adding confectioners' sugar a spoonful at a time, beating it in with a spoon, until the mixture will hold its shape. Take out portions of the icing and color as desired. Keep a damp cloth over the icing bowls as you work, to prevent drying. And I might add that if the sugar is at all lumpy better sift it first, as the smallest lump will stop up your pastry tube and spoil your designs.

***Finish the finale.*** The luncheon is over The young people have gone. Stirring the leaves in the dogwood, the bluebird builds her nest. Through the open windows drifts the ineffable fragrance of lilacs, and the patio is filled with the delicate odor of the rose trees and sweet violets.

You grow up the day you have your first real laugh—at yourself.
—ETHEL BARRYMORE.


**Pabst-ett's**
**cheddar cheese flavor answers menu problems!**

No question about it. Pabst-ett's richly satisfying, mellow cheddar cheese flavor will please young and old. It's a cheese food you can serve 100 ways... in tasty sandwiches, salads, sauces and appetizers. Pabst-ett melts, spreads, slices, toasts to perfection. It's highly nourishing . . . easily digested by children. Have Pabst-ett handy for all occasions. Phenix Pabst-ett Co., Chicago.




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You'll be enchanted with the *velvet blend* you get when you use super-smooth Carnation Milk. Everyday soups, sauces, salad dressings, frozen desserts, and beverages—*all* milk-rich dishes—are transformed, as if by magic. Here's a wonderful recipe to *prove* it . . . and, incidentally, to lead you to the exciting discovery that economical Carnation Milk *whips*, beautifully!

VELVET TOMATO SOUP with WHIPPED CARNATION

*Easy to make and "out of this world" to taste!*

1 can condensed tomato soup
1 tall can Carnation Milk
½ cup Carnation for whipping
Dash of salt

Heat milk and soup separately—slowly to prevent scorching. When hot (not boiling) blend soup into milk. *Don't* pour milk into soup, *as this will cause curdling.* Season to taste. Serve *immediately*, plain or with whipped Carnation. Serves 4.

*Whipped Carnation: Chill to ice-crystal stage;* whip rapidly in cold bowl with cold beater. Whipping triples bulk. 1 tablespoon lemon juice gives a stiffer whip. For soups, add dash of salt if desired.

WHEREVER MILK OR CREAM IS CALLED FOR, USE CARNATION, THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK.

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FOR MUSIC with a velvet blend—the new "Contented Hour," Monday evenings. For daytime drama—"Lone Journey," Mon. thru Fri. See newspapers for NBC stations.




FOR BABY, ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, fortified with vitamin D—universally approved for babies and children.


# NEVER A DULL MEAL

By Sheila Hibben



GENE FENN
Sheila Hibben

IN writing these menus for other people to live by, I have misgivings. I have never eaten according to somebody else's formulas and I can't imagine somebody's taking a fancy to mine. Happily, a feeling of too great responsibility is lightened by the certainty that nobody *will* eat by them in the strictest sense. What makes a successful menu depends upon many imponderables. No compiler of gastronomic charts can guess the day on which tired bodies need to be eased with extra-comforting simplicity, or the gaiety of what moment should be reflected in the food. The most these schedules for eating can do is to open up a new train of thought. If the dishes I have set down start you thinking about new harmonies of flavor and remembering old ones, if they prod you gently into a realization of your powers, then they have indeed done a good work.

## Menus

### ★ ★ ★ MONDAY ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

Orange Juice
Bacon and Broiled Tomatoes
Buttered Toast  Strawberry Jam
Coffee

**Lunch**

Eggs Gratiné with Mushrooms*
Leek Salad*
*(In all cases the luncheon salad is to be served with the main dish.)*
French Bread
Iced Tea* *or* Iced Coffee

**Dinner**

Broiled Beefsteak
String Beans in Mustard Dressing*
*(If you feel like making this a more hearty meal, add fried hominy strips.)*
French Rolls
Apple-Meringue Squares with
Whipped Cream*

### ★ ★ ★ TUESDAY ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

Orange Juice
Egg Timbales with Tomato Sauce*
Buttered English Muffins  Strained Honey
Coffee

**Lunch**

Fish Salad*
Rye Bread spread with Herb Butter*
Rich Rennet Dessert with Raspberry Sirup
and Cream*
Iced Tea *or* Iced Coffee

**Dinner**

Cold Beet Soup*
Stuffed Pancakes Baked in Cream*
Green Peas
Fresh Fruits topped with
Pineapple Sherbet*

### ★ ★ ★ WEDNESDAY ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

Orange Juice
Deviled Lambs' Kidneys
Toast  Orange Marmalade
Coffee

**Lunch**

French Omelet with Tuna-Fish Filling*
Spinach Salad on Garden Lettuce*
French Bread
Iced Tea *or* Iced Coffee

**Dinner**

Boiled Corned Beef
Young Cabbage in Sour Cream*
Corn-Meal Muffins
Strawberry Bavarian

### ★ ★ ★ THURSDAY ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

Orange Juice
Broiled Bloater with
Lemon Butter and Chives
Dry Toast  Marmalade
Coffee

**Lunch**

Soft Eggs on Mound of Vegetable Salad
Buttered Pumpernickel
Iced Tea *or* Iced Coffee

**Dinner**
*(with two guests)*

Cold Spanish Soup*
Steamed Chicken in Egg Sauce*
Sautéed Zucchinis*
French Rolls
Cheese Pie*

PROBABLY an awful lot of you know Sheila Hibben and all her work. She does food stuff for such publications as Vogue and the w.k. New Yorker. She is the mouth-waterer who wrote the National Cook Book and newer Kitchen Manual.

One thing I like about her is that she goes in for fish balls, baked beans and Colonial architecture. She has the right slant about all three.

And now, quote, Given the materials America has, there should not only be extraordinarily good cooking; there should not be any bad cooking. Unquote.

That's telling them, Sheila.

*Ann Batchelder*

★ ★ ★ **FRIDAY** ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

Orange Juice
Fried Eggs with Brown Butter
Bacon Muffins Coffee

**Lunch**

Gnocchi* *(made with yesterday's chicken)*
Buttered and Toasted Swedish Milk Wafers
Iced Tea *or* Iced Coffee

**Dinner**

Baked Fillets of Flounder*
Swedish Cucumber Salad
French Bread
Meringued Baked Custard*

★ ★ ★ **SATURDAY** ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

Orange Juice
Corned-Beef Hash
*(from Wednesday's dinner)*
Buttered Toast Raspberry Jam
Coffee

**Lunch**

Spaghetti with Scallions*
Sliced Tomatoes Sprinkled with
Fresh Herbs
Iced Tea *or* Iced Coffee

**Dinner**

Armenian Lamb-and-Squash Stew* Rice
French Rolls
Stewed Peaches with Half-Frozen Cream
*(Substitute strawberries if peaches are not in season.)*

★ ★ ★ **SUNDAY** ★ ★ ★

**Late Breakfast**

Strawberries with Their Caps On
Finnan Haddie Baked in Milk
Hot Rolls Honey in Comb
Coffee

**Tea**

*(around four o'clock)*

Buttered Toasted and Buttered Rolls *(left over from breakfast)* with a Dab of Mushrooms Mixed in Sour Cream on Each.
Delicate Laminated Smoked Salmon Wrapped Around Short Lengths of Italian Bread Sticks
Tea (hot *or* iced, depending on the weather).

**Late Supper**

*(Depending upon the weather)*

Minestrone*
French Bread with Garlic Butter
*or*
A Salad of white beans, tomatoes, radishes, green pepper, scallions, shredded raw carrots and water cress mixed with French dressing.
Pumpernickel

### EGGS GRATINÉ WITH MUSHROOMS

*(for two)*

Wash, peel and slice ¼ pound mushrooms and sauté in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine until tender; add 2 thin slices onion, minced, and cook until it begins to color. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour and, when well blended, pour in 1½ cups chicken broth. Add 2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped celery and ¼ cup cream. Season with salt and pepper; let simmer ten minutes. Turn into a shallow baking dish. Break 4 eggs and slide, one by one, from a saucer into the mushroom mixture; sprinkle the whites with salt and pepper. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over all and moisten with melted butter or margarine. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for fifteen minutes, or until whites are set firm and cheese is a delicate brown.

### LEEK SALAD

Allow 4 leeks to a person. Cut off the green tops of leeks to within two inches of the white part. Cut down to within an inch of root end, so that all grit can be washed away in running water. Tie together with a piece of cotton string to prevent falling to pieces in cooking. Cook in a large amount of salted water with a few grains of baking soda for twenty minutes, or until tender. Drain well, remove string and, when cool, chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Serve very cold with French dressing on chilled plates.

### ICED TEA

To vary iced tea, add carbonated water, fresh limes and plenty of ice cubes to freshly made strong tea.

### STRING BEANS WITH MUSTARD DRESSING

*(for two)*

Break off both ends of ½ pound string beans and cut in two, lengthwise. Wash, drain and plunge in boiling salted water to cover. Cook, uncovered, twenty-five minutes. Drain. Bring ⅓ cup milk to a boil. Beat together 1 egg yolk, ½ teaspoon dry




# Easy "Fancy-Dress" Tricks for 2 Everyday Dishes

DO AS famous New Orleans cooks do! Give everyday dishes a special twist that turns them into thrilling new treats. Just use the same fine Wesson Oil those good cooks use—and learn some of the easy tricks, like the two below. Light, delicate-flavored Wesson Oil is so delicious for salads, so convenient for cooking... you'll find it's the most helpful food in your kitchen!





## HASH GOURMET—A REAL DELICACY!

COMBINE 2 *cups chopped cooked meat*, 3 *cups chopped boiled potatoes* and 1 *small onion, chopped*. Season with *salt* and *pepper;* moisten with *gravy* or *cream* (about ½ cup). Brown both sides in just enough *Wesson Oil* to cover bottom of pan. (Note how *delicately* Wesson browns the hash. Wesson is easily digestible—ideal for frying!) Roll small portions of hash in paper-thin pancakes; serve at once.

1 cup sifted flour
1¼ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon Wesson Oil

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix egg, milk, and Wesson Oil; stir into dry ingredients, making a smooth batter. Make *thin* pancakes on hot, well-oiled griddle, turning only once. Add more oil to griddle occasionally, as needed. Serves 4. (Whenever *any* recipe calls for *melted* shortening—use pure, sparkling Wesson Oil. Such a time-saver... just *pour* to measure, *pour* to mix!)



## COOL, "MINTY" ORANGE JULEP SALAD

Add chilled orange sections to your tossed green salad. Serve with deliciously different Wesson Mint Dressing.

**WESSON MINT DRESSING**

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Wesson Oil
1 teaspoon finely chopped mint leaves

Mix and shake in a jar. Then taste for yourself why more American women use Wesson than any other brand of salad oil! Wesson Oil is so light, so *delicate*, it lets the savory blend of your seasonings stand out, clear and full-flavored... never drowns them under a heavy, oily taste.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR PURE, DELICIOUS WESSON OIL TODAY!

# Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS



mustard and 2 teaspoons butter or margarine. Pour in the hot milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add 2 teaspoons vinegar, salt to taste and the string beans. Let all cook together three minutes. The sauce will be slightly curdled, which is as it should be.

### APPLE-MERINGUE SQUARES
*(for two)*

Lay 4 slices of pound cake, or any plain butter cake (spongecake won't do), on a flat ovenproof dish that has been well greased. Spread a generous quantity of unstrained, sweetened applesauce over the slices and dust lightly with cinnamon. Make a stiff meringue and spread over the apples. Strew with blanched almonds, cut in two lengthwise, and bake in a slow oven (250° F.) until the meringue is firm and a delicate brown. Serve slightly warm with sweetened whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

### EGG TIMBALES WITH TOMATO SAUCE
*(for two)*

Beat 3 eggs, add ½ cup cream, a slight scraping of onion juice, ½ teaspoon finely chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon salt and dash of Tabasco. Turn into greased custard cups. Place the cups in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until firm. Turn out onto a hot platter and surround with unstrained tomato sauce.

### FISH SALAD

Cook bass, scrod or sea trout in a highly seasoned court bouillon. Let the fish cool in the liquid in which it has boiled, then take out and discard skin and bones. Break up the fish a little with a fork and bind with a well-seasoned mayonnaise. Add ¼ cup of chopped celery, the white part of 1 scallion (chopped) and ½ teaspoonful of capers to every cupful of fish. If there are any string beans in mustard dressing left from Monday's dinner, they will make a good addition. Season generously with coarsely ground black pepper and with salt; form into a mound on a chilled platter garnished with hearts of garden lettuce, and surround the fish mound with cold sliced boiled beets.

### HERB-FLAVORED BUTTER

Chop chives, fresh tarragon and summer savory (the dried won't do) and mix thoroughly with unsalted butter. Spread on thinly sliced rye bread and serve with salad.

### RICH RENNET DESSERT WITH RASPBERRY SIRUP

Make a rennet dessert according to directions on package, substituting ⅓ cream for the quantity of milk called for, and flavoring with vanilla. Let set in a glass compote dish and chill in refrigerator until very cold. Mix ½ cup of sugar with 1 cup of fresh raspberries, bring slowly to the boiling point, remove from heat, cool and chill in refrigerator. Just before serving, strain the raspberry juice over the dessert. Serve with cream.

### COLD BEET SOUP
*(for two or three)*

Add the chopped white part of 3 scallions, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and 3 tablespoons chopped celery to 2½ cups strong chicken broth. Grate in 1 peeled raw beet and ⅓ small peeled cucumber, cover and let stand in the refrigerator for three hours. Boil 3 medium-sized potatoes, drain and press through a very fine sieve. Add ⅓ cup cream and chill thoroughly. Strain the broth mixture and combine with potatoes and cream. Add a squeeze of lime juice and season with salt and pepper. Pour into chilled soup plates and sprinkle with chopped chives.

### STUFFED PANCAKES IN CREAM
*(for two or three)*

Braise the tail and other leftover bits of Monday's beefsteak with seasoning vegetables (onion, carrot, celery, parsley) until perfectly tender. Discard all fat and gristle and chop moderately fine (do not grind). Make a well-seasoned moist hash of meat,


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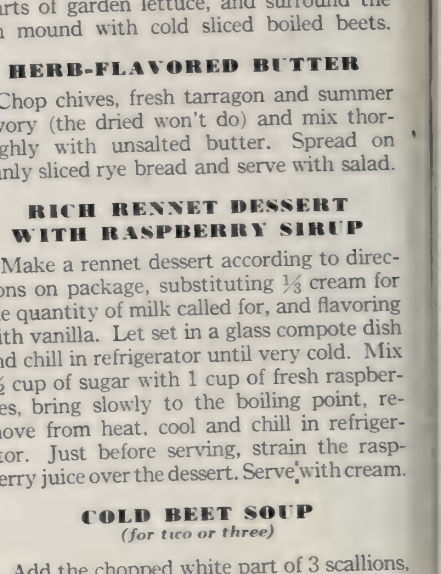
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A joy to care for, too! Simply lift off top- rinse under faucet to clean instantly. The merely replace—it's ready for re-use. Whi enameled case—wipes sparkling clean. Super motor — pressure can't stop it. 110-volt, 60-cycle. $13.50 DENVER, WEST $14.50

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eking it out with ¼ pound of chopped cooked mushrooms. Make a very thin French pancake batter and let stand several hours. Fry the cakes, one at a time, in a lightly buttered skillet, making them about three and a half inches in diameter and almost paper-thin. Put a spoonful of the beefsteak hash in the middle of each pancake and roll up into cylinders. Arrange in a shallow greased baking dish and pour a thin white sauce over them. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until the cheese is lightly browned.

### FRESH FRUITS TOPPED WITH SHERBET

Peel and slice peaches, and wash and cap strawberries. Sprinkle with sugar and let stand at room temperature until the sugar melts. Mix carefully with a fork, turn into a glass compote dish, and put in refrigerator to chill. Make a fresh pineapple or orange sherbet in freezing unit of refrigerator. Just before serving, pile the sherbet over the fruit. Serve on dessert plates which have been well chilled.

**How people love money, and how they abuse other people for loving it!**
—E. W. HOWE: Country Town Sayings (Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas).

### TUNA-FISH OMELET
*(for two or three)*

Drain all oil from a small can of tuna; break up the fish with a fork and add ½ cup of cream, a dash of Tabasco, salt to taste, and 1 teaspoonful of chives. Heat over a low fire and keep just below the boiling point while you make the omelet.

Make a French omelet, taking care to keep it "runny." When the bottom side is delicately browned, spread the tuna mixture over half the omelet, fold over the other half and slide onto a warm platter. Serve at once.

### SPINACH SALAD

Boil spinach in the usual way, adding a clove of garlic cut in two. Discard the garlic, drain the spinach thoroughly, and serve icy cold on garden lettuce with a garlic-flavored French dressing.

### CABBAGE IN SOUR CREAM
*(for two)*

Shred a rather small firm cabbage and wash well. Plunge into a saucepan containing a large amount of boiling water, add a very small pinch of baking soda, and boil briskly for three minutes. Drain, put back in saucepan with more boiling water and boil, uncovered, ten minutes. Drain thoroughly. Put over heat with ½ cup of sour cream, 1½ teaspoons of sugar, salt to taste, and a dash of Tabasco. Cook until the cream is thick and smooth.

### SOFT EGGS ON VEGETABLE SALAD

Pour boiling water over eggs, cover and simmer for four and a half minutes. Drain, crack the shells slightly and let stand in very cold water for ten minutes to make shelling easy. Shell and chill in refrigerator. Make a vegetable salad of boiled corn cut from the ear or canned whole-kernel corn, celery, scallions, slivers of raw carrot and cooked green peas or string beans. Bind with a highly seasoned mayonnaise and form into a mound with a flattened top on a chilled platter. Arrange the eggs on top of the salad and dust them with paprika; border the mound with thinly sliced boiled beets and garnish with water cress.

### COLD SPANISH SOUP
*(for four)*

Mix 3 cups strong soup stock, ¾ cup tomato juice and 1 small onion, chopped, together and let stand in the refrigerator for two hours. Strain; add 1 cucumber, peeled and grated; 1 large tomato, peeled and chopped; ½ small green pepper, chopped

*(Continued on Page 197)*




*Nut Chocolate Pudding that's My-T-Fine*

Easy recipe for Chocolate "Sugar-Cookie" Pudding: Prepare My-T-Fine Nut Chocolate Pudding according to simple directions on the package. Arrange three sugar cookies of any preferred flavor in shallow sherbet, spoon in pudding so that cookies remain upright. Top with whipped cream before serving.

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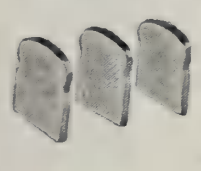
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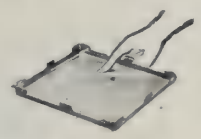
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Just set the knob to "Pops Up" or "Keeps Warm" and this G-E wonder obeys. Just like having a little warming oven built into your toaster. Toast as you want—when you want it!

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**BUY AT MODERN MARKETS WHERE GARDEN-FRESHNESS AND ESSENTIAL VITAMINS ARE CONSTANTLY PROTECTED WITH**

**Ice**

You know that there is all the difference in the world between *really* fresh vegetables and the kind you get all too frequently in the stores. Really fresh vegetables are crisp, appetizing to look at, flavorful and delicious to eat. They are also rich in the vitamins so essential to health.

### VEGETABLES LOSE THEIR ESSENTIAL VITAMINS QUICKLY!

It has recently been established by extensive scientific tests that as vegetables lose their crispness and color they also lose many of their essential vitamins. Laboratory tests prove that some of our favorite vegetables lose vitamins at an alarming rate during the first few hours in the store—*unless they are constantly protected with ICE.*

Progressive markets guard against the loss of freshness and loss of vitamins by bedding their vegetables in pure, sparkling crushed ICE. Thus protected they are crisp, delicious, garden-fresh, *vitamin-rich!*

### HOW ABOUT YOUR MARKET?

Perhaps your own grocer does not realize the importance of icing his vegetables. A hint from you may be all that is needed. His ice company will gladly give him all the facts—show him that he need not buy expensive equipment to give you and your family this modern health protecting service.

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*Write for your* FREE *copy of "Nature's Treasury of Health". It will help you plan vitamin-rich meals.*

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**NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES, 1706 L STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.**

(Continued from Page 195)

fine; 2 tablespoons salad oil; 2 teaspoons fresh lime juice; 1 large soda cracker, rolled; 1 tablespoon sugar. Season highly with salt and Tabasco. Just before serving, put in a close-fitting jar and shake until the oil becomes blended with other ingredients. Serve very cold in chilled soup plates.

### STEAMED CHICKEN WITH YELLOW SAUCE

Heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in deep soup kettle and in it lightly brown 1 roasting chicken, which has been rubbed with salt and pepper and trussed as for roasting. Add 1 large sliced onion and 1 carrot. When the onion begins to color, pour in 2 cups boiling water. Add 1 stalk of celery, 2 sprigs parsley and ¼ bay leaf; cover and simmer until the chicken is tender.

Sauté 3 finely chopped scallions in butter or margarine, add 1 scant tablespoon flour and cook over very low heat until the scallions are tender but not brown. Strain in 1½ cups of the broth in which the chicken has cooked (from which all grease has been skimmed), add 1 tablespoon chopped celery and simmer ten minutes. Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons cream; add 6 tablespoons cream to the sauce and bring to the boiling point. Add the egg-yolk mixture, beating hard while the sauce thickens for a minute or two. Add salt and pepper to taste, remove from the heat and add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Carve the chicken entirely away from the carcass, arrange on a hot platter, and strain the sauce over all.

**Respect the child. Be not too much his parent.**
—EMERSON.

### SAUTÉED ZUCCHINIS

Peel zucchinis, slice fairly thin, and soak in cold water for five minutes. Drain and sauté in butter or salad oil and chopped onion (allowing ¼ small onion to each zucchini). When lightly browned, pour in enough strong soup stock to cover, season with salt and pepper, and simmer until the zucchinis are soft and the stock entirely cooked away.

### CHEESE PIE

Combine 1 pint creamed cottage cheese and ⅓ cup cream, drop in 2 eggs, one by one, and beat hard. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine, ¼ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons blanched almonds, coarsely chopped. Mix well. Turn into a layer-cake tin lined with pie paste, and bake in hot oven (450° F.) ten minutes; lower heat to 350° F. and continue baking thirty minutes. While still hot, sprinkle generously with cinnamon and powdered sugar. Let stand about forty minutes before serving.

### PASTRY FOR CHEESE PIE

Sift together 1 cup flour, ⅓ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder (scant), and 1 tablespoon sugar (scant). Work in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine and stir in 1 beaten egg and just enough milk to make a workable dough. Roll out to ¼ inch thickness and then fold over on itself, making three layers. Repeat twice. Chill in refrigerator one hour. Roll out to ⅛ inch thickness and line a layer-cake pan with the pastry.

### GNOCCHI
*(for two)*

Bring 2 cups of milk to a boil, add ½ teaspoon of salt, and dribble in ⅓ cup of quick-cooking farina. Cook in a double boiler for twenty minutes. Remove from heat, add yolk of an egg, and beat well. Spread on a large platter, let cool, and cut into squares like fudge. Grease a shallow baking dish, lay in half the quantity of squares (leaving an empty space in the middle), sprinkle generously with grated Parmesan cheese and dot with butter; lay on remaining squares and add more cheese and butter. Cover with a thin white sauce and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown.

Make a creamed-chicken hash of the remains of yesterday's chicken and, when the gnocchi is done, turn the hash into the empty space in the middle of the baking dish. Serve at once in dish in which cooked.

### BAKED FILLETS OF FLOUNDER

Wash 6 fillets of flounder, dry thoroughly and rub with salt and pepper. Lay in a long shallow baking dish which has been well greased. Heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a saucepan, sauté lightly 2 scallions, chopped, add 2 tablespoons flour and cook until the scallions just begin to color. Pour in 1½ cups chicken broth gradually. Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, 2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer gently for ten minutes; add ½ cup cream and 1 teaspoon chopped chives. Season with salt and pepper and bring just to the boiling point. Pour the sauce over the fillets, and bake at 400° F. twenty-five minutes.

### MERINGUED BAKED CUSTARD

Make a baked custard by any standard recipe, and line a greased baking dish with caramel before turning in the custard mixture. Bake until firm. Set in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. On a greased cooky sheet spread meringue mixture the size of the opening of the dish in which the custard is baked, strew with blanched slivered almonds, and bake in very slow oven (225° F.) for fifty minutes. Remove from pan with a spatula, cool and, just before serving, place on top of the baked custard. The meringue is baked separately because the custard is improved by being chilled, which would toughen the meringue.

### SPAGHETTI WITH SCALLIONS

Boil very fine spaghetti the usual way. Drain and let cold water run through it. Heat a generous quantity of butter or margarine in a saucepan and add to it five coarsely chopped scallions (green part as well as white). Do not let the scallions fry in the fat, but merely wilt; add spaghetti and let reheat in the fat. Add an extravagant grinding of black pepper, and salt to taste. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

### ARMENIAN LAMB-AND-SQUASH STEW
*(for two)*

Have the butcher cut 1 pound shoulder of lamb in medium-sized pieces. Rub them with salt and pepper and sauté in 1 tablespoon salad oil with 2 medium-sized onions, sliced, until a light brown. Add 1 clove garlic, chopped fine, and continue cooking for two minutes. Pour in 2 cups boiling water and add 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ cup sliced okra and ¼ teaspoon thyme. Simmer, covered, for one hour. Peel 2 small summer squash and quarter them, lengthwise. Parboil in salted water for four minutes. Drain and add to the stew, continuing the cooking until the squash are very soft. Five minutes before serving, skim off the fat from the stew, mix a teaspoonful of it with 1 teaspoon flour and return to the stew. Season to taste with salt and pepper and turn onto a hot serving dish.

### MINESTRONE
*(for six)*

Wash 1 cup dried white beans thoroughly in several waters and soak overnight in 6 cups of cold water. Put to simmer in water in which soaked, and cook, covered, two to three hours, or until tender. Fry 2 onions, minced, 1 clove garlic, minced, and ½ green pepper, minced, in 2 tablespoons bacon fat until tender but not brown. Pour in the liquid in which beans have cooked and half of the beans; the remaining half add after running through a sieve. Add ⅓ cup chopped celery; ⅓ cup chopped parsley; 2 carrots; 1 small summer squash; 2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped; 1 small white turnip, diced; ½ bay leaf; ¼ teaspoon thyme. Season with salt and pepper and simmer one hour, adding more water if soup becomes too thick. Throw in 1 cup shredded cabbage and cook for another hour. Just before serving, fish out carrots and squash, mash them through a sieve and return to soup pot. Add 1 cup cooked spaghetti, let boil one minute, and serve with grated Parmesan cheese.


# PICNIC RECIPES at home or afield



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**COTTAGE DRESSING—for Potato Salad**... The dressing is the "top secret" of a good potato salad. This dressing is new and delicious... a real salad oil saver. Combine 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 beaten egg, ¼ cup salad oil, ¼ cup fresh lemon juice, salt and pepper. If cottage cheese is dry, add a bit of milk. Blend with your favorite potato salad ingredients to serve six.

**BARBECUE SAUCE**... Often the simplest sauce is the tastiest. Here's one you can stir up in a hurry: ½ cup chili sauce, ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon grated onion. Use liberally on hot dogs, hamburgers, and other barbecued meats.





**LEMON SHERBET**... Frozen desserts are a picnic tradition. This one is easy, smooth and refreshing. Mix 1 scant cup sugar, 2 cups milk and 2 egg yolks with ⅓ cup lemon juice and 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel. Freeze quite firm – about 1 hour in refrigerator tray. Beat 2 egg whites stiff, gradually adding 2 tablespoons sugar. Combine 1 cup whipped top milk with egg whites. Beat semi-frozen ingredients until fluffy and fold in egg white mixture. Freeze until firm. Perfect for hand freezer, too.

**LEMONADE**... No picnic or summer meal is complete without lemonade, so better have enough for seconds. But lemonade is more than a refreshing drink... it provides health values your family needs. Lemons are an excellent source of vitamins C and "P", a good source of $B_1$. They aid digestion, alkalinize. Sunkist's famous Lemon Recipe Book has over 100 lemon recipes. It's free. Write Sunkist, Sec. 205, Los Angeles 55, California.






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# CONVERSATION PIECE



*Honey sherbet is a springtime dessert that will get rave notices right on through summer. It's also the answer to a dwindling sugar supply.*

PHOTOS BY STUART

*By Ruth Mills Teague*

WHATEVER artistic instincts we own are apt to lift up their heads in May—it is the time one feels an urge to go all out for beauty. So why not a meal to dazzle the eye—beautiful flowers, a beautiful table, beautiful food? The food especially—food that simply can't help being handsome. Of course, the "can't help" is the essential point. I'm suggesting no nonsense about fancy decorations, doodads and such. It's intrinsic beauty we're seeking, in cooking as in any other art, and "good as it is beautiful" must be our motto.

All right? Then here's our menu.

The hors d'oeuvres can be a little on the elaborate side this time, since we'll omit a first course. An assortment of ribbon and pin-wheel sandwiches, olives, bite-size pieces of stuffed celery and cradles of deviled egg will make a delicious and exciting prelude.

For the *pièce de résistance*, Pâtés de Jambon with Orange Sauce Amandine for them to swim in. Good? Beautiful? Both. And with it a gorgeous salad of peas, carrots, crisp cucumber slices and a delicious sour-cream dressing. Golden-brown toast sticks, rubbed with a little garlic, if you share my feeling about garlic, will complete the main course.

The dessert will be honey-fruit sherbet, made in the refrigerator, and with it we'll serve chewy date bars.

*(Continued on Page 200)*



*Beautiful flowers, a beautiful table, beautiful food—what more welcome trio for your first spring party. Easy for the hostess to do, too.*



*For the pièce de résistance try ha pâtés in orange sauce. And if yo think only the French can achie it—this recipe will surprise yo*

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# CONVERSATION PIECE

*(Continued from Page 198)*

That's quite a flock of recipes, so here we go. We'll plan this as a sit-down or buffet dinner for eight.

### PIN-WHEEL SANDWICHES

Combine ½ pound liverwurst or liver *pâté*, 6 small sweet pickles, finely minced, 2 tablespoons grated onion and enough mayonnaise to make a thick, smooth paste. Remove crusts from ¾ loaf of bread and slice very thinly the long way. Spread each slice generously with liver paste, roll tightly and wrap each roll in oiled paper. Make rolls the day before, store in refrigerator and slice as nearly the last minute as possible. Each roll should make five or six sandwiches.

### RIBBON SANDWICHES

Put ¾ pound Polish sausage through the finest blade of meat chopper three times. Add 3 tablespoons chili sauce and a little mayonnaise and work into a paste. That makes one paste. For the other, cream ½ pound cream cheese with a little cream or evaporated milk until smooth, add 5 or 6 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon red or Nepaul pepper. Slice bread very thin and cut off crusts. Now make three-decker sandwiches of these two mixtures (be generous with the spreads), wrap each sandwich in oiled paper and store in refrigerator. Do this the day before and slice in finger-width strips at last minute.

### STUFFED CELERY

Blend cream cheese, grated onion, a few drops lemon juice and a little cream. Stuff slender celery stalks with this mixture and top with a little red caviar. Cut into bite-size pieces. The cheese mixture can be made the day before, but don't stuff celery until the afternoon of the day it's to be used.

### DEVILED EGGS

Cut 4 or 5 hard-cooked eggs the long way into fourths. Devil yolks, basic recipe, stuff whites carefully with deviled mixture and garnish with capers or pimientos.

To serve canapés, arrange all four on a tray and add olives here and there. The olives may be stuffed, ripe or both.

### PÂTÉS DE JAMBON

If you use a center cut of smoked ham, a 4-pound slice should be enough. If it's to be another cut, let the butcher tell you how much weight to allow for bones so that you will have the equivalent of a 4-pound steak. Soak the meat for half an hour in cold water, then boil it gently for two hours in water to which 3 bay leaves, 2 onions, 2 celery stalks, 6 cloves and 1 teaspoon whole pepper have been added.

When the ham has cooled in the broth in which it was cooked, remove bone and fat and grind four times through the finest blade of your food chopper. If you have enough energy for a fifth grinding, so much the better, for it should be very finely minced.

Make a cream sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour and 2½ cups milk, and season with ½ teaspoon saffron, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons tomato paste (not purée) and ¼ teaspoon red pepper. When sauce is cool, beat into it 4 egg yolks and add to meat, together with 4 unbeaten egg whites.

Remove crust from 4 slices of bread and soak slices in milk. When thoroughly saturated, squeeze out most of the milk and add bread to meat. Stir until thoroughly mixed and taste for seasoning. You may need to add salt and a little more pepper. Now beat the mixture vigorously for three or four minutes and set in refrigerator. All this may be done early in the day or the day before.

Just before baking, fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of 4 eggs and spoon the *pâté* into well-oiled custard cups, filling them almost to the top. Pack very firmly and insert a silver knife here and there in the cups to avoid air bubbles. Place the molds in a pan of hot water and bake for one hour in a 325° F. oven. When the cooking time is up, turn off the oven, open the door and let the *pâtés* remain in the oven until you are ready to serve.

### ORANGE SAUCE AMANDINE

Boil together for five minutes 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup consommé, the juice of 2 lemons, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons brown sugar, 1½ tablespoons grated orange rind and 5 cloves. Melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, stir in 2½ tablespoons flour until smooth and add the hot liquid slowly. Cook until it boils, stirring constantly, and remove the 5 cloves.

Slice 5 navel oranges into sections, removing all skin and white membrane. Cut ½ pound blanched almonds into long slivers and fry them in deep fat until light brown. Drain thoroughly on paper towels.

The sauce can be made ahead of time. When you reheat it, add the orange sections and about three quarters of the almond slivers. If you like the flavor of sherry, add 4 tablespoons at this time.

To serve, empty the *pâtés* upside down onto a large platter, spacing them evenly, and spoon the sauce around them. Let a little of the sauce dribble over each *pâté* and sprinkle the whole thing with the remaining almond slivers.

### SALAD

Prepare everything the day before. In separate pans cook about 3 cups peas and 3 cups thinly sliced carrots until barely



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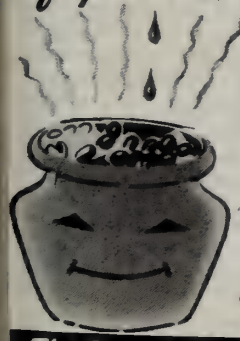

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done. Drain, put in separate bowls, and when partly cool pour a little jar French dressing over each vegetable. Toss lightly with a fork and place in refrigerator to marinate overnight. Peel 2 fine cucumbers, score lengthwise with the prongs of a fork, slice, cover with ice water and store overnight in refrigerator.

To serve, line a salad bowl or platter with lettuce leaves and give your artistic talents a field day. The cucumber slices, tucked in to stand on their sides, make a gorgeous border for alternate lines or groups of peas and carrots. Or how about a center of peas, a border of carrots and a final border of cucumbers? You can't miss so long as you arrange with an eye to color. And don't spoil your effect by masking the salad with the dressing. Serve that in a separate bowl.

### JAR FRENCH DRESSING

Into a glass jar put 1½ cups salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, ⅓ cup catchup and 2 cloves garlic. Put on lid, shake well and store in refrigerator. This dressing will keep for weeks, but remove garlic after about five days.

### SOUR-CREAM DRESSING

Season 1½ cups sour cream with 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon horse-radish, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons sugar and ⅛ teaspoon red pepper. Serve very cold.

### HONEY-FRUIT SHERBET

Have mixing bowl, rotary beater and all ingredients icy cold. Beat together ¾ cup honey, ¾ cup canned pineapple juice, ¾ cup apricot pulp pressed through a sieve, ⅛ teaspoon salt and the juice of 1 lemon. Stir in, but don't beat, ¾ cup peeled canned apricots cut into small pieces, ¾ cup orange sections, peeled and cut into small pieces, 1½ cups whole milk and ¾ cup cream. Transfer to freezing tray, set the freezing control of your refrigerator to very cold and freeze until the mixture becomes firm at the outside edges of tray. Remove and stir well with a fork, scraping sides and bottom of tray until frozen and unfrozen parts are thoroughly blended. Freeze for an hour and repeat the stirring. Freeze for another hour and again repeat the stirring. That's three times stirring in all—very important if the sherbet is to be creamy. After the third stirring one more hour of freezing is required.

### DATE BARS

Combine 1½ cups chopped dates, 1 cup chopped nuts, 5 graham crackers rolled to a dust, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup light brown sugar, ½ cup corn flakes, 2 well-beaten eggs and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread the batter evenly in a well-buttered oblong baking pan and bake in a slow oven, about 325° F., for half an hour. Cut into small oblongs while still warm.

***Service.*** Any good food is a pleasant sight, but this food just happens to be nothing short of beautiful. And it's natural beauty too—nothing made up about it. *Think* how it will look! Think, and then plan your service so that everyone has a *chance* to look.

If this is to be a buffet party, the service problems are few and easily solved; but if it's to be a sit-down dinner for eight, plans must be made with thoughtful care. We'll not discuss formal service—it's impossible without adequate help, and with adequate help you don't need mine. But I'll make a couple of suggestions for smooth informality. Have a small serving table beside you, another beside your husband, and let him serve the *pâtés* while you serve the salad. Or arrange the *pâtés*, salad and plates on a long serving table or sideboard and let your husband do all the serving. Either method will work beautifully—*if* you make your plans in advance. And, speaking of plans, this meal most certainly calls for list and schedule making. Work out the timing for your *pâtés* and sherbet, write it down and then follow it.

But *don't* worry. The *pâtés* will not fall, the sherbet will not be icy—the two calamities that might befall you if the recipes were not tried and true. Have fun!





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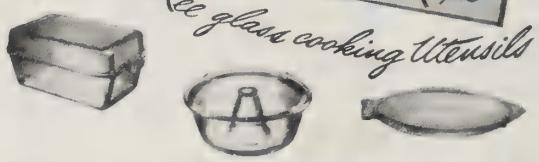

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# So You Want to Live Long

By George Lawton, Ph.D.
Director and Psychologist, Old Age Counselling Center, New York City

IF you wish to live long, you must be willing to grow old. Most of us, however, accept old age grudgingly and are far more interested in a secret "formula" for longevity. But ask octogenarians for their "recipe," and you'll hear such conflicting statements as: "I've had my six cups of coffee a day all my life." . . . "I never touched tea or coffee." . . . "I eat meat twice a day." . . . "I've lived solely on vegetables and sour milk." . . . "I walk two miles a day." . . . "I never exercise."

There is no magic formula for living long, as far as I know. But I have noticed that most recommendations for prolonging your life make it only *seem* longer by making your daily program duller, more restricted, through negative cautions: "Don't do this; avoid that; rest; give up this or that."

Rather than make the horizons of older people narrower, I want to see them expanded. The negations and limitations we all suffer as we grow older must be offset by constructive activities and positive goals. An older person's daily schedule should be so full that later maturity seems shorter. Our lives add up to this important fact: it is not how long we have lived, but how well. We achieve more when we add not "years to our life but life to our years."

How? First we must recapture an attitude we knew in childhood: enjoy what we are doing while we are doing it. In later maturity, this technique is called "flexible patterning." We plan ahead and work toward goals, and enjoy it in the *here and now*.

If the acceptance of reality is more important at one age epoch than another, later maturity is the time. Human beings have a right to be old and *old people still have a right to be human beings*. Each period of life has its own unique beauty and usefulness, its own value in the scheme of things, but the proper utilization of old age requires even more intelligence and effort than is required for the earlier life periods.

> **When you think little of a person, then say as little as you think.**
> —Drogheda Independent.

Second, then, don't pity the so-called "old." The person who from childhood has fallen back on excuses to cover his inability or his unwillingness to develop his abilities to the maximum will continue to excuse himself to the end of his days. "You know, at my age you can't ——" He forgets that life is always a struggle, and more of one in later maturity. That is no time to tire and withdraw. If one does—well, the dead are not always buried at once.

We must not settle for pity, and the object of this type of affection is unwise to accept it if it is forced upon him in place of love or approval. Once he is seduced by it, he must accept a passive role in all his relationships, both in the home and the community. Then, as the appeasement policy reaches its logical conclusion, he is rejected completely: institutionalized, for example, when he doesn't need to be.

There is, of course, a great need for more and improved facilities for older people: nursing homes, chronic-disease hospitals, residence clubs, old-age communities within a larger community, and so on. But our goals should not be bigger and better institutions, but bigger and better lives. We must raise for older people not so much the standard of living, as the standard of their human relationships.

Third, and tremendously important, we must reject the "grow old gracefully" motto. "Graceful" in my vocabulary means "diplomatic," "mouselike," "fearful of being oneself." It should be replaced by "GROW OLD AGGRESSIVELY, CREATIVELY, SOCIAL-MINDEDLY." Growing old is *growing* in wisdom and usefulness, and that kind of growing is never a graceful process; certainly it is one seldom achieved without outside aid. "I'm eighty-one, so what?" is an attitude not arrived at without effort.

Proposing an aggressive role for older people and telling them they have a right to live and die in a style which suits them best can be carried to an extreme, and then it has its repercussions. It is a doctrine which must be qualified by the stipulation that the older person must be mentally and physically able to carry the responsibility of self-determination and must not damage or exploit other lives in his quest for self-expression.

A "problem child" of eighty-seven, a Russian ex-general residing in one of the most luxurious of old-age homes, insisted on smoking in bed. The home authorities could have dismissed the general, of course, but I suggested to someone who asked my opinion that a "Prebedtime Smokers Club" be formed, with a gentleman's agreement that any smoking was "out" once they left the "clubrooms" for the evening. In the meantime, the home was to check its fire-prevention equipment. I noticed in a newspaper item a few days later that my suggestion had come too late. I still believe, however, that my principle is correct.

The fourth step in adding life to our years is not to try to outwit old age, but to utilize it; not to dread it as a blight, but to welcome it as a potentially fruitful period. It may not be our most glamorous and exciting one, but it can be interesting and rewarding.

It is true that of those over sixty-five, two thirds are financially dependent on others and approximately the same number suffer from one chronic ailment or another. But we must not regard the mental and emotional troubles of older people as due solely to the number of years lived. The *kind* of person who has grown old and the environment in which he then lives play an even more important part. The enemy is not Age, but lifelong personality maladjustments, the way our society treats aging and, finally, the almost total lack of facilities and resources for utilizing what older people have to offer. Some of the happiest old people I have known are not well; others were dreadfully poor. On the other hand, among the unhappiest old people I know are those who have both extraordinary physical health and ample means.

Losses and limitations come with age, yes, but the way we greet these losses depends not upon our advanced years or upon our current troubles, but upon the kind of person we've always been. The handicaps may be forced upon us, but no one can force us to accept confusion and dismay. The very fact that the later years may have an increasing amount of disablement and moments of low ebb means that we must plan in advance to make old age rich in other terms, and build up so habitual a program of interests and relationships that they will carry us through the "tunnel" moments. There are many pleasures available even to the bedridden or the feeble.

Financial security and good health are important. But emotional security and personal integrity, the ability to give of oneself to the community and to utilize its offerings—these are even more essential. The most tragic aspect of old age is not its poverty, its illness, but its futility.

This takes us to the fifth step in putting life into our years: recognize what is a "normal" older person. The *normal* older person, whether rich or poor, well or sick, *respects*

*(Continued on Page 205)*




# M-m-m-mm COMPANY HAM

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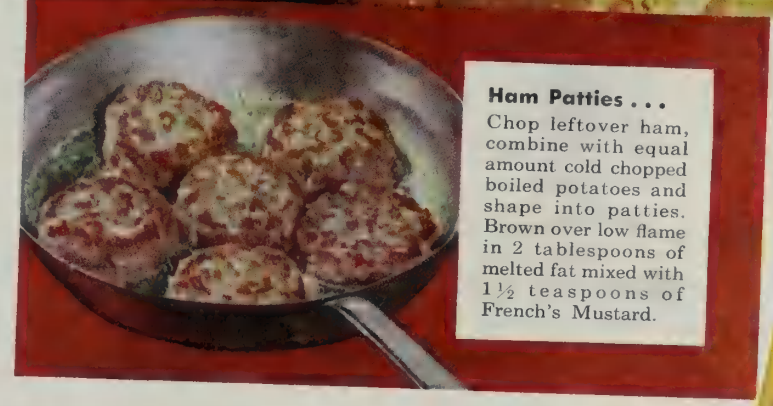


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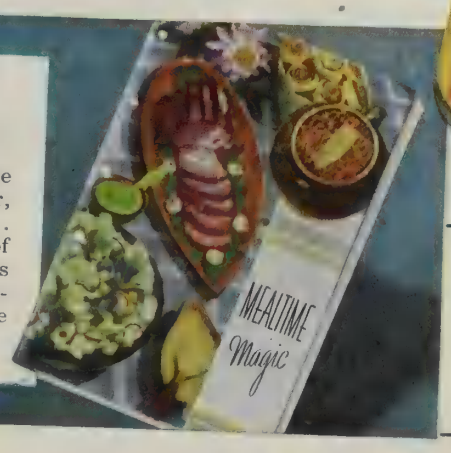


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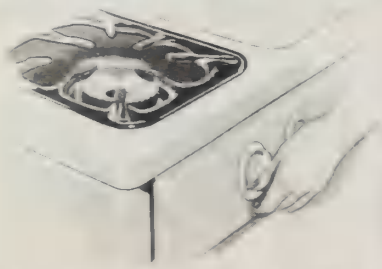
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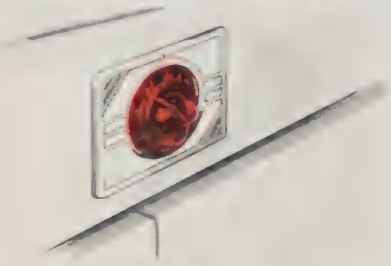
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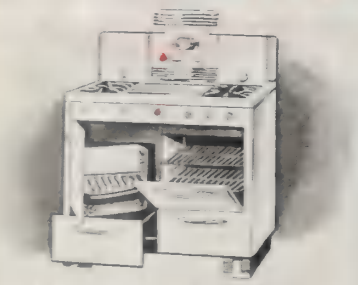
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*Magic Chef*

THE GAS RANGE WITH THE FAMOUS RED WHEEL

(Continued from Page 202)

*self*, has an *ever-expanding horizon* of in-sts, activities and human relationships, *ot entirely dependent on others for emo-al support* or for mental stimulation, is *re-centered, not past-centered* and is *will-o do his best* as the problems of life assail

uch a "normal" old age was described eloquently by Senator Arthur Capper uly, 1945, when from Washington he med up eighty years of living by sending radio birthday greeting to his friends in Kansas: "Live and let live and lift a e more than your share! I've enjoyed and I'm still enjoying it. I try so to live day that I like to live with myself and that tomorrow I still will like to live myself. After eighty years, I hope I still e curiosity, tolerance and good will. I ld hate to think I have become set in my s, in my thinking, in my reactions."

any older persons carefully plan for a e and garden, off in isolation, to which first will go at sixty-five, expecting that will provide the *complete* answer to what should do with their later years. It is that the "dream" cottage and the per-climate do exist, separately and in com-tion, but such an ambition is seldom to pproved, because no genuine peace can btained through escape. Not retire-t, but participation is what the normal person needs.

order to avoid mental and emotional ne—"real old age"—everyone needs to an active part in the civic and cultural f the community, and of the world in h he lives—not only for mental and ional self-preservation but to repay his to society in the wisdom and experience h only the older person can contribute.

pecially important in ng more out of life the we get is to plan a am of re-education. ust face the fact that frequent barrenness nhappiness of old age specific causes either environment or in ourselves, and the may have a long history. We must e, for example, that the ways in which e so comfortably "sot" are not all nec-ly sacred, a kind of legislation from immemorial.

st of all, if we want a more satisfying e, we must be willing to *gamble* a little e outcome of any program of re-tion. Perhaps what is unconsciously ed is that rehabilitation, if successful, lead to anything: to standing on one's to relinquishing certain unjustified ies, to developing a new point of view, anging self-respect for self-pity. If so, choice between accepting change and ing a very frustrating existence.

n too old to change!" is a slogan which not from a calm and objective ap-of the actual difficulties in acquiring titudes and information, or from the of the years, but from the emotional nce to change, the fear of what will if we abandon any of our behavior is or daily routines. When an older says, "I'm too old to change," the ould be, "You're not too old to try." longer we live, the more like ourselves ome. Aging is like applying a magni-lass to the personality. To become ke ourselves can be a dire fate—for Part of any emotional re-education y schedule for multiplying the con-older people with life around them, eme for increasing interesting occu-l and avocational activities, is de-*o help reduce the pressure being exerted younger member of the family by a ed, out-of-date, rapidly declining per-ether the latter is forty or seventy.* As Martin said in The Home in a acy: "It is the duty of society to adults fit for children to live with." ust realize that aging means merely es with age" and that these changes losses and deteriorations or they may s and pleasures unknown to earlier in life. Rarely do we explore the "plus" possibilities of later maturity to see how we can make the most of the opportunities old age offers. Later maturity, examined scientifically, can be creative, productive, happy. Even in old age life can be well led.

Whenever we try to evaluate the opportunities of the second half of life, we must recognize our own prejudice and hostility toward old people and our own fear of old age. Even for one who tries to be an objective student of the subject, it is hard to steer a middle road between glossing over old age with a sentimental patina or projecting onto it one's own private pain and unfriendliness.

A design for living in later maturity, one which aims not at a longer life but more of it, is just like a plan for a house or ship that is yet to be built. It is useless unless the older person makes the blueprint take on form and dimension and makes it function productively and satisfyingly in a real world.

*This article is from Doctor Lawton's forthcoming book, Aging Successfully. He is also the author of an earlier book, New Goals for Old Age.*

**The most completely lost of all days is the one on which we have not laughed.**
—CHAMFORT.

### TEN HINTS ON AGING SUCCESSFULLY

**1. Admit that you are growing older.**

**2. Remember that aging brings "plus" changes as well as minus ones.**

**3. Answer "Too old!" with "Too old for what?" Not too old to modify an attitude or habit, acquire a minor skill, render a service, keep up-to-date, create something beautiful or say to a new idea: "I'll try it; not *every* new idea is bad; nor *every* change a revolution."**

**4. A long life is its own reward. Do not expect homage *only* because you have survived many winters, or suffered and seen much. *Past* deeds do not exempt you from *present* achievement. Your life history is important—to you; but so is your listener's—to him. Conversation is a sharing of *present* needs, unless you mistake old age for "anecdotage."**

**5. As opportunities for self-expression in your work or family lessen, realize that human imagination does not grow old, and find creative outlets in hobbies, the arts and community activities.**

**6. Pity cannot replace love and approval. Pity leads to overprotection, and then to rejection. More essential than a home of one's own is a life of one's own, without dependence on children or relatives for entertainment, companionship or emotional support. True security or *emotional* independence is a feeling of inner competence and "belongingness" that comes from *earning* recognition and affection through what we *now* contribute to our families and our community.**

**7. Learning is a form of living. The older man or woman should acquire some new knowledge each year. Unchanging is the desire to explore new experience, but the experience changes. Our adventures are not in the field of physical and emotional sensation, but in that of human understanding and relationships. As bodily pleasures diminish, we must cultivate more the pleasures of the mind and other inner resources.**

**8. Realize that later maturity is most valued for the knowledge of strategy, not for strength or speed. Look at the older doctor or lawyer, the craftsman, the political leader, the artist in living.**

**9. As replacements for old friends, continually make new ones. The most devoted couple does not know when one, carrying on alone, will need friends.**

**10. There is only one ultimate peace. Until then, there is no escaping the struggle or the responsibilities of maturity. We retire *to*, not *from*. Always we need a "tomorrow"; goals to strive for and present activities that go on. Seventeen centuries ago, Galen, a Greek philosopher, wrote: "Employment is nature's best physician and essential to human happiness." Ever necessary is: "A plan, a task—and freedom."**


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## BY RICHARD PRATT

GARDEN AND PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

AS windows get higher, wider, handsomer and modern decoration indoors includes a close-up of the world outside, a little garden through the glass is like a living picture on the wall. Here the frame is filled with one of the oldest favorites among the annual flowers, which range in size from tiny to tall, and as far as color is concerned practically take over the spectrum. Banked up from a semi-circular tank, they add a bright new dimension to the room within and break the view of the screened sitting terrace just beyond. Zinnias, this way, are a treat from early summer until frost; easy, dependable, various and brilliant, and always in sight. Cutting helps to keep up their steady stream of colorful bloom and supplies the house with color too. And for a house-plant contrast on the window ledge, you can't do better than caladiums.



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## WOMEN WITH A BROOM

*(Continued from Page 34)*

closed, they had helped to unlock the machines, examine the exposed totals, fill out required papers and escort the tally sheets to the Criminal Court Building.

Never had so many New Orleans women served at the polls. Almost a third of the 1310 commissioners had been women. A few of them were Maestri partisans, but the Regulars preferred men as commissioners, the same ones year after year. By far the majority of the women commissioners were working, praying and, in some cases, literally fighting for Morrison.

In the 1930's, when New Orleans polling places were scenes of drunkenness, shootings and camera smashings, reform candidates had discovered that women commissioners made for a relatively orderly election. They had been urging more and more women to take over the jobs. The Old Regulars, oriented to the strong arm as an election-day arbiter, were at a loss when it came to women. The January 22 primary was probably the city's quietest of all time.

Not that the women had everything their own way. In a few places, especially where they controlled four of the five commissioners, the Old Regulars ran things as of yore. They entered voting machines with scores of voters to "assist" them on the flimsiest pretexts of blindness, illiteracy or physical disability—a favorite trick to destroy secrecy of the ballot. They went into the machines to "instruct" voters in their use on the slightest excuse. One woman who had started voting asked for some simple instructions from within the machine. Instead of replying verbally, an Old Regular parted the curtains to go into the machine. The Morrison commissioner, a woman, saw the voter fling herself backward, arms outstretched, across the voting panel in a futile attempt to hide her choices of candidates. One Morrison woman commissioner was manhandled so severely that buttons on her coat were torn off. Another charged an Old Regular commissioner with repeatedly spitting in her face until she put a stop to it by slapping him. Both women stuck to their posts, thus defeating the primary purpose of the rough stuff. But in past elections these would have been considered minor disorders. More typical in 1946 were the peaceful incidents: the woman who stopped one man from voting with another man's registration papers, and the woman who successfully insisted that a voter who had failed to register as blind obtain a doctor's certificate before getting assistance.

It had been a fight in the face of defeat. As usual all the signs had pointed to another machine victory. As usual there had been no straw vote. The Old Regulars, confidently predicting a 20,000-vote majority, regarded a straw poll as superfluous. Morrison and company, supported by all three of the city's newspapers, had no doubt a straw poll would do them more harm than good. Thousands of dollars had been bet on Maestri at odds as high as five to one. The city district attorney, running for the office he had held by the governor's temporary appointment, had rejected endorsement by the independent citizen's committee in favor of the historically potent Old Regular blessing.

And Morrison himself was a last-minute choice of the committee made in mid-campaign when they suddenly found their ticket leaderless. Their original candidate was Joachim O. Fernandez, a former Congressman whom the Old Regulars had ditched some years before for another man. Fernandez pulled out of the race just seven weeks before election day, switching his support to the city machine he had been denouncing, and admonishing reporters that "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

Morrison's hat, then an overseas cap with a full colonel's eagle on it, sailed into the ring from Camp Shelby, Miss., several hours before his discharge became final. It was a gesture the cynics called foolhardy and the hopeful called gallant. Even "Chep"




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Morrison's pretty, blond wife tried to persuade him against it until she saw how serious he was. Then she pitched in to help.

Foolhardy or gallant, it crystallized matters. The women's organization—and independent voters in general—had been uncertain about supporting Fernandez. When Morrison stepped into the gap the independents cheered. Member of a prominent Louisiana family, he had been a lawyer and a state legislator responsible for authoring several progressive bills. He entered active duty a reserve first lieutenant and came back a colonel, decorated with the Legion of Merit for service in Europe with the Transportation Corps. He entered the campaign swinging. Promising to halve the high city sales tax and effect other reforms, he pommeled Maestri's one-man rule, handling of municipal funds, and pointed to the city's uncollected garbage, pitted streets and flourishing rackets. Maestri asked voters to "look at the record," a suggestion the newspapers pounced on with glee.

But Morrison's offensive, however energetic, struck much the same note as that of candidates the machine had been snowing under since 1920. Nobody thought this time would be different. On election night, just after the polls closed, the independents already were tasting the old sour grapes; the Old Regulars were poised smilingly cup to lip, the election of Maestri was a foregone conclusion—when Chep Morrison sauntered in with the mayor's chair tucked under his arm.

It happened at 10:30. The impossible became a fact. Out of 132,000 votes, returns gave Morrison 67,000. He had a 5000 lead over Maestri and—the miracle—a 2000 majority over Maestri and five other candidates combined. For the first election night in a quarter of a century the silence at City Hall was so heavy you could hear the heads drop.

**The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.** —EDMUND BURKE.

Morrison himself cheerfully admitted, "I'm the most astonished and happy mayor this city ever had." His surprised wife tried to let it soak in: "I can't believe it." And, later, "Well, if I'm the youngest (24) first lady this city ever had, it's also the first time this ever happened to me." Many exhausted women workers had gone to bed early, unwilling to face the bad news they felt sure was coming over the radio. Next morning Morrison's name sprang at them from the headlines like a giant jack-in-the-box. New Orleans was astounded.

When the political post-mortems set in, spotlights played in turn on the Old Regular ward heelers, who had shown signs of unusual apathy during the campaign; on the New Orleans branch of Governor Jimmy Davis's state machine, which had worked for Morrison while Davis himself maintained a cautious silence; on labor, which had split about three to one for Morrison; on the new civil-service laws, an achievement of the state legislature; and on Morrison's war-veteran supporters. But the bulk of the bouquets went to the women.

Out of anger, out of disgust, out of conviction and experience dating back to Huey Long and the Louisiana scandals, they had organized and fought under the name of the Women's Independent Organization. They had knocked on doors and talked to voters. There seemed little doubt they had tapped the latent integrity of the city, certainly to the extent of several thousand more votes than the 2000 which gave New Orleans a new mayor. "I've been at the polls fifteen years," one male commissioner said, "and I've never seen so many women voting."

Chep Morrison took off his hat and bowed low: "The women developed tremendous enthusiasm." A picture taken on election night showed Morrison and his mother exchanging happy grins while the young soldier


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*(Continued from Page 210)*

was no time to find workers in areas which had not produced volunteers, canvassers went on spot assignments outside their own territory in order to do some work in every section of the city. At least one girl worker pressed her dates into service and took them canvassing at night. Women who had never canvassed before often started out skeptical and returned enthusiastic.

Mrs. D., who had claimed she was "too old for politics" and wasn't interested anyway, was shamed by a friend into a canvassing job one morning with another worker. She was instructed to quit at noon, but, after a hasty lunch, she kept on going until six.

"We were having such a good time," she confessed, "we went ahead and finished up our street. We met some of the nicest people. Why, half of them would say, 'Yes indeed, come in, I want to know something about Morrison,' and you know, I believe they really appreciated having people come talk to them who were doing it just because they thought it was right. One woman told us, 'I just don't take any part in politics,' but we talked to her anyway and before we left she had decided she wanted to be a worker!"

The canvassers also served another purpose. They brought back a picture of what the voters, especially the women, were thinking. They found the women impressed by Morrison's youth, clean looks and open grin, by his war record, by the simple courage of his quick decision to challenge Maestri, and by the earnestness of the people working for him. Time after time they sensed a close connection in women's minds between World War II and the mayoralty campaign. Wives and mothers who had stayed at home wanted to do something for the city, to assert the freedom their men had fought for, to use their weapon—the vote—in a spirit of gratitude. It seemed almost as if the battle front and the home front had been pretty close together after all.

Canvassing organized, the women tackled the et ceteras. They wore out telephone lines giving notices of rallies and special radio speeches, promoting the "march of brooms." On election day they sent a women's army to the polls. In addition to the commissioners, hundreds of women acted as official watchers inside the poll barriers, additional hundreds stood outside in a chill wind to hand out sample ballots, and scores more formed brigades to supply sandwiches and coffee to poll workers. Women chauffeured voters to the polls. Besides the drivers on duty in specific precincts, women manned five special motor pools set up for emergencies.

"Most of our women made a holiday of the election," Mrs. Waters said. "They had their husbands and older children all working at the polls. It was a sort of family observance of democracy."

It was Mrs. Waters who had the satisfaction of an unusual convert. A male worker for Morrison who for years previous had been an Old Regular stalwart was asked why he had switched.

"It was that boy's mother," he said, pointing to Mrs. Waters' son. "When people like that came out and worked, without thinking of getting anything for it, I thought there must be something to it."

Mrs. K., a precinct captain, echoed the gentleman's sentiment a few days after the election. There *was* something to it. Mrs. K was analyzing vote results in her ward, especially "improvements," a figure obtained by adding the Old Regulars' loss and the independents' gain. Mrs. K.'s precinct, with a total vote of 632, had "improved" 135 votes since the last election.

"You know," she said, "it's up to independent women to clean up politics." She pointed to her card file, copied from official registration rolls, listing every voter in her precinct. "No man's going to work like this unless he has a political job. In general the precincts without women captains showed the least improvement in this election.

"In the Huey Long days we acted so silly. We sat outside the polls and talked to each other. You've got to get inside. Government by the people means not just voting, but being commissioners, knowing the mechanics. To run a precinct you've got to have a poll book to check off the voters, a card file, and you've got to canvass the voters and know them. It's entertaining knowing so many people. I telephoned my ward leader the time to make sure he was sending me some sample ballots to mail to them. You see, I consider them *my* people." Mrs. K. smiled. "Nobody can take my precinct away from me until I die. It's mine."

She may well have been speaking for the entire women's organization. Ten years ago New Orleans belonged to the politicians, but today the women have a feeling New Orleans belongs to its citizens and they mean to see that nobody takes it away. Morrison is not assured of a three out of four majority on the commission council, but to the Women's Independent Organization that is an incident albeit a glorious one. Some of the precinct workers were canvassing again after election. They were asking the qualified citizens who had *not* voted how come. The women were looking for likely candidates to back for vacancies in the state legislature and planning to organize city precincts that still have no independent women leaders.

They have been heartened by what they found in soldiers' homes, the feeling of unity with the firing line, the translation of the world struggle for freedom into the community struggle for freedom. They hope to spread this awareness that democracy is not foolproof, not automatic; it gets out of whack when neglected, but it's worth fighting for, election after election; it can be fought for and won, sorry politicians thrown out, good ones kept on their toes. Witness New Orleans.

The crusaders in skirts have won the toughest battle, but they're keeping the weapons. Attached to Morrison or any other candidate by principles only, they see themselves as a permanent pressure group with a bright new ax to grind: good government.

## OUR READERS WRITE US

*(Continued from Page 13)*

tent furnished little protection from the incessant winds which sweep down off the Bering Sea.

"Bring them inside, Alexei," I told him, motioning toward our round, tin-roofed Russian *domik*.

Alexei Ivanovich was delighted. "*Spacibo, spacibo*," he thanked me.

Soon our *domik* was filled with the loud wailing of Grisha, swaddled in baby clothes so you could hardly find him.

"What's the matter?" I asked Anna anxiously.

"*Nichevo, nichevo*" (nothing, nothing), she said. "All Russian babies cry when they are little. It shows they're healthy." (Grisha was her fourth.)

Well, I had read baby books before Susan came, and I knew better. "When did you feed him?"

"Just a minute ago, in the tent," she said.

"*Nichevo, nichevo*," she said again, when I suggested tiny Grisha might have indigestion. Anyhow, she let me hold him. I put him to my shoulder and patted his back gently.

"Burrrrp. Burrrp." And up came some of Grisha's milk, all over my parka. Then as a smile of amazement came over his mother's stolid, Slavic features, little Grisha stopped crying and cooed. I chucked him under the chin, as we used to do to Susan, and sure enough, Grisha smiled.

"*Shtota koye?*" asked Grisha's mother, which means, "What goes on, anyway?"

I told her that in the United States we always "burped" babies after they finished feeding.

"And does your baby never cry after feeding?" she asked.

"Never," I answered (somewhat guiltily, remembering an occasional howl).

"How do you do it again?"

I put Grisha in the burping position, over my shoulder.

"You are a good father," she said. "We will try it."

It was the nicest thing said to me since I came to Russia—a land where everybody says nice things about you—and I swelled with pride.

Next day another officer and I thought up an excuse for a trip to town, and along went Alexei Ivanovich and his family. As Anna climbed into the jeep, her tiny baby asleep in his swaddling clothes, she called to me and smiled.

"Boorp," she said. Love,

FRED.

### "Austerity" for Dorothy

*The Duke's Cottage*
*Rudgwick, England*

*My dear Bruce and Beatrice:* As you know, daughter Mary is going to have another baby. We still have trouble with the first one which, being an Airborne Officer's baby, will step off into space with a horrid trustfulness. Nor do bumps and abrasions seem to teach it anything. I am busy at the moment cutting up Airforce Officer's shirts (Mary's) to make into summer frocks for her.

Old England has been swept by every sort of storm and flood, with folks taking trips on tables, and sitting on top of their cars awaiting rescue. This cut off our fish supply all last week, which seems peculiar. You'd have thought they could have swum right up to the door. Standing high, we were not troubled, except that, running into some sort of a puddle the other day on my way back from London, my train was jolly nearly involved in one of those nasty accidents we read so much about. The truth is, everything is wearing out, and wants replacing, and can't be. I went one afternoon to my dressmaker, who was showing clothes to bring the tears to any woman's eyes. All embroideries and frills and flounces, and crinolines and bows. We haven't seen such things in years—but: "These models, Madam, are for export only." Next week there will be a nice little show of all we can have. Jolly utility models, with no pleats and only five buttons, and no embroidery at all! Mostly made in those sad shades which appear to be related by marriage to the war loaf of bread.

Love to you all,

DOROTHY BLACK.

### Help the Children

*New York, New York*

*To the Editors:* I went recently to deliver the first consignment of AWVS Friendship Boxes, from American children to their brothers and sisters overseas.

The attitude of children in Guernsey, who were lovingly cared for in their English exile, was in sharp contrast to another group in England—nameless children from concentration camps. Their parents are gone; even their nationality is a mystery. Nourished on terror and very little else, they are still like little animals. When food is given they grab for it. They do not hesitate to steal from one another. And yet they cling to each other for companionship and protection. If one child leaves the room the others are manifestly uneasy until he returns.

Their plight is desperate but not hopeless. They are under the care of carefully trained refugee teachers, directed by Dr. Anna Freud, brilliant daughter of Sigmund Freud. Dr. Freud feels that in time it will be possible to teach them discipline, order and friendliness.

It is not merely humanitarian to help these children. "One World" will be nothing but a phrase of shame and mockery if half our children are allowed to become a warped generation. We must do what we can to heal them. We must see to it that they can laugh again.

Sincerely,

ALVA B. GIMBEL,
*Vice-President*, AWVS.

If you want to help, write Save the Children Federation, Inc., 1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, New York. See also agencies listed, page 134. ED.




Nay, Lady, Nay!




This is the Way

...THE CLEAN, EASY WAY TO OPEN CLOGGED DRAINS

**Yes, indeed**—Drāno can quickly open a clogged drain. Even a drain so stopped up that no water can trickle through.

Drāno also clears out dangerous sewer germs that breed in every drain—only 2 inches from where you wash dishes and food.

So play safe! Use Drāno *regularly* to keep your drains free-running, and free of sewer germs.




Never over 25¢ at drug, grocery, and hardware stores.

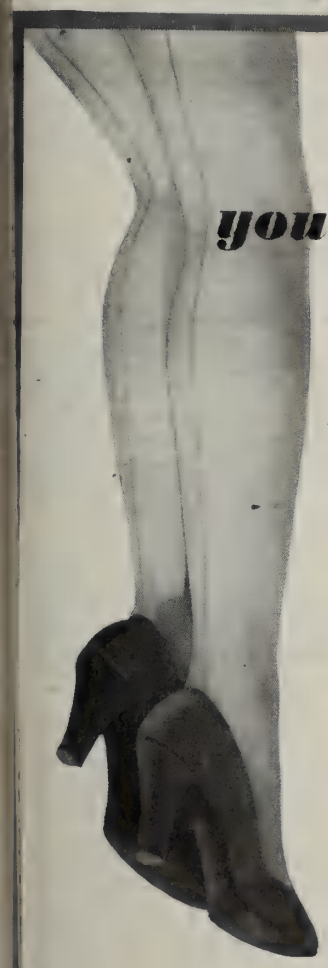
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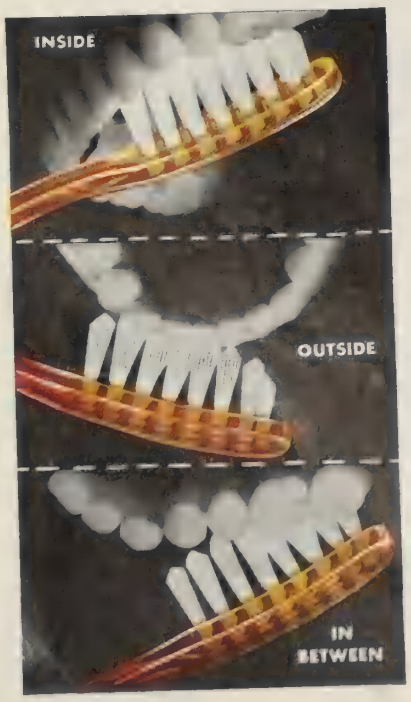
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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. U. S. PAT. NO. 2352524




Fits your mouth precisely

to clean your teeth better




● CORRECT DESIGN in a toothbrush is the secret of really clean teeth.

See from the photographs here how completely and easily Miracle-Tuft reaches every surface of every tooth—inside, outside, in between and on top. It has the famous double convex design—curves two ways. Fits your mouth precisely.

And in no other toothbrush will you find so many other quality features. Springy "Exton" brand bristling waterproofed to stay efficient longer. The extra protection of a sealed in glass container. A full year's guarantee. Isn't it wise then to use a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft—the best toothbrush money can buy?

Copr. 1946 by Weco Products Company


## HOW TO PREPARE YOUR DAUGHTER FOR A DIVORCE

*(Continued from Page 175)*

a healthy attitude about this most fundamental human instinct.

Mothers like Priscilla's might find it helpful to break the ice by taking their daughters to the zoo. Here they can hunt up a stork and say, "Darling, this is what does *not* bring babies."

### VIII

ELLEN is the youngest of five children. When she reached the age of two and no other babies had shown up she said, "It looks like my inning." From that day she has ruled the roost.

Ellen is about grown up now and as spoiled as a girl can be. If she happens to marry into a family which believes in fair and equal representation, not only for its members but for "foreigners" too (just to show that it really is a broad-minded family), Ellen may have to stoop to martyrdom or playing sick to get the attention she had without effort at home.

The difficulty about adopting the role of invalid is that a husband may discover his wife sometime right after she has just washed her face, and he is bound to be disillusioned when he sees her healthy color.

The only advice to give mothers of Ellens, who have gone to the trouble of having five children, is not to have a *last* child.

### IX

WHEN Ruth was a little girl she early displayed a measuring-cup attitude; always watching carefully to see that she got her share. Instead of nipping this unpleasant characteristic in the bud, her mother catered to Ruth's demands for extra affection, always handling her with gloves.

The green-eyed monster became Ruth's chief companion, not only at home but at school and in play, causing more than one misunderstanding and smashup of a friendship.

The monster will be sure to accompany Ruth up the aisle of the church—if she gets married. It is easy to visualize her peeking out from under the edge of her veil to see if the bridegroom is smiling at any of the bridesmaids.

Marriage will not improve Ruth, no more than clothes give a woman a figure: they simply display the figure she already has. The first thing Ruth will probably do, after she takes off the wedding veil, is to dismiss her husband's present secretary and hire another, one *she* has interviewed. Ruth's mother should have taught Ruth that a treasure is never truly yours until you can let loose of it.

There are thousands of minor examples showing how to guarantee that your daughter will make some husband a good divorcee: how to be sad or happy without apparent cause; when to be careless of others' feelings; how not to practice self-control, and so on.

Let us hope mothers speeding their daughters toward the goal of divorce will find some helpful hints in the above. But the subject How to Prepare Your Daughter for Marriage (one that will last) fascinates me more. I feel sure my husband would agree that after we have paid the trousseau bill for the last of our three daughters we do not want any of them back on our hands. At least, not before we take that trip to Niagara Falls we postponed in 1929.

The kind of mother who prepares her daughter for marriage, instead of divorce, must herself be emotionally mature.

She must welcome each child, love and cherish all equally and have respect for individual personalities.

She must put home first and outside interests second, remembering that "at home" isn't just a phrase used during the honeymoon.

She must not overlook the force of religion in bringing unity and happiness to her family.


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PAT ODOR AWAY IN 2-SECONDS! New 5 DAY under arm pads give 1 to 7 days protection.*

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*Open-toe spectator in white suede with tan, blue, red calf or black patent leather tip and fox. $7.95—$8.95.*



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*Kills Flies, Mosquitoes, Roaches, Bedbugs, Waterbugs, Ants, Gnats, Silverfish, etc.*




Now available for safe home use! This powerfully effective, new D.D.T. insecticide, especially prepared for home sanitation is on sale at your nearby store.

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She must make use of literature, games and the *dining room* in keeping her family under one roof.

No room which brings a family together without cramping its freedom can be called an "economic waste." Eating in corners—kitchen, alcove, end of living room—encourages the speed and haste of present-day life by hurrying the family out of the house in the quickest possible time. If extra space, as represented by the dining room, cannot be afforded, then, instead of using a corner of the living room for the dining room, a corner of the dining room should be used for the living room.

This mother must teach the children that work is a necessary and satisfying part of life, and furnish them with full opportunities for using their particular capabilities, all the way from emptying the garbage to painting pictures.

She must encourage affection and companionship among the members of her family, at the same time expecting the harmony to be tempered with a normal amount of friction. (Friction, if controlled, is like the grain of sand in an oyster which eventually produces the pearl.)

As her goal, she must know that if it can be said of her children, "They come from a good and happy home," she has furnished them with the best of all possible credentials for marriage.

---

**He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.**
**He that complains has too much.**
**No man is ever any better than he wants to be.**

—ELBERT HUBBARD: From Selected Writings of Elbert Hubbard. (W. H. Wise & Co.)

---

Since those three daughters of mine are, still, each in one stage or another and none through all, I do not think it will sound like testifying to grace in an old-fashioned prayer meeting if I list a few of the things which, by some future date, I hope to have taught them:

1. A wedding ring should slip on more easily than it slides off.
2. To love another person carries obligations, just as owning land requires the owner to replenish the soil regularly and pay the taxes yearly.
3. A sense of humor in marriage is like a fuse in an electric circuit: ties it together and prevents overloading.
4. No man enjoys sketchy housekeeping: a line here, a dash there. Once "Home, Sweet Home," in this country, was embroidered in needle-point by women who really worked to make a success of family life.
5. Marriage is not a fifty-fifty proposition, but a sixty-forty setup in favor of the man. Early acceptance of this fact would make many wives happy.
6. Unselfish love delights in the happiness of the person loved without making excessive demands upon his life.
7. Marriage means living with the *whole* person. All men (and women) are difficult at times.
8. A woman, young or old, who is sweetened with a little humility, even when she goes forth to cast her vote, is nice to have around.
9. The ideal woman is the wise, gentle and firm mother.
10. Most restrictions in marriage are imposed in order to keep husbands and wives happy with each other, not to interfere with happiness.
11. Conventional attitudes toward religion, sex and drinking are best.
12. Marriage deals with facts, courtship with fancies.

And I hope to teach my daughters a feeling for the mystery and beauty of marriage, a feeling for what it is like to be in a husband's working shoes (as well as his house slippers) and a keen desire to enjoy family life, and make the most of what they have.




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Gay, new excitement for lips, cheeks and fingertips.

Avon's Leading Lady Red is a clear, brilliant red—perfect with the frosty pastels and gay freedom colors of this Spring.

Your Avon Representative will bring it to you.

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# A HOUSE TO FIT THE FAMILY

SOME floor plans are practically human. You look at one like this and you can almost see the people. And you can tell that in this case life is pretty pleasant for them all. It doesn't matter, within reason, how many children. The house would handle four or five quite easily, and could manage more. And every place is planned so that parents and children can be together when they want, yet can have their privacy when they prefer to be apart. Take the living room, where the space has been so adroitly manipulated that grownups and youngsters can have the fun of sharing the room while enjoying themselves in two different groups—one quiet, one gay; as fine a formula for happy family life as it is for a successful party, where music and dancing can go along with conversation. And because plain space by itself can be the least expensive ingredient in the house of tomorrow, the architect has shown here how without being wasteful it is possible to widen what would otherwise be a narrow passageway and make it a sunny pleasant place for play or lounging on rainy or winter days. Thus a hall becomes a solarium that connects all the parts of the house; at one end the living wing, at the other the sleeping quarters, and in between the kitchen, laundry and dining or study—not one part interfering even slightly with another. Translated into daily living, this skillful arrangement of rooms makes caring for a considerable household a matter of great convenience for all concerned.

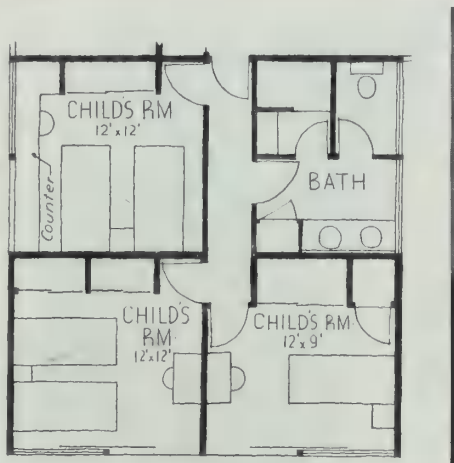
The children's-bedroom section gives us a chance to look behind the scenes and take in the wide variety of arrangements it is possible to get in a modern design where the layout is entirely for living and a house is planned for people only, and not at all to fit the pattern of a period style. With nothing to consider but livability, the architect here shows four of many ways to tailor the space to fit four or five children of various ages; the most unusual arrangement being that on the complete floor plan across the page, where the children share a large room that can be divided at will by a folding partition, and where two anterooms are provided for dressing and study. Note, too, the cleverly divided double-duty bath, which can take prompt care of little people getting ready in a hurry.

The same original planning carries through the parents' room, which contains a couch for resting and reading—a cozy retiring spot for a mother to know she can be completely alone when she's in the mood. And in the kitchen-laundry room the task of preparing a main family meal while giving the youngest children their supper is made so convenient that what might otherwise be quite an undertaking becomes a really simple operation.

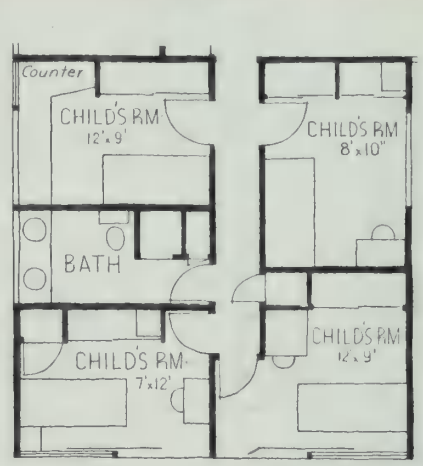
In other words, throughout the house, the whole purpose is to shelter and fit a family, be comfortable, convenient and pleasant. That's why the house looks the way it does—simple, honest, direct and finely shaped, adding up to the best kind of beauty I know.

## THREE FURTHER WAYS TO FIT THE CHILDREN'S WING TO VARIOUS AGES, SEXES, NUMBERS.

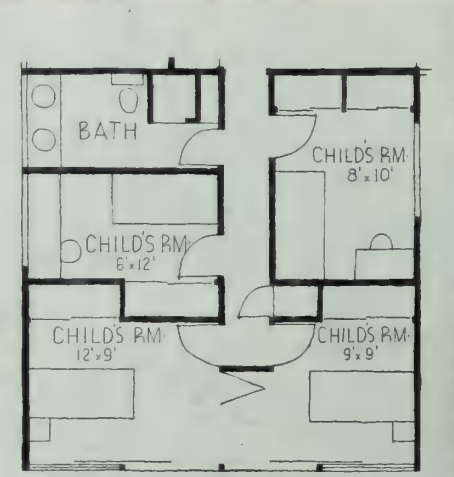
***Two doubles and one single for a family with five children, and a bath that can handle all.***




***Each of four children can have his own room in this arrangement—own closets, own desks.***

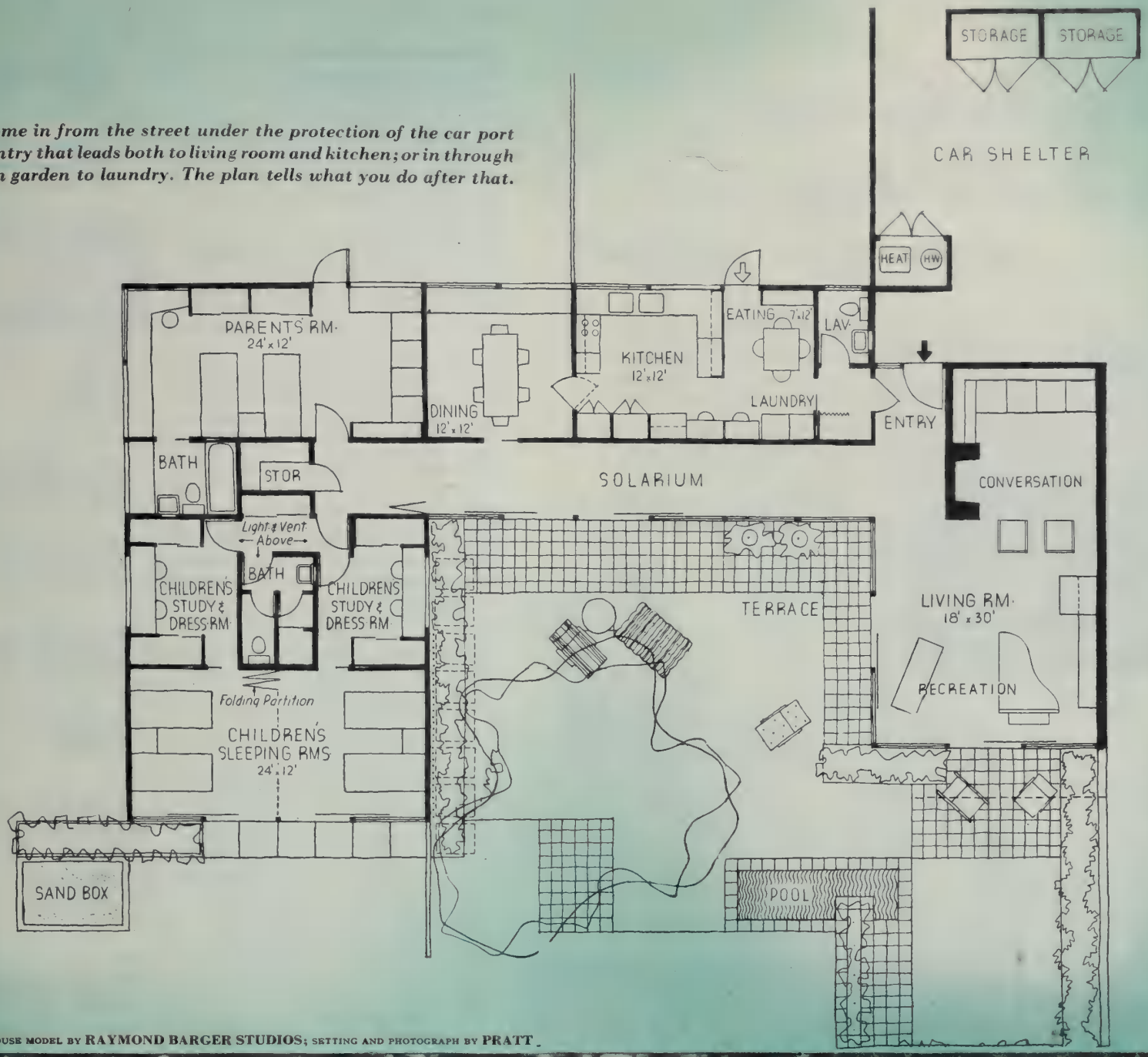



***Own rooms for two children; two younger ones in a large room with folding partition.***




A house like this can be fun to live in

*You come in from the street under the protection of the car port to an entry that leads both to living room and kitchen; or in through kitchen garden to laundry. The plan tells what you do after that.*




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d fun to live out from too. BY RICHARD PRATT

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## PERHAPS YOU'LL SEE, SOMEDAY

*(Continued from Page 30)*

Into Baxter's office and into the picture came Laura Sibley, quiet, ladylike, twenty-six. To explode a bombshell. "I am the daughter," she said, "of Gavin Blayr. I can prove it."

What began as a case concerning the claims of two women became a duel between Baxter Denning and Hugh Rohn, a duel which caught the public fancy, which headlined the morning news and packed the courtroom with eager spectators day after day.

Baxter Denning knew exactly when it was that it became clear to him he must defeat Hugh Rohn, no matter what the effort. It was the day he'd seen Stephanie in the courtroom with a group of her friends and had watched her absorbed interest in Hugh Rohn's brilliant cross-examination of a witness. When she had come in she had smiled at *him*, but now with a grave intentness she was leaning forward, hanging on every word the other man was speaking. It was then he knew he had to wrest this victory from Rohn before all of them; if he lost he was losing Stephanie.

A woman writer assigned to cover the case typed the two men. Rohn: alert, cat-quick, sharp as a rapier. Baxter Denning: the dangerous strength of a heavy sword. The courtier and the knight opposed.

And no one knowing that it was hate that lit the flame of Baxter's eloquence.

He was merciless in his attack upon Naida Blayr. Before an absorbed jury he made her twist and hedge and rage. He caught her in lies and tripped her on facts; he made out Gavin Blayr a sick old man, helpless against the designs of a scheming woman and her youthful lover. And he was oblivious of the hate that blazed at him from her dark eyes.

The days passed, each wringing him dry of effort. But at last came the tenseness of the closing drama. Seeing the jury forward in their seats, glances locked to his; seeing the white-faced rigidity of Naida Blayr, a fortune slipping from her grasp—a fortune that meant the first real love she had ever dared permit herself; seeing Hugh Rohn with sweat beading his forehead. And driving home his advantage, word by word.

THE victory was a dynamic thing. Never afterward would Baxter forget the hushed courtroom, the filing in of the jury, the verdict—in favor of Laura Sibley.

He was aware of the drained look on Hugh Rohn's face, of the cameo of Stephanie's profile and, as part of the picture though unimportant, Naida Blayr's slow rising from her seat, her burning gaze upon him. He heard her cry something, but he was thinking of victory; he did not see the gun until too late. There was a blinding flash, then oblivion.

He awakened to pain, to blackness, to whispers; to the pressure of a hand holding his own. To Stephanie's voice, "It's all right, Bax; I'm here, right here."

He floated timelessly in a half-world. He had no awareness of days, but slowly he began to grow conscious of unchanging darkness.

The day the doctor told him the truth he wished that he might die. The bullet sped by Naida Blayr's hate had blinded him.

It was too terrible to grasp all at once. Shocked beyond speech, he lay there. Then, as a wave heard far off rolls nearer, nearer, in an ever-increasing crescendo, the realization swept in upon him. Hugh Rohn was the victor after all.

Stephanie came so quietly that he was aware of her more through the scent of her perfume than through sound. She kissed him and her lips were warm and gentle against his own.

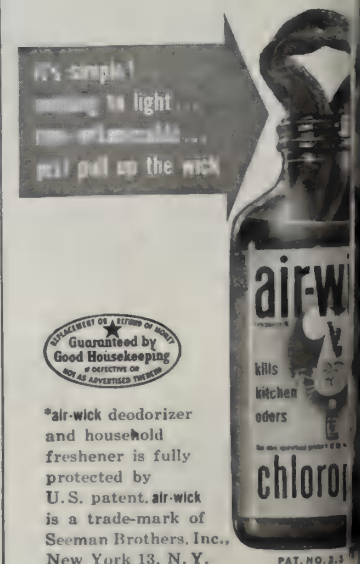
Stephanie spoke first. "The doctor has told you, Bax."

He nodded silently. Her fingers curled around his own, warm, pliant, yet somehow strong. He gave no answering pressure, but held himself rigid, still.


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"I wanted him to let me tell you, Bax, but"—she paused, and his ears, already grown keen, caught a tinge of bitterness in her tone—"he thought I shouldn't. But I wanted to be the one to tell you, Bax."

He brought the words out levelly by an effort of will. "You knew from the first, of course."

"Yes. I thought they should not be so long in telling you. I wanted you to know that between us we shall make it so that it will not matter."

"There is no hope, then?"

She said quietly, "I shall never stop hoping, for your sake; for mine it will make no difference."

A hard tremor shook him in his effort to keep from clinging to her hands. He heard the whisper of starched skirts, the soft hiss of the air brake on the door.

Stephanie said, "Yes—yes, I'm going, nurse." He felt her breath on his face, her kiss on his lips. "As soon as they will let me I shall be back, darling."

His mouth framed the word "good-by." He listened for the sound of the door. He said, "She's gone."

Before the nurse could answer, the shivering commenced through him. It seized his body, shook it beyond his control. Cold was creeping over him like a rising tide. He thought, *If I can die now* ——

Fingers touched his wrist. He heard activity in the room, felt the frigid wetness of an alcohol swab that presaged the plunge of a hypodermic needle; he struck out blindly against succor he did not want. He lost. He felt the jab of the needle. He began to sob, wildly, terribly, crying out things, the awful things of fear and agony he had vowed would never pass his lips.

**There are very few sounds in the natural world that are harsh. Even the massive rolling of thunder has about it something of solemn beauty. In anthems the sea rolls on the beach; and in the sunny shallows there are water harps forever making melodies. The wind is a chorister. Many a wild bird can warble like an aerial rivulet. The world is really a melodious place, full of soft sounds and harmony. Man makes it riotous and blatant.**

—ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE:
Little Things That Linger.

Death sought, drew back. The process of living faced Baxter Denning. To all appearances he accepted that. But at the very center of his consciousness was a slowly hardening core of determination. Never would he hold Stephanie slave through pity to the needs, the demands of his blindness. Losing her, which once had seemed the epitome of all that was terrifying, was less now than the unendurable knowledge that she might be held against her will. He had long days and longer nights to formulate his plan carefully.

The bullet wound in his head was healed. This was the day of his hospital departure. He waited in a frenzy of impatience for Stephanie. When she came she was gay, laughing.

"Isn't it wonderful, darling, that today you're going home?"

They went into the corridor together. She did not seem to be guiding him, yet her light touch assured his direction. The elevator took them down; they emerged at last into the warm sunlight.

"I'm parked over here," Stephanie said. "Doesn't everything smell good?"

The movement of the car seemed strange: feeling the surge of starting, the pressure of turns; hearing things rush by.

But soon now they'd be in the house in Matthias Wood. So long in his mind he'd gone over the location of things; it seemed that automatically he could execute his plan. The relationship of the garage to the house; the operation of the doors. Not soon enough

*(Continued on Page 223)*

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**SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY**

(Continued from Page 221)

e suspicion, but soon he would ex-
ese things, learn to move quietly. His
iliarity with the house would make

laxed a little. It was as if, looking
e height of his intention toward the
ion of a plan, the present took on
ng of the quality of a dream. He
go of fear in a dream, dare to be him-
said, "It does smell good." He had
embered that streets smelled like
ey were driving slowly, but still it
ng a long time. Without sight, how
udge one was of distance.
anie kept up conversation and his at-
was caught as his quickened senses
p tension in her tone. "We're almost
ax."
aced himself for the sharp left turn
paved driveway of his home. But
had turned right and was spraying
Then it came to a stop. He smelled
lossoms, heavily sweet. He sat up
, his heart pounding in his chest.
re are we, Steph-

e home. This is
w, Bax. I rented
place; we didn't

re are we?" His
mbled.
and covered his,
fingers were un-
"In the Valley,"
him. "I found this
ax; I loved it on
's an acre. The
back from the
ong the orange
you smell them?
e are three huge

he said. "No, you
have. I've got
here I am, where
when I want to
und. I've got to,
."
—her voice strove
him—"I'm here,
'll be with you."
t bring you down
ome dinky little
."
autiful," she said
I was sure we
appy here."
t to know——"
ow you every-
. You'll see it
ny eyes." Her
on his arm.
out, let's go in."
the thudding of
d here comes Clancy. Bax, we've
Boxer pup."

ays passed Baxter developed a
uld once have scorned to possess.
e asked Stephanie she was will-
ger to show him.
see, now. I do all right in the
t you think?"
doing marvelously, Bax. Really,
ard you come out. I was sitting
sun——"
what, Stephanie?"
t sitting. Thinking, I suppose."
. It went through him, that
inking—about what?"
ed. "Oh, I don't know. Wonder-
s, if petunias would look better
there than verbenas."
up! He knew. He could play the
gh, until the time came. "Petu-
. Rosy Morn with an edging of
hites."
'd be beautiful."
der them. Now—if I turn here I
he garage, don't I?"
No, darling—about six steps
the turn. Want to walk out?
s are getting ripe. Our one tree."
've got to get the hang of things
know. I'm likely to be making a
to that apricot tree. I——"

"Oh, Bax, I'm sorry! That was a stupid place to put that pot. I did it because Clancy always took a short cut across the lobelia."

"Didn't hurt myself. Was going too fast, I guess." He forced a laugh. "Anyway, by the time Clancy comes back from the training school he'll have learned to walk on paths."

Stephanie laughed. "Poor Clancy. I never dreamed his affection for you, Bax, would be so—so overwhelming."

INSTANTLY that first day, upon meeting Clancy, Baxter had decided that the dog must be dispensed with until —— He couldn't have a dog spoiling his plans, his deep intention. And Clancy, six months old, would not permit Baxter out of his sight. But his joyous affection had made it difficult for Baxter to move about in safety. The first time Clancy had tripped him it had been accidental; the next time he permitted himself to be thrown off balance, though he had heard the approaching paws.

Stephanie, frightened, had acceded so willingly to the suggestion that the dog be sent away for several weeks' training.

"Oh, you're right, Bax; we can't have him leaping up, running in front of you. It's my fault, but I never had a dog before and I'm afraid I don't know how to train him. But I like Clancy, Bax; he kept me from getting too lonely while you were in the hospital."

"Let's get on out by the garage, shall we?" he said now. "You have me hankering after that apricot tree."

Twelve steps, turn right . . . fifteen more.

"There, Bax! The door pull is right in front of you."

He took it, raised the counterbalanced door. His voice when he spoke sounded strange in his own ears.

"How about the windows in here? You keep them shut?"

"Why, I haven't, Bax." There was inquiry in her tone.

"Should," he said. "Shut tight. Black widows get in. They multiply fast. It's hard to see them; if you touch that tough web they're often savage."

"They'll bite?"

"If they're protecting eggs they'll attack," he told her.

"Oh, Bax, I'll close every window! And you get right out of here until I can examine the whole place."

"You're not to worry about me." He closed his hand over the warm one that impulsively grasped his own. For a crazy instant something was between them, something intangible, but it made his heart lunge.

Then the imperative summons of a car horn sounded in the driveway. "Oh! Wait, I'll see." Stephanie was gone. He heard her calling, then she returned to him. "It's Mary Arbruster." She did not sound pleased.

She guided him back along the way they had come, but her fingers on his arm were tense. At the patio he said, feeling for his chair, "I'm all right now."

"I know she won't stay long." Stephanie's quick steps moved away from him again.

Mary Arbruster's had always been a clear carrying voice. It came to him now across the lawn. "Darling! Where have you been keeping yourself? We've missed you so. Steffie, you've got so thin. You look as if you'd been drawn through a knothole and ——"

He knew, if he couldn't see, that the voice ceased abruptly because of Stephanie's warning hush. Then it took up again, gay, nonsensical, as the visitor came toward him.

## *Corner Table*

**By Ethel Jacobson**

**The corner table**
**Was ours that day.**
**The music was faint**
**And far away,**
**The lights were dim**
**And flattering pink . . .**
**And we had flamingo**
**mousse,**
**I think,**
**And stars whipped up**
**In a sapphire bowl,**
**And a sunrise cloud**
**En casserole,**
**And sugared rose leaves,**
**And hyacinth dew**
**In a pearl-rimmed beaker—**
**With straws for two.**

**How long we sat**
**In that rosy glow**
**And smiled, and sipped,**
**I'll never know,**
**For the corner table**
**Was heaven that day**
**And everything else**
**Was worlds away.**





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*SO CONVENIENT—*



*TAPPAN'S VISUALITE OVEN* lets you see entire baking process without opening the oven door! Reflection from the sparkling chrome-plated oven lining speeds and circulates heat, imparts uniform brownness to food.



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**TAPPAN**
*Gas Ranges*
*Established 1881*

WHEN GOOD COOKS GET TOGETHER...TAPPAN'S THE TOPIC


He rose, smiling a greeting. Mary took his outstretched hand, dropped it uncertainly. Then she exploded into superlatives. "Baxter, how simply marvelous you look. And Stephanie too. This place must be absolutely perfect for you. It's adorable!"

That night Stephanie said, "I'm afraid today has tired you, Bax. Mary buzzes so. But she's really devoted."

He was glad to get to bed, but for hours he lay there, listening to Stephanie's breathing, while all that had gone to make up the day surged back and forth through his thought. For that single crazy moment out there by the garage it had seemed —— Then Mary's shocked words to Stephanie churned over and over in his mind, over and over.

He drove himself after that. He insisted, with an invincible patience, on finding his way alone about the house, the grounds. Under guise of visiting the apricot tree he practiced that walk to the garage a hundred times, until he knew where even a twig projected into the path.

The days slipped by, the heaven of them and the hurt of them bound up together. He loved Stephanie so much, and that made it hard to leave her; but he loved her too greatly to cripple her future.

There were long hours in the sun when he and Stephanie talked together and he tried to interpret every nuance of meaning in the inflections of her voice; hours sometimes when—because it was near the end—he played a game with himself and pretended life was all that it appeared to be on the surface.

"Bax," Stephanie said one evening, "remember once you told me that when you were younger you felt you might someday be able to write? Only you pushed it aside for your law."

"I remember. It's an idea everyone has, I suppose."

"I don't believe that. You've an aptness of expression, Bax; a clarity. Wouldn't it be fun to try? We could ——"

"We?"

"I'd take it down for you. Not very fast, but I could learn."

He felt a hot fullness in his throat. "There is nothing you wouldn't do for me, is there, Stephanie?"

"Nothing, Bax."

"I'm your husband, eh?"

She said it after him slowly, "You're my husband."

He caught her to him then. His kiss was savage, bitter.

It was next morning that Stephanie turned from the telephone, her voice excited. "It was the trainer; Clancy can come home. Oh, Bax, I've been lonesome for Clancy. When? Tomorrow—about three."

THEN later that day, coming in, letting the screen door close noiselessly on its air check, Baxter heard Stephanie again telephoning. Her voice was low, distressed.

"No, Hugh, not out here." Then, after a minute, "There is nothing I can do, right now."

Baxter turned away, feeling ahead of him as when he had first become blind. His senses swam, but in his consciousness one thing stood clear. Tonight.

He waited for evening with a sort of eagerness, for suddenly he was tired, too tired to go on any longer. He would not attempt to leave a note; words could never convey what Stephanie meant to him. The obvious interpretation was best: a man who did not desire to live, denied his sight.

Never had he been more conscious of Stephanie than as they sat together after dinner and he carefully visioned in his mind each detail of her beauty.

It was she who said at last, "It's late, Bax. Time to call it a day, don't you think?"

*Time to call it a day.* He had risen at her touch on his arm and gone with her. He did not need her guidance; he knew his way, every step of it.

For a long while after they had gone he listened to her breathing, heard it at last the slow rhythm of deep sleep. Cautiously he sat up, eased himself fr bed, drew up the covers bulkily to g illusion of occupancy.

His finger tips seemed vibrant as his way, their touch sure and infor Into the hall, out through the fron across the patio, around to the pa moved slowly, carefully, silently as a s His heart gave a crazy jerk when at touched the handle of the garage doo rise, lightly balanced, to his touch. H in and closed it behind him, move the side of the car, opened the door

Beside him Stephanie spoke, he shaken. "I have the key, Bax."

The shock of it jerked through hir he cried savagely, "Give it to me! to me! What right have you ——" T horror of it stopped him.

HER voice was deep, almost emo "What right have I to stop your your life? The right to keep on figh what I want—even if I never get it

"I—I don't know what you mean

"No, Bax, you've never known blind now, but you were blind w could see."

"Stephanie ——"

"Too blind to see that I love you, always loved you. You've looked at what did you see? The woman w you? No, you saw my face. There times I've hated you for it. It's wh one has seen always—my face," she "It's stood between me and every wo thing I've ever wanted."

"But, Ste you're beau you're ——"

"Yes, I'm bea a child I couldn rough-and-tumb other children might get dirty get hurt. Whe up my mother told me, 'A man you for your beauty.' It was a m commodity. I was never allowed it. Only, somehow, I thought yo me, the real me. But you've never that me. I've been someone you g to, things and more things. You've s me with things."

"But, Stephanie ——"

"Be quiet and let me say it. Yo me nothing of yourself, only th hated every other man who look They were nothing to me, for the blind as you. Only Hugh Rohn thing else. He said once, 'Steph lieve you have a soul.' For a whil I could love him because of th couldn't; he knew I couldn't. H friend, though, a good friend. H be—ours."

"Stephanie, how was I to know

She continued as if he had n "When they told me you would grieved for you, Bax, but not for thought that now you'd learn to the real me. I thought I loved yo make up for everything. I thou circumvent this. You see, I knew at the hospital you made clear tion. Every moment I've wa There've been nights I've never been afraid to. All the time I' thinking that you'd come to Suddenly her voice broke. "Oh— ish and you're stupid and you're felt her body sag beside him and ing as if her heart were broken.

He was unaware of the mo which he took her in his arms. time there were no words, he coul When they came he knew thei adequacy. He said, "No, I'm not any more. I'll never be blind ag

A blind man, talking incongru dark. But she found nothing s She said, with a little gulped sob hausted child, "Oh, Bax—Bax, y

He answered with complete "Yes, I see."

**It's a funny thing that a man always has to tell a woman he loves her, while everyone else knows without being told.** —ANON.

# long-lasting beauty...yours for the waxing!




*ke his luggage* (and yours!) honeymoon-bright with genuine ison's Wax. You'll find the wax gives it a lovely lustre, and pre-s it from getting badly scuffed or marred. There are more than extra uses for Johnson's Wax in your home—for venetian blinds, low sills, picture frames, etc.



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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, 1946



# What to do...
# IF YOU NEED A NEW MATTRESS

**1. The best thing to do** . . . is to wait until *Beautyrest* is back!

For, *remember*, a mattress is one of the *most important* purchases you ever make. It's an investment in *rest* . . . in *comfort* . . . in *well-being*. So it *pays* to buy *wisely!*

And what could be wiser than waiting *a while longer* . . . when *that* waiting will bring you at least *ten glorious years* of *"luxury comfort"*—with *Beautyrest!*




**2. "Inside Story" comparison!** On the *outside*, mattresses look pretty much alike. It's *what's inside* that counts! In the ordinary inner-spring mattress, coil springs are *tied together, go down together,* forming hollows.

But Beautyrest's 837 coil springs are *not tied together,* act *independently*. Each *separately* cushions your hips, shoulders, legs . . . gives you gloriously *buoyant* comfort! *Isn't it wiser to wait for this?*



**3. Comfort you can count on!** After a few years, some mattresses lose their "looks" and "let you down." But *not* Beautyrest. It does not sag, get lumpy or out of shape. Its patented "sag-proof" border stays *neat, firm, resilient.* (That's why Beautyrest needs turning *no more than 4 or 5 times a year.*)

Eight special side ventilators keep it *fresh* and *sanitary,* too. *Isn't it wiser to wait for a mattress like this?*



**4. "Million Dollar" luxury—1¢ a night!** It's seldom y get a *bargain* when you buy a *luxury*—but Beau rest is *both!*

Over its 10 guaranteed years of luxurious comfor yes, *10 guaranteed years*—all it costs is *about 1¢ night.*

How *little* to pay for the world's *most comforta mattress!* More reason why it's so much *wiser* to *wa* and *invest* in a *Beautyrest!*

**It's wiser to wait for BEAUTYREST*—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!**

**Made by SIMMONS COMPANY**
("MAKER OF THE ELECTRONIC BLANKET")

*REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

# A Roomful of Ideas



PHOTO BY ANDRE KERTESZ

PENNY-EASY, BEAUTY-WISE! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE MAGIC OF GAY SLIP COVERING AND THE CLEAN BRIGHT LOOK OF NEW-PAINTED WALLS TO CHANGE A ROOM'S PERSONALITY. THIS ONE HAS ITSELF A FRESH SPRING WARDROBE—IT MIGHT AS WELL BE YOURS. By H. T. Williams

IN the transformation of this room the color idea came first, and you can see for yourself how the simple recipe of pink and blue-green succeeded. Further effort to get a really fresh effect included the minor operation of replacing an awkward heavy chimney piece with the clean-cut facing that now frames the fireplace. And to create new architectural character in the window wall, which had that familiar and difficult dead-end appearance, a pair of clear-pine louvered screens was used to flank the wide window and build up at the same time an interesting background for the whole room. These were the basic ideas that set the room's new personality. But the rest were definitely more than mere details. The color of the extra-wide armless chairs, upholstered in sailcloth, was carried over to the sofa by means of a slip cover in the same material, and the color of the wall, which is flat white with vermilion to taste, finds effective repetition in cushions, lamp shade and accessories. The off-white inexpensive cotton rug, which comes in three-foot squares to be sewed together for the size you want, is an idea for texture and also for a neutral base to set off the mottled-lacquer tea table with its moistureproof finish. An idea that adds to the new inviting quality of the room is the grouping for games or writing by the window—the Biedermeier fruitwood table, the officers' chairs with their wall-pink leather seats, and the little leather-cushioned kibitzer's bench. Ideas that complete the room are still important in the general scheme. One collector's item can make itself felt—in this case the antique gilt barometer above the fireplace. And remember that a room is finished only when there are books and magazines and flowers.

# THOSE CHERISHED HOURS... Recordio KEEPS *forever yours*



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# WHAT MUSIC ARE YOU LIKE?*

BY MARGUERITE BARZE

YOU have heard of the person who has "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, and she shall make music wherever she goes." Nothing is said about the kind of music, except that it is made with bells. But isn't it true that everyone makes some sort of music for others to hear? One person seems like a symphony, another is reminiscent of a carol. What type of music does your personality make? Is it that of a rhythmic waltz or more like an old-fashioned ballad?

To find out what music you are most like, check the following chart. Read the first word in each line—there are seventeen—and without much ado check one of the three words that follow it. Check the one that seems to you to fit most naturally with the first word. Don't ponder too long—do it quickly. Further instructions follow the chart.

| | A | B | C |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. APPLE | peel | red | tree |
| 2. BABY | bottle | cuddle | cry |
| 3. CAKE | bake | party | candles |
| 4. FRIEND | deed | need | trust |
| 5. GARDEN | seeds | flowers | weeds |
| 6. GRAPES | jelly | purple | arbor |
| 7. HOUSE | build | family | shelter |
| 8. IRON | clothes | burn | metal |
| 9. LETTER | mail | write | postage |
| 10. LIFE | work | love | knowledge |
| 11. MUSIC | practice | melody | technique |
| 12. ORANGE | grove | blossoms | juice |
| 13. PASTIME | tinker | visit | read |
| 14. SCHOOL | study | teacher | books |
| 15. TWILIGHT | weary | lonely | dream |
| 16. WAR | fight | enemy | death |
| 17. WOODS | walk | picnic | freedom |

Now find out how many words you have checked in each column. If you have as many as 9 in any one column, you are in that group and no other. If you do not have as many as 9, you are in those groups in which you have as many as 5 check marks. For example: 10 in A, 2 in B and 5 in C would make a person an A; while 4 in A, 6 in B and 7 in C would make a person a BC.



A

You are like the BLUES, the name we have chosen to represent popular music that is down-to-earth and alive to the present. Your primary purpose is to convey common thought and feeling, by workaday magic, by obvious or primeval symbols. Sometimes your boisterous, bittersweet rhythm is earthy enough to curl one's hair. Don't let your insistence on a practical, tangible outlook turn your music into a racket.



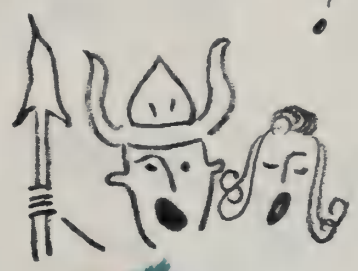
AB

You are like a CAROL, a lyrical song of holiday gladness or solemn devotion. Youthful and simple in spirit, you refuse to let any of the intricacies of theory or technique bother you. Like children who have been let out of school at recess, your music has a springlike, out-of-doors feeling and is hale and buoyant no matter whose tender grass it may trample. But don't go too far with your wide-eyed, childlike approach to life, for if you do it will turn into an act.



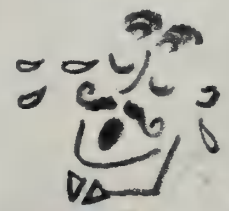
AC

You are like a WALTZ, that reflective unsung music, energetic yet soothing, that whispers of mystery and grace. But the personal intimacy of your composition may not touch the heart, so that too many people are only scenery to you, or audience. Now old-fashioned and stately, now gay and rippling, you are an intriguing alternation of serious playfulness and playful seriousness. In fun the variety is delightful, but watch out—you might give the impression of being trivial if you push the constant-nymph role too far.



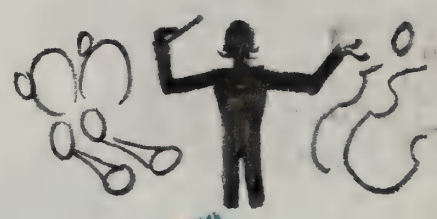
ABC

You are like the OPERA, a complex recitative whose many-sided personality gives dramatic power. But your impassioned expression, its force and vigor, may seem to some like hysterical frenzy, as if you were drunk with the wine of life, or ego. Now comic and full of charming horseplay, now genuine art, intense and tragic, you have a tonic effect upon others. It's all right to be dramatic, but don't be overpowering.



B

You are like a BALLAD, a melodic, poetic music that is sympathetic and understanding. Now mirroring humor, now warm with sentiment, your theme goes straight to the heart with its human, homelike appeal. Some miss the fire and fury in a music so tranquil, so uninvolved as yours. But your flowing, nostalgic motif, in which feeling supersedes form, is an insistent, conquering force in its power to weld hearts and emotions. Yours is the essence of feminine charm if you avoid becoming a perennial glad girl.



BC

You are like a SYMPHONY, music of color and light, whose galaxy of sound achieves harmonious blending. Impressive with counterpoint and balance, you are high-spirited and temperamental, ever searching for romance. You have a magnetic quality, but one senses the struggle of your intricate thoughts and emotions even as the instruments cry out to one another.



C

You are like a SPIRITUAL, that moanin' low that is the cry of what some call "divine discontent," others a sulky disposition. Smoke gets in your eyes, for you fancy yourself a stubborn idealist playing at realism. Now made up of weird, now mocking tones where the notes trip in on their own sweet will, your music reflects a psychic, headstrong make-up. Subdue the minor keys and amplify the major chords of affection and action for full-toned harmony of living, or you will find yourself alone with your moods.

*Blues, Carol, Waltz, Opera, Ballad, Symphony, Spiritual.




**Handsome is . . . and handsome does!** Yes, The Cory not only beautifies your table, it brews the richest, most delicious coffee ever! . . . That's because the Cory *filters coffee only through coffee*, touching nothing but taste-free glass. There are no cloth, metal, or paper filter parts . . . and remember, it can be used on any type kitchen range.

**Only The Cory** comes complete with patented Cory glass filter rod, hinged decanter cover, safety stand for upper glass, accurate coffee measure. $3.75 to $5.25. Cory 2-heat electric stove extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Cory Glass Coffee Brewer Co., Chicago 1, Illinois.

**CORY**

*the only All-Glass coffee brewer*

The Cory Glass Filter Rod fits all standard glass coffee makers. You can buy it separately. The pitcher here...






*May is almost a perfect month. Flowers can come in the house again, and tulips plus Esmé add up to something really nice.*

# Diary of Domesticity

## By Gladys Taber

IT must be a fine thing to budget your time. The articles about organizing your days always impress me tremendously. They make housekeeping sound as neat as a new slip cover with a zipper. But I never have known any women who live by plan. Except possibly the Martins. The Martins lived around the block from us when I was a child, in one of those large angular Victorian houses so common to little Midwestern towns. The kitchen was as big as a tennis court and gave as much exercise. Getting food to the dining room was practically a safari. Mrs. Martin's sister lived with the Martins. The sisters were slight vigorous women with an entirely deceptive look of delicacy.

Now the Martin women ran their house by plan. They rose around five-thirty or six and they kept that giant of a house cleaner than a falling snowflake. They also baked and canned and washed and ironed and did church work and attended the literary club. And by eight-thirty or nine in the morning, they could be seen on the wide front porch, sitting side by side in freshly painted Boston rockers. Mamma and I would be dashing madly by on the way to the grocery store. "I don't see how they do it," mamma would say, in despair. "They even have the washing on the line!"

I was thinking about the Martin women yesterday. Jill had laid out a full day for Stillmeadow—planting and painting the kennels and so on.

In a moment of extreme optimism, she made out a schedule for me too. But when I woke up, the May sun was simply winnowing the air into gold and there was one of those light tender breezes blowing. "I think I'll just run a washing through," I said. "It is so lovely—and you know, it might rain on wash day!"

"I never saw anybody who liked to wash the way you do," said Jill. "Why can't you wait till Monday?"

So I had the tub full in half an hour. Then I had to change the beds, since all the sheets were being washed. I crawled into the linen closet (ours being too low to stand up in) and looked for two pink percale sheets for the bed in the pink room. The shelves were full of sheets, but not matched. I found one sheet, one brown, one pale green and dark blue ones we got at a sale. I piles of white sheets and laid them floor in the adjoining bedroom. I back in and came out with seven matched pillowcases.

Forty minutes later, Jill came up I had fainted. "Oh my goodness," "what are you doing?"

The whole floor was deep with sheets and pillowcases and bedspr was on the floor, too, madly sortin cleaning the linen closet," I explaine look in there, it's a shambles."

Jill disappeared, backing in like a heard thumping sounds. Then she "Esmé has been digging holes in t did you know it?" She came out, two old suitcases with her. "I'll ha the vacuum cleaner," she said. "It's the floor."

After we finished the linen closet, a look at the girls' closet. "I think make up a box of their clothes and g away," said Jill. "I don't feel I can b Dorothy go around in those jeans summer. She can't even sit down any more."

Don's closet yielded coils of old ro must have been a relic of his cowb collection of leaky rubbers, a brok racket, a pile of stones and a stack o

We had a brief lunch at noon, began to put things away in bureau which led naturally to my doing t linen chest in the taproom and Ji the empty boxes in the attic which for mailing everything the childr when they leave home.

After supper we sat down, rub aching backs.

"Well," I said, "it's nice we g closets and bureaus cleaned. By how did we get started?"

Jill gave me a look. "Because hunting a pink sheet," she said.

Nothing like this could have ha the Martin women.

May is almost a perfect month ways. One is that now flowers ca

e again. And no matter how involved be with the garden, the dogs, the here will always be time to arrange And bouquets will be happy in glass s, wooden mixing bowls, old sugar an pots. I have an antique knife box, black and stenciled with an old colo- gn. Inside it go tin cans, cut down to s lovely with pale misty-gold for- nd massed jonquils. I use the for- or the line of height and keep the low, toward the edge of the box. this one Siamese cat, batting the around with a brown velvet glove, have something really nice.

op of an old parlor stove, turned up- n, is good for flowering branches. I le blossoms, even though the petals st. The whole house smells of apple- s as long as they last.

come the iris, colored like the gold or like pale amethyst. We have also he yellow-brown ones that somehow ne of small leopards in color. They east pretty of all the iris, but massed oper bowl, they are elegant. Iris rrange very easily, being spiked and t if you cut the stems in varying use some buds and some half open and mass some dark full ones at the nd low part of the bouquet, you will ised at how graceful the effect is. is much to do in the country in e main bulk of the planting must be ost planting begins when the maples id. The only way we get peas at all is them early enough to mature before s arrives. We raise only the edible peas which are lelicious and do to be shelled. ler yet crisp pods erful. And all you ook them is to em in one-inch nd drop them in a ng salted water and let them cook pods are easily pierced by a fork. gus and rhubarb come in heavily, means the putting-up season is on We freeze both. We used to can re we had the freezer, but they are zen because they keep their crisp- taste like freshly picked products. the rhubarb in inch lengths and round freezer containers with sugar he layers. The asparagus we plunge water for three minutes, then in ice then pack it in flat pint or quart e secret of successful freezing is to ch and pack as fast as possible and container tight. If air gets in, the s drawn out and what is called rn results.

put down asparagus soup, which rom leftover stems. I follow the recipe for asparagus soup but al- a little minced onion for a pickup Ve put the soup in the round quart

nderful in January to have fresh d fresh asparagus with drawn but-

rs are busy too. A large fawn- bit has lived all winter under the erhouse. He is a thoughtful rab- es to come out at dusk and go pety down the garden rows, eat- er has poked up through the soft cockers see him as he emerges use, and they fly after him, simply to be real hunters. There is a rs, a scrabble of paws, and Mel- feminine barking. Silver and sail in like motorized yachts. And over, Mr. Rabbit slips under the as his evening snack. The cockers ey have saved the hearth and from the invader, and none of all cast down because they never bbit.

been much concerned with the happiness these past years. Con- unthinking happiness of a rabbit id me on the subject again. I be- ould let our minds have a little litate. But there should be a clear pool in the course at intervals. Just time to think about love and friends and our childhood and the meaning of all things that are. And time to realize the wideness of the world and the infinite variety in it.

What is a happy person? And what is happiness? If we never stop to think, how shall we discover what we know? What makes a good life? There are many questions we might ask ourselves as we sit in the spring sun for a while and give our minds leisure.

I like what Rupert Brooke wrote to his friend: "I know what things are good: friendship, and work and conversation. These I shall have." I always think if his life had not been shortened by the first war, he would have come to add love to his list of the good.

But he loved life. The Great Lover is evidence of his happy passion for the delights of living. "These I have loved: . . . Rainbows, and the blue bitter smoke of wood." And "the little dulling edge of foam, that browns and dwindles as the wave goes home." This poem is a favorite tonic of mine for what the Southerners call "a low-hanging mood."

One thing I have decided about happiness is that it is not something external which you have or have not. To me it is a quality of the spirit, of being able to realize completely whatever joy you may have and to do this at the moment. Happiness is a thing of now.

I AM sure New England is happy in May. The very softness of the air expresses it, and the whole earth with the sweet spread of flowers and greening fields is happy. Tiny silvery minnows flash in the amber brook, and the birds sing in the apple trees.

Even the cows have a dreamy pleasant look as they wander in the pasture. I wonder if they forget in winter that there is a season of succulent grass and warm sun? Or does a mother cow ever communicate to a winter calf that when he gets old enough, he will be surprised at what will happen?

**Most folks are naturally kind, only some of them haven't found it out.**

—ANON: Esar's Joke Dictionary. (Harvest House).

The May evenings are filled with tender light. After supper, everyone dashes outdoors for a last hour. Honey likes to help me dig dandelion greens. I usually sit down with a basket at my side, and a sharp knife to cut the plants out. Then Honey rolls over and leans against my neck, kisses my ear and offers assistance. Her nose is probably already brown with dirt from the tulip bed, and she undoubtedly has been sitting in the violets. If I can persuade her to lie down by the basket, I go on digging. But when Melody and Silver find out where I am, the game is up. Nobody can dig dandelion greens with two cockers on the back of her neck.

Dandelion greens are a nuisance to get ready, but they are worth it. They are easier to clean if you soak them half an hour in a large pan of cold water, then lift them out and wash them with running water, and then give them a final rinse with very hot water before cooking. They should be cooked with salt pork or bacon bits in the water, and served with a little butter. Their bitter rich flavor is one of spring's best treats. And I often think how eagerly our forefathers must have greeted them after a winter of potatoes, dried squash and pumpkin and cabbage!

One spring we tried fiddle-neck ferns, but evidently did not pick them at the right time, for they tasted slightly furry and musty. They are supposed to be a real delicacy.

So are cowslips, but we have only a few of them at the lower edge of the brook and the golden cups look like sunshine itself, spilled over from the sky. We never pick them, because they look so lovely.

Now it is warm enough, on these May evenings, to sit in the back yard while the stars come slowly out in the eternal depth of the sky. The radio is on in the house, and the music comes out through the open door, even sweeter when it is blended with dusk. The cockers settle down on the terrace, paws folded in and ears limp at last.

The May moon is white as foam. And the May night is sweet as first love. And the heart is lifted up by the happiness which is springtime!


Toss that Salad



**The art of mixing a perfect "tossed" salad is easily learned. First make sure your bowl is large enough . . . not more than half full of well-washed and carefully dried greens. Add dressing. Now with a fork and spoon *gently* lift, lower, turn this way and that till every morsel glistens with the rich savor of oil and mellow Heinz Vinegar (see recipes below).**

Vary the dressing—

**Basic French Dressing**

**Recipe**—Combine ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. paprika. Add ¼ cup Heinz Vinegar and ½ cup olive oil. Beat thoroughly. Yields nearly ¾ cup.

**Ketchup Dressing**

**Recipe**—Place ¼ cup sugar, 1 tsp. salt, dash paprika in quart jar. Add ½ cup Heinz Vinegar, 5 tbs. Heinz Chili Sauce or Tomato Ketchup, ¾ cup oil, 3 tbs. grated onion. Cover jar and shake thoroughly until well blended. Yields 1½ cups.

**Chefs Special Dressing**

**Recipe**—To recipe for Basic French Dressing add ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper and 2 tsp. grated onion. Yields 1 cup.




The VINEGAR makes the dressing

Heinz Vinegar

Sparkling Clear
Mellowed in Wood
Uniform in Strength

*Here are good examples of fine Victorian silver. The tureen and the tea caddy are repoussé, often a hand process. The tea set and tray show the luxurious shape and lavish ornament which distinguish the finer pieces, while the water kettle shows the Georgian influence.*

PHOTOS BY



*A water pitcher, a footed dish, a swan and a cake basket, all in solid silver. . . . The bowl and candelabra below are good examples of the larger pieces usable both as decoration and for family service today.*



# VICTORIAN SILVER

**BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK**

*Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

BRING your grandmother's silver water cooler down from the attic, polish it to satiny whiteness and use it to hold flowers in your living room. For Victorian silver has suddenly become fashionable and, as it is fairly plentiful and widely distributed, you should have the time of your life hunting pieces you can actually use in your home every day. Pick up all the good pieces you can find and put them in condition, for you will enjoy using them more than you know.

Some years back we must have become embarrassed over the lavish taste of our Victorian ancestors, for we cut up their sideboards, took down their chandeliers and mirrors and hid their silver. Now we know that many Victorian furnishings were quite beautiful, and are both usable and charming in our homes today.

**WHAT VICTORIAN SILVER PLATE IS:** All Victorian silver dates from 1840 to 1900. The electroplating process was perfected in 1842, increasing the output of plate and lowering the cost of production, so that quantities of beautiful pieces were available from that time on.

In case you are wondering where Sheffield leaves off and Victorian plate begins, here are a few notes to set you straight. Sheffield plate was made for a full century prior to 1840, mostly in Sheffield and Birmingham, England. Silver was hand-rolled onto a copper shell and, after shaping, borders and ornaments were applied by hand. It is antique, expensive and, of course, rare.

The silver you are looking for now is to be found in your own community, especially if it was settled more than a half century ago. It will be more or less plentiful, but "undiscovered" until you spot it.

*(Continued on Page 234)*



*These pieces are a cruet stand, an English breakfast dish and a biscuit box that opens into halves. Serving pieces like those illustrated are good quality, useful.*



*An egg warmer—no less—useful today for hot sauces, and so on, a water kettle and a fine server. . . . Below, typical candlesticks and a magnificent tureen.*



*Choice pieces, all usable today: a plate or server, a vegetable dish and a fine cruet stand. The urn makes an exquisite container for fresh flowers or greens.*





*These are the pieces you are most likely to find locally. Top shelf, a spoon holder, a biscuit box and a cup with handles. Next, an odd goblet, a "presentation" urn, and a small teapot; then a covered dish and a repoussé pitcher. At the bottom, candlesticks flank a footed tureen on a simple server. Such quality pieces are inexpensive and plentiful.*

*Isn't hand-made crystal lovely?*

There was a time when you could get fine hand-made crystal like this Canterbury vase only in Europe. Now some of the loveliest glassware is being made right in this country at Washington in Pennsylvania, by Duncan, the maker of the famous Three Face pattern and other glass collectors' items.

*Is your glassware hand-made?* Let us send you the small folder on Duncan Canterbury, which pictures the stemware, flatware and decorative pieces that match this vase.

THE DUNCAN & MILLER GLASS CO., WASHINGTON, PA.



Duncan "The loveliest glassware in America"

*(Continued from Page 232)*

Victorian silver plate has a cast foundation of either nickel silver—an alloy of nickel, copper or zinc—or just copper. Onto this base a silver shell or coating is electrically applied. In the case of the best pieces, it is heavy and wears indefinitely. Most of these pieces have the words "Triple Plate," "Quadruple Plate," "Silver Soldered" or "A-1 Plate" stamped on the bottom. It is quite usual to find also these markings: "E. P. N. S.," meaning electroplated on nickel silver, indicating top quality; "E. P. C.," meaning electroplated on copper.

In America the silver industry centered in Rhode Island and Connecticut. In addition to the quality marks just described, the name of the maker or the company and the town quite often appeared on the underside of a piece.

Victorian silver often copied English designs, was bought by rich and well-to-do Americans everywhere, for gifts, decoration or as an adjunct to gracious living usual in this prosperous era. Of course, some Victorian silver is solid or sterling, although the designation was not generally used until after the Victorian era. So do not doubt the quality of a solid piece if it is not marked "Sterling."

***What pieces to look for:*** Early Victorian plate naturally looked like Sheffield or the solid pieces of a still earlier day. It may even resemble the simple designs of Queen Anne, with fluted bowls and delicate pedestals, graceful handles and sculptured finials.

Remember that at first England set the styles for America, and eating fashions abroad were responsible for much of the styling. English breakfasts were, and often still are, self-service from a sideboard. This accounts for the variety and beauty of covered dishes with hot-water compartments or spirit lamps to keep food warm. Porridge, bacon, eggs, sausage and hot breads reposed in handsome silver dishes with liners and revolving covers to keep them warm.

In America we had covered dishes for baking, cruets, trays, biscuit boxes, water pitchers, hot-water urns and tea services for gala occasions. All these things may still be found after more than half a century, and often in good condition. Here is a list of articles you may expect to find almost any place:

Tea and coffee pots, often with legs; spoon holders, cream and sugars, cruet stands and crystal relish jars fitted into a stand. Bread trays, cake baskets, water pitchers and single goblets or sets. Biscuit boxes of several kinds, and egg warmers; round covered dishes with liners, urns, hot-water kettles, trays and ice-water coolers with insulated compartments. Trays are often round with grape-leaf or shell borders, sometimes footed; tureens in great variety, sirup pitchers, fruit and nut bowls; big spoons and forks, candelabra, picture and mirror frames and even clocks. Also such whimseys as strawberry plates, with leaves, flowers and fruit in design; silver-leaf dishes for pickles, and conserve jars.

Rarer and more expensive pieces, usually English, found locally or in dealers' shops, are: English breakfast dishes with revolving tops; well-and-tree platters with domed lids; entree dishes in great variety; tea caddies; punch bowls; trays of all kinds; urns and, of course, candlesticks and candelabra; tea services; dessert sets; goblets, and soup tureens of huge proportions.

***Victorian designs:*** One's personal taste must be his guide in judging Victorian design. The variety is almost too great to be classified. The craft lends itself to both simplicity and elaboration, and both are good so long as they are beautiful and well done. Plainer pieces are usually the oldest. They resemble eighteenth-century designs, so are often rare and expensive. Fruit and flower designs are good, perhaps the most beautiful, and many collectors place the highest value on them. Sometimes the flowers are *repoussé*, and will be roses, ferns, lilies of the valley, clover or other simple favorites of a romantic era. Ivy leaves were popular also—very handsome, choice. The composition and rendering of *repoussé* pieces put them in the exquisite class. Strawberries, raspberries and other small fruits with their foliage were often dispersed among the flowers. Vintage borders were popular, often showing grape and foliage in strong relief, contrasting the plain center areas.

Slightly less attractive were the engraved flower sprays on frosted backgrounds and the geometrical designs. In general you won't be so pleased with the angular, Egyptian looking designs and shapes of the late Victorian period, influenced by a vogue for the Egyptian at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. Conventional designs did not suit the craft or the era, and some of these have awkward legs and handles, and little graceful ness in their ornament.

At one time, stag heads, small animals and birds were used as finials. If you like them, rest of the piece, don't allow these to bother you. The whimsey is part of the craft and gives your pieces individuality. With Victorian, your taste must be liberal; and remember that appreciation of design, especially intricate design, is the highest development of artistic taste, either cultivated or natural. It is a rather common mistake to believe that good taste must invariably be expressed in plain, unadorned surfaces. Many plain articles are very poor taste, because their forms are unrefined. You can develop your own taste by looking for good composition of motifs, grace in drawing and fine techniques, all without setting up rigid rules and standards to inhibit you. The more fine silver you see, the more you will enjoy and appreciate its ornament as well as the simple grace of line.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Sonnet for a Happy Ex-Warrior*

**By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith**

**It seems improbable that more surprise**
**Assailed Aladdin when he rubbed the lamp,**
**Beholding then the ghostly genii rise,**
**Than grips you now, Dame Fortune's favored scamp.**
**Had Ponce de Leon achieved his bourn,**
**The Fount of Youth, and gone canoeing in it,**
**There's little likelihood the guy had worn**
**A bigger grin than you display this minute.**
**Or when before his unsuspecting gaze**
**First shone the vistas of the blue Pacific,**
**I doubt Balboa stood with more amaze**
**Or knew a thrill more stirringly terrific**
**Than you, my hero, finding this windfall loot,**
**A dollar, in your old civilian suit!**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

***What to pay:*** Until a few months ago most Victorian pieces were almost given aways. Butter dishes, spoon holders and other small pieces had no market at all. Then shortages caused dealers to condition their and other pieces and price them according to the times.

Away from the big cities you can still find good bargains. Of course you will be look

*(Continued on Page 236)*

CAMELLIA. Below
ht: NOCTURNE, STRASBOURG.
NGLISH GADROON, GREENBRIER,
CHANTILLY, BUTTERCUP.
EDWARD, FAIRFAX.

# Silver in the Spring

Gorham Sterling offers you a choice of about 12 favorite patterns in basic six-piece place-settings comprising luncheon knife and fork, teaspoon, individual salad fork, cream soup spoon, butter spreader, averaging about $23*; plus enough serving pieces to begin. When you buy Gorham Sterling, you buy solid silver with a great tradition, the aristocrat of American dinner-tables for over a hundred years.

Gorham
STERLING

*America's Leading Silversmiths since 1831*

PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND

*Incl. Fed. Tax. © 1946 The Gorham Company




# Don't be that kind of a Cover Girl!

**You can't cover up underarm odor—but you can guard against it with Mum**

YOU SIMPLY can't resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so feminine. So alluring.

But you're only fooling yourself. For even the loveliest of perfumes won't cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but you still need protection against risk of *future* underarm odor. And Mum's the word for that.

So take 30 seconds to smooth on Mum after every bath, before every date. Snowy-white Mum keeps you sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Creamy, gentle Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. Quick, sure—and so safe you can use Mum even *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Ask for Mum today.

▪ ▪ ▪

**For Sanitary Napkins** — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*




*Product of Bristol-Myers*

Mum

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**


*(Continued from Page 234)*

for the tarnished castoff pieces, if you really want a challenge, rather than those already conditioned and exhibited. These you may buy for little. Don't be bothered by monograms or engraving such as you find on presentation urns. If the plating is heavy, you can have them removed. If the monogram is pretty or the sentiment interesting, leave it on.

You should be able to buy almost any average unconditioned piece for under ten dollars; away from the big cities, small pieces for considerably less. Once a reconditioned piece arrives in a shopwindow, the prices soar.

***How to use your Victorian Silver:*** Half the charm of using your silver comes from finding the right place and function for it. If you have many pieces, by all means build a cabinet in your dining room to display it. Larger pieces will adorn your sideboard; bread trays, cruets and other items you will use every day, as part of your family service.

All the urns, loving cups and coolers make wonderful containers for laurel and other greens or dramatic floral arrangements when you give a party. The taller sugar bowls make good candy jars for the living room, glove and handkerchief boxes are good for cigarettes. Candlesticks and candelabra—look up the pronunciation, by the way—trays and tureens you will use in the dining room as serving pieces. Arrange them with drama, keep them in condition with routine once-overs.

Use an odd goblet for violets and set a tiny pot of ivy into an odd sugar bowl. Footed fruit dishes and nut bowls are luxury touches in the living room. For a gala affair, set your old stemmed fruit dish onto a tray and fill both the tray and dish with short-stemmed flowers and trailing greens. Float blossoms in your trays, give a buffet supper and put chicken à la king in your English breakfast dish, a casserole in your round, double-compartment baking dish, olives on your leaf dishes and slivers of celery in your spoon holder. Think of new things to do with these precious old things. It adds personality to your entertaining and great glamour to your decorations.

***How to clean and condi... Silver:*** If the silver is really... make it look better, but not c... self. Take off the first layer w... soapsuds, then use your fav... ish. Next, get a long brush ... whiting or a generous am... rouge and work at it vigoro... us...

But it really pays to have bi... pieces burnished. Any jewelr... tell you if there is anyone in y... can do this. Most larger place... trial burnishers, for they als... make other fine metal repairs.

Burnishing, which is not ex... off *all* the tarnish and leaves y... when you behold your treasure... any bride's newest gift and lo... dred times as precious as befor... of coffeepots and pitchers will h... too. Dents can be taken out... and finials soldered on. It pa... only if the piece is attractive ... you especially treasure.

Unfortunately, thin plating ... as thick when the job is just do... you know a reputable dealer, ... not pay. Except in pieces whi... long and continued service, the ... already on old pieces will still ... It is not amiss to allow the co... through in well-worn pieces, if ... polished.

Silver you use and wash alo... dishes will remain bright with... every two weeks. Other pieces ... occasionally should be lacquer... with a polishing cloth every few...

Lacquering will stand many ... you can do a fair job yourself ... fingernail lacquer and a bit of... all means lacquer intricate piec... or nut dishes with stems and le... and *repoussé* frames and box... room use. Cover every part, ... inch brush. Remove it when ... with polish remover such as you... nails. The outside of almost an... be lacquered. Don't lacquer re... vegetable dishes, coffeepot inside...

Victorian silver is popular fo... days. Have it reconditioned an... with all its original charm a... glamour.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Ask Any Woman*

**BY MARCELENE COX**

THERE'S no doubt about it; during a certain period in raising children, a parent needs only the understanding of a true animal trainer.

Experience: knowing how far you can go in washing a child's face before he starts to yell.

One of the things I'm going to keep in mind, when the daughters start bringing their "dates" home, is that the worst fellow I ever went with was the one my parents liked the best.

My husband's attic is his coat pocket.

Family life is always changing. Scarcely before the parent has time to react the child shakes the kaleidoscope and there's a new pattern.

One example a mother should set her daughter is a good table.

A number of soldier fathers are probably learning that there is no more difficult "campaign" than preparing a child for bed and getting him there.

One mother wants to know what to answer when a four-year-old looks you straight in the eye and asks, "Well, who made God in the first place?"

A boy who washes his neck w... told should be the subject of a ... vestigation.

Parental persuasion is better t... authority—though not nearly s...

Perhaps one of the reasons ... vorces in our grandparents' da... couple furnished a home *before* m...

Building good habits is like w... stock market; no stock moves ... steady line, but follows an uneve... advance.

A parent should be utterly hon... child—even if it means admittin... cism or doubt.

In child rearing, Sentiment ... equal Security.

Little girl, breathless from schoo... hurry and sew more buttons on ... can marry a rich man."

Persons who lack excitement ... might hunt up a small child to fo...

I wish it were possible to charge... ters' clothes with electricity so th... of them reached for a sweater, n... she would get a thorough shock.

Print...

LADIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN ★ JUNE, 1948

25¢

# JOURNAL





**BERNARDINE KIELTY (SCHERMAN)** is the JOURNAL Associate Ed who writes, monthly, *Under-Cover Stuff*. She says, "I was born and brought up a Massachusetts Yankee, but fell in love with New York on my first visit. I married a Philadelphian also visiting New York, and we've lived and worked there ever since. I have two children, two jobs, and a dog and a cat. My work is reading and writing for both the editorial department of the Book of the Month Club and the JOURNAL. As a result, I have to save newspapers for Saturday mornings, and magazines for vacations. I love opera, concerts and theater—plus 14th Street, Fifth Avenue and the subway. The first thing I ever wrote was a book called *The Sidewalks of New York*."



**LOUIS PAUL** (*That's How it Is*) writes: "I live and work in a little old wooden house in Manhattan which might be called a landmark in the worst sense of the word. My only genuine hobby is observing people and making up stories about them—so my wife and I travel, make friends, and poke into the odd crannies of cities and villages. My first story, some ten years ago, won the O. Henry Award, after which I answered the call of Hollywood at the MGM Studios. At present, I conduct a workshop course in writing at Columbia, and work on my new novel."



**FLORENCE CUMMINGS,** author of *Long and With Curls*, says: "I was born in New York in 1907, and attended public schools, and Columbia Extension at night—meanwhile working as fur model, stenographer, copy writer, stagehand, radio-script writer, wife, mother, cook, laundress, cleaning woman and gardener (not in the order of their importance) before turning to fiction. I have two children and one husband, and we live in the suburbs with a boxer named Brownie whose main interest lies in the neighbors' garbage cans. Ourselves—we prefer steak rubbed with garlic!"

JOURNAL

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JUNE, 1946


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The ▬▬ of all characters in all Journal fiction ▬ fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is ▪ coincidence.

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

We said it with a lot of enthusiasm.

★ ★ ★ ★

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)

★ ★ ★ ★



We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd be saying: "We told you so!"



★ ★ ★ ★

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audiences you could possibly get together anywhere.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? The names would fill the column. Everyone says so!

★ ★ ★ ★

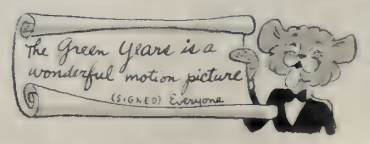
And we must reserve a line or two for congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon.

★ ★ ★ ★

And we must felicitate that perfectly chosen supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. And those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

★ ★ ★ ★

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:




Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our role of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—*Leo*

# If your husband qrowls

BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS WASH GRAY LIKE THIS . . .




INSTEAD OF WHITE LIKE THIS . . .



HERE'S HOW TO WASH 'EM SPARKLING . .

## White Without Bleaching



To see clothes come so sparkling clean they're White Without Bleaching, get Oxydol—the laundry soap that masters even the biggest, grimiest wash!

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So ask your dealer for Oxydol in the orange-and-blue bull's-eye package today—and be proud of a wash that's White Without Bleaching.




OXYDOL WASHES CLOTHES SO CLEAN THEY'RE

WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

★ Be Patriotic! Avoid Soap Waste!


# UNDER-COVER STUFF

*By Bernardine Kielty*



REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*"I understand she's his inspiration."*

AN internationally known figure, and one of the great beauties of Europe's happier days, is ***Alma Mahler-Werfel,*** widow of Gustav Mahler, the famous Viennese conductor and composer, who several years after Mahler's death married Franz Werfel.

Alma Schindler married the great Mahler when he had already reached his fame, and while she was still but a very young girl. It was not easy to be the wife of a highly temperamental artist. For one thing, the young Alma, who was a musician in her own right and just starting to compose, had to promise, when she married him, not to write another note of music. And she never did—although Mahler depended on her critical judgment in all his own musical work, and had her go over with him every note of his compositions. He insisted on absolute silence around him while he worked, which was not easy with a baby in the house. And, temperamentally unable to cope with accounts, he came into his marriage burdened with debts which the young wife, by scrimping and saving, eventually paid off. Sometimes she could not accept invitations, because she had no hat to wear, but Mahler went alone.

**But the book which Alma Mahler has now written, GUSTAV MAHLER: MEMORIES AND LETTERS, is by no means recrimination. We have mentioned details which she herself has not emphasized, because they are so suggestive of her own faithful outgiving personality. Actually her book is a tribute to greatness, a fascinating document for those who are interested in Vienna before the first war, and particularly for lovers of music. It is likewise a passionate love story.**

*There is no question that Alma Mahler was her husband's inspiration, as she was later to be the inspiration of Franz Werfel. She gave to both that which every genius needs for his fullest development: the love and understanding, comfort and good life only the woman he adores can give. That she could meet both these men on their own ground intellectually puts her in a very special niche.*

• • •

For a woman who likes to range, ***Rosita Forbes***—glamour-girl traveler and explorer—has certainly picked herself a confined and circumscribed spot in which

*(Continued on Page 129)*



***Rosita Forbes.***

# Just One Cake of Camay Brings Softer, Smoother Skin !




MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER
the former Gloria Harpe of Coral Gables, Fla.
Bridal portrait painted by **MAWICKE**

Like a dream come true, your complexion is clearer, fresher—with your very *first* cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness can be yours when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, smoother, even younger-looking complexion!




*Cherish Camay—use the slivers in bath mitts. Precious materials still go into making soap!*

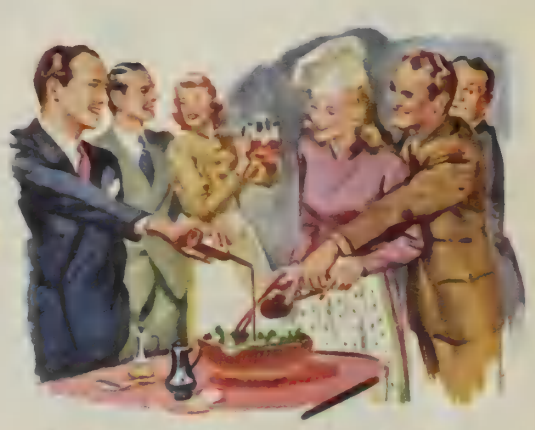
**NOTES ON THE ROMANCE OF THE GREERS**



**Shell-hunting on** the golden Florida sands, Russ wooed and won the gorgeous Gloria. Her complexion's as fair as the skies that smiled down on their romance! "Camay is my standby for skin care," Gloria discloses, "since my very *first cake* of Camay brought a softer, smoother, lovelier look to my complexion."



**Gloria's skin** grew lovelier day by day on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—as she dressed for her daily dates with Russ. Yours can, too. Pat Camay's lather on your face—massage gently. Rinse. Dash cold water on oily skin. Repeat morning and night. Doctors proved just *one cake* of Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can mean softer, smoother skin.



**Gay goings-on at the Greers'!** And the fresh young beauty of this charming hostess rates applause. "Russ often compliments my complexion—and I love it!" So Gloria promises "to keep my skin winning praises, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

LADIES' HOME Journal

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# Are You Too Educated to be a Mother?

THE Census Bureau recently completed a five-year survey and published these findings: A woman who has gone to college is likely—on a national average—to have a fraction more than one child; the likelihood that she will have even one child is growing slimmer. If she is a high-school graduate, chances are she will have two children. But the woman who left school in the fourth grade is almost certain to have at least four.

This difference in birth rates is probably a direct result of use or nonuse of birth control. In one representative community it was found that 80 per cent of the "well-to-do" women practiced birth control. Only 30 per cent among the "very poor" used contraceptives. Birth control, however, is merely a *means* of expressing the desire for a small or limited family. Desire for fewer children can be traced to the high cost of education, insistence on a high standard of material living and competing interests outside the home.

The make-up of our future population is frightening to some students of the rise and fall of civilizations. At the present rates of reproduction, within three generations the woman with a bachelor degree will have *one* grandchild. Her contemporary with less than a grammar-school diploma will have *nine* grandchildren. Geneticists state flatly that "*there is danger of outright decline in the physical and mental make-up of our population. We are not reproducing the best of ourselves.*"

In the geneticist's dictionary, "the best" is not a term of social snobbery, but a matter of scientific evidence—evidence that children of college-educated parents have a higher *average* intelligence than children born into non-educated homes. Thus, our educated women, potentially mothers of children with greater native ability, are guilty of squandering their genetic inheritance. Unthinkingly they are lowering the standards of future generations.

The first ominous signs are now appearing in our public schools. In one large Eastern city, the standard I.Q. test has been arbitrarily scaled down to meet the declining quality of the students. A child who would have rated only 90 on the test ten or fifteen years ago is now graded at 100. Thus the schools are hiding unpleasant facts from wide circulation.

There may be a negative comfort in knowing that other important nations are facing the same problem. There is positive encouragement in Sweden, where the unfavorable birth ratio has been *reversed*. Women in Sweden's upper education and income brackets are now scoring the highest birth rates, while women of less education and financial resources are bearing fewer children. Sweden produced this turnabout by a two-fold program. The cost of bearing and rearing children has been reduced, through free obstetrical services, nursery schools, dental clinics for school children. For those who *do not* want children *at any cost*, birth control is available on a nation-wide basis.

Sweden wisely realized that state aids alone—no matter how generous—would not bring about any great increase in births unless there was a psychological upgrading of the value of children in family life. In our own country this change of mind would be a major factor in adjusting the downward population spiral—if we should decide to do anything about the situation. Even as a nation of avowed individualists we will have to take the future into account as well as the whim of the moment. We must learn to take our babies more seriously and less sentimentally. We must learn that our educational opportunities are not an outright gift, to be prodigally misspent. We must learn that we are not too educated to be parents; we must learn that we are too educated *not* to be!

# THE "ONE WORLD" DELUSION

## *By Dorothy Thompson*

THE greatest danger to our civilization is the extent to which slogans are supplanting reason. The greatest slogan of the moment is "One World or No World," which gives the title to a book compiled of the views of prominent atomic scientists and publicists.

Now, the exact scientists, when they talk about politics, are often extremely unscientific. They are accustomed to deal with exactly calculable elements, that under certain circumstances always behave the same way, and they carry that mentality and experience into other thought. But politics is not, and cannot be, an exact science. It deals with human beings, who are not calculable quantities.

There is today a popular syllogism that might be phrased:

One world under one government would prevent war.

The prevention of war is desirable.

Therefore, one world under one government is desirable.

This is a form of logic that leaves out both existing facts and a thousand imponderables, and can always be answered with other syllogisms—for instance, this one:

Human civilizations, being the products of geography, climate, race, religion, folklore and history, are deeply differentiated and can be reduced to uniformity only under one government by force.

Force, as an instrument of politics, is not desirable.

Therefore, uniformity is not desirable.

The advantage of the second syllogism is that it starts with a statement of fact, whereas the first starts with an assumption. It is a pure assumption that one world under one *government* would prevent war. The United States, composed of people speaking one language and deriving from the same or kindred cultural inheritances, became one government in 1788, and less than three generations later fought one of the bloodiest wars in history to decide whether that one government should be maintained. The United Kingdom, after consolidating England, Scotland and Ireland through a whole series of wars, had to fight in our own times against the secession of Ireland, and lost the fight to 90 per cent. Ireland is not under the British *government*, and only precariously in the British Commonwealth. The attempt to put Canada, New Zealand or Australia under the British *government* would certainly lead to wars of rebellion.

As the British prepare to withdraw from India, the paramount question is whether "India," as a unity, will survive being freed. For Moslem India does not want to live under one government in which the Hindus would have a majority, and its leaders, backed by a majority of Moslems, are demanding "Pakistan"—an independent Moslem state and government—and if an attempt is made to force them, they might make a civil war, backed by the whole Near Eastern Moslem world.

The attempt of Rome to put the nearer world under one government succeeded initially, but involved innumerable wars and brought about the final disintegration of the Roman Empire in chaos.

So the assumption that one world under one government would prevent war has no foundation in history. The syllogism fails by reason of the dubiety of its first assumption.

That the world consists of deeply varying civilizations is, on the other hand, a fact. The closest civilization to our own, in language, government forms and cultural contact, is the British. Our two civilizations began together. To this day we read the same books, see the same plays and movies, and embody the same principles in our laws. But Americans do not think that Britain is the same as

*(Continued on Page 190)*

*Give That They May Live:*

AT this very moment *one out of every four persons in the world* is facing death from starvation. Children all over the world are hungry. You can help starving peoples now—directly and personally—by contributing to UNRRA's Emergency Food Collection. Give—

1. Actual cans of food
2. Money to buy food

The greatest need is for milk (condensed, evaporated, dried), meat, fish and peanut butter. Next on the list are baby foods, baked beans, stews, soups, honey, fruits, juices and vegetables. Contributed food *must be in cans.*

There is a food-collection depot in your community.

Cash contributions (check or money order) should be made to your local committee or to the national headquarters of the Emergency Food Collection, 100 Maiden Lane, New York 7, N. Y.





**WHY BE A KITCHEN JUGGLER? . . . Why juggle many foods . . . to get at a few?**

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Today's SHELVADOR* is better and more attractive than ever. It has every modern engineering improvement—new and better materials combined with new skills to new quality standards.

All this plus the practical SHELVADOR* that makes food "juggling" old-fashioned.

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*





Twice as much food to the front



**IT'S EASY** to see that the Crosley SHELVADOR* makes twice as much food get-at-able in front row space. That means only half the shuffling of foods.



**SHELVADOR*** avoids much of the food shuffling and chances of tipping and spilling because it puts the foods most often needed in front row space—at your finger tips.



**THIS ELIMINATES** many a clean-up job occasioned by tipped-over foods. Every clean-up costs time and money plus the loss of cold air through the open door.



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# TAKE A NUMBER!

### ONE TO TEN

Pick out any ten casual high-school characters, fellows and girls with whom you've gone to school. Take the girl who catches the bus at your corner every morning, the one who looks shy and carries so many books under her arm during school season; take the tall blond fellow who sat next to you in chemistry last year; or take the girl who lent you some tennis balls the other day when you forgot yours; or the boy from your street who works in the corner drugstore during summer vacation. You can make your own list. Just any ten guys or gals about your own age, give yourselves just one interest in common (well, you're all in high school, aren't you?) and with a little co-operation on both sides—you've got ten new friends!

More friends means more fun, and especially in high school. And the word "friend" doesn't always mean a heart-to-heart buddy or gal pal whom you see seven days a week, either. Simply someone to whom you can say "hello" and "how are you" and make with the big smile. Turn your own feelings inside out for a minute, and realize how good it makes you feel when someone is friendly to you—well, why not reverse the routine?

### ADD IT UP

Most high-school guys and gals want to be popular—and the quickest way for you to jump to the top of the Hit Parade with the rest of your class is make *them* feel popular too! Sell yourself on the idea that "people are interesting." And that word "people" means everyone.

Say that you're sixteen years old now. Well, according to the insurance companies, you've got about forty-eight more years to go! And the more people you can genuinely like during that time—the more fun the time between birthdays will be for you too. Don't choose a boy friend by the number of reindeer sweaters he has in his closet, the kind of car he drives (or are we walking to the movies tonight?) or the amount of jingling money he has in his pockets when he asks you for a Friday-night date. And don't pick your party lists from gal characters who get weekly allowances with a decimal point followed by two zeros, spend their summers at the beach and have a wardrobe of sweaters, suits and play clothes that set them apart as Mrs. Harrison Williams, j.g. It doesn't take a king-sized genius to figure out that to make a friend, and keep one, you must simply like and trust someone else—no matter what his name is, where he lives and whether or not his father plays eighteen holes of golf every Saturday morning at the right country club on the right side of town!

### WHAT DO YOU HAVE?

Of course, since you're an average young character with a lot of interests all your own, you won't want to spend time, hold hands or even exchange your more important ideas with every Tom, Dick and Mary Ann whom you happen to meet across a drugstore table. There will be some special boys for whom you want to save your dances, your affections and your Friday nights; and there are some girls with whom you want to share most of your fun, your secrets and your more private conversations. But don't limit your interests and date doings by running around in just one small social circle!

For instance, Sally may be your best gal pal—she's always there with a couple of the other girls when you want to get together for a Friday-night movie, you feel a special affection for her 'cause she knows you like Johnny and she's willing to look wide-eyed while you rave about him, and you even belong to the same Sub-Deb club. And then there's Johnny—he's been around your life since 'way back last September. At first it was just a date for an after-school football dance, and gradually it developed into a steady two-nights-a-week habit. And now things have warmed up to a point where you know you could even have his class ring if you wanted it. Of course, you like the boy—who wouldn't enjoy having a smooth, good-natured and attentive character near at hand every time a free evening came up? But because Johnny is so handy, you've forgotten all about other fellows. The old "a boy in the hand is worth two who are dating other gals" theory has sold you on the idea of going steady. It's not that you're honestly in love—but it's just easier this way!

So you've limited the number of people in your life to your family, your teachers, your best gal friend and boy friend and a few other interested characters. They make up your whole list. And how about all the other people you're letting slip by?

### AND THAT'S THE ANSWER

A good guy or gal will learn to break away from the snob mob early, for any sharp character knows, by the time he's in second year high school, that there's no real fun—or reason—for cliquing. Granted that you can't have *everyone* on your "come to my party" list, do give everyone a chance by getting to know them—or letting them get to know you—before you cross them off that list! Too many high-school guys and gals clique together just for social security—it's the same gang that gives the parties, double-dates for the dances, runs the class elections and winds up giving one another presents at graduation time. Maybe they don't mean to be snobbish, self-centered or selfish, but they are—or at least they seem that way to all the fellows and gals on the outside looking in.

Maybe you're one of those long-haired gals, neatly stacked, with poise, personality and a collection of class rings that would cover the fingers of both hands. Life is going your way, so you just don't bother talking to or thinking about some of the other gals in your class—those who don't get around as much as you do. But why not? Are you selfish, shy, scared of the competition—or just a little bit shallow? What are you saving yourself for—just the smoother fellows and gals? And how will you know what people *are* smooth and what people *are* interesting—if you don't get to know them to find out? Or maybe you're one of the girls who don't feel popular just because they aren't always the center of attraction. Well, you might be guilty of a kind of snobbishness too! You think you're shy—but how do you know everyone else doesn't think you just *want* to be alone?

Be a smart gal—perk up and speak up. The quickest way to start any friendship is simply to say "Hello!"

**CAN YOU READ THIS?**

Well, slip on your glasses for another look—and how *do* you look? Specs *can* be added attraction, so send 5c for the new booklet, GLAMOUR FOR GLASSES, No. 2268, to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



# Be Good To It ...

FOR the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair e continually on guard against fectious dandruff.

It is widespread, easy-to-catch d hard-to-get-rid-of. Its dis-essing flakes, scales and itch-g can really raise hob with ur appearance.

Do as thousands of fastidious omen do . . . make Listerine ntiseptic and massage a regu-r part of your home shampoo. sist on it at your beauty shop.

Listerine Antiseptic is a won-rful precaution because it kills e stubborn "bottle bacillus" ityrosporum ovale) which any dermatologists say is a usative agent of this obnox-ius infection. So, at the first gn of flakes, scales or itching, art at once with Listerine Anti-ptic and massage twice daily the treatment that has helped many . . . it may help you.

**ISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**
and MASSAGE for
**IFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

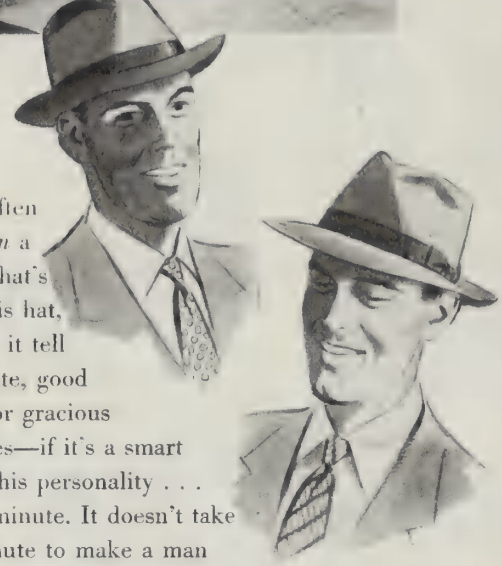


e "BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(PITYROSPORUM OVALE)

This is the stubborn germ t so many dermatologists call causative agent of infectious ndruff. Listerine Antiseptic ls it readily. Remember, Lis-rine Antiseptic is the same ntiseptic that has been famous r over 60 years in the field of al hygiene. Lambert Pharma-l Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

***what to look for on a man!***





Surprising how often you can tell what's *in* a man by looking at what's *on* him! ■ Look at his hat, for instance . . . does it tell you a tale of good taste, good manners and a flair for gracious living? ■ It surely does—if it's a smart hat that shapes up to his personality . . . a hat that's up to the minute. It doesn't take much more than a minute to make a man smartly dressed by making him properly hatted . . . if that minute is spent at a *Recognized Hatter's.* ■ That's where he'll get the *right* hat—the right shade, the right shape, the right style for his clothes and his personality.

RECOGNIZED Hat Research Foundation HATTER

This Plaque Identifies a Recognized Hatter

The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.

***the right hat on the right man helps you look smarter***


# Our Readers Write Us

**Likes Leoni**

*Honolulu, T. H.*

*Dear Editors:* Who does the Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman drawings? Surely they deserve more than anonymity. Herewith, at any rate, a deep bow of appreciation. Very truly yours,

DOROTHY M. McCOY.

We certainly never underestimate the power of Leonard Leoni, who has been drawing powerful women for the JOURNAL since Feb., 1941. ED.

**Gosh!**

*Pennsylvania Railroad.*

*Dear Editors:* A program of retraining has been initiated among the dining-car employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Every steward, chef, cook and waiter is being put through intensive refresher courses. All crews are being given lectures stressing courtesy, tact, deference and alacrity.

During the war the most that the number of dining cars could be increased was 14 per cent, while patronage rose to 500 per cent of prewar.

Overpressure cannot be relieved immediately. However, eventually we expect to attain higher standards of service than ever before. J. F. FINNEGAN,

*Gen. Supt.*

**Your Money's Worth!**

*West Palm Beach, Florida.*

*Dear Journal Editors:* I've always suspected you have that "something extra" and now I know I'm right.

Oh, lucky, lucky advertisers who use your pages, for their product is most certainly glorified and this time you have outjournaled the JOURNAL! I'm enclosing a page which has received unusually realistic treatment. I glanced at it—took a second look—then brushed my finger across to see if I was right. You're truly wonderful.

Sincerely,

MARION NYE.

The only explanation we could give Reader Nye (whose Crisco ad arrived sprinkled with flour—it really did) is that gremlins must have been baking in the pressroom. ED.

**Navy Accused of Waste**

*Seattle, Washington.*

*Dear Editors:* Can't something be done to force the Army and Navy officers to turn over their huge stock piles of food and clothes, particularly for civilian use?

Here in Seattle there hasn't been enough of anything during all the war, due to our greatly increased population; we wouldn't mind so much if these stock piles were finding their way to the starving folks of Europe and China. But to sit here and watch them burned and dumped in Puget Sound—well, it is more than human forbearance can take.

We have no butter; have had, will have no butter; yet the Navy repeatedly burns and throws away tons of it. We can't buy clothes; we can't buy cotton goods; yet the Navy burns up good clothing. We are a port of debarkation for millions of troops. They come back from the Pacific with the same stories—waste, spoilage, utter disregard for the fundamental principles of good sense and economy. We have a nephew still "rotting at Subic Bay" as he puts it. He is coming back bitter and disillusioned at twenty-one. How can anyone tell all the thousands like him that the way to a good successful life is through hard work and thrift?

Sincerely yours,

MORDA C. SLAUSON.

**Food for America First!**

*Albany, New York.*

*Dear Editors:* Just where does Katherine Newlin Burt find the "enormous overloading of everyone's plate"? We don't find it here. Many people are hungry right in the U.S. We have given plenty of money, food, and clothing for European relief! Most sincerely,

*Name withheld by request.*

**The Best American Tradition**

*Winchester, Massachusetts.*

*Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould:* Your latest issue touches on subjects that are extremely vital in our day: marriage, the position of women, childbearing and our high divorce rate.

I am a woman of thirty-three, happily married thirteen years, and have three lovely children. I have found out through the years that working at a marriage and bringing up children properly is a full-time proposition and that the results are extremely satisfying and heart-warming. I find it a full-time job to keep a nice home (my husband's income is well above average, but by preference I have only a cleaning woman) and bring up three children well—which means devoting time and sharing fun with the children (I play baseball, skate, swim and ride with them); reading enough good books and magazines to be able to discuss intelligently articles of interest with my husband, keeping up my piano playing, listening to good music, being a good friend and neighbor to those who need help—and still be able to look as attractive as the next woman when my husband comes home. I still find it fun to flirt with my husband when he comes home, or even occasionally put on my nicest hostess gown to surprise him! He loves it too! Is there anything more gratifying than having your husband brag about you, or beam when guests rave about your homemade bread?

I am never bored just being a homemaker. I find life and people too interesting. And I do think we women should try to regain some of the old lovely standards that women stood for, and men looked up to. To stress the importance of adult thinking toward marriage and children, as well as going back (part way, anyhow) to the old-fashioned attitude of "being a lady," and a homemaker, is a real job for any woman today.

Thank you both for giving us one of the finest all-around magazines of the day.

Sincerely,

*Name withheld by request.*

**Scared of the Future**

*Memphis, Tennessee.*

*Dear Editors:* I am nineteen and have a long life ahead, but I am really frightened out of my wits at the picture the future gives. Our country expects miracles from the young, but we cannot do it all.

Sincerely,

BETTY VAN DRESSER.

We still have a chance, though it may be our last, to live and work together in one world. The young can always do more than the old think. ED.

**Not Sorry She's Fat**

*Cedar Falls, Washington.*

*Dear Editor:* The "war on overweight women" is a subject very near to my heart and my size 42 bust. Mrs. Ross forgot to mention that a great many women are large due to a glandular disturbance. Perhaps she was intimidated by some publicity-seeking dope who has been reporting that people are fat only because they overeat. My Aunt Mathilda's mustache!

There seems to have been a move in the past few years to do away with women's shapes. They are now called figures, and anything resembling a breast, hip or stomach is so revolting to the fashion designers that they haven't made any allowance for these parts of the anatomy.

Why doesn't someone write a love story entitled "Fat Girls Marry Too" and start a trend to glamorize the large girls? What we need is a leader with the courage to design some fashions for us size 40's and up. AND PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T CALL THEM STYLISH STOUTS! Even the old girls might like to buy a frock with a little umph in it.

MRS. RODNEY BLAIN.

**This is What You Can Do**

*Valley Stream, New York.*

*Dear Editors:* The writers of "We Live in the Atomic Age" warn us and terrify

*(Continued on Page 13)*



# Free *to new members of the Book-of-the-Month Club*

# Kristin Lavransdatter

BY SIGRID UNDSET

*in Three Volumes • Boxed*

Retail Price $7.50



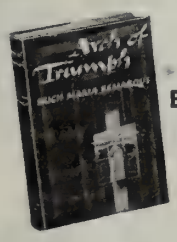

—a great historical novel which won for its author the Nobel Prize for Literature and which seems to be the most deeply enjoyed of all the books distributed by the Club in twenty years

"HERE ARE THE VIKINGS in their homes as well as upon the seas — barbarians becoming Christians; and here is a winsome child amongst them, such as you might delight in and be proud of as her knightly father was of little Kristin. This is how she grew up and loved madly and sinned, and broke her father's heart, though he would not say so; and how she quarreled with and loved again her charming, irresponsible husband, and how she bore many children to him and what happened to them. The folk-ways of the time are here as background to a story as modern and as ancient as the passions of humankind. People grow old and die in this book; little girls become harried mothers, puling infants become brawling warriors. Long years pass, and do their work. This is a book, in short, that leaves you rich in memories, as Time itself does. That, surely, is the supreme test of a work of fiction."

*—From Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

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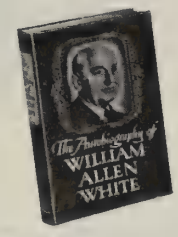

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Price to members
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# Sir Archie sizes up the AMERICAN GIRL



**"Ripping country, America!** Everything's simply ripping—even the frock on that pretty young thing boarding the tram. Haw! But I mean to say, *frightfully* snug, eh? Don't these clev ah American girls know that they should always look for the 'Sanforized' label? A 'Sanforized' frock would *nevah* have diminished in that ghastly fashion!






**"Oh, I say.** *That's* an int'ristin' sight! She must be attending a mahsquerade as Mother Hubbard. Allowing for shrinkage? Utterly absurd! Jove, I thought the women of America jolly well knew that a 'Sanforized' frock *retains* its original fit; makes it absolutely unnecess'ry to allow for shrinkage!



**"Positively extrawd'n'ry!** Such beauty of line! Reminds me, m'deah—that charmin' frock enhances your *own* architecture. It's been tubbed a million times, you say? Quaint exaggeration, of course. Still, with an amazin' 'Sanforized' frock like that, you *could* tub it a million times, and it would *keep* that truly mahvelous fit!"

*To keep on looking smart*
*—it's got to keep on FITTING!*

**·SANFORIZED·**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Standard Test

*"Sanforized"... checked standard of shrinkage.* The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark.

*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

(Continued from Page 10)

us and try to shake us out of the complacency which I doubt that many of us feel—but, just as in so many other articles, do not tell us what we are expected to do. Sincerely yours,

*Name withheld by request.*

Public opinion will ultimately determine the permanence or dissolution of U.N. Individuals can, when discussing U.N. with their friends and acquaintances, uphold its principles. They can write their Congressmen and their delegates to let these representatives know who's backing them. ED.

### No Place Like Home—If We Had One!

*Marseilles, Illinois.*

*Dear Editor:* I want to register a protest on the housing situation for veterans. Many were forced to give up their homes; now they are returning—to what? My husband, 3-year-old daughter and I are living in one room eleven feet square. We own a home site and want to build as soon as possible. But building bricks cost $40.00 per thousand as compared to $11.00 per thousand before the war.

I worked for fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, saving every penny, and kept going by the dream of a home and babies in the not-too-distant future. And now—unless a miracle happens, the three of us will be here for several years.

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA SHARP.

There is no question about the need for millions of new, low-cost homes. What the public can do is to support, vocally and in writing, the men who are trying to house the homeless cheaply and well. ED.

### We are Tempted

*Quebec, Canada.*

*Dear Editors:* I like to see and read more of our Editors. Why not a *How an Editor Lives* and photos? I think it was Mrs. Gould's hat that I fell for—that black veiling creation.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. RAYMOND ANDERSON.

So did she. ED.

### Hot Lunches for Kids

*Templeton, Mass.*

*Dear Editor:* We'd like to see some more articles on the school lunch program under which some 6,000,000 school children are being fed their noon-day meal.

Your article in October, 1944, was very helpful in starting our own program. The school has a population of about 155, and about 100 meals are served daily.

We serve the Type A lunch—½ pint of whole pasteurized cow's milk, bread and oleo, 2 ounces of meat or its equivalent, and ¾ cup of fruit and/or vegetable for 15¢ plus an allowance of 9¢ which comes from the Federal Government. We employ a paid cook and helper. Some volunteer help is given by mothers.

Health and attendance records are better at our school since March, 1945, when we started.

How about spreading the word to women all over the country so that they may help themselves and their children?

Yours very truly,
*Name withheld by request.*

Federal aid for the school lunch program, which has been operating for more than ten years on a "temporary" basis, was recently doubled by the Senate, and the program is to reach eventually 30,000,000 children in public and private schools. ED.

### Cleanliness Next to Impossible

*Paris, France.*

*Dear Editors:* I simply must tell you how glad we are to receive the JOURNAL after five long years.

For us who have been and are still living a life of privations it is wonderful to read about all the luxury and abundance in your country—not only the food—but the clothes, soap—well, everything.

Before the war I often wondered about the reality of the sentence "Give us this day our daily bread." We took it for granted, but during the years of occupation I realized the bitter meaning of it. I often have prayed it with desperation. My brother who lives in England now sends me some tea regularly and every afternoon it is still a pleasure to be able to drink a cup of tea—and not be afraid it will be the end of the provision. In 1940 I had a little package that lasted me all these years. It was only when one of us was really ill that I made a cup of tea.

Food, heating and clothing conditions are still very bad but we are emerging slowly—oh, so slowly—out of the misery, ugliness and dreadfulness of those dark years of occupation.

Reading your JOURNAL again is one of the lights on our horizon.

Sincerely yours,
M. RADEMAKER.

### You Will Still Buy it at About Cost to Us

*Glenside, Pennsylvania.*

*Dear Editors:* May I congratulate you on the very fine magazine you publish each month? The novels are of the highest caliber, the editorials and articles interesting and informative, the "bits of wisdom" found on the back pages inspiring and true.

Your magazine is the biggest 15 cent value that I know of. Each time I read it I marvel anew at the low cost.

Sincerely,
CARMELLA PARENTI.

Because paper and printing costs have risen drastically, along with practically everything else, including our own wages, the JOURNAL will be 25 cents an issue hereafter. ED.

### Just in Time Too

*Tampico, Mexico.*

*Dear Editors:* For some time I have been reading the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, supplied to me by a friend.

Considering that the said magazine is very interesting, I have decided to enter a four-year subscription.

Sincerely yours,
CARMEN L. OJEDA DE RAMIREZ.

By subscribing at the old rate she saved herself many a centavo. ED.

### Here's What's Left

*Pullman, Washington.*

*Dear Editors:* The political terms "center," "right," "left" are derived from continental European parliamentary practice followed since the days of the French Revolution.

In the continental parliaments, there are represented at least a dozen political parties. The members are seated in a semicircular arrangement according to their political sentiments: conservatives, on the right; moderates, in the center; liberals and radicals, on the left.

Sincerely,
ELAINE E. THORSON.

Right! ED.

### Notice of Change of Address

*Franklin, Pennsylvania.*

*Editor Ladies' Home Journal:* This is my first "Dear Editor" in the forty years since I first began reading the JOURNAL. I wish to express my appreciation of the high standard your magazine has always had.

It is my husband's favorite joke that I took a copy of the JOURNAL as chaperon on our honeymoon, and I suspect in the next world my first words will be:

"Has the JOURNAL come?"

Sincerely,
REBA P. KINGSLEY.

If the JOURNAL comes, can the editors be far behind? ED.

### Feed Him Milk

*Decatur, Illinois.*

*Dear Editor:* Does a boy choose a girl to be his wife because she has an economics major, is good-looking, neat or can dance?

Not in my opinion. He can only be counted on to accept what happens to be

(Continued on Page 148)


# First o' the month helps

**FOR CANNY HOME MANAGERS**

When mailing coins, stick 'em to your letter with "Scotch" Cellulose Tape. They will never bounce around inside the envelope and maybe drop out!





**DOUBLE SEAL** envelopes with "Scotch" Brand Tape, too.



**"SCOTCH" TAPE'S** a swell money-mender for torn money or damaged checks.



**A STRIP** of "Scotch" Tape's just the thing to bind bank statements to cancelled checks. Better get a roll of "Scotch" Tape right away. You'll find scads of mending and holding chores for it to do around the house. Your favorite dealer may have it now in the gay new plaid dispenser—25¢ complete.

SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING




**IMPORTANT**
*For your protection, insist on "SCOTCH" Brand transparent tape. Always look for the name "SCOTCH" and the Scotch plaid design.* © 1946 3M CO.

**SCOTCH** *Cellulose* **TAPE**
BRAND

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*"SCOTCH" is the registered trade-mark for the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by* MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO. *Saint Paul 6, Minn.*
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Also makers of "3M" Brand abrasives, adhesives, and a wide variety of other products for home and industry




Prize your purchase when you can tuck Armour Star Bacon in your shopping bag! It's naturally hardest to get during this time of scarcity!

**How to fry bacon right!** You enjoy *all* the mild, delicious flavor of Armour Star Bacon when you fry it this easy way: Place strips in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly, 7 to 8 minutes, turning often. Pour off fat as it accumulates. Perfectly-fried bacon is crisp, but not brittle, evenly cooked and only slightly curled.

Hand Picked

Sugar Cured

Tender Smoked




© ARMOUR AND COMPANY 1946

*Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday night over NBC (Blue) Network. See local papers for time and station.*

*America's Luxury Bacon*

## FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL



IN June, 1896, the Prince of Wales' horse won the Derby, George M. Cohan wrote a tune called Hot Tamale Alley, and William McKinley became the Republican presidential candidate. Only 3 were saved, 250 lost, from the Drummond Castle, wrecked off Brittany, and rural free delivery began.

*The fashionable Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York had 500 servants for its 500 guests, reveals the* JOURNAL *of June, 1896. "The chambermaids do not have a hard time and are well paid for their work. They receive wages of twelve dollars a month; and their hours begin at six in the morning and end at six at night."*

"Belle: A young girl in deep mourning could not, with propriety, wear a silver belt buckle."

"*Mrs. R.C.T.: A bathing dress for a girl of twelve is made with a yoke, sailor collar, long sleeves, and short skirt reaching the knees. Knickerbockers are worn under it, and stockings and shoes if the beach is pebbly.*"

Writes Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney on what she calls "the monstrosities" of high style: "Witness the rapid development of the insanity of the sleeve. Would you put a rose in a vase with a cabbage leaf on each side? Do you really wish to look like that?"

"Let them give the women the vote if they will," remarks antifeminist Lilian Bell flippantly. "I shall want at least three men to go with me to the polls—one to hold my purse, one to hold my gloves, and the third to show me how to cast my vote."

Fashion note: "Poke bonnets, tied under the chin with wide ribbon, are trimmed with velvet pansies, Valenciennes lace and osprey feathers."



"From the ages of ten to fifteen years, children should not bathe more than twice a week," writes Dr. Cyrus Edson, adding that a sponge bath should be taken every day. "One tub bath a week is sufficient for cleanliness."

**GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK**

# Journal About Town



FEININGER

*Happy days are here again as river boats ply the Hudson.*

AT any time of the year there is, of course, plenty to see, but right about now the view from the ***Goulds'*** windows in the Workshop, and from ***Mary Bass'*** and ***Wilhela Cushman's*** too, makes these offices particularly attractive. For the big white Hudson River boats have begun again for the summer, and twice every morning you can see them pull out from their piers, curve back into midstream and start grandly off, appearing and reappearing from behind the buildings between here and them. The biggest of them all—in fact, the biggest river boat in the world—is the Hendrick Hudson; and on a midsummer morning its palatial whiteness from here is striped with four dark bands, which are people packed on the four big decks, more excited, we'd say—for we've been one of them—than passengers bound in the other direction for Europe on the Queen Mary. And as on their way to West Point and Poughkeepsie they pass the Queen Mary at her pier, they can say that their boat, when full, carries almost twice as many people as any other ship in the world—except for war. But let's not bring that up this June.

When ***Al Parker*** went over to Philadelphia recently to speak before the Art Directors' Club, and it was time for his talk, he couldn't be found. But our art editor, ***Frank Eltonhead,*** who heard the sound of traps upstairs being expertly played, and knew Al's weakness, told the chairman where he'd find the missing artist—who's a wizard with the drums the way he's a wizard with the mother-and-daughter covers and illustrations that millions admire in the JOURNAL.

CARICATURE BY BILL BAILEY



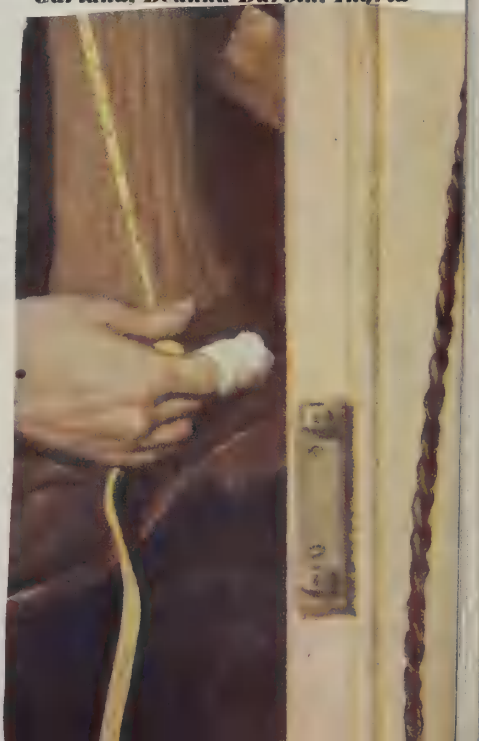
*The Parker trap technique.*

***Somebody here has figured out that if you'd bought the 38 books that have been published from Journal fiction in the past three years, they'd have cost you well over $100, as against $4 for three years of the magazine, with all that went with it. What the 14 Journal stories bought by the movies in the same period would cost to see is where our man stopped figuring.***

**For the company up in the Bronx which *Alice Blinn* has been telling us about, the old phrase, "carrying coals to Newcastle," probably seems a pretty worn-out cliché. Because they send sand to the desert of Sahara. Of course, it's a very special grade of sand, which they also sent to help win the war in the Pacific. But the reason Miss B. brought it up was on account of the company's president, *C. Exner Hannig,* who runs the firm like magic, and whose power should not be underestimated. . . . Seems that C. Exner Hannig is a woman.**

***Charles Jackson,*** who wrote The Lost Weekend, had his last drink ten years ago. . . . Of all professional men, ministers enjoy the longest lives, doctors the shortest. . . . "Everything happens in the evening, or else on Saturdays," ***Elizabeth Janeway*** complains about the stories women write. That's why she devotes so much space to workaday Washington in her novel, Daisy Kenyon. . . . Last year, 39 Philadelphians were bitten by other human beings in the City of Brotherly Love. . . . If a lot of ***Jon Whitcomb's*** drawings look like ***Susan Hayward,*** that's because she was once his favorite model. . . . Multimillionaire ***Charlie Chaplin*** won't allow his guests new tennis balls unless he's playing with them. . . . A scene had to be retaken in ***Bette Davis'*** Stolen Life because a foghorn sounded just like a famous soap commercial.

The other morning ***Maureen Daly*** received some statistics that showed how after every war there were always more boy babies born than girls, and in the same mail she got an item on the fact that so many Hollywood glamour mothers seem to go in exclusively for daughters. At least, ***Betty Grable, Maureen O'Hara, Maria Montez, Rita Hayworth, Veronica Lake, Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Ingrid***







*No other shampoo*
*leaves your hair so lustrous,*
*yet so easy to manage*

♥ Cupid finds it difficult to resist the girl with Drene-lovely hair!
When you Drene your hair, it gleams with all its natural lustre . . .
all its enchanting highlights revealed.

"The best way to catch a camera or a man's e
says glamorous Cover Girl Penny Edward
"is to look your loveliest with shining-smooth

Here, Penny, golden-haired Drene Girl, shows
these easy-to-fix hair styles you can try at ho
or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother
and easier to manage when you use today's imp
Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning acti
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustro
yet so easy to manage.



hen you wear these romantic
air," says Penny, "matches the
moments." Drene reveals far
soap shampoo: . . actually as
nce Drene is not a soap sham-
n on hair as all soaps do. See
becoming height to her face.

Hand Picked
Sugar Cured
Tender Smoke




*ten to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday*
*ABC (Blue) Network. See local papers for time and*



♥ LOVE-NEST SHOPPING finds you smoothly groomed...your shining-clean hair swept over to one side in this sleek style. "Do you know," asks Penny, "that Drene completely removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it?" Don't let ugly dandruff spoil the beauty of your hair. Follow Penny's advice and be a Drene Girl.



♥ HONEYMOON TENNIS is indee
love game when you braid your
in these beguiling pigtails. "It's so easy t
any hair-do," Penny reveals, "when you
Drene Girl." Note how Drene with
Conditioning action leaves Penny's
beautifully behaved right after shampoo
...how she ties her pigtails with colored b

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

# THE PURSUIT OF LOVE

**BY NANCY MITFORD**

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

*Long ago Linda's family had adjusted themselves to the fact that wherever Linda was—there trouble was also.*

THERE is a photograph in existence of Aunt Sadie and her six children sitting round the tea table at Alconleigh. The table is situated, as it was, is now, and ever shall be, in the hall, in front of a huge open fire of logs. Over the chimney piece hangs an entrenching tool with which, in 1915, Uncle Matthew whacked to death eight Germans one by one as they crawled out of a dugout—an object of fascination to us as children. In the photograph Aunt Sadie's face, always beautiful, appears strangely round, her hair strangely fluffy, and her clothes strangely dowdy, but it is unmistakably she who sits there with Robin, in oceans of lace, lolling on her knee. The other children, between Louisa's eleven and Matt's two years, sit round the table in party dresses or frilly bibs, holding cups or mugs according to age, all of them gazing at the camera with large eyes opened wide by the flash, and all looking as if butter would not melt in their round pursed-up mouths. I often think there is nothing quite so poignantly sad as old family groups.

When a child I spent Christmas holidays at Alconleigh, and, while some of them slipped by with nothing much to remember, others were distinguished by violent occurrences. There was the time, for example, when the servants' wing caught fire, the time when my pony lay on me in the brook and nearly drowned me (not very nearly; he was soon *(Continued on Page 74)*

★ ★ *Copyright, 1945, by Nancy Mitford. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Random House, Inc.* ★ ★



*It was more like measuring time than anything else. Each year we were older, and bigger and nearer to love.*

"Baby," he said, still laughing, "will you do this to every man who says you're pretty?"

*Lipstand with*

**Ever since she had been a baby, Margery had somehow known that although daddy loved her, he would have loved her more if things had been different.** ★ *By Florence Cummings*

LATE on a Saturday afternoon in spring of the year she was nine, Margery Dilling stood at the door of her room, trembling like a thief. She listened intently. In the bathroom the shower hissed and Felice sang of love denied in the smoky alto voice she was presently cultivating. Downstairs her mother talked from time to time, and her father answered only in monosyllables, which meant he was trying to read. The upstairs maid was off for the afternoon, and cook was busy with the dinner.

Quick and silent as a rabbit, Margery darted across the hall into Felice's room, and was back in an instant, breathless and perspiring, her fist clenched over the object of her desire. She closed her door all but a crack, so that she would be able to hear when her sister got out of the shower, and hurried to her dresser.

The sight of herself in the mirror made her feel suddenly that the whole idea was just silly. She surveyed herself with distaste. Her straight, dark hair, cut short to eliminate barrettes or bobby pins, jutted out like an upside-down pineapple. There was a smear of mud from under her snub nose down to her jaw, and her blouse and jumper looked bedraggled.

Five minutes before, she had tramped in from the street, slammed the front door so hard the lamps all shook, performed a spectacular handstand in the front hall, and then bounded up the stairs two at a time, whistling defiantly. But at the door of her sister's room she had stopped, transfixed, her eyes on the floor. She made herself walk on then, but the temptation had been too unexpected, too acute. She went back.

And now she faced her grimy image in the mirror, and saw that she looked exactly as usual, and that she was quite obviously not a person for hair bows.

She fingered the stolen piece of ribbon. It was a red candy-box ribbon, the kind used by expensive confectioners. Cupped in her hand, shining and soft, its brilliant color glowing, every curve and fold of it tempted and bewitched her. With an impulsive movement she raised it to her face and rubbed its silkiness against her cheek. Then she raised her head and listened again. The shower was still going.

With clumsy, inexperienced fingers, she gathered up a handful of her hair on one side, and began to tie on the ribbon. But the short strands were elusive, and none of them were left inside the knot by the time the bow was half made. She tried again. She struggled for a long time, but at last, with tongue poked tensely out between tight lips and brows arching and contracting spasmodically, she finished the bow, and when she took her hands away it perched on her head, though precariously. Only then did she release her breath and examine herself in the mirror.

It looked neither good nor bad. It just looked queer. It was too long for a bow, and the surplus ends hung down lamely. She pushed at it, trying to tuck in the ends, trying to make it look more natural. It came away and fell to the floor. She snatched it up and glared at it angrily, and then, with tears starting into her eyes, threw it down and was about to step on it, when she heard the bathroom door open. Blind instinct made her pick it up quickly and thrust it into her top drawer, and when Felice came by, swathed in her ostrich-trimmed robe, Margery was taking out a handkerchief.

"Hello, scarecrow," said Felice, pushing the door open. "What's new among the juvenile delinquents?"

"Who wants to know?" Margery closed the drawer and began to clean her nose with elaborate unconcern.

The older sister stood watching her, eyebrows raised superciliously. The personality of this tomboy kid simply didn't make sense to Felice, who, at twenty, was pretty and blond, and had been getting prettier and blonder for several years under her mother's devoted guidance. Felice understood the patterns of behavior that produce the good things of life for women, and she could see clearly that this younger sister was a frightful misfit. She felt vaguely sorry for the queer little duck, but then it was not an easy life, even for a carefully preserved blond virgin of twenty. For the available men who had both money and some vestige of youth, the competition was simply harrowing. And it didn't make things easier, when men were calling, to know that at any moment a dirty scarecrow of a kid might come zooming in, destroying in one stroke the laboriously constructed charm of her home background. In fact, Marge had done exactly that with one very promising contact, and, although it turned out he was on his way to South America anyway, Felice had never quite forgiven Marge for the incident.

She watched the child now with her usual mixture of irritation and contempt. When Margery had finished with her nose, she folded her arms and eyed Felice defiantly. After a moment Felice shrugged and turned back to her room. Immediately Margery closed her own door.

Now what! She had planned to drop the ribbon back on the floor near the basket the moment the water was turned off in the shower. Now it was too late. She could only hope Felice wouldn't notice it was missing. In her mind's eye she could see her sister's lips part in astonishment. "Why, little scarecrow!" her sister would exclaim. "Why, who would guess the little scarecrow was so vain? A hair ribbon, no less! Well, who knows? Maybe it will change her into a raving beauty!" And then Felice's laughter would bubble out to taunt her. Margery felt she would rather die and be buried than let Felice know she had the slightest interest in her own appearance.

She took the ribbon from the drawer, went to her closet and poked it way back on a shelf behind a box of marbles. If Felice accused her, she would not deny it. She would say she wanted to make a beanbag out of it. Then she thought of Felice eying her knowingly. "A beanbag, eh? Out of such thin stuff?"

She took the ribbon out again, opened the neck of her blouse and dropped it down inside. She would ride a few *(Continued on Page 140)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON





# NOT BEAUTIFUL

Walter was haunted by two photographs. One was the snapshot he carried tucked in his billfold—the other was of another man's wife.

BY MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

HE walked home in the dusk, and his footsteps lagged as he drew nearer to his own small house. No, it was true, he did not have the nerve to ask it of her! Now, especially, when she was going to have a baby and she was so happy about it. She would be wanting things. She had waited so long, and now he could not ask her to deny herself the little luxuries and pretty things she'd want. She had been such a good girl, he thought, smiling a little. It wasn't much of a compliment, he supposed, to say that about a grown woman, but the phrase suited her. She had been willing to postpone the baby, when he thought it best. And now she wasn't young like most of these girls wagging their small fry about. She needed every comfort!

Five years! Five years gone. Not that he regretted it. His years were no more important than any other man's. But he was at an age now where he should take advantage of a chance like this. He had long dreamed of owning all or part of a good drugstore. It had been such a long, difficult time for him to get his schooling as a pharmacist. Then, after his discharge from the Navy, he had to go back to school again to take a refresher course in pharmacy. There were so many new drugs, new methods. He had learned a lot in the Navy, but he had received much benefit from the additional training.

Now he was back here at home, in the Hayes and Linton Drugstore, and Ilene was to have her baby soon. The hours of his work were long, but he liked merchandising, he enjoyed the methodical drug department with its clean jars and bottles. Ike Linton paid him well enough. He and Ilene could go on now indefinitely. But Mr. Hayes, the older partner, had died not long ago, and today Mrs. Hayes and Mr. Linton had called him into the office and offered him Hayes' share in the store. His heart throbbed painfully when he stood talking to them. He didn't have enough money.

"You can borrow under the G. I. Bill of Rights," said Mr. Linton, "under which you went back to school. Your pay will continue and each year you'll have your share of the profits to put back. Better think about it, Walter. Talk to Ilene."

He went out in the afternoon and went to the bank. Yes, Mr. Nelson said, he could borrow the money. He was entitled to it in every way. Of course he would have to pay it back, but prudent management should make that possible.

But that was what he didn't want to do—manage prudently. Not now. He didn't want to ask any more of Ilene. She had been through too much. She had kept the house going and made the payments to the building-and-loan. She had rented a room to two schoolteachers, and kept her own job as well. She had gone through all that bad business of her mother's illness and death with no one to hold her hand, to keep up her courage. And now he would certainly have his nerve to ask her—just when they were getting going again—he would have his nerve to ask her to give up a good part of their income, so he could buy into the store.

It was an old dream. It was his chance. But he couldn't, that was all.

He stood a moment before the house and looked toward the west where the sky was crimson with the promise of another fine day. He knew, now, that he was not in love with her, as some men loved their wives. But he was fond of her, and he did appreciate all that she had done. He valued her, he thought a little bleakly. And if he did not quite love her as she loved him, if he did not feel the quickening pulse, the leap of the heart he knew now that others felt, it was not her fault. It increased his obligation to her. It was not that he loved anyone else, or that he ever had. He had just somehow missed the great romantic adventure that men instinctively sought all their lives—that many found. She was a good girl. He wanted her to be happy.

He came into the house. It was a modest little house, but it had a beauty of its own. It was immaculately clean. The floors shone with wax, the furniture was polished, the slip covers fresh and stiff with starch, the curtains white as snow. Every windowpane gleamed, and every doorknob was clean and polished. The house showed the care and love that Ilene gave it. In the living room the lamp was lighted beside his chair, and the evening paper waited for him. In the small dining room a white cloth was laid on the table and pretty dishes sparkled there. There was the smell of good food.

"Walter?" Ilene asked quickly, eagerly. He hung up his coat and went out into the kitchen at once, and kissed her. She was smiling at him, with a certain shyness that still came to her at times. "I didn't know whether to go ahead with the dinner, or wait a little longer," she said.

"It was so pleasant out-of-doors I dallied," he told her. "My, what's that? Corned-beef hash? It smells wonderful!"

"And hot biscuits," she said, opening the oven.

He helped her carry things in to the table and he filled the water glasses. She moved quickly and lightly, her slender strong feet carrying her somewhat distorted body without effort. She stood straight and looked quite well, considering that her baby was due in a matter of weeks. She was not very large. She was, usually, on the thin side, but she was always so neat and smooth and clean, with her shining glasses and her brushed and shining hair, that one didn't really think about whether she was thin or fat.

They ate their dinner and enjoyed it. Walter felt a certain relief that he had decided not to tell her about the store. Let her be happy now, let her be a little extravagant, if she liked. But somehow he found that he was telling her. Whom had he seen today? Well, this one and that—and finally, Mrs. Hayes. She said she had heard that Mrs. Hayes was going to sell her partnership in the store. Had he heard about that? Mrs. Wilson told Ilene in the grocery that morning. Would it make any difference to them? He was a little astonished at her questioning. As though she already knew! Well, perhaps she did.

He dried the dishes for her and slowly, reluctantly, he told her about the offer they had made to him that day to buy into the store. "Ike insists that I think about it," he said, "but I have already made up my mind not to try to do it. It's too much money to borrow, right now, with the baby coming and all."

Ilene hung her dishpan away and washed her hands. She was smiling with a bright look, like the reflection of a strong light. She said, "You'll think I'm crazy, but I forgot to tell you."

"Forgot to tell me what?" he said.

"I'll show you," she said. "I've been so excited since you got home, and since the baby is coming and all. I've thought of it dozens of times, when you weren't here—and then forgot it again."

"What are you talking about Ilene?" he asked. He had hoped, he supposed, that she would urge him to go ahead and borrow the money. But evidently she had already forgotten about that. He followed her into the dining room and she went to her small desk and opened a drawer and took out and gave him a bankbook with a rubber band around it.

"You don't need to borrow the money," she said. "We've got it—or nearly enough. I saved all the time you were gone. Every cent you allotted to me and what you sent home besides, and some of my earnings. I worked, you know, and rented the guest room, and it didn't take much to keep me going. Mother had enough to pay the expenses of her illness and death. You may have to borrow a little, but not much."

She spoke modestly, almost bashfully. He took the little green stiff-backed book and opened it slowly and turned the pages and looked at the total on the last page, the entry made about the time he came home and she quit her job. He was deeply shaken. It wasn't the money! He could have managed the money himself, but it was as though the scales fell from his eyes as he looked at her. She had forgotten

*(Continued on Page 198)*

*No wonder Preston wanted to show off a picture of such a wife. Walter thought enviously. Any man would jump at the chance.*

# KING GUS

THERE was the park, and there was his street and the cab was turning into it. He was coming home, but he wanted to put it off for a little while. He stopped the cab and paid off the driver and walked over to a bench in the park and sat down. The truth was, he didn't want to be home at all.

He looked at the labels on the bag. Paris and London and Vienna. Prague. Milan. Moscow. Silly habit, pasting stickers on luggage. Buenos Aires. He took a long breath. Counting the stickers of tired hotels in tired cities, while Joss waited for him, up in that incredibly beautiful, incredibly neat flat—he was being pretty stupid.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis de la Mater Forrest. Apartment by Keene and Frost, interior decorators to the very rich, the very correct people who lived their life in pretty patterns. New York and Southampton and Florida and the coast of Southern Europe. Now it would all start over again. Joss Forrest, the beautiful Joss. Not a hair out of place, not an expression on her face, not a wrinkle on her soul.

France Forrest cocked an eye at the sky where a Baker two-nine was sailing majestically, and heaved his six-foot length up on its feet and strode across the grass. He was home, and he felt as if he were going to prison. True, the prison was pale satin and Lalique and deep carpeting and cool color, but there wasn't a place where a man could lean back and put up his feet and let his spine unlax.

Queer how a man's mind worked: all he'd thought about for six months was Joss, with her black hair knotted at the nape of her white neck by day or wreathed around her head in one huge braid by night—or the length of it streaming down the white satin of her gown at midnight. She was such a lovely creature, slim and tall—almost as tall as he was, almost even with him in high heels, measured mouth to mouth. That was what he'd thought about—him and Joss.

And it hit him with a queer hard shock that Joss was Jocelyn Forrest—Mrs. Francis Forrest, with the perfect apartment, the perfect life, the perfect way of living. He went into the lobby and sat down on the little hard bench by the elevator, panting a little with the weight of the Gladstone and the change in altitude, and thought about how much he didn't want to go upstairs.

He didn't want to go upstairs—that was for sure. And he was going to be in town for four weeks for the airways planning, and that was for sure too. And he remembered with a sick ache that upstairs was perfection, the perfection that always surrounded Joss.

He got up, finally, and pushed the automatic button and got himself inside the elevator and it went up like always, slow floor by floor, and finally it was the penthouse and that was where they lived.

He took the key out of his pocket—the key that had been his talisman—and he opened the door and stepped into the small lovely foyer with its dark green walls and white baroque plaster and yellow calla lilies. It was just the same, and involuntarily he closed his eyes. Just the same. He grinned wryly. The trouble with him was that he wanted a corned-beef-and-cabbage wife and he got a gal hung with yellow calla lilies.

He went on into the living room, with its remembered pale tufted satin furniture and the sweet twilight blue on the panes. Every chair stood in its correct place, rather like good little girls at catechism class. France went on into their room, with its wide bed and huge mirrors. He let the bag drop with a thud—nothing in it he wanted. He wanted the feel of a hot stinging shower and his electric shaver and clean linen and the heavy, comfortable touch of old tweeds. His dressing room was just as it had always been, the wide lavatory bordered with ancient black glass bottles of lotion and pine oil and a flacon of fern-scented cologne. He knew without looking that every one had been replenished.

With the needles of hot water biting into his flesh, he wondered where Joss was. It was teatime. Where were the people who customarily infested the Forrest abode? Where was Elinor, the slim, rather tragic wench with the poisonous tongue and the entourage of fatuous uniforms? Where was Ben, who spoke of politics as some housewives speak of recipes, lovingly, and often? Where was Jeremy, the medium-sized heel who knew which side he was buttered on? *Where was Joss?* He dragged a huge towel from its heated rod and wrapped it around his lean waist, wincing a little.

Where was Joss? Where was the lady who loved her home? Where was the gal who ran her hand lovingly over the gloss of a table, the hang of a drape, the *pouf* at the foot of her bed?

He shook himself irritatedly and pulled his sarong tighter. He was hungry. That was it. Where were those worry warts, the servants? He'd go out to the kitchen himself.

The kitchen was like a great many kitchens in New York, an afterthought on the part of the architect. It was a darksome hole, and France went out there muttering. The results were ambiguous: either nobody was living here or the provender was poor. No cold roast chicken, no web bag full of chilled lettuce, no racks of ginger ale and mixers. France turned on the ceiling light and looked again.

It must have been a signal. Immediately a something thrust its head through the window, gave him a dirty look and propelled itself through. It was—at first glance—a cat. And what a cat! It was a sort of gray-and-white beast, with its markings in dissonance, completely unassorted, and it had a cobbled ear. Somebody or some cat had made a cauliflower out of what nature had intended for an ear—distended, swollen, mismarked.

France stared at the apparition, fascinated. He said, "Look, chum, you look like I feel. Come on in, fellow."

Here was a bloke fresh from the wars. France looked away. Maybe he'd resent—well, hey now, this was a cat, and he didn't read the papers. But, boy, he must have been a romper in his day! Gad, look at that ear! France put out his hand in an awkward tribute. The cat, lashing his tail, gave him a salute of a raking claw, and France drew back. A fighter, huh?

*(Continued on Page 120)*

*Once in a girl's life the woman is there for the asking. It happened to Joss just as Gus stepped into her kitchen.* ★ *By Nancy Shores*



ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

*It was the moment France had been dreaming of—only the girl was different.*

# New Ideas on Old Problems

MUST AMERICA BE CRIPPLED BY STRIKES? "NO," SAYS MINNESOTA'S FORMER GOVERNOR, WHO, WITH JOURNAL EDITORS, CHARTS A CURE FOR OUR INDUSTRIAL DISSENSION. ★ BY J. C. FURNAS



STUART

*Peace at home is a basic condition for leadership in world security, declares former Governor Harold Stassen to Bruce and Beatrice Blackmar Gould.*

"BUT isn't it possible," Mrs. Gould wanted to know, "for management and labor to get together without the dissensions we've been having for the past six months?" As an opening question in the breakfast interview between the youngish editors of the JOURNAL and the youngest potential candidate for the 1948 G.O.P. presidential nomination, this poser by Mrs. Gould seemed to go to the heart of perhaps the most troublesome problem plaguing our domestic scene today. The time was nine o'clock of a rainy morning. The place, a suite in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City.

That same question asked by Mrs. Gould is being asked all over the nation by all kinds of people, in busses, sitting rooms, bars and bull sessions. Strikes—the open, destructive phase of economic warfare—have been rampant.

A sharp ear in this room could pick up the rumble of the subway which, a few weeks ago, had barely been rescued from strangulation by strike. A tugboat strike had also threatened the hotel's heat and power. The bacon on Mrs. Gould's plate—Beatrice Blackmar Gould likes it crisp—came from a great packing plant strikebound not long since. For weeks the mills that made the very steel of which the hotel was built had been struck.

Bruce Gould lit a post-toast-and-jam cigarette, dropped the match into his saucer and studied his host through the smoke, unaware that the hovering waiter had slid an ash tray under his elbow. No former reporter—both he and his wife had been newspaper reporters in their courting and young-married days—can hear such a question put to a public figure without press-conference sensations as he watches for the blink of the public figure's eyes bracing himself to be circumspect—to be assertively noncommittal in the best politician style.

This public figure, for all his likelihood of being a first-flight aspirant for the next Republican presidential nomination, didn't blink worth a cent.

"Certainly it is possible," said Harold E. Stassen easily. "The major cause of this wave of strikes was lack of clear postwar policy on prices and wages. A number of leading economists saw that was necessary. Yet the President's Labor-Management Conference last year didn't even have wages and prices on its program." Stassen's long, clean-white hands came up in an expository gesture, with just a hint of wonder that so grave an omission could actually have been made.

"The conference made no effort whatever to touch this key question. By now a level of wage increases seems to be developing, but the whole thing has been improvised. It should have been worked out intelligently in advance, without a huge cost in major stoppages and dislocations."

A good close-to-baritone voice reinforced steady talk. Being mostly masked by the hotel's top-grade tablecloth, the Stassen scale of body was not apparent just then. But Bruce Gould, six feet one and a half himself, had found himself overtopped by Stassen's six feet three when shaking hands with his host half an hour before. The firmness of the handshake combined with the size of the shaker to add up to the solid validity of a farm-bred youngster who had kept his stamina in law school and after.

"Should working out such policies be Government's job?" Mrs. Gould continued her questions, refreshed apparently by the way this three-times-elected Governor of Minnesota had walked cheerfully up to political dynamite in exactly the same easy manner he had previously discussed whether the Goulds might prefer griddlecakes to bacon and eggs. They took eggs. "Or labor's? Or management's?"

"Government must take part," said Harold Stassen forcefully. "But you also need leadership from both management and labor on a bipartisan basis. That is practical, even in very involved matters. Look at the way the American attitude toward international co-operation was worked out a while back. In the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill Senate resolution two Republicans and two Democrats teamed up to recommend foreign-policy commitments"—both the Goulds recalled that Senator Joseph H. Ball originally got into the Senate as a Stassen appointee—"then the State Department carried things farther in a bipartisan conference; and then the San Francisco Conference delegates were appointed on a bipartisan basis, three Republicans and five Democrats. **I wish that useful parallel had been followed—all the way—in preparation for this wage-and-price crisis."**

THE ex-governor—or captain, though this man was obviously not the type to carry into civilian life the four-stripe rank he reached in the Navy during the war—was one of those Republican delegates himself. It would have been worth while to see him out in San Francisco internationalizing with reportedly great success. This redheaded, articulate young American who knew where he was going, and thought the United States should, must have contrasted dramatically with his stocky Russian, swarthy Latin-American and drawly English colleagues in committee rooms.

Bruce Gould, thinking out loud, said, "The ultimate objective, I gather, would be to take labor-management troubles out of politics?"

Mr. Stassen made it swiftly clear that, in his opinion, the ultimate objective was to prevent destructive partisan fights—political or any other kind—over such issues.

**"To make a reasonable wage-and-price policy effective," he said, "you need more than maybe fifty-two per cent of the people supporting it. You need ninety per cent. And that you cannot get when bitter feelings linger after a prolonged struggle, as they usually do."**

"Now would that mean 'fact-finding boards'?" asked Beatrice Gould. "Or a permanent Government body with more scope than merely handling a given dispute in a given industry?"

"Whatever you call the thing," said Mr. Stassen, speaking up quickly, "the main point should be reasonableness. As things stand, there is a growing impression that wages should be increased universally by fifteen to twenty per cent. That is too rigid.

"Reasonable policy would rather adjust increases to the conditions of the given industry, not to an arbitrary percentage. Without some such approach, you get labor asking a fixed per cent here, there and everywhere, and management reluctant to negotiate. Both sides get set in extreme positions and stay there too long. It is this habit of taking extreme positions that has stalled production and delayed reconversion all this time."

Beatrice Gould mentioned the curious fact that, while the country was strike-ridden, the industrially important state of Minnesota had only 230 workers all told out on strike. She recalled briefly Stassen's role in Minnesota's labor history—how, taking over a state with a bad history of strikes and labor violence, he had fathered the Minnesota "count-ten" law to which went much of the credit for the state's relative freedom from strikes in 1946. Very trim in her tailored suit, smiling a little as if slightly in apology for a personal note, she asked:

"I've heard a great deal about your own experience in preventing labor troubles. Isn't this idea of a 'cooling-off period' now included in some bills before Congress somehow derived from Minnesota legislation?"

"Well," said the ex-governor, "there is nothing now before Congress exactly like the Minnesota law. But the cooling-off idea has been important in Minnesota and does seem to be getting national attention. It is simple: union leaders are required to wait ten days between filing intention to strike and the actual strike call. If the governor feels the strike especially involves public interest, he can require a thirty-day wait. The purpose is not so much actual cooling off, however, as it is to give the state conciliator time and the right atmosphere for getting the best bargaining offers from both sides out into the light *before the men walk out.*" He punched out those last words like a stamp press.

"If you wait to get the best offers until after picket lines are formed, the atmosphere is already bad and getting worse and settlement is much more difficult. But, if you give the workers themselves a chance at a democratic decision on the best offer resulting *(Continued on Page 172)*



**STATESMAN ON TRIAL**

*Stassen cleared political hurdles early, took governor's oath of office at 31.*



**SPOKESMAN FOR VICTORY**

*At Pearl Harbor Commander Stassen briefs correspondents on hopes for peace.*



**ONE-WORLD CITIZEN**

*International amity marks Stassen's chat with Russia's Molotoff at San Francisco.*



**LABOR-PEACE ARCHITECT**

*For Stassen, labor is not a commodity, but people to be met on a human basis.*



# The Major Minds the Minor

MAJOR LEWIS FIVES surveyed the bleak desolation of his room and reminded himself for the one thousand and eighty-ninth time (a) that it was nothing short of a miracle to have found a room for single occupancy in the ever-present Washington housing shortage; (b) that it was a palatial abode compared with that last foxhole in New Guinea; and (c) that he would infinitely prefer the foxhole. The reminder brought him no comfort.

Shifting his big frame in a cautious curve about the spring which was poking its way through the electric-blue plush upholstery of his armchair, he gave himself up to sardonic amusement.

*Was it for this I crawled around trenches and provided target practice for the Japs?* he wondered. *Why couldn't I keep my mouth shut about that construction program? I could have been home by now. But no! I have to be a little Rollo with the suggestions and get myself classed as indispensable.*

Despondently his eye roved about the room, noting the scrofulous condition of paint and paper, the upholstered horrors and rickety bureau, the faded couch cover on the hard sofa bed. Light was thrown on the scene by a central fixture furnished recklessly with a forty-watt bulb. Two cheap lamps with dirty paper shades stood on bed table and bureau, but as there were no wall outlets in the room, these served no useful purpose that Lewis could see.

*A perfect example of Early Rooming-House Renaissance,* he told himself conversationally. *A little home from home.* Somewhere a radio blared loudly. *A haven of rest and sweet peace,* he chanted. *A little nook in which the troubled spirit may convalesce and feast on beauty,* noting the revolting china swan out of whose back grew a snake plant.

He slid dispiritedly down into his chair and uttered a bad word as the spring poked him sharply. His pipe had gone out.

*What does one do in a cheerless Gehenna like this? Solitaire? Tell my own fortune every evening? Take up yoga and spend the evenings contemplating my toes? Shades of Cerberus and Pluto, let me out of here!*

Hurriedly he sprang to his feet, grabbed cap and coat and was out of the room in a flash. The odor of cabbage and onions assailed his nostrils as he ran down the creaking stairs and out into the comparative freshness of the air.

*Phew!* he said as he walked aimlessly along. *What a place to spend the holiday season.*

He had no plan, no specific place to go. He knew only two people in Washington—his superior officer and a married fraternity brother. He liked the fraternity brother, but not to the point of going to call every evening. Besides, it wasn't really companionship he craved, but someplace neat and clean and restful, with a good reading light and perhaps a radio. He was suddenly overwhelmingly homesick as he tramped along. Looking at the lighted windows of the little houses lining the street, the wreaths left from Christmas hanging on the doors and the little strings of gay-colored lights on the clumps of shrubs and little pines, he thought of his home—the studio house he had built for himself out West. He had had so little time in which to enjoy it before the war came. He had enlisted at once, for surely architects could be of some use, and a healthy man of thirty with no dependents had a duty to his country. The Army had agreed heartily, taken him immediately to its bosom and in due course he had gone overseas.

Coming home with more than sufficient points for his discharge, Major Fives had been dismayed to find himself classed as indispensable.

"It's a dirty trick, Fives," Colonel Davis had said, almost pleadingly, "but you've got the knowledge to do this job. I don't think it will take long—a few months in Washington—and it's not as though you had a wife and family waiting for you."

"True," Lewis remarked sadly, "but is that any reason for tying me down so I can't remedy the error?"

Colonel Davis looked at him in astonishment, "Er—I always thought you were just as well pleased," he said tentatively. "Weren't you the chap who said war marriages were a mistake—change was inevitable, and who could promise to like the same girl when he hadn't seen her in four years, and so forth?"

"So I did," Lewis agreed glumly, "and I was right. Change *is* inevitable—look at me! Four years ago I was glad to be single, but when I see Burnett and Claflin and the others coming home to something settled, I'm not so sure. It strikes me that at the rate I'm going, I won't be able to get the right girl and raise a family before I'm seventy. It's very disheartening."

COLONEL DAVIS looked at his junior officer and cleared his throat. Behind the ovine amiability of his face an idea struggled for birth. "Well," he said with heavy brightness, "how about coming over this evening? We have Mrs. Davis' younger sister staying with us. Make a little holiday party, eh?"

*Oh, no, you don't,* thought Lewis with an inward shudder at the memory of Mrs. Davis' younger sister. *I'm not that anxious to get married, thanks,* and hastily excused himself with what grace he could.

The job was absorbing, but the problem of what to do with his leisure time was becoming alarming. There were still some USO lounges and canteens, but they seemed designed more for the younger men. There were only two other officers in his department, both fond of jitterbugging and young enough to call him "sir" as a matter of course. Officers' clubs were full of married couples absorbed in their homes and children. Worse still, every married couple seemed to know at least one nubile woman whom Major Fives simply *must* meet; and for all his words to Colonel Davis, Lewis had no intention of being rushed.

What had he done with his free time before the war? he wondered. Well, of course, he had been home then, among relatives and old friends—and he had had his own house in which to read and *(Continued on Page 131)*

**When Major Fives answered the harmless-looking ad on the drugstore bulletin board he had no way of knowing it was to be his most important assignment.** ★ By Elsie Lee





*Sometimes he had a guilty feeling about taking money for this job.*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

# If You Ask Me

## By Eleanor Roosevelt

***We have had many discussions as to which ring should be placed on the finger first—the wedding ring or engagement ring. Will you please settle this for us?***

I had no idea what the correct answer to this question was. I have always worn my wedding ring with my engagement ring as a guard for the wedding ring, but I have done a little research and find that the engagement ring is a variation of the "keeper ring," a diamond hoop of our own Colonial period and somewhat similar to today's wedding ring. It was given for betrothal and also mentioned as the "hoop ring," and was worn next to the wide wedding band, so that the latter could not be lost. It was later known as the "guard ring." Women considered it bad luck to lose their wedding rings, once placed on the finger by the clergyman or magistrate. The ring was never taken off during life.

I have followed the custom without knowing it. I have never taken my wedding ring off and I have always worn my engagement ring as a guard ring, though it happens to have a diamond in it, and I really should wear a guard ring to keep it from dropping off!

***Is it necessary for a woman to risk her life for a pair of hose, already in a bag and waiting for her, after spending two hours in a line? I am sure the majority of women would be glad to have them rationed to insure equal distribution, not only of the precious nylons but also the baggy rayons. How scarce do they have to get before someone with authority will take over?***

I thought that the public had made it clear that it does not want any more regulation than is absolutely necessary. I heard a good deal of complaint about the possibility of rationing any clothes. It might be possible, if you have a charge account, to put in your order for what you want and ask the shop to fill it when they are able to do so.

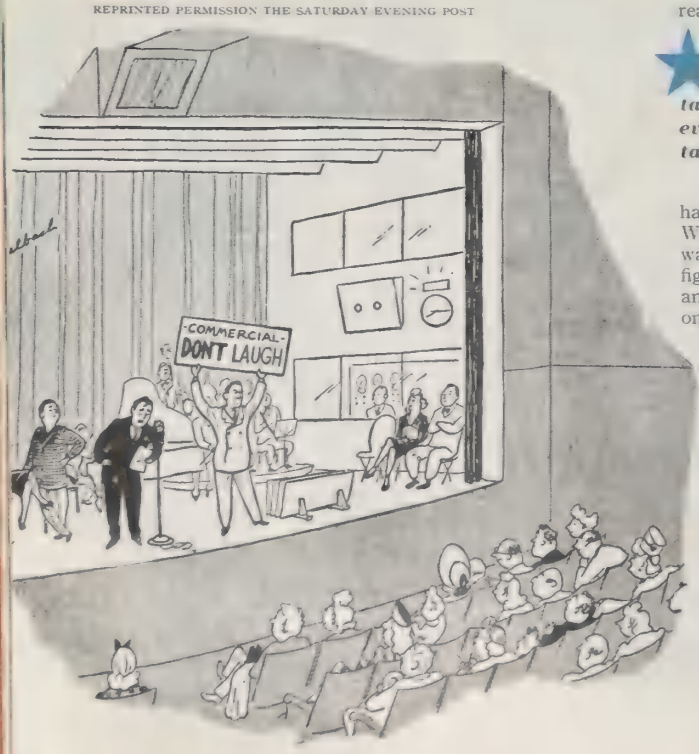
***Do you think that women will always be subservient to men?***

I do not think that women have to be subservient to anybody. It depends entirely on their own characters.

***Every time I listen to those silly jingles on the radio or to some man shouting at me to buy this product or that, my blood boils. I realize that, if a company has a new product, it should tell the public about it, but what can be done about the nauseating advertising on the radio?***

I do not know what you can do about it except to write in and tell the sponsors that you object to their commercials. Perhaps they can make them more interesting from your point of view.

REPRINTED PERMISSION THE SATURDAY EVENING POST




***Would you be willing to act as an official U. S. representative to Moscow on a mission to foster better understanding between Russia and our country?***

I hardly think that I would be suited to such a mission. I do not speak Russian and I have no background for any political mission. There are innumerable people who could be far more useful officially than it would be possible for me to be.

I hope someday to go to Russia as a writer and to have the opportunity to see some of their achievements and some of their hardships, which must exist in a country developing as rapidly as Russia has developed in the past few years. At the same time I would hope that I might be able to help the Russian people to understand our own way of life and our own point of view better than they have in the past. If we are going to live and develop peacefully side by side, we shall have differences, but we must understand each other.

***Someone told me that you said recently in your column that the American people do not know how to govern themselves and need to be told. What exactly did you say?***

I have absolutely no idea what I could have said in my column which gave such a peculiar impression. The only thing that I have said at various times is that, when the American people become apathetic and do not keep the control of their government in their own hands, it is bound to slip into the hands of those who make politics a profession. Therefore, because of their indifference, the American people may sometimes find themselves slaves to representatives who do not really represent them.

***In recent months I have heard people talking about the "next war" as if it were inevitable. What is your opinion of people who talk like that?***

I think they are very foolish people who really have no conception of what the next war would bring. We have been exceptionally fortunate in not having war on our own doorsteps. Our men have gone out to fight in faraway places and we have known anxiety and loss, but we have not known what bombs dropped on our own soil would mean, and perhaps that is why certain people feel free to talk about the next war. Even without the atomic bomb, destruction with our modern means of warfare is far too great to contemplate another war with equanimity. War can no longer be considered civilized.

***I should like to send packages of food and clothing to friends in England, but prefer not to send anything on which duty must be paid. To whom should I write for information? Is used clothing duty-free?***

You can write to the Red Cross for information, or go to your post office and find out. Used clothing is duty-free, and nearly all foodstuffs that can be shipped are duty-free.

***I am a girl of 13½. An only child, I get lonely. I want a dog. My mother won't give her consent. She doesn't like dogs. Can you tell me what to do?***

I am afraid I cannot give you a formula for persuasion. Judging from my own experience as a mother, however, I am sure that if you try to please your mother in every way and prove to her that you are reliable and responsible, your mother will someday feel that she can trust you to look after a dog and not to allow it to become a burden on her.

***What, as you see it, is woman's function in society after middle age, when the years of childbearing are over?***

If a woman is blessed with good health, she is freer after middle age to do things outside her home as her children grow up. If she has a home, however, and a husband to look after, and has been fortunate in having a number of children, she will find her freedom from family cares is purely a myth. They are different, but they are still fairly time-consuming.

Nevertheless, the most rewarding activity for any woman, young or old, is to meet the needs of those who are nearest and dearest to her. She will not meet these adequately, however, if she has no interests and occupations of her own, since it is important that young families should never have the feeling that the older members of the family are languishing for their constant companionship. This makes the time they spend together less enjoyable and makes a duty out of something which should be a pleasure.

***Don't you feel that the American people were misled in accepting the Four Freedoms as ideals to fight for, and don't you think our boys who died for them died in vain?***

No. I do not think the American people were misled any more than they were misled by our forefathers who wrote the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. We haven't yet achieved everything that was set down in the Constitution as our ultimate objective, but it did not hurt us any to have it set down, and it gives us something to strive for, and many people have died for these aims. Every time that we get a step nearer to the great conception that our forefathers had, we justify the faith of those who died, and this is true of a belief in the Four Freedoms and in the hope of their ultimate realization.

***What do you think is the greatest single cause of misunderstanding between the nations of the world, both great and small?***

Fear.

***How can the New York Social Register exist when there is no class distinction in the U.S.A.?***

Being listed in the New York Social Register does not mean anything in the way of class distinction really. Many of the most distinguished people whom I know never were in the Social Register and never wanted to be. The Social Register grew up many years ago in New York City and in other cities, when there were just a few families who knew each other rather well and who constituted the social life of rather small towns. The make-up of the Social Register is probably done according to some pattern, and, though I know some people who attach great importance to being included because they think it has some social meaning, I do not think most people really know whether their friends are in it or not. I find it easier to handle than the telephone book when I want an address or telephone number, but it does not yield the addresses and telephone numbers I want on many occasions!

***Would you please give me your opinion of the frightful waste reported as going on in our Government services? Food, clothing and equipment that are being dumped from our boats, according to returning G. I.'s?***

I cannot imagine that waste of the kind you suggest has been going on. Things that are no longer usable or that have gone bad might be dumped from our ships, but certainly nothing which is of value and can be used would be dumped at the present time when the need is so great.

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*Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

# SUDDEN DEATH in the Home

AS he took out his key, he noticed that Olive had taken down the big Christmas wreath that hung outside the door all during the holidays. The nail was still there, waiting for next Christmas. The baby's nap came this time of afternoon, so the house was quiet. Very quiet. Olive usually appeared, as soon as she heard the click of the door latch, to say a very affectionate hello. He called softly and got no answer, then, sensing trouble, ran upstairs. The baby woke up and began to wail, but seemed all right otherwise. With that fretful protest in his ears, he ran back downstairs, checked dining room and kitchen and then, seeing the cellar door open, clattered down cellar.

The place looked as if it had been vandalized by a Christmas-hating maniac. The floor was littered with burst-open cardboard boxes and artificial window wreaths and tinseled stars and gaudy glass balls and the somewhat battered little Santa Clauses that Olive had carefully cherished all during the war when it had been impossible to buy more Christmas ornaments of the gay old school. Many of the paper-thin bubbles of giddy color had shattered on the concrete floor. And there among their fragile bits lay Olive, dead of a fractured skull and a broken neck. Blood had seeped out of her nose and ears and dried stickily. Upstairs the baby went on wailing.

The story was easy to piece together. Early that afternoon she had taken down all the Christmas doings, repacked them in their boxes, stacked them and started for their usual storage spot in the cellar. She had to rest her chin on the stack to steady it, and to grope for the knob of the cellar door. Since she could not see where she was going, that was dangerous enough. But she had also left—and forgotten—an empty pail on the top step to be taken down next trip. Her first step was her last. It must have been a split second of choking horror as she dived through empty space and then smashed into unconsciousness as her head struck the concrete blocks of the far wall. As ways of dying go, this was quick and relatively painless. But she had a husband she was in love with and a flourishing baby and would very much have preferred to live.

That was one of over 30,000 deaths from home accidents that year. This year promises to go well above 35,000.

To leave a pail on the top step of a darkish cellar stair is a very foolish thing to do, as most sane people know when they stop to think. Yet an astounding proportion of those expected 35,000 deaths—and of the yearly millions of more or less severe home accidents—come from just such bits of foolishness, easily preventable by just a little more information, imagination and common sense—mostly the last.

Priming fires with kerosene—or, as one lady, who died from it, did a while back, with paint thinner—is just asking for a visit from the Foolkiller. So are leaving ice on walks and steps in winter; oven canning, which can mean a blasting explosion of boiling liquid and shattered glass when the door is opened; smoking in bed alone; and turning lights off and on when in the bathtub. But well this side of such suicidal disregard lie plenty of shattered bodies and broken homes and excruciating pain.

"Don't stand on chairs to reach things—use an approved set of household steps" is something practically everybody knows. Yet:

A neighbor woman glimpsed faint smoke drifting out of Mrs. Arleen Callahan's kitchen window and went right over to see what went on. As she opened the outside door, she smelled meat burning and concluded that Arleen—which, naturally, is not her real name—had forgotten a roast in the oven and now it was burned—a shame with meat so short and all. In another breath she was kneeling over Arleen's prostrate body and realizing sickly that the smoke came from Arleen's new green house dress, and the odor —— As she lifted away the electric iron that was still searing its way into the girl's side, skin and flesh came away with it, leaving a grimly charred and oozy area over the ribs.

Arleen had wanted a fresh cake of beeswax for her ironing and got on a chair to reach it down from the top shelf. The chair, an elderly affair relegated to the kitchen, broke down as she reached. In falling, she knocked herself out and upset the ironing board; and the iron, still turned on, fell on her and bit in with all the savagery of its incessantly teeming heat.

True, she should have had a better engineered ironing board that would not have been knocked over so easily, and a wall bracket to hang the iron on safely. But the crux of it was the chair. Now she knows about chairs. For all her pretty figure and white skin, she cannot wear a modern bared-middle bathing suit. Only a very expensive plastic operation, which she cannot conceivably afford, would take away the red, ropy, shriveled scar that remains on her right side just above the waistline. And she was lucky at that. Her dress might eventually have burst into flame, instead of merely smoldering, and burned her to death before she regained consciousness.

The neighbor lady described that afternoon as her entry in an American Women's Volunteer Services contest about home accidents and won a $100 War Bond with it. She would all too cheerfully surrender the bond for the privilege of forgetting what it was like when she lifted the iron away.

NOT long before, a spiritual sister of Arleen's in another town had wanted a good look at the hang of a new skirt hem and got up on her living-room coffee table to reach the right level in a wall mirror. The thin top of the table gave way and she crashed through, nails and ragged splinters ripping her legs from ankle to knee as viciously as if she had been trampling on wildcats. Bleeding badly, she crawled to the telephone and reached a doctor, and the hospital where he immediately sent her got things cleaned up well and quickly enough to head off blood poisoning. But there is very little chance that the scars will ever disappear so she can wear sheer stockings again—and no chance whatever that she

*(Continued on Page 203)*

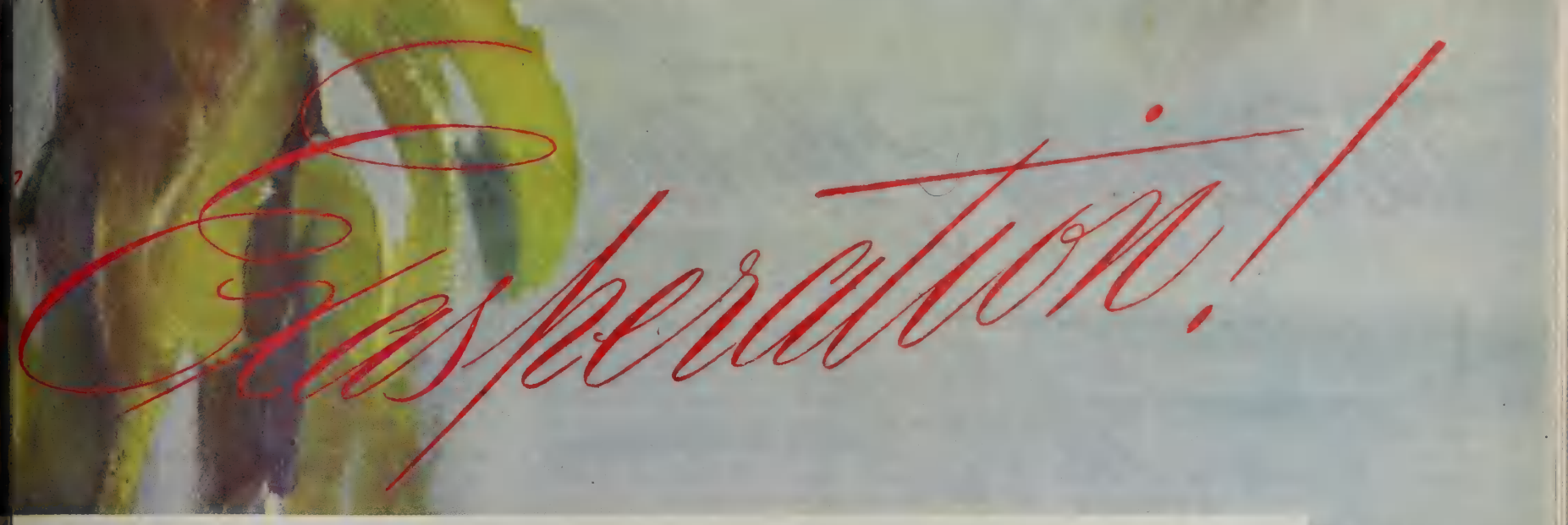
*Your house can be the death of you.* ★ *By J. C. Furnas*

# A Slight Case



*Time was definitely out of mind, when Martin Vorhees found himself staring deep into Mag Kellsey's beautiful eyes and could see only the end of the world.*

**BY PAUL ERNST**



# Exasperation!

THESE were words that Prof. Martin Vorhees had never thought to hear applied to him. Since he'd been twenty and old Tom Conan had put in for him as personal laboratory assistant, people had gone out of their way to get his services. Martin wondered if that time were forever gone.

"You're of no use to us here," Dean Blenham repeated. "You're of no use to anyone, Martin, as you are now."

"As Martin was now" looked fairly normal to the eye. He looked as all his pictures in the papers looked: a thin, tall man of thirty-eight with eyes back under heavy brows, straight brown hair a little mussed, and a nose that had earned him many gibes when he was young—a big, thin, impatient-looking nose with a bony arch in its middle. He looked as millions had seen him look in the pictures captioned, "Scientist Discusses Future of Atomic Energy" or "Professor Vorhees Instructs Congressmen on Nuclear Fission"; or more recently, "Professor Vorhees Disagrees with Professor Kellsey on Duration of Radioactivity."

But inside him things weren't normal. He kept seeing bits of earth turned into glass, a great cup in solid ground formed, not by explosion but by sheer, incredible pressure. He kept seeing pictures with the gelatin of the film burned at ten miles' distance. He kept seeing ——

"So," continued Dean Blenham equably, "why not take a rest? Afraid Professor Kellsey will get ahead of you?"

That was a kick in the groin. That was an unfair blow that brought Martin's mussed head up sharply. Anger burned hard in him as, these days, it could burn at any little thing.

Blenham waved his hand at the look in Martin's deep, dark eyes. It was a capable hand, if too well manicured, just as Blenham's gaze was a sharp one even if coming from a face too bland.

"Forget it, Martin. I know the rivalry between you and Miss Kellsey is purely scientific. Joke. Ha-ha. Take a vacation and knit up 'ravell'd sleave.' You've never been to my place on Sugarbowl Road, you say?"

"No, and I have no wish to go," snapped Martin, with the name of Professor Kellsey flaming in his frayed brain. *A purely scientific rivalry.*

"You'll probably find no place else. There's a housing shortage on, or hadn't you heard? Try if you like, but Sugarbowl Road awaits, and the wife of my caretaker there can really cook."

"If I can't find another place," snapped Martin, "I may go there. But I won't like it."

He got up, tall and lean and with his shoulders held too straight. That was because Professor Kellsey had kidded him about the professorial stoop. He didn't bother to say good-by to Dean Blenham; he just turned and walked out, a lank bird of a man with a great, thin nose arching impatiently ahead of him.

He packed. From outside came calls of summer students. Three tennis courts backed up near his window and each must have held eight players, judging by the racket. But he packed. No matter where you go you have to pack first, don't you?

At least he knew one place he would not go to. That was Tarreytown, a hundred and forty miles northeast in Ohio, where Prof. Maggilone Kellsey laid her important head between trips to Seattle, Washington, and Oak Ridge, with photographers and writers buzzing constantly around. The woman whose equation helped make possible the atomic bomb had interesting views to give and not unattractive pictures to bestow.

"Cheesecake," snarled Martin. A silly thing. How could a woman scientist at thirty-five look like a girl of twenty with her thick dark hair in a tumble and her blue eyes soft and shiny, especially as they'd been that afternoon on the Potomac ——

Martin cursed that afternoon on the Potomac. Served him right for stealing an afternoon in times like these to go canoeing. Canoeing! Him! One of the authors of primeval destruction who should have had no waking moment not devoted to its chaining. The idiotic but final quarrel with Mag had also served him right. Beneficial, too; it had opened his eyes to the kind of woman she was.

So Martin packed and threw his grip into his old car and roared out of the college town of Coldfort as noisily as any sophomore in a huff. Yet this was no huff. Disillusion with Mag Kellsey was a minor thing. The burden that rode his shoulders, that took the savor from his food and kept him sleepless through the night, was the enormous one of the split atom, with all its sinister potentials. His work had helped greatly to forward the moment when a knot of men stood on the New Mexico desert facing destiny, with some of them praying wildly that it would arrive as scheduled and some praying wildly that it wouldn't. Now he was trying to awaken the nonscientific mind to its great danger, thundering his jeremiad in the nation's Capitol, raging at the soft walls of indifference—and getting nowhere.

A truck driver yelled at him as he cut in too sharply. Martin yelled back and would have liked to stop and argue physically with the man; he'd done all right with boxing at M.I.T. Then he flushed, shamed in his own eyes. His sole reaction these days to any disagreement was a repressed yell, eyes flaming and throat choked up with passion. Have to get a grip on himself. Blenham was right. He was no use to anyone.

He didn't try for a place other than Sugarbowl Road. The thought of visiting hotel after hotel, resort after resort, and begging for a room as a shifty-eyed man on Main Street might beg for a cup of coffee, was too much. He went west all through the afternoon, arrived at nine at night in the Southern Indiana town of Wesleyville, and received instructions on how to find the road and Blenham's country place on it.

The road was unpaved but smooth. It was beautiful, with wood lots alternating with kempt fields and with a half-moon riding over all. It was quiet and peaceful, and Blenham's house—where he had been born, he'd once told Martin, and which he still kept up—was also nice. It was white clapboard and looked old and solid, two and a half lean stories, like a high boot used for years but still good to keep out the damp and the elements.

It was beautiful, and Martin used up the time on the drive in calculations. Six and a half miles from Wesleyville. If the village were struck by an atomic bomb, would this house go too? With the increased power of the new bombs, Martin thought it might. However, the hills between might save the house.

The front door opened onto the stilted porch and a round little old woman looked out. "Come in. You're earlier than we thought you'd be, professor. Come in, come in."

She was sixty-five, probably, five feet high and four wide, though you could not tell how much of this width was cloth; you got the impression of many garments underneath. Her eyes were faded gray, placid, not too brilliant. You've seen ten thousand of her.

"I'm Mrs. Bleeker," she said, as Martin hefted his bag in through the doorway. "This is Mister."

Martin turned. Coming from the kitchen end of the hall was a little round old man. He nodded pleasantly but with reserve, and carried Martin's bag up the stairs. Nice people, thoroughly commonplace, unaware of the volcano over which they lived.

The hills, Martin decided, would not save the house from the blast effect of the bomb in Wesleyville.

Mr. Bleeker set the suitcase down inside the doorway of the front bedroom. He nodded good night to Martin and went down the hall to the back room, looking like a pink-jowled bit of the earth he no doubt tilled in daytime. He had a protuberance of some sort under his ear, which didn't look so bad as it sounds; it just looked as if it belonged on the neck of Mr. Bleeker.

Mrs. Bleeker lingered. An apple dumpling of a woman with obviously no room for thoughts higher than of tomorrow's wash, she said, "Professor Blenham wrote that you were tired and were coming here for *(Continued on Page 116)*

**you trying to neck me?" Mag asked. "This year the word is 'smooteh,'" Martin told her. "And I'm not trying to, I'm doing it."**



ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

# The Meaning of the Nuremberg Trial

UNLESS you have spent a good deal of time studying it, you are likely to think of the Nuremberg trial as a spectacular but complicated and long-drawn-out way of getting rid of a collection of very bad men. You have probably wondered whether it would not have been simpler and better to have arrested them, identified them and condemned them quickly. Or if you approve of the trial, it is probably because you have been persuaded that it is a good thing to publish and prove the whole record of the Nazi evil so that no one will ever in the future be able to say that Hitler *et al.* were the victims of Allied propaganda.

But if you look closely into the Nuremberg trial, and into the long debates and negotiations which preceded it, you will come upon a startling discovery. It is that the ulterior purpose of this trial is not the punishment of these villains, but to establish a precedent by which international law can in fact be enforced. This is why the Nuremberg trial is being conducted the way it is being conducted.

### A NEW LANDMARK IN WORLD ORDER

This is why everyone who is sincerely interested in the organization of peace must fix his mind and main attention, not so much on the recital of the horrors at Nuremberg, but on the principles of the trial itself. The principles which are being established may in the eyes of our descendants come to be regarded as the most important event of modern times. For my own part, I do not think it rash to prophesy that the principles of this trial will come to be regarded as ranking with the Magna Charta, the habeas corpus and the Bill of Rights as landmarks in the development of law. The Nuremberg principle goes deeper into the problem of peace, and its effects may prove to be more far-reaching, than anything else that has yet been agreed to by the peoples of the world. It goes deeper than the Covenant of the first League of Nations, deeper than the Charter of the United Nations. For it contains that very thing which is lacking in the United Nations Charter: a rule of law which binds every human being on earth, a rule of law which no government, however big, can now veto or now disavow.

These are very big statements. I realize how big they are. But I have no doubt that they are true and that they can be proved. That is why I believe that we are witnessing at Nuremberg not a spectacular show, but an event of enormous historic importance, an event which may be remembered longer than any other comparable event of our era. For it marks the true beginning of what is destined someday to be the first world state.

How, you will ask, has anything as big as all that come out of the trial and punishment of the Nazi leaders? It is a remarkable story, one in which Americans can take a justifiable pride and interest. For it was the inspired effort of Mr. Justice Jackson that has made what would otherwise have been no more than an act of retribution into an epoch-making advance in the development of law and the organization of mankind.

### CONVICTED BY THEIR OWN EVIDENCE

From the early days of the war, long before Robert Jackson had anything to do with what are called "war crimes," the Allied statesmen had been shouting from the housetops that they were going to punish Hitler and his confederates for the unspeakable crimes they were committing. Everyone agreed they should be punished.

When at last the Allies had won the war, they caught most, but not all, of the archcriminals alive. Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, and some others, preferred to kill themselves. But a good collection of their chief assistants were arrested and locked up. There was an easy way to deal with them. In Germany we captured unanswerable documentary proof on which practically all the defendants at Nuremberg could have been convicted of murdering, enslaving and robbing innocent people in a dozen different countries. We captured their own orders, their own reports, their own photographs and motion pictures, which prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that deliberately they had violated the laws of war and the criminal law of every state, including the German state, on the face of the earth. The quick, sure and easy way to deal with them was to select a few specific simple crimes out of countless crimes of the same sort, and then convict and condemn them.

This was what most of the lawyers and officials in the Allied countries expected would be done. It was here that Mr. Justice Jackson, who had been appointed by the President to be Representative and Chief of Counsel for the United States, took his stand. He said, in effect, that these men had committed a great many crimes; but that justice would not be done if we punished them only for these crimes. For they had committed the much greater crime of planning a war of aggression against all their neighbors. The atrocities were the incidents and the consequence of this greater crime. We cannot, of course, hang any of these master criminals more than once. But if we hang them, we should hang them not only for their incidental crimes—horrible as they were—but for their greater crimes also.

Mr. Justice Jackson may have been thinking of some of the American gangsters, who had killed and robbed and terrorized cities, and were then convicted and locked up by the Federal Government only for cheating on the income-tax returns. That was better than letting them go scot-free. But no American, thinking of Al Capone in prison for violating the income-tax law, ever felt that justice had been done or the public interest fully vindicated. In similar fashion Mr. Justice Jackson

**A TRIAL BECOMES MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN THE PUNISHMENT OF THOSE ON TRIAL.**

**BY WALTER LIPPMANN**

argued that the civilized world was entitled to try these men for their supreme crime, which has very nearly wrecked European civilization, and not only because in the course of their aggression they had violated the rules of war by shooting hostages or killing prisoners of war, or exterminating unarmed civilians in gas chambers.

### THE EX POST FACTO ARGUMENT

But here Mr. Justice Jackson came up against the international lawyers. They had no wish to spare these Nazis. But most of them told him that it was not a crime under international law to wage a war of aggression, and that if Mr. Justice Jackson insisted on trying the Nazis on this charge, he would himself be violating the law. He would be applying what our own Constitution and all civilized legal systems prohibit—a retroactive or ex post facto law. The lawyers—many of them, at any rate—held that it was not a crime for which anyone could legally be punished, to plan, prepare, initiate and then wage a war in violation of international treaties which outlawed wars of aggression. Mr. Justice Jackson's critics argued that he would be trying these men in 1945-1946 for a crime which was not a crime in 1939 when they committed it, for example, against Poland, or in 1940 when they committed it, for example, against Norway.

Mr. Justice Jackson, who is after all a very considerable lawyer in his own right, did not accept this view. He argued—and when we understand his argument we must, I think, agree he has proved—that his critics, eminent and learned though many of them are, have been talking about the law as it was before the First World War, and have overlooked the epoch-making development of international law during the past twenty-five years

### PROVISIONS OF THE PACT OF PARIS

The critics are talking about international law as it was in 1914 and not as it was in 1939. In 1914 it was lawful for any sovereign state to declare war against any other state, and no matter what the reasons or purpose of that war—however unprovoked or aggressive—the rulers of the state were within their legal rights. They could be criticized. Their armies could be resisted. Their country could be defeated and compelled to cede territory and pay reparations. But the rulers of the aggressor states could not be charged with a punishable crime. That was indeed international law in 1914. But it was no longer the law in 1939. The law had been changed radically. It had been changed by a series of treaties, openly negotiated, legally and solemnly ratified by governments which had the full legal power to change international law.

The most important of these treaties, but by no means the only one, is called officially the Pact of Paris, and is popularly known as the Kellogg-Briand Pact. It was signed on August 27, 1928. Germany, and all the countries that Germany attacked, ratified this pact. In it they renounced war "as an instrument of national policy"—that is to say, as an instrument for getting what they wanted or thought they ought to have.

This general treaty did not stand alone. Germany made additional, specific, treaties with each of the neighboring countries not to attack them—with Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Poland in 1925; with the Netherlands in 1926; again with Poland in 1934; with Austria in 1935. Germany also gave solemn assurances to Czechoslovakia in 1938, to Norway, Luxemburg, Denmark and Jugoslavia in 1939.

Now what was the legal meaning of all these treaties? Mr. Justice Jackson's critics take the view that Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, *et al.*, who deliberately violated them, did not commit a crime for which they could be legally tried and punished. The lawyers say the German nation could be punished. But no individual German could be singled out, put on trial and confronted with documentary proof that he, as a responsible official, deliberately used his power to make Germany commit the crime of attacking an innocent neighboring nation. The critics said that nowhere in the Pact of Paris or the other treaties does it say in black and white that the ruler of a state has committed a crime if he decides to violate that treaty by waging aggressive war.

So, if Mr. Justice Jackson's critics read the law correctly, the law is as follows: The German nation is guilty. All Germans—men, women and children, responsible and irresponsible, Nazi and anti-Nazi, the living and the unborn—may be punished. They may lose German territory. They may be compelled to pay reparations. For generations they may be reduced to inferiority in the world. But the rulers of Germany, Hitler and his confederates, the men who deliberately planned and directed the whole monstrous crime, are legally *no more accountable* than is a German baby born ten years hence, or than an inmate of one of the concentration camps. To insist, as Mr. Justice Jackson does insist, that these treaties do bind especially the archcriminals who violated them, is—so the critics argue—to invoke ex post facto law and to bring the idea of law into disrepute. If the lawyers who criticize Mr. Justice Jackson are right, then for Hitler *et al.* all these treaties outlawing aggressive war have no legal consequences.

### LEGALISTIC WORD-TWISTING

Mr. Justice Jackson has not said so, but I think we may say with Mr. Bumble in Oliver Twist that "if the law supposes that, the law is a ass, a idiot." To argue that these treaties can justify the punishment of all Germans, the innocent as well as the guilty ones, but that the treaties do not justify the punishment of those German Nazis who are most peculiarly guilty, is to make the law a mockery of common sense and of elementary justice.

*(Continued on Page 188)*

# HAVE A LOVELY SUMMER . . .

A TIME AND A PLACE FOR GLAMOUR

A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A BUTTERFLY

HEAVENLY PASTELS

SUMMERTIME GIRL . . . MAKES HER OWN

EVERY SUMMER SUB-DEB KNOWS . . .

IGLIDAY COAT . . . SHORT AND CASUAL

FRINGE AROUND A BATHING SUIT

SEA SPRITE IN SPRAY-WHITE SATIN

BRIEF AND BARE

ELASTICIZED WHITE SATIN BATHING SUIT BY MABS; OTHER BEACH FASHIONS BY JOSET WALKER

# A TIME AND A PLACE FOR GLAMOUR

*Gala Turkish pajamas in parasol-printed rayon jersey in brilliant colors glorify the fashion for sun-tanned midriffs and bare legs.*



*Hand-painted crepe pajamas with trousers flaring like a skirt, designed by Clare Potter. Brilliant south-of-the-border colors—still more color added in coral and turquoise bracelets, a tasseled sombrero. Bernardo's barefoot sandals laced with leather.*

*Slender slacks of pastel sharkskin with a hand-painted crepe blouse, butterfly design, by Clare Potter for lovely lazy afternoons.*



*In the sunbeam—awning-striped cotton skirt with fullness all around, by John Frederics, worn with a strapless bright jersey bra.*

**Bare shoulders, exotic pajamas, riotous color, golden barefoot sandals. This summer provides more fashions for enchantment than for many seasons. Your own cool living room after five . . . your own or a friend's garden or patio at sunset—the time and place for hand-painted pajamas . . . country afternoons or vacation spots for bare-top dresses, with your skin a golden tan . . . beach or countryside for colorful skirts and halters. Glamour takes cover-up forms as well: long-sleeved shirtwaists with pastel slacks; gay basque-and-skirt combinations—at home anywhere under the sun. ★ ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**

*Fashion Editor of the Journal*



*Bare-shouldered girl with an even tan and a beautiful ivory-white sharkskin dress by Clare Potter. Important accessories: thong-laced sandals, Phelps suntan leather belt.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



*Gay gingham skirt and basque and a flower in her hair—fashion million girls will love. Ceil Chapman version in red and blue.*

# *a pretty girl*



BLACK BUTTERFLY. *Sheer black is the fashion again, magic in a man's eyes. This dress and cape is of nylon marquisette.*

WHITE ORGANDY *over crinoline with the timeless glamour of dropped shoulders, bouffant skirt and taffeta sash; by Ceil Chapman*

# ...is like a Butterfly

**There'll be music and dancing this summer—a million pretty girls, dressing for a million men. Butterflies have become a symbol: hand-painted on a crepe evening dress, worn as a jewel at the neckline; embodied in the fashion of winglike capes, gauzy fabrics, jeweled prints and eyelet organdies. Sheer black and frosty white make dramatic patterns on the dance floor; bare shoulders catch the light; billowing bouffant skirts mingle with wisp-slim princesses and Directoire silhouettes.** ★ ★

**BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
*Fashion Editor of the Journal*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAGRIVES



HANDKERCHIEF LINEN *by Ceil Chapman—Empire silhouette, very low heart neckline, the fresh-as-a-flower look.*



A CAPELET DRESS *in three-toned chambray; Ben Reig original by Omar Kiam; opal butterfly.*



PAINTED BUTTERFLIES *on crepe by Clare Potter, cool and beautiful bare-back fashion, in or out of town.*



SHEER BLACK—*the Irene Castle dance dress with bare shoulders, and floating scarf.*

# HEAVENLY PASTELS . . .

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD



BLUE CHAMBRAY *with wing shoulders by Adele Simpson, with John Frederics' raffia-trimmed straw.*



LIME-COOL *chartreuse sheer drawstring dress by Joset Walker; John Frederics' straight Spanish sailor, short black cotton gloves.*



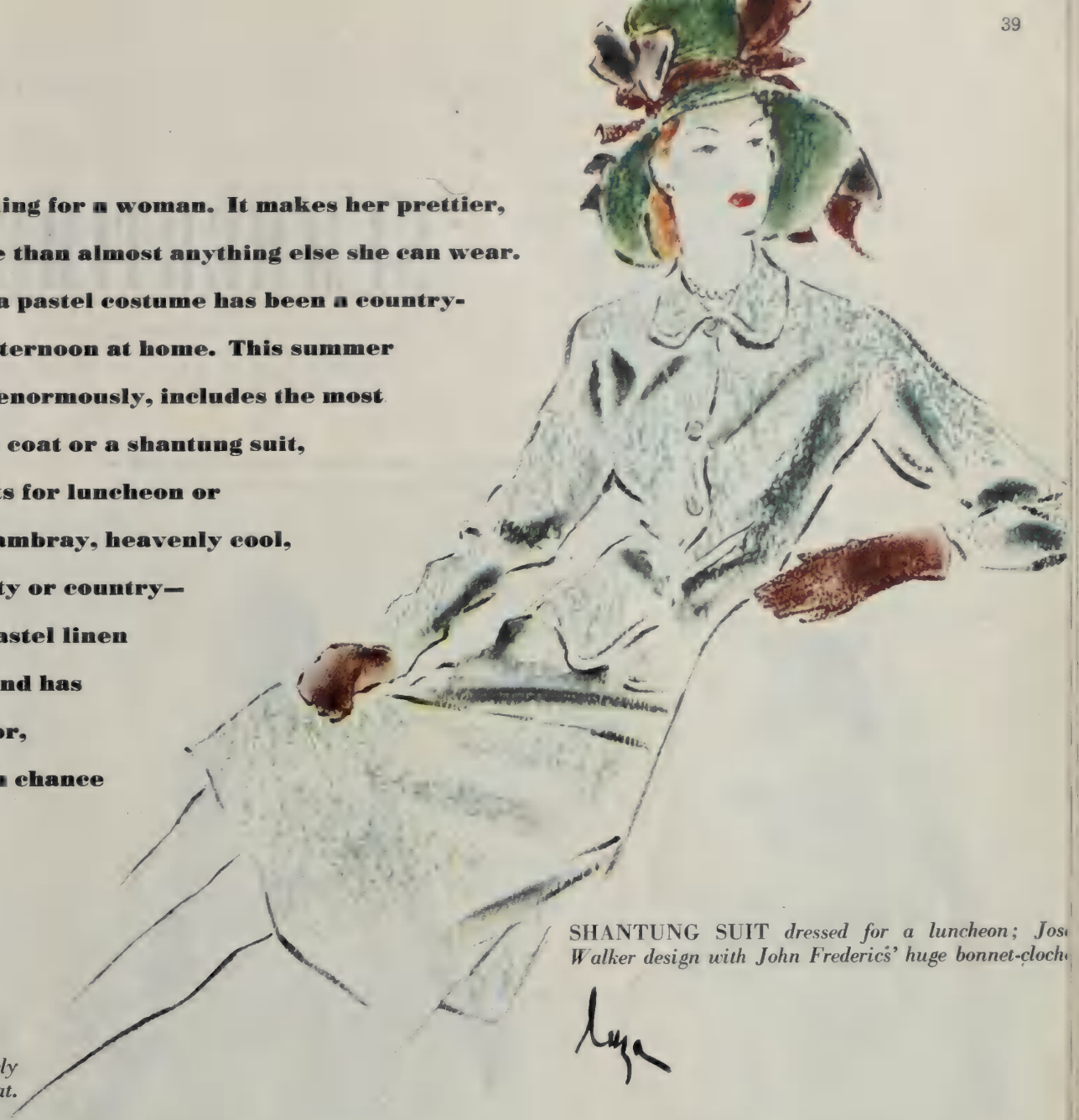
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



SHOCK-BRIGHT GOLD *crepe dress by Clar[illegible] hatless for country; with black or navy accessories*

**A pastel dress does a lovely thing for a woman. It makes her prettier, younger, cooler, more feminine than almost anything else she can wear.**

**Usually the setting for a pastel costume has been a country-club veranda, or a Sunday afternoon at home. This summer the fashion extends itself enormously, includes the most sophisticated new linen tunic coat or a shantung suit, worn with vastly important hats for luncheon or afternoon in town. Chambray, heavenly cool, fresh and young, is for city or country—according to its accessories. Pastel linen comes into its own again, and has great elegance. Pink is top color, but every woman will have a chance to wear her favorite—from flax blue and pale gray to deep turquoise and shock-bright gold.**



SHANTUNG SUIT *dressed for a luncheon; Jose Walker design with John Frederics' huge bonnet-cloche*

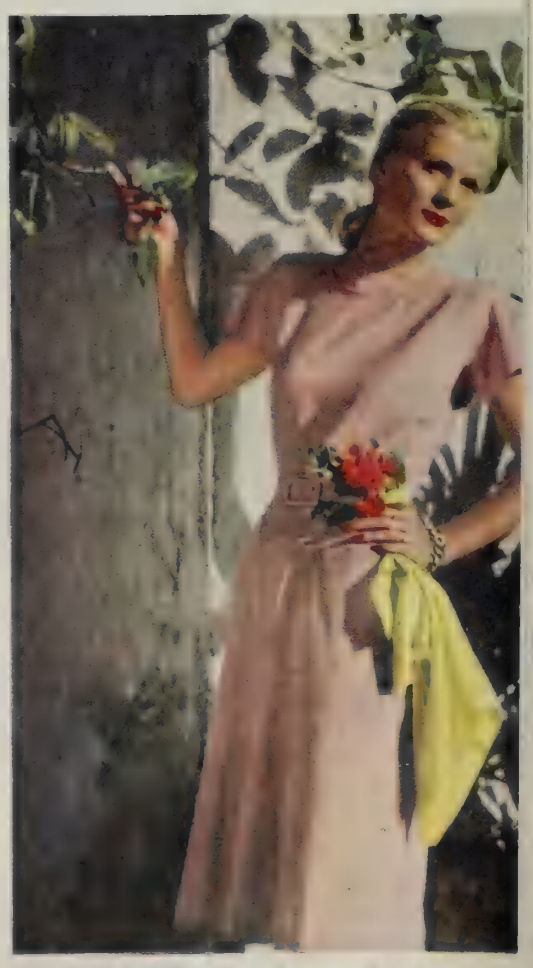
NK LINEN *tunic coat by Hattie Carnegie, definitely the city; with slim black dress, toyo-and-taffeta hat.*



IOKE-GRAY *chambray, by Adele Simpson—petty cotton dress that goes anywhere this summer.*



PALE-BLUE CASUAL *in rayon crepe with the new squared-off look; John Frederics' beaded crocheted cap.*



DUSTY PINK *silk-and-rayon shantung dress summer holidays, city afternoons; by Rose Barra*

# SUMMERTIME GIRL . . MAKES

© HOLLYWOOD

*Beach or play coat to make in bright cotton twill or linen, goes over shorts suit below; 1822, 12 to 20, 25c.*

*Piqué shorts and halter, slimly cut and comfortable for tennis, bathing, sitting in the sun; 1822.*

*Sunback halter dress, new wide midriff, skirt fullness; 1825, 10 to 18, 25c.*

*Ballerina halter and bloomer shorts tak beaches by storm; in poplin; 183*

*Halter dress pattern, 1825, includes bolero. Wool jersey, leather belt; for afternoon, in favorite color crepe.*

# ER OWN

**Today's nearest approach to Aladdin's lamp is a sewing machine and a paper pattern. The technique is not quite the same, but the wish comes true. You want a gay play suit for the week end, a bare back to improve your sun tan, a beach coat, a pretty print in your pet color. You can make anything and everything—in the style you want, the color you love—and make it fit to the fraction of an inch. Summer is the time to begin or continue to make your clothes: because they're easy and quick and fun to do; because you need more, want to spend less and save for your vacation! All these are from Hollywood Patterns.** ★ ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE FENN



*erina halter also wears its ruffle this way, adds skirt. The same pattern, 1837, 10 to 18, 25c.*

*Bow dress with side pockets is pretty in plain or striped shantung or cotton; 1823, 10 to 18, 25c.*



*Capelet dress with slim waist, slight fullness; 1845, perfect pattern for your pet print. 12 to 20, 25c.*

*Sleeveless yoke dress is cool, easy to make. Striped jersey won't mind the heat; 1839, 12 to 42, 25c.*

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**Back views are on page 204**

# Every Summer Sub-Deb Knows



*When all the world is young. Emily Wilkens makes a romantic summer dance dress—full pink rayon-linen skirt with a wrapped-to-the-rib waistline, and romantic pink-and-white dotted-Swiss blouse.*



*Parasol, play dress and play shoes to match! Crisp piqué printed in black and pink stripes.*

**That a washable dress can go to a party as well as a picnic! A billowy summer evening skirt can look like a dream with its own sheer blouse—but doesn't have to go steady with it! That a bloomer bathing suit is the best on the beach; and worn with a matching candy-striped skirt it becomes a three-piece play suit that leads a lot of lives. Summer Sub-Debs know that boys like their girls to be "the prettiest one there"—no matter where! They choose bright colors for the beach, pastels for parties. Gingham suits with full skirts, and parasols to match a play dress. And they know that each one must have that fresh-from-the-laundry look! ★ BY DAWN CROWELL**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY

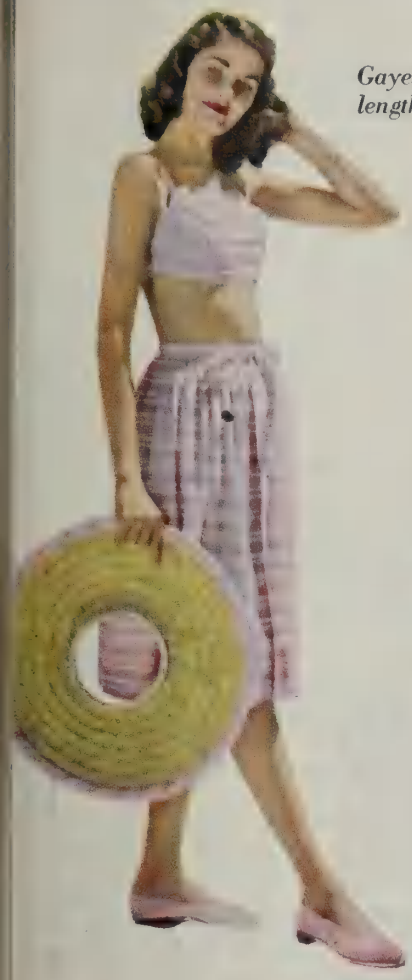
*Cabaña-striped beach coat ties snugly at waist. Wear over bathing suit, shorts, slacks. Emily Wilkens' design. Ankle-strap play shoes in red.*



*Delicious dress in blue-and-white cand striped sheer; sleeveless, ruffle neckli*



*To town, to the movies! Two-piece chan bray with striped skirt. Madeleine desig*



*Gayest gingham for a pretty plaid suit. Waist-length jacket; cool wide sleeves. By Madeleine.*



*Bloomer girl. Bathing suit has matching striped skirt and beach hat, fabric-trimmed.*

PLAY CLOTHES DESIGNED BY EMILY WILKENS





**"Keep your own yesterdays," Stella told him. "But give our tomorrow a try, Mark."**

*XXIII*

DESPITE his friendliness when he asked her to visit him, Stella thought she detected a touch of reserve in Mark's manner. Could it be that he feared, as she did, that such a meeting might force their separate worlds into a conventional mold, and so expose them to all its hazards? An instinct that was part jealousy and part superstition prevented her from confiding in her friends and seeking their advice. Even in the midst of chaos the world she knew managed, somehow, to cling to the formal and the exacting; it still preserved its fatal aptitude for obedience, the enemy of love. So far, her companionship with Mark had had all the enchantment of the thing concealed, the half-real; she knew that the intrusion of others even of those who were indispensable to both of them must sooner or later alter their relationship. She thought of Neddy. Would he resemble his father? Though she had seen him, she had not yet had a chance to examine him for any resemblance, and in a strange way she was more troubled by the fact of the child's existence than by Regan's. Yet she knew that there was no avoiding the encounter. She had come into their lives, she had given them her house, yet she knew she was herself the real tenant, and her lease a tenuous one.

Dressing one day to go to Mark's apartment, she was interrupted by Miriam on the telephone. "Where have you been? Not a word from you for three weeks! Dick and I were considering putting the police on your trail."

Stella sat on the edge of the bed with the receiver in her hand, and smiled at her reflection in the mirror across the room. She took a mischievous pleasure from her friend's reproachful tone.

"What have you been up to? We've missed you. I was afraid you must be ill, but your maid assured me she had never seen you in better health. She said you were hardly ever home these days. *When* are we going to see you?"

"When? Oh, I don't know—soon, I hope, Miriam." The light, coming through Venetian blinds, divided her body into bars of dark and crystal; her hair was still wet from the shower and shed cold drops on her skin, making her shiver slightly as if she'd been unexpectedly kissed.

"Are you alone?" Miriam demanded suddenly. "I mean now, this minute?"

"Of course I'm alone."

"You sound queer. Listen, Stella. Will you come to a party Friday evening? We've managed to rope in a few people who are still alive in this Godforsaken city. The Smiths and Willingdons and William Symes. You remember Symes? Say you'll come. There's so much to talk about."

"Of course I'll come. Friday evening? Thanks, Miriam dear."

She hung up and sat for a moment, pondering. The world of the Sparrows and their friends seemed far away, a genial disturbance on the periphery of her own world, yet sooner or later the others must learn of her friendship with Mark and of her plans about Jarley. Sooner or later the dike which she had built must give way and admit the rough and perhaps treacherous tides.

It was late afternoon and she decided that she would walk to Mark's. Intricate, immense, the city's life thundered round her, breathed furiously against her ears, the breath of Minotaur: "I am the world, fiery, mechanical, merciless! Ignore me, for whether you remember or forget can make no difference to you or to me."

She thought of Mark and of their last evening together. His face materialized before her, and his voice stilled the voice of Minotaur. In a few minutes she would see Mark, touch him, hear his voice. She walked with quickened step, wondering whether he would be at home. Touched by the fear lest he put her off, she had not telephoned to say she was coming. If he was out she would do some errands, then come back in the hope of finding him. But her ring was answered and she climbed the flight of stairs with a fast-beating heart.

Octavia Evans opened the door. "Mrs. Harmon? Colonel Bycroft thought you might call. He asked that you wait for him. He'll be right back."

"Is Neddy at home?"

"They went together, but they won't be long. Will you take a seat?"

Words and manner were conventional, but they seemed scarcely to conceal a peculiar hostility, and Stella glanced at the woman in surprise.

Octavia said, "I'll just remove all those catalogues so you can find a place to sit."

"Catalogues?" Then she saw them, glossy and fat, piled on the chairs.

"Colonel Bycroft brought them home this morning, and he and Neddy have done nothing but look at them. Seems they're getting ready to go live in the country." Octavia's voice rose on a harsh note. "They been chattering about the country just like two birds!"

"They're going to live in my house, as I suppose Colonel Bycroft has told you?"

"He told me. He seemed to think it was true."

"Why wouldn't it be true?"

Octavia looked at Stella. "It would be a shame," she told her, "it would be a crime if this wasn't true."

# The Dark Wood

**BY CHRISTINE WESTON**

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

To Stella everything about the woman was dark, a rampart of black skin upon which her own understanding beat without avail. In a voice intended to be disarming, she said, "It would be a shame if they were disappointed, but I can't see why they should be."

Octavia picked up a catalogue and carried it to the bookcase. Stella watched her, thinking, *She's probably jealous or angry because Mark is leaving and perhaps she cannot go too.*

"Do you care for the country?" she inquired conversationally.

"All I care is that decent people shouldn't be cheated."

"Yes, of course. But we're all free to choose for ourselves, and if Colonel Bycroft ——" How on earth had she got into such a conversation with this colored servant?

"Free?" Octavia turned and Stella wondered what could have lent her eyes such depth, such a gloss of tears. "Free to choose for ourselves?" She lifted her hand and let it fall to her side, as if some weight it supported proved too much for her. "The strong may be, yes. But what chance has the innocent?"

"I don't know what in the world you're trying to say," Stella protested. "Colonel Bycroft and I are friends, and I'm very happy that he and Neddy should want my house."

Octavia looked for a moment as if she would speak again, but no words came. Resignation settled on her features and seemed to descend in a visible mantle to her feet. She gave Stella an impenetrable glance and left the room. Stella gazed about her, trying to find Mark in these unfamiliar surroundings. The whole impact of his unknown life came home to her now. Here was a privacy which no one, not even a friend, might share; here was that barrier of a previous intimacy which a fresh passion might never transcend. *The past holds us,* she thought despairingly, *and not our past alone, but the past of others.* She moved round the room, examining books and portraits, pausing a long time before a photograph of Mark in uniform. Why had he smiled? He gazed directly at her, and it seemed to Stella as if the room suddenly expanded and the inanimate objects in it grew to enormous proportions, like things seen in delirium. They had the frightful meaning of witnesses arrayed against her. She turned to escape, but the windows became fiery caverns, the doors cross-barred against retreat. She turned back to the photograph, fastening all her attention upon it. *Alec,* she cried, though the cry did not pass her lips. *Alec, Alec!*

There were footsteps in the hall, and she replaced the photograph as the doorknob rattled and Mark came in.

"Stella! How good of you to come. This is Neddy."

The boy had followed him into the room and stood quietly regarding her. He came forward and shook hands with inarticulate politeness. Seen close, he did not resemble Mark, and the discovery restored, little by little, Stella's faltering self-control.

Mark was looking at her narrowly. "Are you all right? You seem awfully pale. Come and sit down." He led her to the couch. "Stella, I've done nothing but think about Jarley. Do you think I'm fooling myself? Is this going to make a difference?" He went on quickly: "I've felt so happy ever since I saw you last. I'm trying to get used to the idea of my life as something personal, composed, durable." He tilted his head back on the sofa and gazed at the painting on the wall above him. "Like that picture! That has a life of its own. It's a complete thing. You and I can't add to it or take away from it without its ceasing to exist. It's man's achievement, yet it has nothing to do with man. But what about us—about you and me and Neddy?"

She looked at the child who lay at their feet turning the colored pages of a catalogue, his thin legs stretched behind him like a hound puppy.

Mark took her hand. "Do you believe we can recapture ideas and values now, at this stage of the game?" He seemed strangely wrought up. "Do you, Stella?"

"Yes, if they'll let us."

"They?"

Octavia emerged from the bedroom and crossed the floor toward the pantry. Stella gazed after her, and when the door had closed upon that slender, indefinably hostile figure, she said, "Your colored woman doesn't seem to believe in Jarley!"

"Octavia? Of course she believes in Jarley. I told her we were going."

"Will you take her?"

"If she wants to come—and if we go."

"If? But you just said ——"

His fingers crushed hers. "I've got into the habit of thinking in terms of 'if.' All through the war I kept saying to myself, 'If I don't get bumped off—if this and if that.' It's the same way with Octavia, I guess. But the whole thing is really up to you and me, isn't it?"

She looked at him mutely. His eyes were furious, intent.

"Stella, tell me something."

She turned, expecting the kiss her whole body craved for.

"Tell me something, Stella."

"What can I tell you? You know."

"I don't know. Everything is if—if ——" He let go her hand with a brusque, almost a brutal gesture. "Never mind. We'll go to Jarley, you and I and Neddy. Maybe, there ——" She waited for him to finish, but instead he rose and stood for a moment looking at her. "We might as well be happy, Stella. It's such a simple matter. All you have to do is look through a catalogue and pick out what you want."

Neddy twisted round on the rug and cried, "I could make a boat if I just had some of these things!"

Mark dropped on his knees beside the boy and they began to argue about lathes and hack saws. Stella watched them, passion and uncertainty pouring through her. Why should Mark refuse to kiss her when he had been on the verge of doing so? Why this abrupt change from friendliness to hostility? What was there in this house, in this room, that generated disquiet like a poison? She remembered their evening together, the walk under the moonlit trees in Washington Square, the restrained tenderness with which he had bidden her good night.

"Mark," she whispered in anguish.

He turned and glanced at her, then came back to the sofa. "Let's talk," he said softly. "Let's talk about Jarley." His mood changed once more. "You haven't told me whether there is some sort of landing for a boat. You see, I intend to take this house on a long lease. Of course, there is still time for you to change your mind if the idea scares you."

"It doesn't scare me."

"Then shall we say a lease of fifty years? That'll make me eighty-three. What do you say, Neddy?"

Neddy made no reply. He was absorbed in a page of gigantic sunflowers.

### *XXIV*

"Well," said Miriam Sparrow sternly, "where have you been and what have you to say for yourself?"

Stella, seated at the dressing table, carefully dabbed her nose with powder. She felt Miriam's gaze, the gaze of a small pink hawk. Beyond the closed doors of the bedroom the cocktail party was in full swing. Stella had arrived late, hoping to find her hosts and their guests pleasantly and incuriously drunk and thus to evade the inquisition she dreaded, but Miriam had seized her at once and led her to the bedroom, ostensibly to repair the ravages of a twenty-minute taxi ride through the city.

"It's been ages since we set eyes on you," Miriam went on, "and now you appear, looking different." She stared intently at the face in the mirror. "Absolutely different."

"Not really, Miriam."

"Don't think you can get out of it by a show of innocence. It's obvious that *(Continued on Page 54)*

# Holiday House

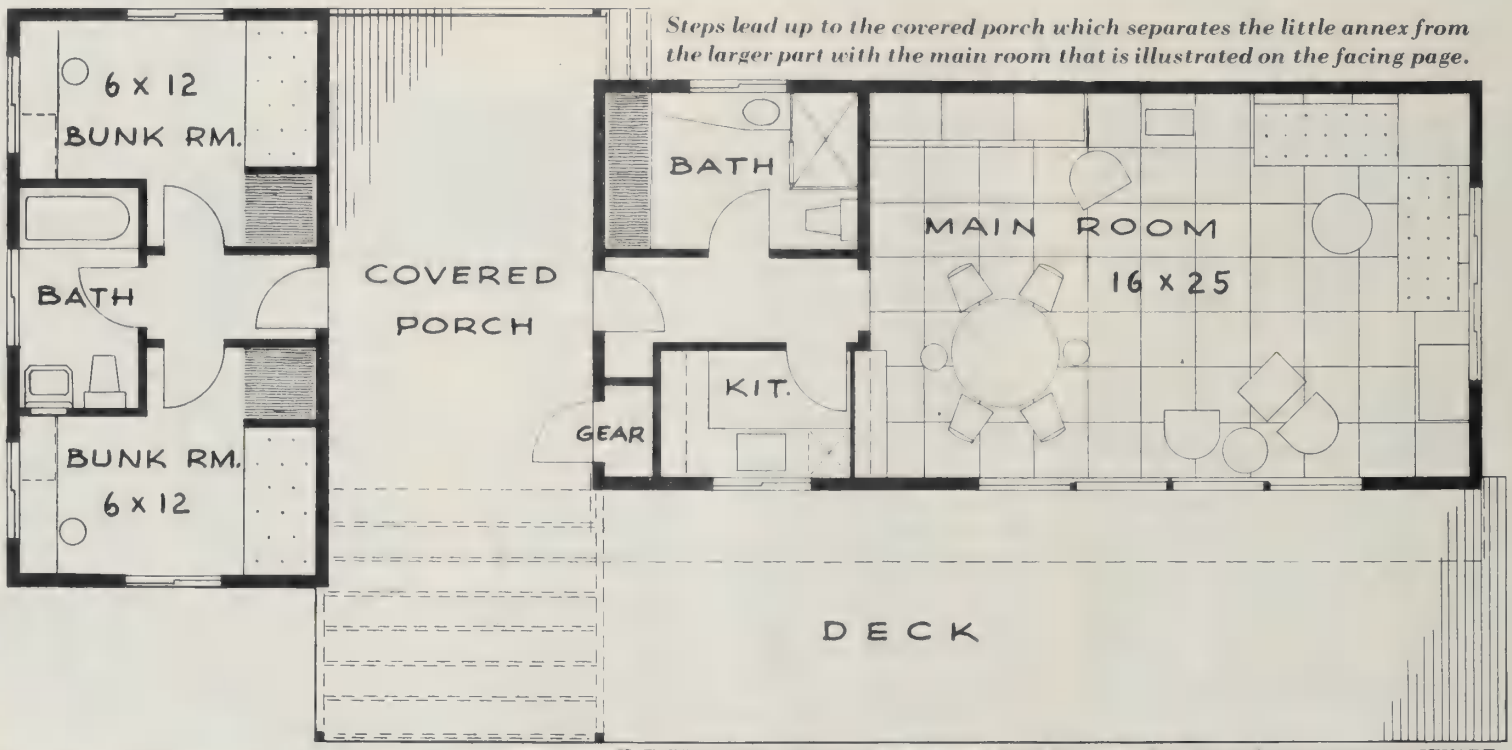
A HOUSE for holiday living goes in for gay colors and can wear shorts if it wants; it's meant principally for play and it doesn't have to dress for dinner, so to speak. What happens is that a really well-considered vacation house, such as this, provides a pleasant change of architectural clothing, does everything possible to promote a leisurely life, and creates a carefree style to make relaxing even more attractive than it is anyhow. And the way this house accomplishes all these things couldn't be simpler, and couldn't be more economical, everything considered.

In striking contrast to the customary vacation cottage, cabin or shack, which pays little attention to privacy, convenience or looks, this house, by means of skillful planning plus considerable taste, while keeping a careful eye on cost, shows what a holiday place can be when properly designed. For instance, the main section by itself, with its built-in beds that double as daytime sofas, could take care of a couple, and could even sleep one or two weekend guests on cots curtained off at night in the same large room where there's space to spare. And together with the little annex, with its two double-decker bunkrooms and extra bath, there would be accommodations for as many as eight in all.

Notice that you can come in to either bath from the covered porch without traipsing through the main room or the sleeping quarters. And while the kitchen is purposely compact, it is light, cool and easily managed; pleasantly apart from yet convenient to wherever the dining is done, whether in the main room or on the covered porch.

Both deck and covered porch are floored with slightly separated slats for long life and easy maintenance. The part just forward of the covered section is screened top and sides; louvred boards above cut the sun, and a striped canvas curtain can be drawn for late-afternoon shade. The large glass panels which flood the main room with light are both fixed and sliding, while the glass transoms above swing open for ventilation when the sliding panels are closed. Stored beneath the deck are the solid-board storm panels that cover and protect all windows and glass panels when the holiday house is going to be left unoccupied for any length of time.

It is a house that would fit into any vacation locale—North, South, East, West; seaside, lake shore, mountains, woods or open country; and it could have color schemes to suit. Standing, as it does, on posts or piling, it would take any type of terrain in its stride—hilly, flat, sandy, rocky, whatever; and without any grading. It would be easy to build with any kind of fairly competent help, and the materials, under normal conditions, would be plentiful anywhere, and cheap. Now's the time to find a place to put it. The time to build it is when we've put the housing crisis behind us.




*Steps lead up to the covered porch which separates the little annex from the larger part with the main room that is illustrated on the facing page.*

DESIGNED BY **H. T. WILLIAMS**, ARCHITECT; SCALE MODEL BY **RAYMOND BARGER STUDIOS**; PHOTOGRAPH BY **STUART**



## COLORFUL! . . . AND ALL MODERN HOUSES CAN BE COLORFUL TOO

*By Richard Pratt*



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

ROOM BY H. T. WILLIAMS

*A room that invites a summer evening's breeze—cool as its colors and designed for easy living.*

# A LIVING ROOM ON VACATION

**By H. T. Williams**

FLOODED with light, air and leisure—according to careful plan—the main room of Holiday House reflects the blues and greens of water, sky and verdure from floor to ceiling, no matter what it looks out upon. Its color scheme and skillful informality set a mood of cool and quiet recreation in connection with lounging, dining, sleeping, play—for all of which it is fully prepared. Let's see how so much relaxed yet trim attractiveness is accomplished. You start off, of course, with a structure that makes a beautiful virtue of its simplicity, outside as well as in, as you can see on the page opposite. Here in this principal many-purpose room the walls of V-jointed vertical white-pine boards, and the exposed roof rafters, too, are brushed with white oil paint, then lightly rubbed to let the grain come through. The undersheathing of the roof, which shows between the rafters, is painted turquoise green, like a cool mid-summer sky. And all the trim of doors and windows is painted with white outside oil paint that will stand up for years under the free circulation of fresh air which the room enjoys whenever it is thrown wide open. Then, over the rough boarding of the floor, inexpensive asphalt tile is laid in checkered squares of ink-blue and turquoise, waxed for long life and easy cleaning.

That is the room, as far as top, sides and bottom are concerned—an ideal background all around for the kind of living for which it has been furnished and arranged. Taking up the various items in no particular order, the day beds can either be fixed with loose cushions on natural hemp webbing as shown, which gives them adequate comfort for lounging and occasional sleeping, or they can be fitted with springs and mattresses if they are going to be used for sleeping nightly. The cushions are covered with a cool and serviceable pink crash, and are sparked up by tiny head bolsters in stripes. Thus the day beds, with heads up to the square table for flowers, foliage, reading matter and accessories, with a round brass-tray coffee table in front, and lit from behind by two adjustable gooseneck wall-mounted lamps, make a conversation corner on which the relaxed life of the room is centered.

Diagonally across the room, in the left foreground of the picture, and close to the passageway to the kitchen (for which see the floor plan on facing page) is the large round table that serves both for dining and for games. This table, with its scrubbed oak top, has a real vacation quality, as have the modern peasant chairs, webbed like the day beds in natural hemp. The rattan chairs, with their loose cushions of striped twill, being lightweight as well as comfortable, can be whisked out onto the open deck at will.

For extra coziness on a rainy day or chilly evening, there is the cast-iron, brass-trimmed, grate-type stove which burns either wood or coal. However, any type of heater—electric, oil or otherwise—might be used instead. A good space heater would keep the whole house warm enough for a winter week end, which is another aspect of this holiday room to be considered; for it would make a vacation comfortable and pleasant almost any time, almost anywhere.




# That's how it is—

## BY LOUIS PAUL

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

"IT'S just beautiful, papa," Lilla declared, looking around at the fourth-floor flat. The girl's dark eyes sparkled. Lilla was eighteen. Her English was strongly accented, but limpid and musical, as though she were caressing each syllable lovingly. "Oh, papa, simply beautiful it is!" Papa was a wise man who could make due allowances for differences of opinion. "Beautiful it may or may not be. But unexpensive, yes. And that is more important."

"'Inexpensive,' papa, pardon me, please," said Georg. Georg was a hard-muscled little boy of twelve.

Mr. Torvik laughed. "He corrects my grammar. Ho!" For years the history teacher and his family had made a practice of speaking English, anticipating this very event. "A genius in the family it is nice to have, no, Sada?"

How wonderful it was to hear Jan laugh, thought mamma. How good was laughter. "I think we can do nice things with it," she said, walking about the empty rooms of the flat.

"Listen," cried Lilla. The roar of an elevated train rose to a deafening pitch, then slowly died away. "Ai! I am excited almost to sickness. How was it the luck to find so marvelous a place to live in, papa? A wash sink with automatic water gushing out." She turned the tap and, sure enough, out came the water. "A gas-fire stove. Electric to read with at night. And now a railway line that runs on stilts right outside our window!"

Jan Torvik was only human. His heart expanded at these fulsome exclamations. "Easy, Lilla. I looked amongst the small print at the back of a newspaper, and there it was."

Georg nodded. "That's how it is in America," he observed gravely.

"How do you know, Graino?" asked Lilla. Georg despised this nickname, which came from "grain o' salt."

"Please, with respect," he said, "I ask you not to call me Graino, especially that we are now in the United States. I know because I studied in one of papa's books. America, it said, is the land of opportunity. But do not expect the streets to be paved with gold, it also said. That is fal—fal—something."

"Fallacious," said Mr. Torvik. "Ho! The shoe pinches the other foot. The father corrects the son."

"Just the same, father, I know the meaning of the word," Georg defended himself.

"Soon the mattresses will certainly arrive. The man promised they would come before nightfall," said Mr. Torvik.

Lilla opened a bundle and drew out a light blue gown with metal passementerie describing circular patterns about the skirt. It had been bought for her by her elder brother when she was fourteen. "Here," Carl had written, "is a dress that my little Lilla may have something pretty to wear when she becomes a woman." Only Lilla had never worn it. For the thugs came and turned all Europe into a concentration camp. Carl Torvik died fighting in the mountains of Jugoslavia. These were the years of starvation, the footsore years when, for the Torviks, hovels and haystacks were the only homes they knew.

"Always, first, Lilla takes care of the dress Carl sent her," said mamma, smiling. "Remember when we are hiding in Prague? How nice it was of Vaucelle to let us occupy the old ovens in his bakery. Only that time Lilla's gown was almost consumed when a fire was built against our knowledge."

*was as though she had known him in some previous existence. But what ould her mother say to making a bargain with a strange young man?*

"Me too," said Georg. "I myself was almost consumed that time. I was asleep in the oven."

"A fine loaf of bread you would have made, Graino," said papa, tousling his hair.

"Please, papa, please!"

Lilla shook out the wrinkled dress, anxiously examining it for holes or tears. Holding it up against her thin shoulders, she turned to Jan Torvik. "Papa, did I ever complain of our hardships?"

"No, Lilla. The feelings you kept inside, saying nothing."

"When the loneliness would be, I said, 'Someday it will happen that I can wear it,' and I was not so lonely. When we walked the hot roads, I felt it in my bundle, and it put off the tiredness. When we lay in some dark place at night and the tears would come, I would feel it under my head and I would say, 'Someday it will be freedom. Someday I will be a woman and wear my blue gown,' and the tears would always stop. Papa, now do you think it will be soon that I can wear it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Torvik, lowering his eyes to conceal the pain in them. "Have not all our dreams come true? Are we not here at last in blessed America?"

"Georg! Stop playing with that water," mamma cried out. "Do you want our Lord to frown on us for making wastage?"

"I was studying something, mamma. It is an engine here that I think will cause hot water to come if it is lit up. Look."

Mr. Torvik investigated the gas coil alongside the boiler in the kitchen. "Graino is right," he decided officially. "One puts a flame of gas alight that automatically manufactures hot water."

"And see this!" exclaimed Lilla. "This I myself have discovered."

There was a little trap door, and inside was a rope descending to the regions below. A discolored sticker on the door read: "For Waste Disposal Only. Do Not Throw Garbage Down Shaft. Riding the Dumb-waiter by Children is *Strictly Forbidden.*"

Looking in amazement at one another, the four Torviks came together in a spontaneous embrace.

"Papa, it is a miracle, this place," said Lilla joyously. "Quickly we will make it to come beautiful. Graino and I will mix some plaster to fill in the broken walls. Somewhere we will find paint to paint it with."

A knock sounded on the door. "Torvik?"

Papa shivered. Then he remembered that he was in America. "Yes," he admitted fearlessly. "I am Jan Torvik."

"We got these here mattresses outside. Sign here." The brawny truckman thrust a metal-bound receipt book at Mr. Torvik. "They're all paid for."

"Thank you. Will you please place them in these two rooms?"

"Okay, mister." The truckman put them on the bedroom floors. He looked around at the apartment quizzically. "Ain't your furniture come yet?"

"Furniture? I'm afraid it still isn't any furniture with us at present."

"Papa!" said Lilla, drawing him aside. "I think it is the custom to give a little money, papa."

Mr. Torvik drew some coins from his trouser pocket and separated fifteen cents in change. "Forgive the smallness, please. It is offered with the right heart."

Still looking about the apartment in wonder, the truckman at first withheld his hand, but finally changed his mind. "All right, Mr. Torvik. Much obliged."

"Now we have beds to lie on," said mamma. "Somehow, when once it is settled where we are to sleep, a good feeling comes over me and I am content."

Mrs. Torvik undid an oilcloth wrapper and set out some cooking utensils. Lilla made coarse wheat meal in a contraption that resembled a coffee grinder, measuring out four handfuls of grain. They added water to this, and boiled it on the stove.

"Why is there a sadness in your eyes, Jan?" asked Mrs. Torvik when the meal was over.

"Is there a sadness in my eyes? I did not wish it to be there. Our Lord has brought us safely to this happy land, about which we dreamed for so long. But ——"

"But what, papa?" asked Lilla.

"A man," said Mr. Torvik, "a man and a father has pride inside him. Once we were gentlefolk. Once I was an honored history teacher. We lived in a stone house, with servants to make our dinner. A shame burns in me that I can provide nothing better than a handful of wheat to feed my family."

"PAPA, with respect, I ask you not to speak so," said Mrs. Torvik. "Do we not have this beautiful place to live in? We are healthy and alive. Remember to be grateful to the good Doctor Horla, who is our sponsor, who puts up his bond and vouches for us to be in this country. Gratitude, not shame, should burn in our hearts."

"Yes, Sada. Forgive me. Even a history teacher must have hidden abilities somewhere. Tomorrow I will go out ——"

Another knock came at the door. It was the man who had delivered the mattresses. "Well, I just happened to think of this here old table that's been layin' around not doin' anybody no good, so I thought —— It really isn't such a bad table if it was scraped off and painted up a little. You'll be doin' me a favor, takin' it off my hands."

Mr. Torvik could only lower his eyes with inarticulate gratitude.

"So long, Mr. Torvik—and best of luck."

Mrs. Torvik finally said, "He liked us, papa. The American liked us. At last I feel after all these years that we are home."

When darkness fell they stretched out gratefully on the secondhand mattresses.

"Are you all right, Lilla?" called mamma. There was no answer. "Lilla!" A soft sob came from across the hall. "Why are you crying, Lilla?"

"Only for happiness, mamma. It is too much to bear."

SEVERAL days went by. Much work was done to clean and renovate the flat, but Mr. Torvik had not been able to find employment. The few dollars that remained after their ship passage had been paid were dwindling, and Jan slept badly at night for worry. If the Torviks became a public charge their sponsor would forfeit his bond and they would be deported. Through each hour of those cruel war years, Jan Torvik had dreamed of America and freedom. Hunted, and without legal status because of his refusal to teach doctrinaire history, at last the moment came when a distinguished countryman, the surgeon Horla, had fulfilled his promise to be their sponsor. Now Mr. Torvik was terrified by the nightmare of deportation.

Then one evening he ran in, perspiration streaming down his forehead. "Employment I have found!" he cried. "At great wages. And with no help from anyone. Personally, all by myself, I achieved employment!"

"We never doubted," said mamma joyfully. "Come. Tell us. What is the work to be? We are all sick with excitement to know."

Jan Torvik shook his head. "Did I ever deliberately lie to you, mamma, even once?"

"Why do you ask such a thing, Jan?"

"Because this you will not believe. Yet it is the truth in the sight of our Saviour in heaven. On my person I have an official pink card to prove it. In a deep cavern I am hired to push people."

Lilla dabbed at her father's perspiring face with a handkerchief. "Between the heat, and maybe not enough solid food to eat ——"

"No, no. See the pink card! All morning long I practiced. They shrugged at me at first. They said I had not the strength. But oh, did I push. At the height of the evening rush hour the greatest pushing is required." Mr. Torvik, showing signs of exhaustion, slumped happily on the wooden bench Graino had built. "Permit me to boast just a little, mamma. At the height of the rush hour I was superb."

"Jan, you will make us crazy, talking this way," said Mrs. Torvik.

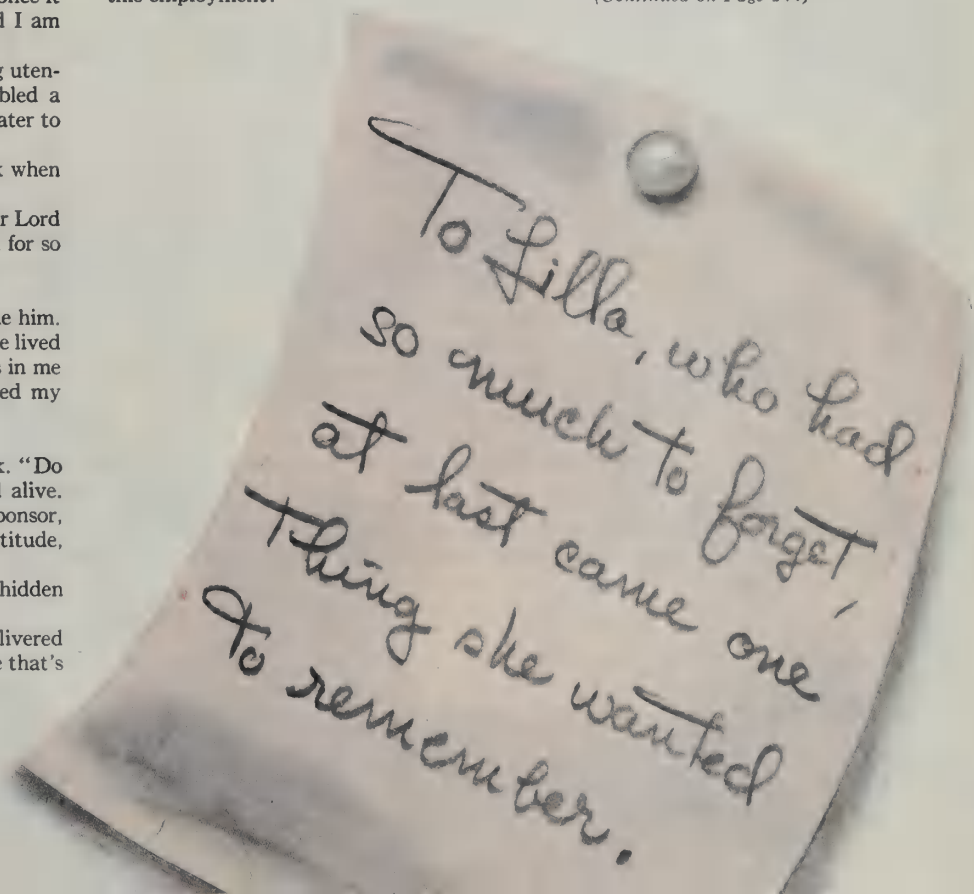
Young Georg, who had already taken upon himself the task of explaining to the family some of the complexities of American ways, spoke up. "I know. Papa has a job in the underground—I mean the subway."

"Is this a truth, papa?"

"Yes. And at magnificent wages. The trains come into the station, the crowds mill about madly to enter the doorways. As an official, I am appointed to push the passengers as hard as necessary so that the doors will close. Oh, I tell you, I pushed for dear life, and at last the head pusher said, 'Torvik, tomorrow report for work,' and there was respect in his voice. Sada, I told you a history teacher must also possess other talents."

"You make a nice joke of it, Jan. But is it possible that you can stand this employment?"

*(Continued on Page 144)*





## BY ANN BATCHELDER

SPEAKING of weddings, probably I have told you about my hats. But, in case I have neglected to, I shall do it now. I own two hats. Have for years and years. One is black, one is white. Both are of that sort of modified or pseudo Homburg type that's supposed to "fit the head," and last for years, with maybe a new ribbon on it, that is occasionally, when Easter comes around and—well, yes, *weddings*.

The workdays of these two hats, one black, one white, are, as you can guess, divided between church—either will do for that, according to the season, for both are felt and no favorites are played. The black one goes then, for church, to rainy-day goings on when a hat is practically compulsory, and funerals. The white hat—for church (optional), miscellaneous doings and weddings. See how simple it is?

I am known among my associates as "One-Hat Annie." Among closer and family connections I am known by other and less euphonious names. They think me *stingy*, or "near," as they say in Vermont. But what I really want is peace of mind and time to do other and, to me, more important things than chasing hats. And, if Wilhela Cushman resents these few remarks, she and not I will take the consequences.

***Weddings on the mind.*** I told you these little facts about my hats for a very good reason. I thought it such a good way to get me right into the swing of weddings, and weddings to many people mean, among other things, a new hat. As things are now, I shan't be needing a new ribbon on my white hat.

***Changes even for weddings.*** Bids have fallen off tremendously. The boys and girls are tearing down to some dusty office or coercing some old judge to marry 'em in a hurry "in chambers." Wedding bells and Lohengrin seem to matter less than they used to. In case you've forgotten what weddings used to be like, the title of this piece, To Have and to Hold, should *(Continued on Page 71)*

# To Have and to Hold



# Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 One way to read a book is to start from about the middle or toward the end. That way you'll get the idea quickly, and one can always run forward or back. Also avoid all surprises.

2 Maybe there's little new about a melon, but try this: Cut off the top of a large casaba melon and scoop out the seeds with a silver spoon. Pour into the melon a good cup of raspberry or cherry sirup or liqueur. Fasten on the top and chill for several hours. Tilt and turn the melon once in a while to distribute the flavor throughout. Slice and serve.

3 Speaking of sandwiches (as we were not) and now that the chutneys are back again, take some chutney in a bowl, add a jar of Welsh rarebit and beat it well together. Spread this on long slices of bread. Chill and roll up like a jelly roll. Cut in thin slices.

4 And another, for if this isn't sandwich and picnic time, I don't know it when I see it. Make a spread of mashed hard-cooked eggs, chicken livers, cooked and chopped fine, a little lemon juice, salt and pepper and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Good on any bread, biscuit or canapé shell.

5 *Herb note:* Sesame and poppy together grow in many a plot of long ago. These are mysteries today. But crushed in a mortar and added to macaroni or spaghetti dishes, these pleasant seeds are never to be by-passed or forgotten.

6 All creamed dishes made of lobster, crab, chicken or oysters require special care that the sauce be smooth and perfectly seasoned. They should be served on crisp toast, salted crackers or with rice.

7 *News item:* Homemade Dundee cake in a pretty fine-and-dandy package. Grandma's was wrapped up in an old, old napkin. Remember?

8 *'Nother piece of news—not gossip:* Orange juice may now be whisked out of the purse or pocket, whenever you feel for it, wherever you are. Made into a hard candy. Grapefruit too. Nothing added, nothing lost—or so they say. And prunes, too, the old trail-alongs. The world—it moves!

9 *Idea department—dumpling division:* Into old-time dumplings for stews, *and* the fricasseed-chicken variety (those Sunday dumplings), mix chopped parsley *or* water cress. Sprinkle same on top and cook your dumplings as usual. These are delicious, give you my word. Nice large fluffy dumplings served with a highly spiced tomato-and-meat sauce and an acceptable green salad make a main luncheon course. Coffee—iced or hot.

10 Should you be needing an appetizer at once cool and full of pep, try this: serve icy-cold segments of grapefruit in catchup or chili sauce like shrimp cocktail.

11 *From an old cookbook:* "Crossing the ocean, do not be misled into taking great quantities of seasickness remedies or medicines with you. A supply of gingerbread, nuts and sugar comfits will insure you a pleasant voyage." Nuts to you, old sailor.

12 What to do with the holes in canned pineapple slices is pretty discouraging. I've found out, though, and it isn't cream cheese. Put the slice on a slice of the best of cakes (don't ask me which), cover the slice with ice cream, first filling the hole with chopped nuts.

13 I suppose I've told you this before. Don't you care, it's here again. Gingerbread, while hot, is spread with fresh applesauce, then with whipped cream or cream cheese thinned with cream. Cut in big squares and let it turn up at the table with cream and crystallized ginger. Or add the ginger to the applesauce.

14 Will the class come to order, please. Ready? Well, take a cup of cooked rice and one and a half cups of chopped cooked chicken. Mix together in a bowl. Season with salt and pepper.

**TALES OF BELINDA**

*"Belinda, Belinda, will you tell me your dream?*
*For I heard you walking last night by the stream."*
*"Up from the churchyard I found my way,*
*And stopped for a moment a prayer to say.*
*But for a moment to breathe a prayer.*
*And to gaze at the violets. But were you there?"*
*"Belinda, Belinda, could you not wait?"*
*"Nay, lover, latched forever is the gate."*

Then add about a cup of chicken broth. Perfume with sherry, if you wish. Taste. Stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Attend to seasoning. Chapter II. Fold in, with care, the stiff-beaten whites of the eggs—there are two—and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown. And *what* a way to use leftovers!

15 Using the freezing trays these warm June days? Small bits of fruit such as pineapple, pears, bananas, peaches, cherries are partly frozen and immersed in soft sherbet—orange, lemon and raspberry are best, I think.

16 As the bride to the orange blossom, so is the tomato to the summer salad. A new "trend" is observed when you cut the tomato, peeled, in thin wedges not quite through. Put slices of cucumber in the cuts, fill the center with cream cheese and serve with French dressing. And have you tried the wedged tomato with an inset of a well seasoned deviled egg? Garnish this with water cress.

17 I'll tell you a secret: that crisp brown crust on hashed brown potatoes is achieved by low heat and no stirring. Just give the potatoes a chance to brown—and go easy on the heat under the pan. Simple?

18 What thrill is there in a dish of flaked fish cooked in a cream sauce? Add cheese? Yes. Add white wine? As you please. Add a dash of nutmeg? Why not? *But* add paper-thin cucumber slices and observe the reactions.

19 As we were. Let me tell you (from experience) that such fish dishes, particularly ones *au gratin*, ought to be flattered with a cup of sautéed mushrooms, and with a seasoning of some sharp sauce. But just a little.

20 When it's teatime on the shady patio, and the teapot is at its best, have a plate of orange and lemon slices touched with mint or wintergreen extract.

21 Haven't tried it yet, but I am told by tried and faithful friends that a dash of mint in pea soup is better than goldfish in the lily pool. And that it gives Hollywood come-hither to a lemon jelly such as never was.

22 Mushrooms baked in a rich cheese sauce sound all right to me—when I have that night off and can cook and cook.

23 In the cool of the evening, come down to the brookside grill and have a rarebit. One done with canned baked beans or that made with chutney and onions. Just nominate your candidate.

24 Here's one more summer dessert you ought to have. Arrange a large bowl of melon balls, cantaloupe, watermelon mixed. On these go balls of strawberry sherbet, surrounded with shavings of pineapple in sirup.

25 For the McCoy in desserts you mustn't forget vanilla ice cream with great black cherries in their sirup. Like a romantic secret whispered in the dark.

26 Tennyson's brook, and tomato surprises, will go on forever. Anyway, why not? Mask the little darlings inside with mayonnaise. Put a pickled walnut in each—"pickled" is the word—cover with a rosette of green mayonnaise.

27 Oh, yes, Therese, I *will* tell you about that. Make a good clear aspic jelly, and mold in a shallow dish with sliced eggs, cress and sliced ripe olives. When set, cut in dice and serve on lettuce.

28 A green-apple pie, flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg, topped off with meringue and sent in with a jug of cream and shaved maple sugar, is timely.

29 New peas and asparagus tips cooked together are as good as may be. Maybe better.

30 June hath thirty days. Look well to your roses. And take that blue ribbon. June comes only once a year, remember.

# I COURTED AN ANGEL ... AND MARRIED A COOK




**"That's What He Says! But I've Got Campbell's Soups to Thank for Helping Me Out"**

"Sometimes I think I could write a book. About husbands, I mean. The way they get around a girl, for instance, with those smooth words—and all the time you're not fooled a bit and all the time you love it! And then—the way that man of mine can eat! Take soup. Most men like soup, of course. Tom sure does, and that's why I'm keen about Campbell's. They're so good and so nourishing, with all those wonderful meats and vegetables and things—and easy to fix, too. Why, Campbell's Soups just seem like 'one of the family'. And I've discovered this: He really sits up and takes notice when I include one of his favorite soups. And that's good!"

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



e—just as sure as you like chicken, you'll Campbell's Chicken Soup! Tender pieces of ken in a rich golden broth, with fine white rice.

Campbell's CHICKEN SOUP



"Almost a meal in itself" is what women everywhere call this hearty, homey soup, with its 15 different garden vegetables and good beef stock.

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

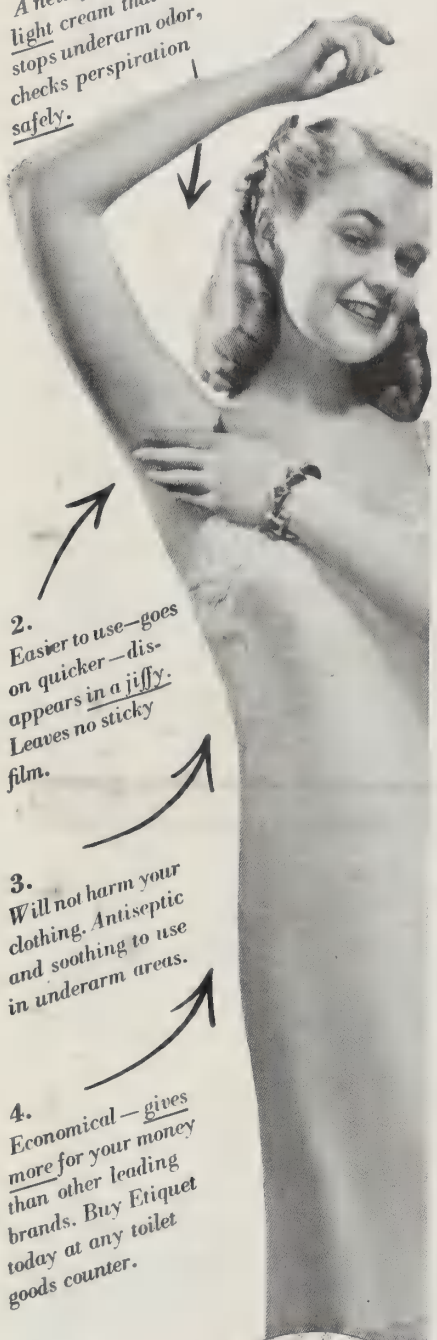


Try this thick and hearty soup of tender whole beans. It's made extra-tempting with the tangy taste of fine bacon. You'll like it!

Campbell's BEAN with BACON SOUP

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## THE DARK WOOD

*(Continued from Page 45)*

something has happened to you, and of course any fool can guess what it is."

"Well?"

"You've found someone to fall in love with, and you're being mysterious about it, instead of letting us rejoice with you." She settled down on a corner of the bed and wrapped her arms round the post. "Dick and I are your closest friends. Haven't we any right to know what happens to you?"

Stella thought, *Should I tell her?* Then she shrank from the thought as an old fear asserted itself, the fear which had dogged her since her first meeting with Mark, the fear that to name her love might expose it to danger, derision, skepticism. "*What? Can the period of immolation be past? But you had led us to believe that your love was immortal, your grief never to be assuaged!*" Oh, they must find it out sometime, but not yet and not through her.

"You can't keep a secret forever," Miriam warned her. "How silly, and how unfair to imagine that you could!"

"Unfair?"

"Well, don't you owe us anything? Since your return from Italy we've hoped something like this would happen. There's no use beating about the bush—something has happened. Dick noticed it when he saw you the other day, and I notice it now. Notice! It's written all over you."

"Well, I might as well tell you I am going back to Jarley."

They rose, confronting each other. A gale of celebration throbbed in the living room beyond the doors.

"You're going back to Jarley?" Miriam said. "Alone?"

Stella lied instinctively, defensively, "Yes, alone."

"When did you decide? I'm delighted, of course, but still puzzled! It's not like you to make these decisions."

"Miriam dear, don't ask any more questions. You've told me often enough that I should return to Jarley, and I am going. There is nothing more to say now. When there is, I shall say it. As you just reminded me, one cannot keep secrets forever."

Miriam flushed. "I'm not trying to pry! You seem happy. If you are really happy, I'm satisfied."

"Happy?" murmured Stella. "That has a dangerous sound, hasn't it?"

Miriam's natural generosity came to the rescue. "Oh, Stella, you used to be happy! You used to be the happiest person I knew." Impulsively she kissed her. "We better join the animals. Dick will come barging in here after us in a minute."

THE living room was crowded with people and the talk had reached a point familiar to Stella, the point where sense and nonsense become inextricably confused. She heard Dick's voice at its most trenchant:

"Given our national temperament of crass sentimentalism and deadly practicality, there is every reason why we should be detested by the rest of the world!"

"Oh, lay off," growled another voice. "They have always found our national temperament pretty useful when they got themselves into a mess."

"Well, believe me, boy, next time America the beautiful will pop like a great big bloated bedbug."

"Oh, dear," murmured Miriam. "They've started arguing. It's Pete Willingdon and Dick. I wish Dick would leave him alone. These idiotic discussions always ruin a good party."

Dick was shouting in a corner, "We're a breed of extremists, incapable even as individuals of elevating any relationship to a spiritual or artistic level! I tell you I'm an expert on human relationships. We pass from good-fellowship to bed fellowship at the drop of a hat." He paused and added thoughtfully, "And there are among us those who sometimes neglect to remove the hat."

"What's wrong with that for a national psychology?" demanded Mr. Willingdon. "It's a good one, if you ask me. It's made us what we are."

"And what are we? Tell me that. Just what are we?"

Miriam groaned. "Do go and break it up, Stella!"

Stella made her way through the crowd, and was immediately greeted as an ally by Dick.

"I'm trying to be earnest," he told her plaintively. "The only chance I have to be earnest is when I'm drunk, then bang go all my inhibitions."

"He's been telling me what he thinks of the Republican Party," said Mr. Willingdon, looking as if he had received a body blow.

"You'll admit I've been impartial. Drunk, I spare no one, not even my friends."

"And what then becomes of your professional discretion?" inquired Stella.

"Oh, professional discretion is in a class by itself. It operates on the same principle as the conditioned reflex."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### *Restorative*

**By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith**

**When I'm depressed and my darkling mood**
**Will not give away to the wiles of food**
**Or a froufrou hat or a compliment**
**Tendered me by my favorite gent,**
**It's house-cleaning time. I sweep and dust**
**And scour with a dedicated lust,**
**And under the spell of mop and wax,**
**Little by little I relax.**
**Anon my psyche can chin itself**
**On the cobwebs hung from the pantry shelf,**
**While my mind and the draperies display**
**Alike a freedom from tattle-tale gray.**
**For never the woman with heart so glum**
**She could scowl at spotless linoleum**
**Or shutter the sunlight from her brain**
**When it shone through a polished windowpane!**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mr. Willingdon drifted elsewhere in search of sympathy, and Dick turned a penetrating eye on Stella.

"You look as if you had been in a far country, but it wasn't Italy this time."

"I've been talking to Miriam. I told her that I had decided to go back to Jarley."

"Jarley? Is that where you've been hiding?"

"No, I've been in town, but very busy getting my ideas sorted out."

"What's his name?"

She shook her head. "No, Dick. Don't go jumping to conclusions."

"I'm in an athletic mood. I've jumped all over Willingdon, now I want to try a few conclusions. And you look lovely. It's all so obvious even to my jaded eye. Why should you want to conceal it? Or is there some difficulty? Is he married, or something?"

Stella forced herself to meet the merry but merciless eyes. "Aren't you glad enough that I've decided to return to Jarley? You've always urged me to."

"Of course I'm glad. It's where you belong. I have a theory that certain people belong in certain places and should not be uprooted. You don't belong in New Yor though I can guess why you have chosen live here since Alec's death."

She waited, while round them the amia babble rose and fell.

Dick went on: "It was because you we homeless and New York is a city of the hom less. It's why Miriam and I live here. O roots don't go deep—they're the kind th draw their nourishment from just below t surface." He waved his glass at her genial "But if you had stayed on here mu longer ——"

"Yes?" she prompted.

"You'd have dried up. You'd have becor old and withered like last year's geranium

She laughed, but he went on seriously:

"Just remember one thing: if there are d ficulties in the way of your happiness, I mig be able to help you. I'm a very clever gu you know. There's scarcely a person in th room who has not benefited from my adv at one time or another."

SHE reflected silently on Mark's dilemm and on the fact that hard-boiled professior characters like Dick Sparrow should called on to alleviate private woe. Mar refusal to submit to or to connive at an au matic version of justice appeared in her ey as something both right and pathetic. T thought of him brought a glow to her eyes, a William Symes, standing at a little distan studied her with increasing surprise. He h not recognized her at first, and recollection that airplane journey to Lisbon revi slowly as he listened to fragments of t conversation as he had listened to the which preceded it, between his host and Willingdon.

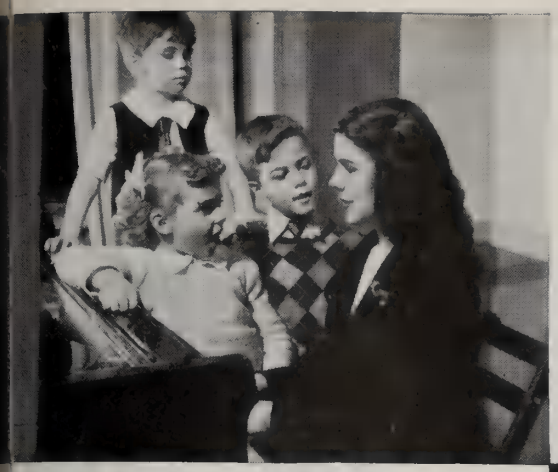
It was Symes' practice, on these occasio to convey the impression of convivial without becoming drunk, a practice wh had saved him from more than one disast He rarely missed anything that might pro to be of value to himself and to his prof sion, although, as a trained observer, he ga few people credit for subtlety, for he h heard too many men wittingly and unw tingly betray themselves, each other a their countries in the course of a single c versation, often under the stimulus of first drink. The instinct of mistrust, bred his childhood, had become a habit, and of his favorite pastimes was to speculate the integrity and patriotism of people knew.

But his speculations were not always such a sinister level. Discretion rather th integrity was more the order of ordin times. So it happened that this eveni while he doubted that Dick Sparrow wo let fall any inadvertent hint relative to h self and Regan, habit prompted him to lo within earshot of his host, and he tingle little at Dick's facetious reference to guests as persons who were actual or pot tial clients. It was an unwise thing to even in joke; he must speak to Dick abou

However, as the conversation proceed more or less harmlessly he dismissed his fe and fell instead to watching Stella Harm Queer that he should have put her so c pletely out of his mind and that, seeing again, she should appeal to him as be youthful and attractive. Then, remember the mission which had taken her to Italy, decided she must have undergone a me morphosis, and as he sipped his drink wondered about the nature of it, and its p sible agent. Had it been one of the go looking pilots of the American clipper, some robust young Italian, one who pedd consolation to rich foreigners among ruins and the graveyards? Perhaps e Dick Sparrow. Symes gazed with a sud renewal of interest at his friend the law Dick seemed ardent enough, though t might have been induced by liquor.

Someone took away Symes' half-em glass and gave him another. Voices lowed round him, argumentative, provc tive, amorous, incoherent. Stella

*(Continued on Page 56)*



**She shall have music"**—Mary has been majoring in music at college. During summer vacations she gives time to teaching piano to youngsters in a foster home. "They couldn't have lessons any other way," she says. People who play and sing are always needed. Can't *you* give away some of your music as Mary does?

## *Mary Margaret Topping to wed Navy Lieutenant*

Daughter of the Hudson Robert Toppings of Peoria, Illinois, engaged to Lieutenant (j.g.) Edgar A. De Yoe, Jr., U.S.N.R. of Ramsey, New Jersey . . ."Topper," as Mary is called, is a senior at Connecticut College and met her fiancé when he was a Cadet at the Naval Training Station in New London.



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he looks like a teen-ager with her hair round her shoulders—like a sophisticated logue model in her evening "up-do," that so eautifully accentuates the fine contour of er face and clarity of her skin.

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opy Mary Topping's cream-rinse way of sing Pond's Cold Cream—every morning, very night *regularly!* Use your Pond's for aytime clean-ups, too! It's no accident so any more women use Pond's than any her face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* r, so luxurious to dip into!



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*ew of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. · Mrs. Victor L. Drexel H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco · Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle · Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton*





(Continued from Page 54)

turned, and he thought her profile charming. He smiled as he remembered the last time he had seen it, when, thanks to Regan, he had come close to missing the plane, and he recalled scraps of the conversation which he'd had with Mrs. Harmon, how she had bored him with her air of grief and her totally uninspiring appearance.

Behind him someone opened a window and a stir went through the room as people regrouped themselves in obedience to some mysterious law, their voices falling, then rising, as conversation was resumed at the point where a breath of air had interrupted it.

Symes turned to find that Stella was staring at him with unrecognizing eyes. He went forward and held out his hand. "How was Italy?" He asked it out of pure malevolence, annoyed that she should not have remembered him.

She shook hands. "Italy?"

Dick said, "You remember Bill Symes?"

"Yes, of course." She remembered him then, this well-groomed young man whose personality continuously and perversely eluded her.

"I hope the weather was fine for the remainder of your trip," Symes continued urbanely. "The spring wind can be rough, even for our clippers."

STELLA thanked him and said that her trip had been quite pleasantly uneventful. He saw that she was unwilling to continue the conversation, but surprise at her changed appearance, allied to injured sexual vanity, inspired him to further spitefulness.

"I haven't been in Italy since before the war," he said. "I was sent there then on a mission for our Government. I must say I dread seeing it again. I often think of Churchill's speech when he promised that the red-hot rake of war would draw the length and breadth of the country! Well, it did, though God knows we paid for it along with the Italians." His eyes, the handsome eyes of a cruel boy, dwelt on Stella as he inquired, with an air of one informed intelligence consulting another, "Tell me, how *was* Italy?"

Dick stared at him in amazement, but Stella had recovered her composure. She believed that Symes must be somewhat drunk and therefore forgetful of the errand which had taken her abroad. She answered calmly that she had found Italy most beautiful, and added, "I should thank you again for your kindness in helping me get there."

"I'm sorry I couldn't have accompanied you all the way to Rome, or to have been of service to you while you were there. You were in Rome, weren't you?"

"I went north, to a town called Montescari."

"Oh, yes, the scene of one of the great battles. We lost a lot of men there. It used to be a favorite spot for tourists before the war. I don't suppose there's much left. I expect to be sent to Italy one of these days, and frankly I don't look forward to it. I don't fancy ruins in the initial stages! Ruins and cemeteries. I'd rather wait till the grass has grown a bit." He turned genially to Dick. "That was quite a bout you had with Pete Willingdon. No fair, pitching into a guy twice as drunk as yourself!"

Relieved at the change of subject, Dick laughed. "Willingdon just plain refuses to see the United States as anything but a bigger and better National Association of Manufacturers."

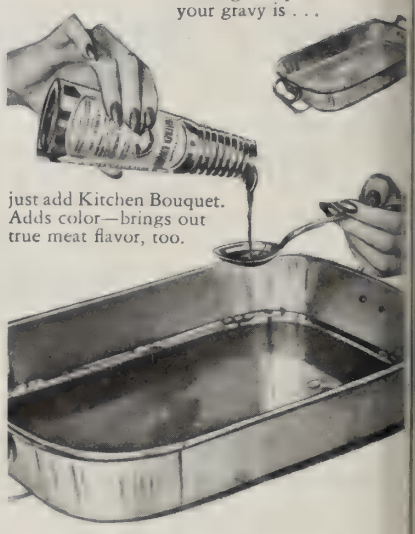
Stella listened with a forced smile. Symes' manner had left her considerably disturbed. Was he really drunk, or inexplicably vindictive? She found it difficult to rid herself of the latter suspicion. Yet why should he have wished to hurt her feelings? Might it be a mere trick of her own imagination? She sensed his awareness of herself, and it frightened her. This was a familiar terror; it held her rooted in the center of this noisy and preoccupied throng just as it sometimes affected her in a subway or at the crowded intersection of streets. Suppose something happened something, anything and she were to find herself once more alone? *I must go away*, she told herself urgently. *I must*


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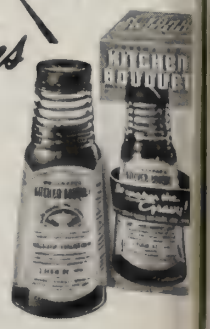
Kitchen Bouquet is blended of 12 vegetables and choice spices. It adds that deep brown mouth-watering color; also brings out—magnifies—enhances the true rich taste of the particular meat.

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*find Mark.* Finding him, she would cast herself into his arms. "Hold me, save me!" She turned, more than half expecting him to appear in obedience to her inaudible summons.

Her companions were talking energetically and she moved away toward the farther corner of the room, where Miriam sat beside a large pudding of a woman, the thrice-divorced wife of successively younger men. The prospective fourth, a wilted youth with padded shoulders, hovered in the offing.

Miriam drew Stella onto the arm of her chair. "You've met Marie MacLennan? Marie has been telling me about a marvelous cream for sunburn. It takes the sting out immediately."

"Costs ten dollars a jar," said Mrs. MacLennan hoarsely. "My beautician makes it up himself. It's a secret formula, and worth every cent. Magical, really magical."

Stella smiled vaguely. Two hundred pounds of vanity stared back at her with feverish eyes.

"That's a beautiful coat," declared Mrs. MacLennan abruptly. "A beautiful, beautiful coat! Would you think it rude if I asked where you found it?" She touched the coat with fat, covetous fingers.

Stella told her, laughing, and a shallow gleam flashed across the woman's eyes. Then their focus shifted like lightning toward her current betrothed, who was swaying dangerously in his long pointed shoes.

"Desmond, do sit down!" She shrugged theatrically. "He never knows enough to take his third drink *sitting!* Desmond!"

The young man subsided at her feet. "I have a headache," he moaned. "I have one head of a hellache, mamma."

Stella lingered a few minutes, then got up and moved from group to group till she had gone the rounds. Glancing at her watch, she realized that she had been here almost two hours. The semidelirium of these gatherings always left her with a creeping sense of depression; people crowded about her, her ears hummed with voices, her mind grappled with ideas half formed, extravagantly expressed. Time passed, time alone passed pitilessly over these unquiet heads.

**One of the commonest and most popular mistakes is thinking your worries are over when your children get married.** —KIN HUBBARD.

She escaped at last, but with difficulty. "I have a headache," she pleaded with Dick and Miriam, taking her cue from the prostrate Desmond. "And it's late, really late." It was after nine and they had been drinking since five-thirty.

Miriam accompanied her to the door and whispered, "Have lunch with me next week." Her eyes added accusingly, *You are leaving us to go to someone else!*

Stella promised to have lunch one day next week, and out on Park Avenue she lifted her face to the air, rejoicing in the summer night. But she had not gone half a block when a voice hailed her and she was overtaken by William Symes. Masterfully, he seized her arm.

"Mrs. Harmon! How fast you walk! Were you running away?"

"Running away?"

"Oh, I wouldn't blame you if you were." He pressed her arm. "I was so afraid you'd disappear before I'd had a chance to apologize. I could kick myself for having been so crude. It was completely unpremeditated, I assure you. After you had gone Dick lit into me, and quite properly too."

Stella glanced at him apprehensively. "It's all right," she murmured. "Perfectly all right. I understood."

"You're sweet to say so. I have so much on my mind, I tend to overlook personal things. I had completely forgotten that you lost your husband in Italy, and that you were going to visit his grave, the day I met you on the plane."

"It's all right," Stella repeated, suddenly on the verge of tears. Why didn't he leave




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Right now, cars  average more than 8 years of age, many with parts and tires  badly worn. The older your car gets, the more cautiously you should drive. If you aren't sure your car is safe, protect yourself and others by *keeping it off the road!* 

***You can help*** **reduce the traffic accident toll which has been rising steadily since the war's end. For a check list of vital parts you should have inspected regularly, and for driving suggestions on how you can help reduce traffic accidents, send for Metropolitan's pamphlet. Just ask for Booklet 66-J.**

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her? She had planned to walk a block or two in order to clear her head, then to take a cab and stop at Mark's on her way home. Symes' personality oppressed her unbearably. "Please forget all about it, Mr. Symes. It really isn't important."

"But it is important! You must have thought me an awful heel. Dick was furious. It hurt him, I imagine, pretty much as it must have hurt you. He's one of my closest friends, as I understand that he is yours too."

Stella thought, *I'll get a cab, and perhaps he'll leave me then.* But Symes urged her forward, matching his stride with hers, keeping a possessive grasp on her elbow. She was conscious of some strange excitement running through him.

He went on: "You see, the trouble was I didn't recognize you when you came into the Sparrows' living room. The last time I saw you, you were not looking very well. You had a sort of sadness, as why not, considering everything? And there was I blatting on and on about Italy and the war and everything!" He shook her arm, then clasped it closely against his side. "Dick told me how fond he was of your husband too. He should have stopped me when I started to talk that way. Naturally, he was astonished at what he took to be my bad taste. I wouldn't hurt him for the world, nor you. You do forgive me, don't you?"

She said coldly, "Yes, I forgive you. Please don't let's talk of it any more. Would you mind signaling a cab? My head's quite bad and I'd like to go home."

"Poor kid! Of course." Still holding her firmly by the arm, he signaled a cab and handed her into it, getting in after her. "Where to?"

Stella thought helplessly, *Mark is nearest. He'll have to leave me there.* "East Fifty-third."

The cab churned down the avenue, and Symes said vibrantly, "I shall see you to your door." He took her arm again. "It's the very least I can do." He fell silent for a moment, then: "How you have changed! That's what confused me. It's what I told Dick. Do you mind if I tell you also? Don't misunderstand if I say that you make me think of a woman in love."

"I don't misunderstand," she replied bitterly, hating him.

"I'm afraid you do, but I'll take the risk." He peered at her. "I'm devoted to old Dick, myself. In fact, I regard him as an older brother. I don't know what I'd do, sometimes, without him."

"He has many friends," said Stella. Before them, apparently interminable, glittered the ruby traffic lights.

"I've never known a lawyer with more human understanding," Symes continued warmly. "You'd suppose their job would make them hard as nails. It does, most of them. But Dick is exceptional."

She managed a laugh. "Are you getting a divorce, by any chance, Mr. Symes? I was not aware that you were married."

"I'm not." He wrapped himself in a moment of mystery, then emerged. "No doubt Dick has told you something about my difficulties." It was a statement rather than a question.

She answered, "He is very fond of you, and has often spoken of you to me." Her indefinable fear of Symes had spent itself in boredom. She saw him now as merely drunk and lecherous, and gazed thankfully at the traffic lights as they turned emerald down the avenue.

The car started forward and Symes said in a charged voice, "I don't blame Dick for being in love with you."

She turned slowly to stare at him. "Dick is not in love with me. You are quite mistaken."

Symes laughed. "Oh, I understand. You and Miriam are good friends. But in these situations passion always triumphs over friendship, doesn't it?"

*He is drunk,* she told herself again contemptuously. *Drunk like the rest of them this evening. Drunk as Dick himself. What could Dick have said to him?* The thought jarred her into wariness.

She said, "Dick sometimes talks like an idiot after he's been drinking."

"Does he? I would have sworn he never transgressed the bounds of professional discretion!"

"I think you can leave transgression out of it."

He studied her intently. He was not really much farther along than when he'd started, but it had been an exhilarating interlude. Working on the faintest scent, he believed that he had flushed an invisible hare. Reassured as to his own position, he felt that he could safely relax and compose the incident into an amusing story for Regan. But that he had actually flushed a hare, and one of unexpected agility and size, dawned on him as the taxi bore them down Park Avenue toward their destination.

"East Fifty-third, did you say? I seem to remember Dick saying that you lived in the East Forties somewhere."

"I do, but I want to stop and see friends who live on Fifty-third."

"And that headache?"

"They'll have aspirin, and if it doesn't get better I can spend the night there," she told him. Weariness made her say it, weariness and the determination to get rid of him at all costs. Under the circumstances, he would scarcely try to intrude on strangers.

"Here we are, East Fifty-third."

Stella gave the driver the number of the house and the taxi stopped. Symes climbed out, holding the door for her. Surprise, which moves most people to noisy exclamation, kept him silent as he escorted her to the door. Regan's house! He could have found his way here blindfolded. How extraordinary! Who were these friends, and did Stella by some lunatic chance know Regan? But he knew all Regan's friends and most of her acquaintances, by name if not in person, and Stella was not among them.

**The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides, never decides. Accept life and you must accept regret.**

—AMIEL: The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom.

Hat in hand, he ascended the steps after her. "I do hope that headache will be better in the morning. And I am really, truly forgiven?"

Safe at last, Stella could smile without effort. "Thank you for bringing me so far. And don't let us talk any more about forgiveness. You've been most kind."

"I'll wait and make sure your friends are home. Which bell?"

"Two-eighteen. Bycroft, to your left."

"It says Mrs. Bycroft."

"Yes, that's it."

Symes pressed the bell. The buzzer sounded almost immediately, and as Stella pushed open the door he jauntily replaced his hat. The echo of his voice bidding her good night fell vibrantly through the air, then he turned and walked back to the waiting taxi.

*XXV*

Recovering from an attack of asthma which had left her chilled and spent, Hester lay among her pillows, watching Regan, who crouched at the foot of the bed, manicuring her fingernails. The lights of the bedroom played over Regan's naked body, and Hester's gaze shifted from her sister to the window. A slight mist obscured the river, but she could picture it, lead-colored, a few boats plowing against the current. Lying here, she longed for a breath of the storm-scented air, but the doctor had warned her she must keep her windows closed in bad weather. The room smelled of the aromatic powders she had burned to relieve the asthma; it smelled also of Regan's favorite perfume, which vied with the powerful tincture of drugs.

"So you've thought of everything," said Hester.

Absorbed in her task, Regan merely nodded. *(Continued on Page 61)*



# The moon and tenpence

Even today, a dime or so will still enable a fellow to end an evening in style. The high cost of living hasn't ruled out *some* old favorites — not the moon, at least, nor summer's own frosty-cool ice cream cone!

At such a moment, it's almost unromantic to say anything more. But the fact is, there's a lot besides frostiness and flavor that makes a certain ice cream a very *special* treat. You see it under the labels "Sealtest" and "Breyers"—and whether by the cone or quart, it means *extra* money's worth.

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**HE:** Another new dress—and a snazzy one, too

**SHE:** New dress, nothing—this has been Luxed 20 times!

**HE:** Wow! Maybe you'd qualify for a poor man's bride

**SHE:** With Lux on hand, I might even make a poor man rich!

• •

Yes, this lovely spun rayon dress was Luxed and ironed 20 times before this picture was taken! Lux care certainly pays—it keeps pretty rayons, gay linens and cottons lovely looking ever so long.

***That lovely new look....that***

# LUX LOOK




## HINTS THAT WILL HELP YOU *NOW!*

**1. Fabrics and** nice dresses are scarce now, so take care of all nice washables. Don't soak! Never risk strong soap, hot water, rough handling. Use the gentle Lux method.

**2. Always test** colors in clear, lukewarm water first. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux. Scientific tests show that Lux care keeps colors lovely up to *3 times as long.*

**3. Dry in shade** away from heat; iron most fabrics while slightly damp, never over double thicknesses. Remember, the makers of nice washables advise Lux *24 to 1.*

**Lux contains vital materials—**
***DON'T WASTE IT!***

*(Continued from Page 58)*

"Of course there's a chance you might be mistaken."

"We've thought of that too."

*Yes,* Hester reflected, *you would have thought of that too.* After a pause she went on: "A meal here and there, an occasional visit to a man's apartment, don't necessarily constitute adultery."

"No, they don't, but they are very apt to." A gleam lighted, then veiled itself in Regan's eyes. "However, according to our information, Mark and Mrs. Harmon have been seeing each other almost uninterruptedly for the past three weeks. They've dined, lunched, taken walks together. Mark has visited her at her apartment, and I've told you Bill's account of how he escorted her to Mark's door one night last week. Since then, we've learned that they have gone shopping together, sometimes taking Neddy with them." She anointed a pointed nail with a brushload of crimson. "Neddy is in bed by seven-thirty every night, after which the maid goes home and Mark and his female friend have the place to themselves. Aside from these details we know nothing! We may, as you just reminded me, be entirely mistaken. But if anyone knows what really goes on, Neddy does."

Hester pondered, then spoke in her tired, impersonal voice: "Wouldn't you get more out of Octavia Evans than out of Neddy? And wouldn't it be better, really, to question her than that child?"

"You're always so *ethical!*" sneered Regan. "The point is, I want Neddy. He's my son. Besides, tackling Octavia is out of the question. I don't trust her."

"You have in the past."

"No, never. And that's lucky, for it's my belief she's sold out to Mark."

"How can you be so sure?"

"I'm not sure of anything, least of all a servant's loyalty. Now that I think of it, Octavia has always been a bit too much on the superior side to be entirely safe. Since I walked out of the apartment I haven't got anywhere with her, though she's polite enough on the telephone. But then, so am I." She held up one hand, examining it critically. "In fact, I've been at some pains not to antagonize Octavia. We may need her for a witness one of these days."

When Hester remained silent, Regan went on:

"Octavia could have proved her loyalty to me by leaving Mark and bringing Neddy over here. I never suggested she do it—I had no intention of incriminating myself in the least degree. Neither Octavia nor Mark nor anyone else has anything on me. I have not written equivocal letters, and my communication with Mark, as you know, has been by telephone. Now it begins to look as if Dick Sparrow's technique is paying off, as if I really did have something on Mark!"

"Isn't it going a bit far, setting a detective to spy on him?"

"Don't call that poor creature a detective! He's just a down-and-out pal of Bill's. He's worked for Bill before, in an official capacity, and knows how to get round doormen, bellhops, waiters and so forth. For instance, it was he who found out that Mark and Stella have been dining together regularly at Philippe's on Third Avenue. It's an old dive of Bill's, and I took Mark there to supper on his first evening home from Europe. It's only by the sheerest luck that Bill and I haven't run into them there."

"You do seem to have the darnedest luck," agreed Hester. "Just the same, I think I'd rather trust to luck than resort to the services of that grubby character Bill has sleuthing for you."

"Grubby characters have their uses." Regan put down her brush and looked at her sister. "Listen, Mark could have spared us this nonsense if he'd acted like a grown man instead of a jealous vindictive one! If he'd been willing to let me get this divorce, we could have arranged something fair and friendly about Neddy—he knows that, I told him so. He knows that I'm through and that I never will go back to him. And that's why he's determined to make it as difficult for me as he knows how. What am I supposed to do? Sit back and let him spoil my life?"

"You could let him bring the divorce."

"How you love to simplify things! Does it occur to you that he may not want a divorce under any circumstances?"

"Well, what about Neddy?"

"What about him?"

"How is he going to take all this?"

"He'll take it the way thousands of kids take it."

"But what if he should prefer to stay with Mark?"

Regan shrugged. "I've told you what I intend to do. I intend to take him away from Mark right off quick—the minute the coast is clear I'm going to the apartment and take him away. I shall leave word with Octavia, or I'll call Mark on the telephone afterward and put it up to him. 'Play ball now,' I'll tell him, 'and when the divorce has gone through you can have Neddy back, no strings attached. Refuse, and you may never have him.'" She paused, meditating. "Of course the whole thing depends on what I can find out from Neddy."

"You told me once that Neddy could have no idea of what went on between you and Bill. What makes you think he'd know more about Mark and Mrs. Harmon?"

"Because I took darned good care Neddy shouldn't know anything. Mark and I have somewhat different temperaments."

"And you believe Neddy will tell you what, if anything, he does know?"

"He'll tell me. He's my son, and I understand him."

"Yes," Hester said slowly, "yes, you understand Neddy. You understand Mark too."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"However, there's something none of us really understands, and that is the role of Mr. Dick Sparrow in all this."

The words brought a look of uneasiness to Regan's face. She had completed her manicure, and sat contemplating ten sharply pointed, blood-red fingernails.

"It's true," she admitted. "Just what is Dick Sparrow's role in all this? Has he a role, actually?"

"He's Bill's lawyer."

"And he is also, apparently, Mrs. Harmon's friend!"

Hester seemed to struggle, for a moment, with the desire to laugh. "His role may be quite innocent, of course. He may not know of Mrs. Harmon's friendship with Mark. He may be even more in the dark than the rest of us."

"It's what Bill thinks, but I confess I don't know what to make of it. She and the Sparrows are old friends. You'd think she would have confided in them." Regan examined the long curved claw of her left thumb. "And suppose she had confided in Dick Sparrow, wouldn't he naturally—inevitably, out of loyalty to her—wouldn't he do his utmost to shield *her?*"

Hester's smile was spectral. "From you and Bill?"

"From anybody!"

"While he continues to pose as Bill's legal adviser?"

"Oh, I know it sounds impossible." Regan rose and walked restlessly to the window. "What do we know about people, when you come right down to it? If we really knew what Mark's relations were with this woman, everything would be simple. We'd have something concrete to go on."

"Why not ask Sparrow?"

"I wanted to, but Bill's against it. He doesn't want to antagonize Dick, or even to embarrass him at this juncture."

"Of course," Hester said thoughtfully, "faced with divided loyalties, there is nothing Mr. Sparrow could do except abdicate from his role as Bill's lawyer—and perhaps even as his friend."

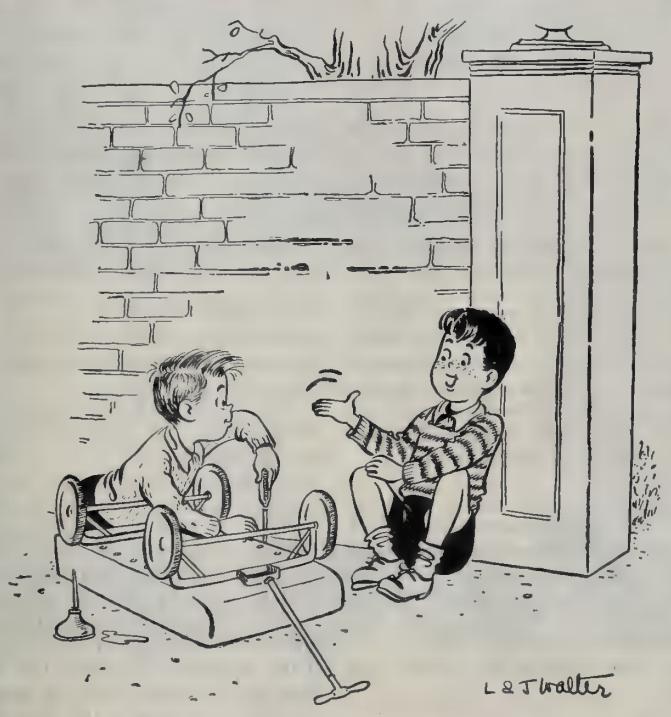
"I've thought of that." Her eyes had a smoky look, reminding the other of their childhood, when a frustrated Regan stood meditating vengeance. "There is just one thing to be done now, and that is for me to get hold of Neddy. Once I have Neddy, I shall be in a position to drive a bargain. Once I have Neddy, Mark will stand to lose everything, or to gain everything. After all, what do I care, really, whether he is in love with this woman or not? When I'm free to marry Bill, Mark can marry anyone he wants, and he can have Neddy for good measure. Can you see any flaw in that reasoning?"

"No," said Hester, looking at her curiously. "After all, it isn't as if you and Bill wanted Neddy yourselves. He'd be in your way—a child of six! No, I can't see any flaw in your reasoning. You've thought of everything."

Regan's face cleared and Hester, watching her, caught her breath. *What can it feel like to be so lovely?* she wondered. *To be so filled with health and passion, so careless of the past, so ardent of the future?*

Regan began to dress in a leisurely manner, picking out her underclothes, discarding one in favor of another, eying herself in the full-length mirror of the bathroom door, her scrutiny innocent of any doubt of anxiety about her appearance. She possessed a rare gift for

**LITTLE GUY**




***"I've learned a lot from just watching my folks—things not to do, of course."***





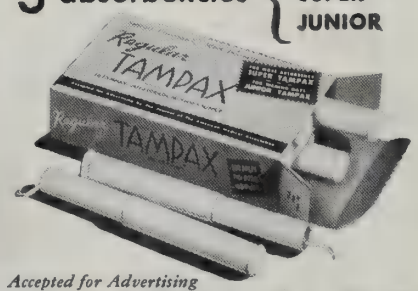
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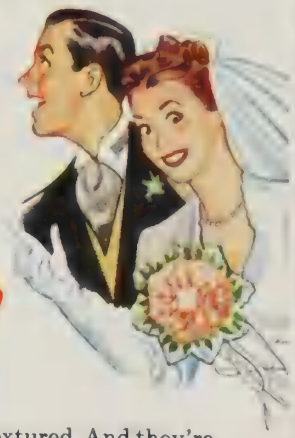


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2 cups milk
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maraschino cherries

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simplicity, yet though art was far less essential to the enhancement of her beauty than it is for other women, she gave much time and care to her toilette, moving with an objectivity which Hester had learned to recognize as the hallmark of true self infatuation.

*I wonder what you'll be like when you're old,* thought Hester as she watched the ritual. *When those beautiful breasts have lost their roundness, that throat its texture, that glittering black hair its ebony vigor, that mind its power to deceive and to exploit not only its enemies, but its lovers and itself? No flabbiness for you, my dear. You will never flounder into old age, transferring your appetites to canapé's at cocktail time, and midmorning snacks.* And in her mind's eye she saw the radiant figure of her sister dematerialize into a witchlike sharpness, the nose curved like a hawk's, the flesh turned leathery, the mouth a bitter line under cold, preying eyes. *What happens when there are no further triumphs, no more lovers, no more tomorrows worth waiting for? As for me, I shall be dead by then. I hope so. I have known what it is to be the victim of your beauty; I would not care to be its last crumb!*

While she was dressing Regan outlined her campaign to the wan listener among the pillows. "I'm going, now, to Bill's apartment. From there we'll get someone to call Mark's number and find out whether he's home. If he should be, I'll have to wait and try later in the day, or even tomorrow or the day after. I don't want to run the risk of finding him and letting myself in for a fight, and the possible ruin of my plans. If Mark is not home, I'll try to make sure that Neddy is. Octavia I know how to handle. After all, she has no authority when I am present. I'll go straight to the apartment and bring Neddy away—to Bill's place, where Mark won't think of looking for him. What will happen, of course, is that he'll try to get hold of me here by phone or in person. That's where you come in."

"I'd rather not. I don't want any hand in this, Regan. It's your affair, not mine."

"When has anything been my affair and not yours? I've always told you things. I've always tried to share my life with you, whenever and wherever possible. As for having a hand in this business—which concerns the whole of my future life and happiness—you don't have to have a hand in it, if you'd rather not, nor even a voice. If you feel you can't put Mark off my trail with a lie, then don't answer the telephone. Let it ring! And if he should follow it up by coming here, don't answer the doorbell."

"But I shall feel like a prisoner!"

"Just for a few hours? I'll be back here tonight."

"WILL you?" She looked desperately at her sister. "Promise, Regan? I feel so darned weak—and the maid is no company, nor much use when I feel an attack coming on. I get so scared, not being able to breathe."

"I promise I'll come back tonight," said Regan with sudden, crisp good humor. She pinned a hat composed entirely of gardenias on her dark hair, and selected a pair of white gloves from the bureau drawer. She might have been on her way to one of her women's-club luncheons. *A woman of action,* thought Hester despairingly. *She knows what she's doing, she never would make a false step or allow herself to be tripped by another's.*

"Regan——"

Regan turned from the mirror. She was picking a tiny gold label from a handkerchief, one of the dozen which Symes had brought her from Lisbon. "What is it, Hester? Now don't go and give yourself another attack! I'm not asking much—I'm not even asking you to lie for my sake, if you'd prefer not to."

"Regan, listen—listen to me. I don't want to preach ——"

"Then don't!"

"Listen, Regan!" Hester propped herself on her elbow, a feverish color burning in her cheeks. "Regan, don't take Neddy away from Mark. Go to him—go to Mark and tell him about Bill Symes. Mark is decent, he's always been decent. Regan, after four years of war can you do this to him?" Breathless from her effort, she sank back on the pillows.

For a moment Regan looked at her in silence; then she said, "Four years of war! That old blackmail. And from you! The war is over, my dear, and none of us has much time left in which to enjoy life." She came to the bedside, stooped and kissed her sister on the forehead. "Don't take things so hard, Hester. I know Mark better than you know him. He's still in love with me. That's the trouble. No matter how many women he may play around with, he's in love with me. That's why I can't tell him about Bill."

HESTER watched her walk to the door, where she turned, a graceful and exquisite figure.

"Now don't worry! If the phone rings and you think you can cope with Mark, go ahead. Tell him anything, any lie that comes into your head. Tell him I've gone to the country without leaving an address. Tell him you've been deathly ill and know nothing of my activities. If, as you say, he's so decent, he won't persist in troubling you. But if you're not equal to it, then just let the phone ring. I shall be back tonight, after dinner. I promise."

She waved, and Hester watched the door close upon her. She heard the soft rumble of the elevator and pictured the slight, purposeful figure as it stepped into the summer rain. Blindly, Hester turned and reached for the telephone. She dialed a number, her mind in a fury of excitement through which there burned a single, selfless intention.

Mark's voice answered: "Yes?"

Hester held the receiver to her ear. Her heart was beating as it did when she had had an injection of adrenalin, but no sound came from her lips. *Four lives*—the words leaped like living things across her gaze. *Four lives are in my hand—four destinies and all their unforeseeable events depend, now, on me, on my word, on my intervention, upon me, who have never taken action in my life; upon me whose mere existence has never cast a shadow nor roused an echo in the void.*

"Hullo? This is Colonel Bycroft."

The sense of his proximity overwhelmed her. She could hear the intake of his breath, faint sounds as he shifted some object on the table, fainter, farther sounds from the room where he stood. Warning, saving words dissolved in her mouth. Then Mark hung up, and she let the receiver fall on her lap. Silence settled on the room. The rain had ceased, a wan glow filled the sky. Hester coughed, her eyes dilated, she coughed again and felt the first demon stir in her chest. Slowly she got out of bed. Her limbs felt hollow like the bones of a bird as they bore her guilty body toward the window, beyond which the sky was slowly pushing through the mist. She stared at the silvery reaches of the river and the distant Jersey shore, then her gaze descended to the trees which lined the street below, and she pursued, with the wondering gaze of a captive, the gay colors of busses and automobiles. There, before her defrauded eyes, creation moved upon its destined way—survivors of catastrophe, while she was merely the inheritor.

"I've always told you things," she heard Regan saying. "I've always tried to share my life with you."

It was true. All the guilt, the scheming the restless self-seeking, the deceits and hypocrisy; the countless confidences and confessions, orgies of repentance without expiation—these had been Hester's share of that life. Out of this she was expected to make sense and to fashion, somehow, a moral and a reason. What is the bond which ties us to our brothers and sisters? Is it blood? The flesh of our parents? Is it the memory of all the dead persisting in us? Yes, Regan had shared everything with Hester. Regan had more than shared—she had rendered up the evil in herself and placed it in Hester's lap

*(Continued on Page 64)*

**It is a great error to take oneself for more than one is, or for less than one is worth.**

—From Maxims and Reflections of Goethe, Translated by Bailey Saunders. (Published by the Macmillan Company)

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*(Continued from Page 62)*

It began in early childhood when one, always sickly, lay watching with envious eyes the other's radiant unfolding. Under this vigil Hester had faded year by year, reduced at last to a shadowy mirror in whose tarnished eye the beautiful sister studied her own resplendent destiny.

### *XXVI*

The storm passed out to sea. In the florists' shops marigolds burned a fiercer gold, and Atlas, straining his sinews, waited the hour when he might hurl the burden from his shoulders and stand erect once more; across the avenue, a threadbare St. Francis crept forth from the cathedral to feed the pigeons in defiance of municipal law.

But the storm which had been rising in Octavia Evans did not pass with the emerging sun; it smoldered in her dark body, stooped like Atlas under an imponderable burden.

In the eyes of her own flesh and blood Octavia was just a stupid woman, resigned to her debased condition and faithful to an ideal which had waited a long time for realization. Since there never had been anything else for her to cling to, she had clung stubbornly to the mythology of the white world. She needed to believe in a paramount virtue, so she believed, and buried her doubts, if she had any, very deep indeed. Mark had appeared in time to vindicate her faith, and what she felt for him was not less veneration than love. She would have died for him. She was accustomed to the genial condescension of white employers, and resigned to the attitudes and falsities which had driven her son Edgar to extremes of cynicism. But in Mark Octavia believed that she had discovered the complete human being, a human heart which had rejected all the jailbird fixations of his kind. In other words, Mark made her feel at home, and to feel at home, as Octavia well knew, is to be as near to God as one ever gets. It was not demanded of her that she die for Mark, but she felt that it was expected of her that she guard him from the catastrophe which she sensed as threatening him from every side.

Octavia was familiar with catastrophe in one form or another; suspicion rose in her as naturally as trust arises in the more fortunate. There had been a morning when, reading murder in Mark's face, she had moved swiftly to divert him. Later, in urging him to surrender Neddy, she had done so because she believed in his eventual triumph. She knew, as Mark did not, how little the child mattered to his mother, and how quickly Regan would be bound to tire of the responsibility once she had her way. But now it seemed that Mark was threatened from another quarter. Octavia's suspicions were aroused on the day of Stella's first visit to the apartment, following Mark's casual account of his meeting with her at Philippe's. Octavia had listened to that account with a polite incredulity. It just didn't make sense, or else it made a peculiarly nasty kind of sense, for even if one were to take into account a man's natural craving for feminine companionship, could he be fool enough to fall for such a fantastic lie? True, Stella's appearance did not accord with Octavia's suspicions, for Stella was gentle, even ingratiating. *But that,* Octavia decided grimly, *is because she knows I see through her. I ought to—I've seen through enough of her sort, and smarter ones than her.*

As the weeks marched forward and she watched the friendship between her idol and the interloper grow and prosper, Octavia curbed her more elemental feelings and set to thinking. Though the pair were constantly in each other's company, she guessed that they were not yet lovers. Had they been, she must have come to accept the romantic inevitable; but the fact that they were not—of this she was reasonably certain—caused her to revise her grosser estimate of Stella in favor of one even more sinister. And when the talk started about a house in the country, a house to which the deluded man dreamed of transporting himself and his son, with Mrs. Harmon in the role of benefactress, Octavia's mistrust crystallized into dreadful certainty.

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***The Miracle Wall Finish***


Here was a trap vile and cunning to its last detail, devised by Regan and Stella. To what purpose? Simply to put the colonel on the spot. Once on the spot, they'd have him; Mrs. Bycroft would have him as she would have Neddy—*cold*.

As the diabolical scheme unfolded in Octavia's brain she set to inventing frantic counterplots to save Mark. *I must tell him*, she exhorted herself every morning as she boarded the subway on her way to work, and every evening when she rode back to Harlem. *I must put him on his guard against this Stella woman before she, too, betrays him.* He would not stand another betrayal; and Octavia sweated as she recalled the look on his face the day that his wife left him. She found herself reliving the anguish which had followed Edgar's desertion of his wife, and experiencing all over again the nightmares of denial, denunciation, divorce. Yet how put Colonel Bycroft on his guard? Phrase after phrase rose to her lips and died there. That she must, sooner or later, speak out and save him, no matter at what cost, she was sure. But in the meantime her vigilance became a morose, even morbid thing, proof against Mark's new-found gaiety, against the pathos of Neddy, against Stella's conciliatory manner.

Coming to work one morning, Octavia noticed a man strolling slowly past the apartment-house door. His leisurely gait, belied by a queer alertness of the eyes, struck her at once. He was there again next day, and the next. Thereafter she saw him often, walking aimlessly with hands in his pockets, his eyes sliding to and fro under the rim of his hat. Of course, there was every possibility she might be mistaken in her fears, but she could not put the ubiquitous stranger out of her mind, and one morning she spoke of him to Mark.

---

**It is very easy to criticize other people's modes of dealing with their children. Outside observers see results: parents see processes. To be a parent is almost to be a fatalist.**

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES:
From Day to Day With
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

---

Neddy was in bed with a cold and Mark was eating breakfast alone.

Octavia, who had just come up from the street, glanced at him uncertainly, then said, "Have you any enemies, Colonel Bycroft?"

"Enemies? Why do you ask?"

She went to the window and looked out. "Would that be one of them?"

Mark followed and peered over her shoulder. The stranger was strolling along on the opposite side of the street, apparently oblivious of scrutiny from the upper windows. "Never saw the guy in my life," said Mark. He laughed. "Octavia!"

"You can laugh, but he's been there off and on for the past four or five days."

"Persistent animal. He must like the rain."

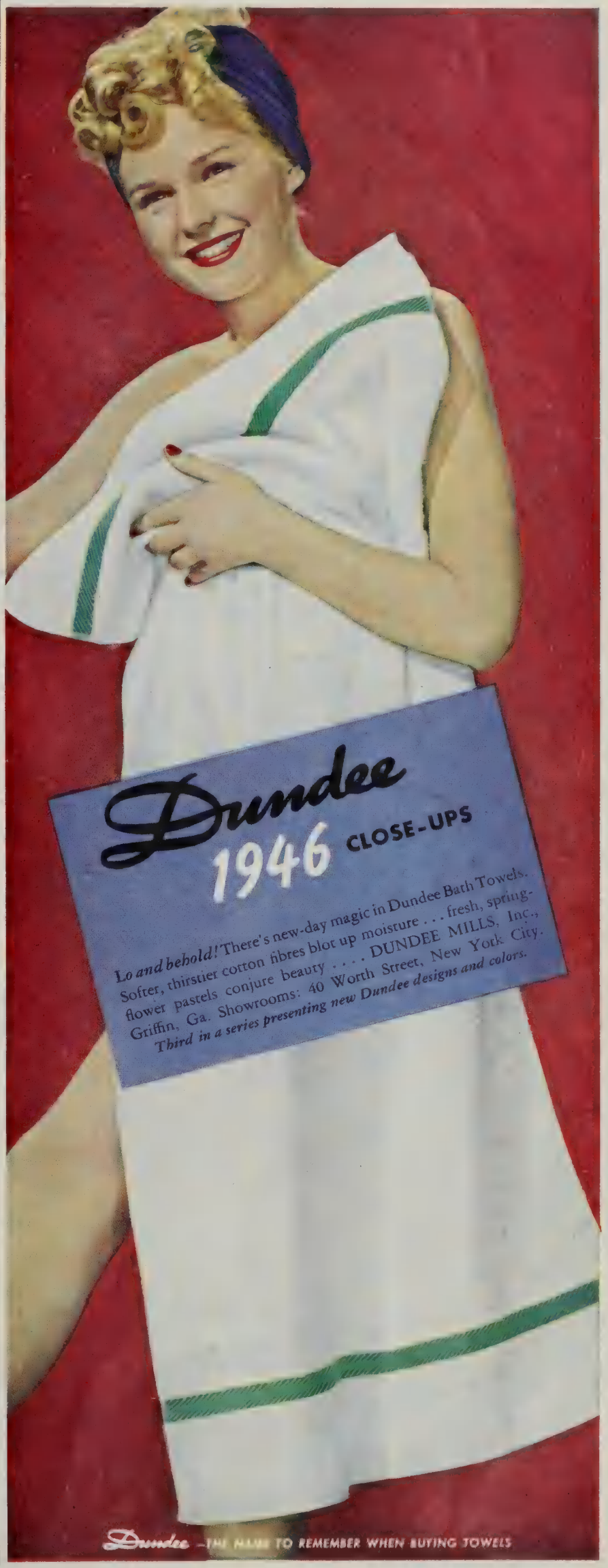
"Maybe he's paid to like it."

"Well, I can't think of anyone who'd pay him to like it on my account."

Mark went back to the table and finished his coffee. A letter from the War Department lay beside his plate. Presently he would telephone Stella and suggest that they dine together to celebrate his imminent discharge from the Army, and next week he would go to Jarley to look at the house. He might even offer to buy it, and that would be the beginning—the beginning of something. He was still not prepared to say the beginning of what, for the emotion which stirred him was unnamable and fragile. He found himself treating it with reserve, careful to exclude all dangerous elements. The thought of Regan was one element, thoughts of his undivorced condition another.

Octavia hovered near the table. "A man telephoned you yesterday. He didn't give his name, nor leave any message."

"Well, he'll probably call again if it's important." Mark tapped the letter. "See this missive, Octavia? My passport to civilian life." He frowned. "I wonder what happened to my civilian clothes?"

POUR IT OFTEN AT YOUR HOUSE!

Libby's TWICE-RICH* Tomato Juice






"Mrs. Bycroft would know."

"I suppose she would."

But he wouldn't call her up to find out. He wouldn't ever call her up again, about anything. Let there be silence between them from now on, silence between himself and the lost years and the lost hope and the lost love. The world might collapse tomorrow, atomic death finish, once for all, the past, the present and the future. What was he supposed to do about that? Forgive and forget while there was still time? Cast his vote in the next election? He glanced at the letter. Well, he had done his share in the general destruction and they had given him a medal—several medals. Things were about even, and at this moment he was prepared to cast his vote for private life, for the house in Jarley, for marsh grass and the look of a clean sea, and for whatever else might be left of his normal span of threescore years and ten.

Octavia looked out the window. "He's crossed the street," she said. "He's walking past our door."

"Shall we fill a paper bag with water?"

She turned, frowning, and he stopped her.

"What's bothering you, Octavia? Why not tell me? I might be able to help."

"It isn't me needs the help."

"Your son, then? Someone you care for?"

Here was her chance, but she could not bring herself to utter the words she had rehearsed so carefully: "Maybe it's all right for you to joke. Maybe the man down there means no harm. Maybe Mrs. Harmon is a true friend after all, and maybe I'm as wrong about her as about everything else. But you forget you're on the spot. You forget you're standing in somebody's way, somebody who would never hesitate to hurt you." How silly the words seemed when they were considered like this, and how terrible if she were to say them and he should resent her doing so! He seemed so stalwart, so more than equal to a situation. Who was she to presume he needed her advice, her feeble, stumbling assistance? He might even scorn her as Edgar scorned her for being a superstitious old black woman relying on her instincts, smelling enemies at every corner.

Mark said gently, "You know I'd be glad to help you, Octavia."

She nodded, and the nod ended in a shiver. "Thank you. But it isn't anything very serious."

SHE left the room and Mark heard her moving about the kitchen, setting her small world of pots and pans in its customary order. Then he went to the window, but the anonymous figure had disappeared in a squall of rain and blowing newspapers. Mark stood for a moment watching the rain fall into the street, and longing rose in him, longing for the look of rain falling across fields, falling into the ocean, falling across the purple shoulders of a hill. This longing cleansed the past of bitterness, and mingled with gratitude and tenderness for Stella. He meditated on the evening they would spend together, and on the peculiarities of their relationship. His desire for her was quite unlike the emotion he had always felt for Regan. He did not want to feel an identical emotion toward Stella, for his life with Regan had been unique, and his unwillingness to repeat the experience with another woman was more than a romantic loyalty to the past—it was based on necessity, the basis of most of our loyalties, the necessity to believe in the rightness, the singleness of our choice. He realized that Stella loved him, and there were moments when he rejoiced in the knowledge, yet whenever he seriously contemplated her, desire expired in him.

He heard Neddy calling from the bedroom, and went in to read to the child, and to discuss all over again their plans and prospects for life at Jarley. For the first time since his home-coming Mark felt that he had a share in his son's existence; mutual vision of the future drew them together, warming the boy toward the father, breaking down the barriers of shyness and mistrust.

Toward evening the rain stopped and he heard the telephone ringing. It was Hester, but he did not know it, and after waiting a minute or two for some sign of life at the other end of the wire, he hung up in disgust. *Four lives*, Hester was thinking—*four destinies and all their unforeseeable events depend now, on me, on my word, on my intervention.* But she remained silent, and an hour later Mark stopped at a florist's and bought flowers for Stella.

COMING out on the street carrying a paper cornucopia, he felt young and elated. The air was cool, and women's dresses blew round them in a progressive ballet which entertained him as he walked. The look on his face won him a smile or two; he responded gallantly, seeing himself as a late arrival to the celebration, still wearing his uniform with its bars and eagles. He wondered again about his civilian clothes, and decided that he must invest in a new outfit. Homespun gray flannel, corduroy, dungarees and work shirts. The trappings of freedom!

**A gentleman entered a certain church. No one spoke to him. To judge by the attention of the congregation, he was a stranger. No friendly smiles or nods. It was only when he proceeded up the aisle wearing his hat that they did begin to notice him. To everyone's astonishment he seated himself near the front, with the hat still on his head. It was then that a sidesman stepped up to him and said, "Pardon me, but you have your hat on." Smiling, the stranger rose, at the same time removing his hat. "Thank you," he said. "I have been attending this church for ten years and you are the first person to speak to me in all that time—thank you, indeed." He settled back in his seat, a smile on his face.**

Toronto Star: quoted in Religious Digest.

A last beam of sun struck the tops of buildings. The Hotel Rotterdam, spangled like a ballerina, beckoned him from the distance, and he felt a sudden letdown of elation. That place! Those walls covered with chromatic ringworm, that blasted elevator! And Perry, poor Perry! Where was he now? Back in God's country, posturing before a picture-post-card sunset, the war behind him, his doubts resolved, the future all rosy-red sand, flowering cacti, domestic bliss, prosperity and Gila monsters. And General Wilmer, where was he? General Wilmer, who had muffed the capture of one square mile of enemy territory, then gave it as his opinion that "we" should forthwith embark on a conquest of the world. Where were the boys who died because of General Wilmer's mistakes?

And where, at this moment, was Mr. William Symes? Mark gripped the paper of flowers a trifle harder, felt a thorn pierce his finger. Changing the flowers to his other hand he sucked the wound and walked faster to get away from the thought of Symes. Wherever he went he seemed to meet that figure disguised as echo.

Stella opened the door and he took her in his arms. "We're going out to dinner and drink bubbly all evening long. I'm out of the Army, and I've brought you some flowers."

He knew there was something false in his boyishness, but felt that it must do for the present, to tide him over certain private uncertainties. As she stood in the circle of his arms her face seemed to swim up to him like a face seen under water. He was conscious of the desire which flooded her, conscious that it ebbed again before his insincerity. He glanced round him at the room which always affected him rather dismally, as if no one lived here. She seemed so much a person who should be with others that the fact that she lived alone, that she was actually alone, always surprised him. There was a nunnery air to the place, and to her in it.

She took the flowers out of their paper and holding them against her dress, which was of some indefinite blue, she moved to the pantry, and he followed her. Light showered on her head, glittered and died there and o

*(Continued on Page 68)*



It's true! Crisco makes LIGHTER, RICHER CAKES!

1

## CRISCO CHERRY TOP SPICE CAKE

Now—better cakes on every count! Lighter—richer—moister—finer texture. But note that this new-method recipe calls for **cake flour—should not be used with emergency flour.**

Measure into mixing bowl:

**2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)**
**1 cup sugar • ½ cup Crisco**
**1 tsp. salt • 1 tsp. cinnamon**
**½ tsp. cloves • ¼ tsp. nutmeg**
**¼ tsp. allspice • ¼ tsp. soda**
**½ cup milk • ¼ cup molasses**

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

**2 tsps. baking powder***

Add: **2 eggs (unbeaten) • ⅓ cup milk**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Pour into pan (8" x 12"), rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30–35 minutes. *Crisco has a baking secret. With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe!* Frost top of cake with fluffy white icing. Decorate with rows of cherries. Use citron or green gum drops for cherry stems. All Measurements Level.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.) use 3 tsps.*

Parties are bustin' out all over since this good news got around . . .

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2

## CRISCO CHERRY TARTS

**2 cups pitted sour red cherries**
**½ cup red cherry juice**
**⅓ cup sugar**
**4 tsps. quick-cooking tapioca**
**1 tsp. lemon juice**
**Full recipe Crisco Pastry**

Line 5 or 6 tart shells or muffin pans with Crisco Pastry, rolled thin. (*Now it's a cinch to get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! You just can't miss if you're sure to use Crisco and follow the easy Pastry Method on the Crisco label!*) Combine cherries, cherry juice, sugar and tapioca in saucepan; bring slowly to a boil. Remove from stove. Add lemon juice and let cool. Pour into unbaked shells. Top with pastry strips. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 10 minutes; reduce to moderate (375° F.) and bake from 25 to 30 minutes. All Measurements Level.

What a Find! Crisco for LIGHT, DIGESTIBLE FRIED FOODS!

3

## CRISCO HAM 'N' YAM BURGERS

**2 cups canned sweet potatoes, mashed**
**1½ cups ground cooked ham**
**4 tbsps. brown sugar**
**1 tsp. dry mustard**
**3 tbsps. milk**
**1 tsp. salt**
**¼ tsp. pepper**

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into flat croquettes (makes about 8). Coat with crushed cereal flakes. Slowly pan-fry in hot Crisco till golden brown. (*Foods fried in pure, all-vegetable Crisco, not only taste better—they're so digestible even children may eat 'em.*) All Measurements Level. Serves 4–6.

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*(Continued from Page 66)*

the small pearls in her ears. He watched while she arranged the flowers in a vase; the look of her pale arms, and of her hands, hovering among the flowers, crept into him, drying his mouth.

"They are lovely," she murmured. "Lovely!"

She turned to pass him, and he took the vase from her and set it on a shelf, then drew her toward him. "Stella, do you—can you understand?"

"I think so." She put her hands on either side of his face, closing her eyes.

"Well, down at Jarley, maybe." He held her against him, then released her, then brought her back. Her warmth was all about him, with the scent of flowers and the stillness. "Away from the city, where everybody is a reflection of everybody else." Her hair was exactly like a coin, precious from the centuries. He ached with feelings he could not name. Why couldn't he love her? It had been so easy with Regan, so incredibly easy. Why couldn't he adore this woman whose body rested against his own, as if hers and no other had ever rested there?

They left the apartment, and out on the dimming streets his alien mood returned. He talked with a fluency he detested but could not restrain, telling her funny stories, recounting some of the amusing incidents of his war experience. He saw that she was playing up to him, matching him laugh for laugh, her eyes blithe, her arm thrust lightly through his.

**Percy Grainger once went to great pains to explain to Duke Ellington that the Duke's hot music revealed the influence of Delius. For the rest of the evening the Duke was glum.**

**"What's the matter, Duke?" a friend asked.**

**The Duke growled, "He said I was influenced by Delius."**

**"But that's no crime," the friend told him; "every great composer is influenced by other great composers."**

**"It's not that," explained the Duke; "it's just that I never heard of Delius."**

**—DAVID EWEN:**
**Listen to the Mocking Words (Arco Pub. Co.).**

*So one tries to recapture the old spirit,* he thought with inward bitterness. *Soldiers, artists live a wholly different kind of life: they are concerned with ends and with beginnings, but we, we others exist between the two, passing from fever to fever in a waste of futility.*

They had dinner at the Lafayette Café, where they toasted Mark's freedom in champagne.

"I should have brought you gardenias," he said. "Gardenias, or maybe orchids, to go with this stuff." He lifted his glass. "And a black lace nightie with pink ribbons."

"Not pink ribbons!"

They carried on the banter, and his heart sank lower and lower. He ordered rich and expensive food and more champagne, and gazed at her caressingly over his glass. She had ceased to move him, and the less he cared the more he exerted himself to be amusing, his stories getting dirtier, his voice coarser, his laughter less convincing. Meeting her glance, he read tenderness quickly veiled, and thought with a flash of temper, *She's being understanding. But where is all this going to end? What happens when I take her home? And how long has it been since I took a woman home?* He frowned, trying to remember. A year? Hardly that long. Where? Brussels? Munich? Did it matter? They had all been substitutes for Regan, and he was tired of substitutes, and Regan was tired of him.

"What's on your mind?" she asked him.

He told her, and watched the painful color rise in her cheeks. "Well?" he insisted. "What about it, Stella?"

"Of course."

"Of course?"


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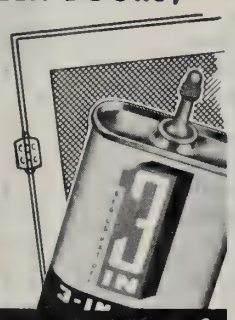


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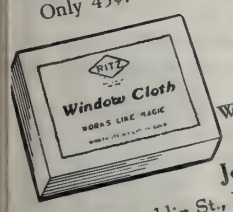
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"There is a quotation," she said, "hd something—do you know it? Somet- about happiness remembered in misery."at

His surprise deepened, and with it the ill pulse to wound. He listened while she st in mered out the Italian phrases, then sm n- "I had no idea you were so erudite. Fn. Dante, isn't it?" Comprehension dawne e. him. "Yes, of course, I see." ne

"It's what you were thinking, too, i it?" or

"I suppose so." ts

She leaned toward him. "Mark, I you."

"Because I remind you of your husba is that why?"

"Does it matter?" of

"Maybe not. One reason is as good as other." e r

She let the remark pass, and as the p verse demon waxed within him Mark m e open love to her. He felt that she suffere out of her omniscient understanding of t plight, and to punish her he outdid himsel e general beastliness. By the time they h finished dinner and he had consumed seve g brandies he was nicely drunk. t e

Out on the street at last, in the muddy u candescence of lights, he took her arm. "L o walk a bit, or would you prefer a cab?" r

"I'd rather walk." She was pale, steady. He felt the protective response her arm, and laughed.

Drawing her into a shadowy doorway kissed her. Her lips were cool and fragra "Stella, aren't you tight?"

"No," she murmured, and steered him on the sidewalk again.

THEY walked slowly, and as his head clea a little an awful depression hovered c s him. This sort of thing, he knew, was b y done all over the city at this very mom g It was inevitable, stale as the lees in old b- bottles. Why not make up his mind that d sire, that earliest exuberance, that sharp h bliss of the very beginning of things, buried under the heaped rubbish and e nettles of the past? Neither he nor she w n ever recapture it. The world had lost it y ever. From now on it was pretense, all e tense.

He kissed Stella again, with deliber brutality, and she said, "Mark, you d love me, but we need each other. I'd be tent with that, if you could be."

"No!"

They walked on and came to West Street.

"This is where I used to live, befo was married." She pointed to the black fli of stairs which led to a basement.

"So there was a time when you and I kn only ourselves, when we were undisturbed the dead or the faithless." He drew closer, so that in walking their limbs mo in harmony.

Presently she stopped again. "And th Dockett's, where I used to work."

The sidewalk bookstalls had been cle for the night and the little shop was in d ness. She peered through the glass of door, but could see little except the b shaft of the staircase descending from floor into the deeper blackness of the b ment, and she pictured the desolate r with its bookcases rising to the ceiling spindly ladder, its dust, its mice, and dreamy figures which drifted from stac stack. One of these figures, a young with a dark, eager face, turned and cam ward her carrying a book, his voice sta an echo in her ears. Or was she aslee dreaming? She pressed her face ag Mark's shoulder, and he said coldly:

"We're both drunk and unhappy, and was to have been a joyous occasion. to have been a celebration in honor future. It was to have been ——"

A cruising taxi came to a halt besi curb, and Mark helped Stella into it.

"Let's go home to Neddy and mak good strong coffee. It's time I let pc tavia go home anyway."

She made an indefinable moveme said nothing. The wine had settled brain and his thoughts moved like nettes to a brittle tune. Stella's han


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**until very solid. Turn out and garnish with whipped cream or fruit. And you know you can buy delightful and delicious molds of ice cream all packed and ready. Just in case!**

***Drink to the happy pair.*** May they live long and happily all the time. For happy is the bride the sun shines on, and my astrologer tells me that it's likely to be good weather all through June. I *believe* him, but I keep my fingers crossed!

So drink to this happy pair. And may the sunshine never grow less.

### PINEAPPLE PUNCH

**A day or so before the great day make some simple sirup and store in the refrigerator. Simple sirup is made by mixing sugar and water in equal proportions, and cooking to a thin sirup. For this punch receipt, cook 4 cups of sugar and 4 cups of water. (And as much more as you *may* need.) To make 5 quarts of pineapple punch, combine 4 cups of simple sirup, 1 cup of strained lemon juice and 8 cups of pineapple juice. Just before serving add 2 quarts of carbonated water (or if you are so inclined, this is the place to use champagne instead of carbonated water), thin slices of fresh pineapple, peeled and cored, sprigs of mint and ice.**

***Are the old shoes handy?*** Well, we must have quite a supply of old shoes on hand, having been restrained from getting any new ones for a long, long time. We can spare them now. Also ribbons and Just Married signs, if your taste runs that way.

Away with them, the wedding is over, the breakfast looks like a Grange supper right after the last chicken pie has disappeared. Away with them, into the haven where they would be, into the honeymoon of their dreams. And let us old folks settle down to a little gin rummy and that latest book. "Time marches on," and time is of the essence! And I may lay away my white hat.

## THE PURSUIT OF LOVE

*(Continued from Page 17)*

dragged off, but meanwhile bubbles were said to have been observed). There was drama when Linda, aged ten, attempted suicide in order to rejoin an old smelly Border terrier which Uncle Matthew had had put down. She collected and ate a basketful of yew berries, was discovered by Nanny and given mustard and water to make her sick. She was then "spoken to" by Aunt Sadie, clipped over the ear by Uncle Matthew, put to bed for two days and given a Labrador puppy, which soon took the place of the old Border in her affections. There was much worse drama when Linda, aged twelve, told the daughters of neighbors, who had come to tea, what she supposed to be the facts of life. Linda's presentation of the "facts" had been so gruesome that the children left Alconleigh howling dismally. There was the unforgettable holiday when Uncle Matthew and Aunt Sadie went to Canada. The Radlett children would rush for the newspapers every day hoping to see that their parents' ship had gone down with all aboard; they yearned to be total orphans—especially Linda, who saw herself as Katie in What Katie Did, the reins of the household gathered into small but capable hands. The ship met with no iceberg and weathered the Atlantic storms, but meanwhile we had a wonderful holiday, free from rules.

But the Christmas I remember most clearly was when I was fourteen and Aunt Emily became engaged. Aunt Emily was Aunt Sadie's sister, and she had brought me up from babyhood, my own mother, their youngest sister, having felt herself too beautiful and too gay to be burdened with a child at the age of nineteen. She left my father when I was a month old, and subsequently ran away so often, and with so many different people, that she became known to her family and friends as the Bolter; while my father's second, and presently his third, fourth and fifth wives, very naturally had no great wish to look after me. Occasionally one of these impetuous parents would appear like a rocket, casting an unnatural glow upon my horizon. They had great glamour, and I longed to be caught up in their fiery trails and carried away, though in my heart I knew how lucky I was to have Aunt Emily. By degrees, as I grew up, they lost all charm for me; the cold gray rocket cases moldered where they had happened to fall, my mother with a major in the South of France, my father, his estates sold up to pay his debts, with an old Rumanian countess in the Bahamas. Aunt Emily was never glamorous, but she was always my mother, and I loved her.

At the time of which I write, however, I was at an age when the least imaginative child supposes itself to be a changeling, a princess of Indian blood, Joan of Arc or the future Empress of Russia. I hankered after my parents, put on an idiotic face which was intended to convey mingled suffering and pride when their names were mentioned, and thought of them as engulfed in deep, romantic, deadly sin.

Linda and I were much preoccupied with sin, and our great hero was Oscar Wilde.

"But what did he *do?*"

"I asked Fa once and he roared at me—goodness, it was terrifying. He said, 'If you mention that name again in this house I'll thrash you, do you hear?' So I asked Sadie and she looked awfully vague and said, 'Oh, duck, I never really quite knew, but whatever it was, was worse than murder, fearfully bad. And, darling, don't talk about him at meals, will you?'"

"We must find out."

"Bob says he will, when he goes to Eton."

"Oh, good! Do you think he was worse than mummy and daddy?"

"Surely he couldn't be. Oh, you are so lucky, to have wicked parents."

I stumbled into the hall blinded by the light after a six-mile drive from the station. Aunt Sadie and the children were having tea, just like in the photograph. It was the same table and the same tea things; the human beings were five years older. That is to say the babies had become children, the children were growing up. There had been an addition in the shape of Victoria, now aged two.

There was a tremendous scraping of chairs as I came in, and a pack of Radletts hurled themselves upon me with the intensity and almost the ferocity of a pack of hounds hurling itself upon a fox. All except Linda. She was the most pleased to see me, but determined not to show it. When the din had quieted down and I was seated before a scone and a cup of tea, she said:

"Where's Brenda?"

Brenda was my white mouse. "She got a sore back and died," I said.

Aunt Sadie looked anxiously at Linda.

"Had you been riding her?" said Louisa facetiously.

Matt, who had recently come under the care of a French nursery governess, said in a high-pitched imitation of her voice, "As usual, it was kidney trouble."

"Oh, dear," said Aunt Sadie, under her breath.

Enormous tears were pouring into Linda's plate. Nobody cried so much or so often as she; anything, but especially anything said about animals, would set her off, and, once begun, it was a job to stop her. She was delicate as well as a highly nervous child. The other children, and especially Louisa and Bob, who loved to tease, went as far as they dared with her, and were periodically punished for making her cry.

Linda was not only my favorite cousin but, then and for many years, my favorite human being. Her straight features, straight brown hair and large blue eyes were a theme upon which the faces of the others were a variation; all pretty, but none so absolutely distinctive as hers. There was something furious about her, even when she laughed, which




Make it with

DUFF'S HOT MUFFIN MIX

Happy days! . . it's the season for luscious strawberry shortcake. Enjoy this treat often, and let Duff's provide the lightest, flakiest shortcake you ever baked. Easy directions on box!

just add WATER - that's all!




Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.


## MENU CUES






### SPICY FRANKFURTERS

Cut 1 lb. frankfurters in half lengthwise. Place in deep covered skillet. Combine 3 tablesp. flour with 4 tablesp. cold water; add 1 cup hot water, ¾ cup ketchup, 3 tablesp. vinegar, 1 tablesp. sugar, 1 teasp. Colman's (dry) Mustard. Pour over meat, cover, bring to boiling point; reduce heat, simmer 20 minutes. Serves 5 or 6.





FREE! NEW RECIPE BOOK
"Mealtime Magic"
Write to Atlantis Sales Corp., 3632 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N.Y.
Name_____
Address_____


she did a great deal, and always as if forced to against her will.

I could see that she was really minding much more about Brenda than I did. The truth was that my honeymoon days with the mouse were long since over. It had been a relief to me when Brenda's sufferings finally came to an end.

"Where is she buried?" Linda muttered.

"Beside the robin. She's got a dear little cross and her coffin was lined with pink satin."

"Now, Linda darling," said Aunt Sadie, "if Fanny has finished her tea why don't you show her your toad?"

"He's upstairs asleep," said Linda. But she stopped crying.

"Have some nice hot toast, then."

"Can I have Gentleman's Relish on it?" she said, quick to make capital out of Aunt Sadie's mood, for Gentleman's Relish was kept strictly for Uncle Matthew, and supposed not to be good for children.

THE others made a great show of exchanging significant looks. These were intercepted, as they were meant to be, by Linda, who gave a tremendous bellowing boo-hoo and rushed upstairs.

"I wish you children wouldn't tease Linda," said Aunt Sadie, irritated out of her usual gentleness, and followed her.

The staircase led out of the hall. When Aunt Sadie was beyond earshot, Louisa said, "Child hunt tomorrow, Fanny."

"Yes, Josh told me. He was in the car—been to see the vet."

My Uncle Matthew had four magnificent bloodhounds, with which he used to hunt his children. Two of us would go off with a good start to lay the trail, and Uncle Matthew and the rest would follow the hounds on horseback. It was great fun.

Once he came to my home and hunted Linda and me over Shenley Common. This caused the most tremendous stir locally; the Kentish week-enders on their way to church were appalled by the sight of four great hounds in full cry after two little girls. My uncle seemed to them like a wicked lord of fiction, and I became more than ever surrounded with an aura of madness, badness and dangerousness.

The child hunt on the first day of this Christmas visit was a great success. Louisa and I were chosen as hares. We ran across country, the beautiful bleak Cotswold uplands, starting soon after breakfast. The sun rose as we stumbled on, longing for our second wind; it shone, and there dawned a beautiful day, more like late autumn than Christmastime.

We managed to check the bloodhounds once by running through a flock of sheep, but Uncle Matthew soon got them on the scent again, and, after about two hours of hard running on our part, when we were only half

## NEXT MONTH

MONA found herself clinging to the man's powerful shoulders a moment longer. She tried to hide the wild fright in her eyes. For it was the man of her dream. But was it Chan, her war-returned husband so changed by plastic surgery she couldn't tell? Was it Paul, the cousin she'd never seen? Something inside her checked and defeated whatever she felt or thought. It seemed like a blind search, in terrifying, close quarters. Could she get to the end of this maze and find Chan?

**Purgatory Street**

*By Roman McDougald*

The book soon to be published by Simon and Schuster, condensed in the July JOURNAL


# Serve Something Simple—but Fancy It Up New Orleans Style!

SIMPLE meal of leftovers coming up? Then make it new and exciting the way famous New Orleans cooks do! Try these easy, "glamorizing" recipes, and be sure to use Wesson Oil. Pure, delicious Wesson Oil is America's favorite for salads. Try it for digestible frying, too! For baking—just pour Wesson to measure and pour to mix, whenever the recipe calls for melted shortening.



## CHICKEN SAVORY

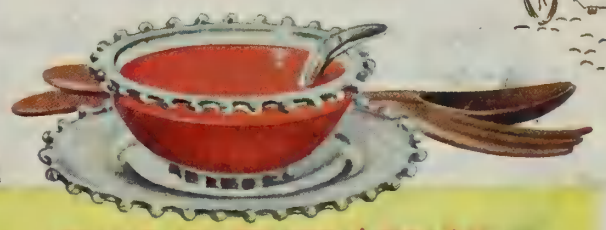
FANCY FIXINGS FOR A MERE LEFTOVER!

2 tablespoons Wesson Oil
1 small onion
1 sprig parsley
1 bay leaf
½ garlic clove
Leftover chicken, chopped or sliced
3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons mild vinegar or white wine
2 cups chicken broth, or canned chicken soup
Salt and pepper

Simmer for 2 minutes Wesson Oil, onion, parsley, bay leaf, and garlic, all finely chopped. Blend in flour. Add vinegar or wine and chicken broth or canned chicken soup (diluted or full strength according to directions on can). Season with salt and pepper to taste; stir until thickened. Add leftover chicken. Simmer 3 minutes. Serve with boiled rice. (What a smooth, delicate background Wesson Oil provides for *sauces!* One of the many reasons why more American women use Wesson than any other brand of salad oil!)




ASK YOUR GROCER FOR PURE DELICIOUS WESSON OIL TODAY!



## FRUIT-IN-SEASON SALAD

Use any combination of fruits: strawberries, cherries, diced melon, pineapple . . . whatever is in season. Serve with this extra-special dressing:

FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup lime juice (or lemon juice)
¾ cup Wesson Oil

Mix and shake in a jar. And, if you happen to have some, add 2 tablespoons of *raspberry syrup.* Nice pink color . . . grand, fruity flavor! Wesson's light, *delicate* flavor is ideal—never gives your dressings a heavy, oily taste. Clip these recipes now.



# Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS

LET A PALM TREE TEACH YOU THIS

Short-cut to prettier floors!



**Tavern Wax gives a longer-lasting lustre—with less work . . .** thanks to a palm tree 'way down in Brazil! That tree supplies a 'specially hard, durable wax called Carnauba. Socony-Vacuum skilfully blends lots of this tough, top-quality wax in Tavern Non-Rub Floor Wax and buffing waxes. That's one reason why the Tavern lustre lasts longer—cleans easier—resists even water spots!

Tavern Non-Rub Wax is easily applied to linoleum, wood, rubber or asphalt tile floors. Dries in 20 minutes. To protect wood floors, woodwork, windowsills and painted surfaces, try Tavern Paste and Liquid buffing waxes. They clean and bring out the beauty of wood as they polish.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

3 KINDS OF WAX




NON-RUB PASTE LIQUID

**Try these other Tavern Housekeeping Aids**

Tavern Furniture Gloss
Tavern Paint Cleaner
Tavern Rug Cleaner
Tavern Parowax or Paraseal Wax
Tavern Dry Cleaner
Tavern Window Cleaner
Tavern Lustre Cloth
Tavern Electric Motor Oil
Tavern Leather Preserver

SOCONY-VACUUM



*Typical Symbol of hospitality—Star Tavern, Rusper, England*

TAVERN HOME PRODUCTS

a mile from home, the baying, slavering creatures caught up with us, to be rewarded with lumps of meat and many caresses. Uncle Matthew was in a radiantly good temper; he got off his horse and walked home with us, chatting agreeably. What was most unusual, he was even quite affable to me.

"I hear Brenda has died," he said. "You ought to have a dormouse, Fanny. They are much more interesting than white mice. When I go to London after Christmas, I'll get you one."

"Oh, Fa, it *is* unfair," said Linda, who was walking her pony along beside us. "You know how I've always longed for a dormouse."

"It is unfair" was a perpetual cry of the Radletts when young. The great advantage of living in a large family is that early lesson of life's essential unfairness. With them I must say it nearly always operated in favor of Linda, who was the adored of Uncle Matthew.

Today, however, my uncle was angry with her. "You've got enough animals, miss," he said sharply. "You can't control the ones you have got. And don't forget what I told you—that dog of yours goes straight to the kennel when we get back, and stays there."

Linda's face crumpled, tears poured, she kicked her pony into a canter and made for home. It seemed that her dog Labby had been sick in Uncle Matthew's business room after breakfast. Uncle Matthew was unable to bear dirtiness in dogs; he flew into a rage, and, in his rage, had made a rule that never again was Labby to set foot in the house. This was always happening, for one reason or another, to one animal or another, and, Uncle Matthew's bark being invariably much worse than his bite, the ban seldom lasted more than a day or two.

TODAY, as we left the stables, he said to Linda, who was sitting crying with Labby in his kennel, "Are you going to leave that poor brute of yours in there all day?"

Her tears forgotten, Linda rushed into the house with Labby at her heels. The Radletts were always either on a peak of happiness or drowning in black waters of despair; their emotions were on no ordinary plane, they loved or they loathed, they laughed or they cried, they lived in a world of superlatives.

It was an accepted fact at Alconleigh that Uncle Matthew loathed me. This violent, uncontrolled man, like his children, knew no middle course. His reason for hating me was that he hated my father; they were old Eton enemies. When it became obvious that my parents intended to doorstep me, Aunt Sadie had wanted to bring me up with Linda. We were the same age, and it had seemed a sensible plan. Uncle Matthew categorically refused. He hated my father, he said, he hated me, but, above all, he hated children; it was bad enough to have two of his own. (He evidently had not envisaged so soon having seven, and indeed both he and Aunt Sadie lived in a perpetual state of surprise at having filled so many cradles.) So dear Aunt Emily, whose heart had once been broken by some wicked dallying monster, and who intended on this account never to marry, took me on and made a life's work of me, and I am very thankful that she did. For she believed passionately in the education of women; she took immense pains to have me properly taught, even going to live at Shenley to be near a good day school. The Radlett daughters did practically no lessons. They were taught by Lucille, the French nursery governess, to read and write, they were obliged though utterly unmusical, to "practice" in the freezing ballroom for one hour a day. Uncle Matthew loathed clever females, but he considered that gentlewomen ought, as well as being able to ride, to know French and play the piano. Although as a child I rather naturally envied them their freedom from sums and science, I felt, nevertheless, a priggish satisfaction that I was not growing up unlettered, as they were.

AUNT EMILY did not often come with me to Alconleigh. Perhaps she had an idea that it was more fun for me to be there on my own, and no doubt it was a change for her to get away and spend Christmas with friends. This year, however, she had gone away from Shenley before the holidays began, saying she would see me at Alconleigh in January.

On the afternoon of the child hunt Linda called a meeting of the Hons. The Hons were the Radlett secret society; anybody who was not a friend to the Hons was a Counter-Hon, and their battle cry was "Death to the horrible Counter-Hons." I was a Hon, since my father, like theirs, was a lord. There were also, however, many honorary Hons; it was not necessary to have been born a Hon in order to be one. As Linda once remarked, "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." I'm not sure how much we really believed this—we were wicked snobs in those days, but we subscribed to the general idea.

Head of the hon. Hons was Josh, the groom, who was greatly beloved by us as chief of the horrible Counter-Hons was Craven, the gamekeeper, against whom

*(Continued on Page 78)*



*"We can be glad we were young men twenty years ago, Gebhardt."*

# "Does your ad-writer fall asleep before the washing is done?"

*Writes Mrs. L. E. Blinkinsop of Clinton, Iowa.*




## "Doesn't he know DUZ does more than towels, overalls and undies?"

asks Mrs. Blinkinsop. "Your ads always talk about just those three things.

"That's o.k.—as far as it goes. But everybody knows by now that DUZ does towels white as a cloud (a very white cloud). That it washes dirty work clothes clean in jig-time. And that it's safer for pretty undies than any other 'big-name' washday soap.

"But what kind of a house does your ad-writer live in? Doesn't he wash anything *else?*



## "Doesn't he have any kids?

"Don't they get their shirts and pants and dresses dirty? Then, for goodness sake, why doesn't he tell how fast DUZ gets out the grime yet helps to keep the colors in? Even when I dry the wash downstairs in winter, the white clothes look snowy and colors stay brighter with DUZ!

## "Don't his windows have curtains?

"Doesn't he ever wash them? Then he ought to tell people how clean DUZ does the edges that have dragged on dirty sills . . . how safe it is even for delicate, colored washables. I know! My house has 27 windows!






## "Doesn't his dog get dirty?

"Our Cocker Spaniel, 'Pepper,' does—and (you guessed it!) DUZ does him clean! Of course, *I* have to DUZ my husband's sport shirt afterwards, but that's no chore. Yes, the same DUZ that gets my sheets so white is safe for a bright plaid shirt!

"So why doesn't your ad-writer tell folks no other leading washday soap can hold a candle to DUZ for solving *all* kinds of washing problems. You just can't beat it for cleaning quick and washing safe!"




# DUZ does Everything

*—and I mean Everything!*




# Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.







(Continued from Page 76)

perpetual war to the knife was waged. The Hons would creep into the woods and hide Craven's steel traps, let out the chaffinches which, in wire cages without food or water, he used as bait for hawks, give decent burial to the victims of his gamekeeper's larder, and, before a meet of the hounds, unblock the earths which Craven had so carefully stopped.

The humanitarian activities of the Hons were forbidden, on pain of punishment, by Uncle Matthew, who was always and entirely on the side of Craven, his favorite servant. Pheasants and partridges must be preserved, vermin must be put down rigorously, all except the fox, for whom a more exciting death was in store. Many and many a whacking did the poor Hons suffer, week after week their pocket money was stopped, they were sent to bed early, given extra practicing to do; nevertheless, they bravely persisted with their discouraged and discouraging activities.

The Hons' meeting place was a disused linen cupboard at the top of the house, small, dark and intensely hot. Here we would sit and talk for hours about life and death.

Last holidays our great obsession had been childbirth, on which entrancing subject we were informed remarkably late, having supposed for a long time that a mother's stomach swelled up for nine months and then burst open like a ripe pumpkin, shooting out the infant. When the real truth dawned upon us it seemed rather an anticlimax, until Linda produced, from some novel, and read out loud in ghoulish tones, the description of a woman in labor.

"Her breath comes in great gulps—sweat pours down her brow like water—screams as of a tortured animal rend the air—and can this face, twisted with agony, be that of my darling Rhona—can this torture chamber really be our bedroom, this rack our marriage bed? 'Doctor, doctor,' I cried, 'do something'—I rushed out into the night ——" and so on.

We were rather disturbed by this, realizing that too probably we in our turn would have to endure these fearful agonies. Aunt Sadie, who had only just finished having her seven children, when appealed to, was not very reassuring.

"Yes," she said vaguely. "It is the worst pain in the world. But the funny thing is, you always forget in between what it's like. Each time, when it began, I felt like saying, 'Oh, now I can remember, stop it, stop it.' And, of course, by then it was nine months too late to stop it."

At this point Linda began to cry, saying how dreadful all this business must be for cows, which brought the conversation to an end.

It was difficult to talk to Aunt Sadie about sex; something always seemed to prevent one; babies were the nearest we ever got to it. She and Aunt Emily, feeling at one moment that we ought to know more, and being, I suspect, too embarrassed to enlighten us themselves, gave us a modern textbook on the subject.

We managed to get hold of some curious ideas.

"Jassy," said Linda one day scornfully, "is obsessed, poor thing, with sex."

"Obsessed with sex!" said Jassy. "There's nobody so obsessed as you, Linda. Why, if I so much as look at a picture you say I'm a pygmalionist."

In the end we got a great deal more information out of a book called Ducks and Duck Breeding.

This Christmas Eve we all packed into the Hons' meeting place to hear what Linda had to say—Louisa, Jassy, Bob, Matt and I.

"The news I have for the Hons today," said Linda, clearing her throat like a grown-up person, "concerns Fanny. I won't ask you to guess, because it's nearly teatime and you never could, so I'll tell straight o Aunt Emily is engaged."

There was a gasp from the Hons in chor

"Linda," I said furiously, "you've ma it up." But I knew she couldn't have.

Linda brought a piece of paper out of pocket. It was a half sheet of writing pa evidently the end of a letter, covered w Aunt Emily's handwriting, and I looked o Linda's shoulder as she read it out:

"—— not tell the children we're engag what d'you think, darling, just at fi We'll arrive on Thursday, and I'll teleph Wednesday evening. All love from Emil

Sensation in the Hons' cupboard.

"But why?" I said for the hundre time.

Linda, Louisa and I were packed Louisa's bed, with Bob sitting on the en it, chatting in whispers. These midn talks were strictly forbidden, but it safer, at Alconleigh, to disobey rules du the early part of the night than at any o time in the twenty-four hours.

"Why should she want to be married

"It's not as though she could be in l She's forty."

"How old do you suppose he is?"

"Fifty or sixty, I g Perhaps she thinks it w be nice to be a wi Weeds, you know."

"Perhaps she th Fanny ought to ha man's influence."

"Man's influence!" Louisa. "I foresee tro Supposing he falls in with Fanny, that'll pretty kettle of fish. Somerset and Princess Elizabeth ——"

"It looks as if Aunt Sadie isn't goi say anything about it before they com said.

"There's nearly a week to go—she m deciding. She'll talk it over with Fa. M be worth listening next time she has a You can, Bob."

**I thanked God that there need be no utter loneliness in the world while it holds a little child.**

—MICHAEL FAIRLESS: The Roadmender: Quoted in A Diary for the Thankful Hearted compiled by Mary Hodgkin (Published by E. P. Dutton & Company).

Christmas Day was spent, as usu Alconleigh, between alternate bursts of shine and showers. I put, as children the disturbing news about Aunt Emil of my mind, and concentrated upon e ment. At about six o'clock Linda and stuck our sleepy eyes and started o stockings. Our real presents came lat breakfast and on the tree, but the stoc were a wonderful hors d'œuvre and f treasures. Presently Jassy came in started selling us things out of hers. only cared about money because sh saving up to run away—she carried her office book about with her everywher always knew to a farthing what she ha So eager was she for the cash that transform her dream into reality th could be certain of picking up a few ba round Christmas and her birthday. at this time was aged eight.

I must admit that my wicked p turned up trumps at Christmas, ar presents from them were always the e the entire household. This year my n who was in Paris, sent a gilded bird ca of stuffed hummingbirds which, when up, twittered and hopped about and dr a fountain. She also sent a fur hat gold-and-topaz bracelet, whose glamo enhanced by the fact that Aunt Sadi sidered them unsuitable for a child, ar so. My father sent a pony and cart, had arrived some days before, and b creted by Josh in the stables.

We persuaded Josh to take us for after luncheon. The pony was an an the whole thing easily managed by even the harnessing. Linda wore my drove the pony. We got back late tree—the house was already full of and their children; Uncle Matthew, w struggling into his Father Christmas roared at us so violently that Linda ha and cry upstairs, and was not there to her own present from him. Uncle M

(Continued on Page 80)




# CHARLES BOYER
# JENNIFER JONES

*in*

## ERNST LUBITSCH'S

*Production of*

# Cluny Brown

with

**PETER LAWFORD · HELEN WALKER**

**REGINALD GARDINER · REGINALD OWEN**

Sir C. Aubrey Smith · Richard Haydn · Margaret Bannerman
Sara Allgood · Ernest Cossart · Florence Bates · Una O'Connor

20th CENTURY-FOX

Produced and Directed by **ERNST LUBITSCH** Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt • Based on the Novel by Margery Sharp



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

*A delightful member of Long Island's younger social set, Mrs. Whitney is petite . . . enchantingly feminine. For her fragile cream and peach complexion, she chooses Pond's "sheer-gauge" powder—"Sheer color looks so much softer on the skin!" she says.*

Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"

**—for a smoother, lovelier skin tone!**

Don't do *all* your gloating over your luscious new "sheer-gauge" stockings! For now Pond's "sheer-gauge" powder brings you that same luxury-sheer glamour—for your *complexion!* The same soft-as-a-whisper color—smooth . . . flawless. No streaks, no clots, no heavy "wrinkly" look. Just smooth, smooth color flattery that says—unmistakably—"sheer-gauge"!

Choose from one of Pond's many exquisite "sheer-gauge" shades—lovely in the box, but even lovelier "on"!



**"Sheer-gauge" means smoother color for your face, too!**

Two stockings—the same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Now—Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so "sheer-gauge"!




**$1 value for 79¢, plus tax**
**Pond's Make-up Trio**

**A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with *matching* Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks." It's a $1 value for only 79¢, plus tax. Wonderful for prizes . . . for gifts . . . and for *you!***

*(Continued from Page 78)*

had taken some trouble to get her a longed-for dormouse and was greatly put out by this; he roared at everybody in turns, and ground his dentures. There was a legend in the family that he had already ground away four pairs in his rages.

I naturally awaited the arrival of Aunt Emily and her future intended with some agitation.

Our little household at Shenley was calm and happy and afforded an absolute contrast to the tearing emotions of Alconleigh. I saw, only too clearly, that the addition of a man to our establishment was going to change everything. Hardly knowing any men outside the family, I imagined them all to be modeled on the lines of Uncle Matthew, or of my own seldom seen, violently emotional papa.

On Wednesday Aunt Emily rang up Aunt Sadie, and they talked for ages. When Aunt Sadie returned to the drawing room she said nothing except, "Emily is coming tomorrow on the three-five. She sends you her love, Fanny."

The next day we all went out hunting. The Radletts loved animals, they loved foxes, they risked dreadful beatings in order to unstop their earths, they read and cried and rejoiced over Reynard the Fox, in summer they got up at four to go and see the cubs playing in the pale-green light of the woods; nevertheless, more than anything in the world, they loved hunting. It was in their blood and bones and in my blood and bones, and nothing could eradicate it, though we knew it for a kind of original sin. For three hours that day I forgot everything except my body and my pony's body; the rushing, the scrambling, the splashing, struggling up the hills, sliding down them again, the tugging, the bucketing, the earth and the sky. I forgot everything, I could hardly have told you my name. That must be the great hold that hunting has over people, especially stupid people; it enforces an absolute concentration, both mental and physical.

**Pride can go without domestics, without fine clothes, can live in a house with two rooms, can eat potato, purslane, beans, lyed corn, can work on the soil, can talk with poor men, or sit silent well contented in fine salons. But vanity costs money, labor, horses, men, women, health and peace, and is still nothing at last, a long way leading nowhere. Only one drawback: proud people are intolerably selfish, and the vain are gentle and giving.**

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

After three hours Josh took me home. I was never allowed to stay out long or I got tired and would be sick all night. Josh was out on Uncle Matthew's second horse; at about two o'clock they changed over, and he started home on the lathered, sweating first horse, taking me with him.

"And where's her ladyship hunting this year?" said Josh, as we started on a ten-mile jog along the Merlinford road.

I knew that Josh meant my mother. He had been with my grandfather when she and her sisters were girls, and my mother was his heroine, he adored her.

"She's in Paris, Josh."

"In Paris—what for?"

"I suppose she likes it."

"Ho," said Josh furiously, and we rode for about half a mile in silence. "It's my opinion," said Josh at last, "that her ladyship is wasted, downright wasted, every minute of her life that she's not on a 'oss."

"She's a wonderful rider, isn't she?"

I had had all this before from Josh, many times, and could never have enough of it.

"There's no human being like her, that I've ever seen," said Josh, hissing through his teeth. "Hands like velvet, but strong like iron, and her seat! Now look at you, jostling about on that saddle, first here, then there—we shall have a sore back tonight, that's one thing certain we shall."

"Oh, Josh—trotting. And I'm so tired."

"Never saw her tired." Josh gave me scornful looks as my back bent more and more double; I could see that he was wondering how it was that I could be my mother's child. "Miss Linda," he said, "takes after her ladyship something wonderful."

At last we were off the Merlinford r coming down the valley into Alconleigh lage, turning up the hill to Alconleigh ho through the lodge gates and into the st yard. I got stiffly down, gave the pony to of Josh's stableboys, and stumped awa was nearly at the front door before I rem bered, with a sudden leap of my heart, Aunt Emily would have arrived by now, *him.* It was quite a minute before I c summon up enough courage to open the f door.

Sure enough, standing with their back the hall fire, were Aunt Sadie, Aunt E and a small, fair and apparently young m My immediate impression was that he not seem at all like a husband. He lo kind and gentle.

"Here is Fanny," said my aunts in ch

"Darling," said Aunt Sadie, "can I in duce Captain Warbeck?"

I shook hands in the abrupt graceless of little girls of fourteen, and thought th did not seem at all like a captain either

"Oh, darling, how wet you are. I sup the others won't be back for ages—w have you come from?"

"I left them drawing the spinney by Old Rose."

Then I remembered, being after all male in the presen a male, how dre I always looked w got home from hun splashed from he foot, my bowle askew, my hair a nest, my stock a ping flag, and, m ing something, I for the back toward my bath my rest. After h we were kept i for at least two

Soon Linda ret even wetter than been, and got into bed with me. She had seen the captain, and agreed th looked neither like a marrying nor military man.

"Can't see him killing Germans wi entrenching tool," she said scornfully.

"Still, he looks rather nice, you know considering her age, I should think lucky to get anybody."

"I can't wait to see him with Fa," said.

However, our expectations of bloo thunder were disappointed, for it was e at once that Uncle Matthew had tak enormous fancy to Captain Warbeck. never altered his first opinion of Captain Warbeck was, henceforward, infallible wicket with Uncle Matthew

"He's such a frightfully clever cov erary, you know; you wouldn't belie things he does. He writes books, an cizes pictures. Nothing would be too d for him, you can see that."

At dinner Captain Warbeck, sittin to Aunt Sadie, and Aunt Emily, Uncle Matthew, were separated not four of us children, but also by pools o ness. The dining-room table was lit b electric bulbs hanging in a bunch fr ceiling, and screened by a curtain of d silk with a gold fringe. One spot of b light was thus cast into the middle table, while the diners themselves sat it in total gloom.

We all, naturally, had our eyes fixe the shadowy figure of the fiancé. He to Aunt Sadie at first about gardens and flowering shrubs, a topic which known at Alconleigh. The gardener sa garden, and that was that. Aunt Sa litely tried to keep up with him, bu not altogether conceal her ignorance, she partly veiled it in a mist of mindedness.

"And what is your soil here?" ask tain Warbeck.

Aunt Sadie said triumphantly, was something she did know, "Clay

"Ah, yes," said the captain.

*(Continued on Page 82)*

# "Yes!" say her feet

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*(Continued from Page 80)*

He produced a little jeweled box, took from it an enormous pill, swallowed it, to our amazement, without one sip to help it down, and said, as though to himself, but quite distinctly, "Then the water here will be madly binding."

When Logan, the butler, offered him shepherd's pie (the food at Alconleigh was always good and plentiful, but of the homely schoolroom description) he said, again so that one did not quite know whether he meant to be overheard or not:

"No, thank you, no twice-cooked meat. I am a wretched invalid. I must be careful, or I pay."

Aunt Sadie asked, with interest, what it was that twice-cooked meat did to one.

"Oh, it imposes a most fearful strain on the juices; you might as well eat leather," replied Captain Warbeck, heaping onto his plate the whole of the salad. He said, again in that withdrawn voice, "Raw lettuce, anti-scorbutic," and, opening another box of even larger pills, he took two, murmuring, "Protein. . . . How delicious your bread is," he said to Aunt Sadie, as though to make up for his rudeness in refusing the twice-cooked meat. "I'm sure it has the germ."

"What?" said Aunt Sadie.

"I was saying that I feel sure your delicious bread is made of stone-ground flour, containing a high proportion of the germ. In my bedroom at home I have a picture of a grain of wheat—magnified, naturally—which shows the germ. As you know, in white bread the germ, with its wonderful health-giving properties, is eliminated—extracted, I should say—and put into chicken food. As a result the human race is becoming enfeebled, while hens grow larger and stronger with every generation."

> **Nothing is a greater impediment to being on good terms with others than being ill-at-ease with yourself.**
>
> —BALZAC.

"So in the end," said Linda, listening all agog, "hens will be Hons and Hons will be hens. Oh, how I should love to live in a dear little Honhouse."

"You wouldn't like your work," said Bob. "I once saw a hen laying an egg, and she had a most terrible expression on her face."

"Now, Linda," said Aunt Sadie sharply, "that's quite unnecessary. Get on with your supper and don't talk so much."

Vague as she was, Aunt Sadie could not always be counted on to ignore everything that was happening around her.

"What were you telling me, Captain Warbeck?" she went on. "Something about germs?"

"Oh, not germs," he told Aunt Sadie; "the germ ——"

At this point I became aware that, in the shadows at the other end of the table, Uncle Matthew and Aunt Emily were having one of their usual set-to's, and that it concerned me. Whenever Aunt Emily came to Alconleigh these tussles with Uncle Matthew would occur, but, all the same, one could see that he was fond of her. He always liked people who stood up to him.

UNCLE Matthew and Aunt Emily were now engaged upon an argument we had all heard many times. It concerned the education of females.

Uncle Matthew: "I hope poor Fanny's school"—the word "school" pronounced in tones of withering scorn—"is doing her all the good you think it is. Certainly she picks up some dreadful expressions there."

Aunt Emily, calmly, but on the defensive: "Very likely she does. She also picks up a good deal of education."

Uncle Matthew: "Education! I was always led to suppose that no educated person ever spoke of note paper, and yet I hear poor Fanny asking Sadie for note paper. What is this education? Fanny talks about mirrors and mantelpieces, handbags and perfume; she takes sugar in her coffee, has a tassel on her umbrella, and I have no doubt that, if she is ever fortunate enough to catch a husband, she will call his father and mother Father and Mother. Will the wonderful education she is getting make up to the unhappy brute for all these endless pinpricks? Fancy hearing one's wife talk about note paper—the irritation!"

Aunt Emily: "A lot of men would find it more irritating to have a wife who had never heard of George the Third. (All the same, Fanny darling, it is called writing paper, you know—don't let's hear any more about note, please.) That is where you and I come in, you see, Matthew; home influence is admitted to be a most important part of education."

Uncle Matthew: "There you are ——"

Aunt Emily: "A most important, but not by any means the most important."

Uncle Matthew: "You don't have to go to some awful middle-class establishment in order to know who George the Third was. Anyway, who was he, Fanny?"

ALAS, I always failed to shine on these occasions. My wits scattered to the four winds by my terror of Uncle Matthew, I said, scarlet in the face, "He was king. He went mad."

"Most original, full of information," said Uncle Matthew sarcastically. "Well worth losing every ounce of feminine charm to find that out, I must say. Linda, you're uneducated, thank God; what have you got to say about George the Third?"

"Well," said Linda, "he was the son of poor Fred and the father of Beau Brummell's fat friend, and he was one of those vacillators, you know. 'I am his Highness's dog at Kew, pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?'" she added inconsequently. "Oh, how sweet!"

Uncle Matthew shot a look of cruel triumph at Aunt Emily. "It's a lucky thing that Fanny will have fifteen thousand pounds a year of her own," he said, "not to speak of any settlements the Bolter may have picked up in the course of her career. She'll get a husband all right, even if she does talk about lunch, and *en*velope, and put the milk in first. I'm not afraid of that, I only say she'll drive the poor devil to drink when she has hooked him."

Aunt Emily gave Uncle Matthew a furious frown. She had always tried to conceal from me the fact that I was an heiress, and, indeed, I only was one until such time as my father, hale and hearty and in the prime of life, should marry somebody of an age to bear children. It so happened that, like the Hanoverian family, he cared for women only when they were over forty; after my mother had left him he had embarked upon a succession of middle-aged wives whom even the miracles of modern science were unable to render fruitful. It was also believed, wrongly, by the grownups that we children were ignorant of the fact that my mamma was called the Bolter.

"All this," said Aunt Emily, "is quite beside the point. Fanny may possibly, in the far future, have a little money of her own—though it is ludicrous to talk of fifteen thousand pounds. Whether she does, or does not, she will be more mature, a happier, a more interested and interesting person if she ——"

"If she knows that George the Third was a king and went mad."

All the same, my aunt was right, and I knew it and she knew it. The Radlett children read enormously by fits and starts in the library. But, while they picked up a great deal of heterogeneous information, and gilded it with their own originality, they never acquired any habit of concentration, they were incapable of solid hard work. One result, in later life, was that they could not stand boredom. Storms and difficulties left them unmoved, but day after day of ordinary existence produced an unbearable torture of ennui.

As we trailed out of the dining room after dinner, we heard Captain Warbeck say, "No port, no, thank you. Such a delicious drink, but I must refuse. It's the acid from port that makes one so delicate now."

"Ah—you've been a great port drinker, have you?" said Uncle Matthew.

"Oh, not me, I've never touched it. My ancestors ——"



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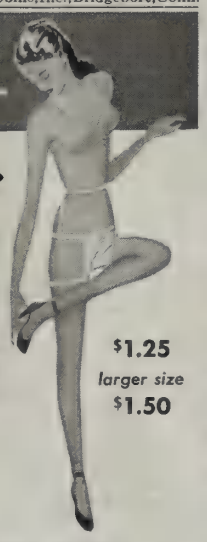
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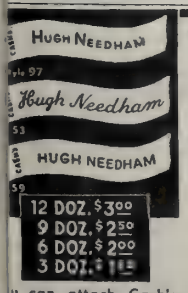
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Presently, when they joined us in the drawing room, Aunt Sadie said, "The children know the news now."

"I suppose they think it's a great joke," said Davey Warbeck, "old people like us being married."

"Oh, no, of course not," we said politely, blushing.

"He's an extraordinary fella," said Uncle Matthew. "Knows everything. He says those Charles the Second sugar casters are only a Georgian imitation of Charles the Second, just fancy, not valuable at all. Tomorrow we'll go round the house and I'll show you all our things and you can tell us what's what. Quite useful to have a fella like you in the family, I must say."

"That will be very nice," said Davey faintly. "And now, I think, if you don't mind, I'll go to bed. Yes, please, early morning tea—so necessary to replace the evaporation of the night." He shook hands with us all, and hurried from the room, saying to himself, "Wooing, so tired."

"Davey Warbeck is a Hon," said Bob as we were all coming down to breakfast next day.

"Yes, he seems a terrific Hon," said Linda sleepily.

"No, I mean he's a real one. Look, there's a letter for him, The Hon. David Warbeck. I've looked him up, and it's true. He's only a second son, and the eldest has got an heir, so I'm afraid Aunt Emily won't be a lady. And his father's only the second baron, created 1860, and they only start in 1720, before that it's the female line." Bob's voice was trailing off. "Still ——" he said.

WE heard Davey Warbeck, as he was coming down the stairs, say to Uncle Matthew, "Oh, no, that couldn't be a Reynolds. Prince Hoare, at his very worst, if you're lucky."

"Pig's thinkers, Davey?" Uncle Matthew lifted the lid of a hot dish.

"Oh, yes, please, Matthew, if you mean brains. So digestible."

The year which followed Aunt Emily's marriage transformed Linda and me from children, young for our ages, into lounging adolescents waiting for love. One result of the marriage was that I now spent nearly all my holidays at Alconleigh.

Davey had given up his flat in London and lived with us at Shenley, where, during term time, he made but little difference to our life, except in so far as a male presence in a female household is always salutary (the curtains, the covers and Aunt Emily's clothes underwent an enormous change for the better), but, in the holidays, he liked to carry her off on trips, and I was parked at Alconleigh. In spite of her being forty they were, I believe, very much in love; it must have been a perfect bore having me about at all, and it speaks volumes for their characters that never, for one moment, did they allow me to be aware of this. Davey, in fact, was, and has been ever since, a perfect stepfather.

By the Christmas holidays Louisa was officially "out," and going to hunt balls, a source of bitter envy to us, though Linda said scornfully that she did not appear to have many suitors. We were not coming out for another two years—it seemed an eternity, especially to Linda, who was paralyzed by her longing for love, and had no lessons or work to do which could take her mind off it. In fact, she had no other interest now except hunting; even the animals seemed to have lost all charm for her. She and I did nothing on nonhunting days but sit about, and play endless games of patience; or we lolled in the Hons' cupboard, and "measured." We had a tape measure and competed as to the largeness of our eyes, the smallness of wrists, ankles, waist and neck, length of legs and fingers, and so on. Linda always won. When we had finished "measuring" we talked of romance. These were most innocent talks, for to us, at that time, love and marriage were synonymous, we knew that they lasted forever, to the grave and far, far beyond. Our preoccupation with sin was finished; Bob, back from Eton, had been able to tell us all about Oscar Wilde, and, now that his

*(Continued on Page 85)*




*She passed her Exams*



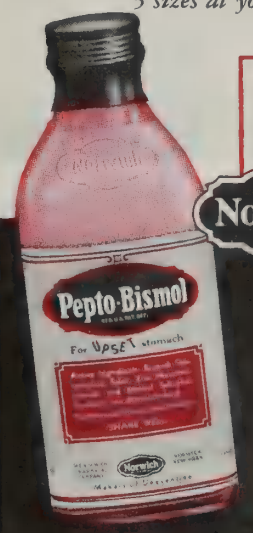
*but her stomach* FLUNKED!

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AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE



(Continued from Page 83)

me was no longer a mystery, it seemed dull, romantic and incomprehensible.

We were, of course, both in love, but with ople we had never met: Linda with the ince of Wales, and I with a fat, red-faced ddle-aged farmer, whom I sometimes saw ling through Shenley. These loves were ong, and painfully delicious; they occu- ed all our thoughts, but I think we half alized that they would be superseded in ne by real people. What we never would mit was the possibility of lovers after mar- ge. We were looking for real love, and that uld come only once in a lifetime; it hurried consecration, and thereafter never wa- red. Husbands, we knew, were not always ithful; this we must be prepared for, we ust understand and forgive. But women— at was different; only the lowest of the could love or give themselves more than ce. I do not quite know how I reconciled ese sentiments with the great hero worship till had for my mother. I suppose I put her an entirely different category.

Aunt Sadie was giving a ball for Louisa n after Christmas, and to this we pinned eat hopes. True, ither the Prince of ales nor my farmer s invited, but, as nda said, you never uld tell in the coun- . Somebody might ing them. The nce might break wn in his motor- , perhaps on his y to Badminton; at could be more tural than that he uld while away the ne by looking in?

"Pray, who is that autiful young y?"

"That is my unger daughter nda, Your Royal ghness."

"Please present her me."

They would then irl away in a waltz s accomplished the er dancers would nd aside to admire. hen they could nce no more they uld sit for the rest heevening absorbed in witty conversation. The following day an A.D.C., asking for hand ——

"But she is so young!"

"His Royal Highness is prepared to wait a r. Meanwhile, he sends this jewel."

A golden casket, a pink satin cushion, a mond rose.

My daydreams were less exalted, equally probable, and quite as real to me. I agined my farmer carrying me away from onleigh, like young Lochinvar, on a pil- behind him to the nearest smith, who n declared us man and wife.

MEANWHILE, preparations for the ball went ward. Linda's and my dresses, white feta with floating panels and embroidered d belts, were being made by Mrs. Josh. Luisa's came from Reville; it was silver é in tiny frills, each frill edged with blue .

Aunt Sadie, shaken out of her accus- ed languor, was in a state of exaggerated occupation and worry over the whole ng. For the first time that any of us could member, she found herself in opposition to Uncle Matthew. It was over the following estion: The nearest neighbor to Alcon- gh was Lord Merlin; his house at Merlin- d was about five miles away. Uncle Mat- w loathed him. There had, however, been open breach between them; the fact that y never saw each other meant nothing, Lord Merlin neither hunted, shot nor ed, while Uncle Matthew had never in his been known to eat a meal in anybody e's house.

The two men, and indeed their two houses and estates, afforded an absolute contrast. Merlinford nestled in a valley among orchards and old mellow farmhouses. It was a villa, built at about the same time as Alconleigh, but by a very different architect. It was a house to live in, not to rush out from all day to kill enemies and animals. It had Angelica Kauffman ceilings, a Chippendale staircase, furniture by Sheraton and Hepplewhite; in the hall there hung two Watteaus.

LORD Merlin added continually to its beauties. He was a great collector, and not only Merlinford, but also his houses in London and Rome, flowed over with treasures. His taste was by no means confined to antiques; he was an artist and a musician, and he had built a small but exquisite playhouse in the garden, where his astonished neighbors were sometimes invited to attend such puzzlers as Cocteau plays, the opera Mahagonny, or the latest Dada extravagances from Paris. As Lord Merlin was a famous practical joker, it was sometimes difficult to know where jokes ended and culture began. I think he was not always perfectly certain himself.

Such a man was bound to become a sort of legend to the bluff Cotswold squires among whom he lived. But they accepted him without question. Their families had always known his family, and his father, many years ago, had been a most popular M.F.H.; he was no upstart, no new rich.

The difference between Aunt Sadie and Uncle Matthew was not as to whether Lord Merlin should or should not be asked to the ball (that question did not arise, since all neighbors were automatically invited), but whether he should be asked to bring a house party. Aunt Sadie thought he should. Since her marriage the least worldly of women, she had known the world as a girl, and she knew that Lord Merlin's house party, if he consented to bring one, would have great decorative value. She also knew that, apart from this, the general note of her ball would be utter and unrelieved dowdiness.

Uncle Matthew said, "If we ask that brute Merlin to bring his friends, we shall get a lot of aesthetes, sewers from Oxford, and I wouldn't put it past him to bring some foreigners."

In the end, however, as usual, Aunt Sadie had her way. Lord Merlin accepted, and said he would bring a party of twelve people, whose names he would presently submit to Aunt Sadie.

A few days later Lord Merlin wrote another letter, asking Uncle Matthew, Aunt Sadie and Louisa to dine with him for the Merlinford Cottage Hospital Ball. Uncle Matthew naturally could not be persuaded, but Aunt Sadie and Louisa went. They came back with their eyes popping out of their heads. The house, they said, had been boiling hot, so hot that one never felt cold for a single moment, not even getting out of one's coat in the hall. They had arrived very early, long before anyone else was down, as it was the custom at Alconleigh always to leave a quarter of an hour too soon when motoring, in case there should be a puncture. This gave them the opportunity to have a good look round. The house was full of spring flowers, and smelled wonderful. The hothouses at Alconleigh were full of spring flowers, too, but somehow they never found their way into the house, and certainly would have died of cold if they had. Birds of paradise flew about the house, quite tame.

## *Child on a Merry-Go-Round*

**By Eunice Mildred Lon Coske**

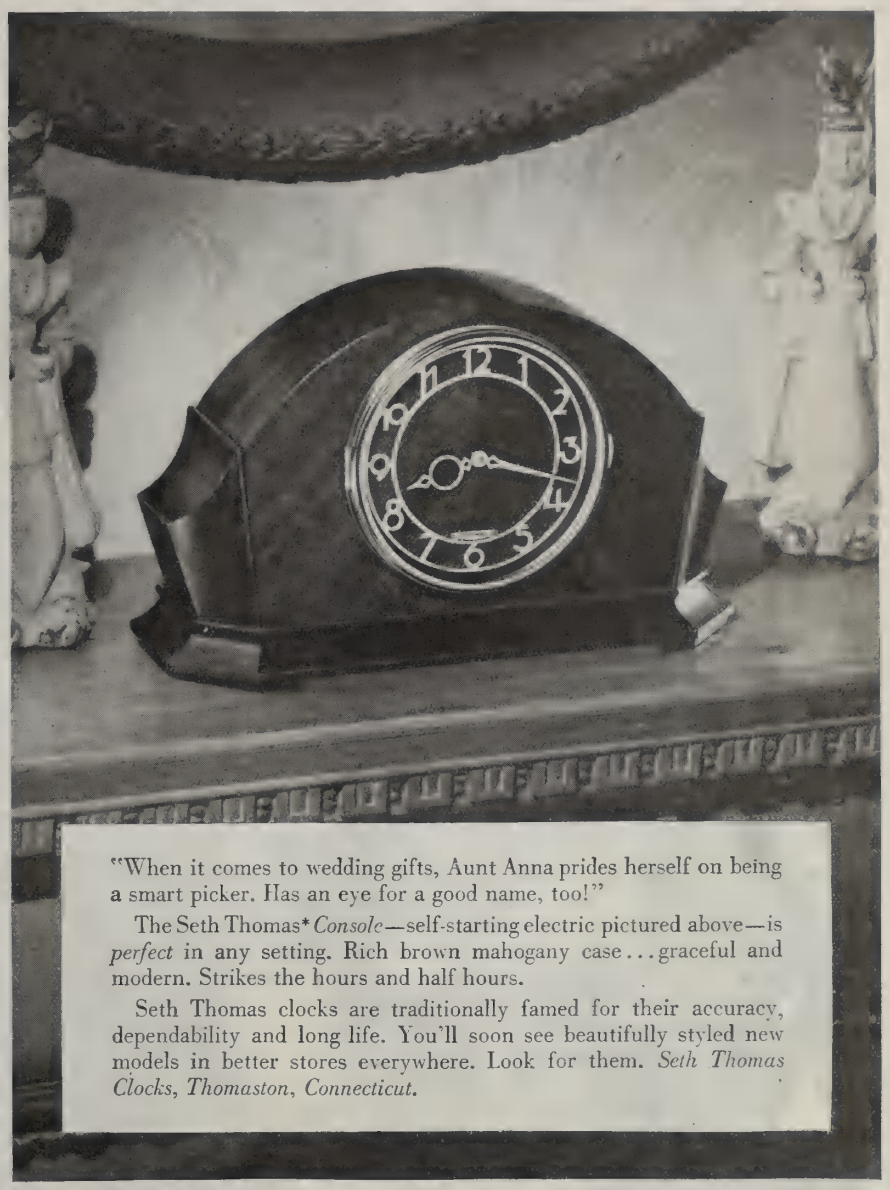
She rides away the sunny hours
Of the summer afternoon,
Upon a polka-dotted horse,
To the carrousel's tune.

And oh, her horse is flesh and blood;
He gallops as fast as the wind,
To jump the sunset's ribbon fence
To where the clouds are pinned.

Her eyes are bright with happiness,
Her curls float on the air;
Yet stolid folks state flatly she
Has not been *anywhere!*




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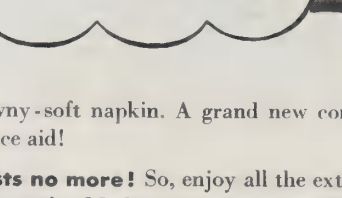

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The house party, when they finally appeared—some of them shockingly late—from their bedroom, smelled even more delicious than the flowers, and looked even more exotic than the birds of paradise. Everybody had been very nice, very kind to Louisa. She sat between two beautiful young men at dinner, and turned upon them the usual gambit:

"Where do you hunt?"

"We don't," they said.

"Oh, then why do you wear pink coats?"

"Because we think they are so pretty."

We all thought this dazzlingly funny, but agreed that Uncle Matthew must never hear of it, or he might easily, even now, forbid the Merlinford party his ball.

As the great day of the Alconleigh ball approached, it became obvious that Aunt Sadie had something on her mind. Everything appeared to be going smoothly, but Aunt Sadie's brow was still furrowed with anxiety. She had collected a large house party of girls and their mammas, but not one single young man. The fact was that those of her own contemporaries who had daughters were glad to bring them, but sons were another matter. Dancing partners, sated with invitations at this time of year, knew better than to go all the way down to Gloucestershire to a house as yet untried, where they were by no means certain of finding the warmth, the luxury and fine wines which they looked upon as their due, where they had not been offered a mount, and where no mention had been made of a shoot, not even a day with the cocks. Uncle Matthew had far too much respect for his horses and pheasants to offer them up to be messed about by any callow unknown boy.

So here was a horrible situation. Ten females, four mothers and six girls, were advancing from various parts of England, and only two males, one of whom was not yet in tails.

The telephone now became red-hot, telegrams flew in every direction. Aunt Sadie abandoned all pride, and launched a series of desperate appeals. Mr. Wills, the vicar, consented to leave Mrs. Wills at home, and dine, unattached, at Alconleigh. Mrs. Aster, the agent's wife, also made the same sacrifice, and Master Aster, the agent's son, aged not quite seventeen, was hurried off to Oxford to get himself a ready-made dress suit. Davey Warbeck was ordered to leave Aunt Emily and come.

**Most of the human race is still groaning under the belief that each of us is a special unrelated creation, just as men for ages saw no relationships between the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field and the fish of the sea. But, thank God, we are beginning to learn that unity is as much a law of life as selfish struggle, and love a more vital force than avarice or lust of power or place. A Wandering Carpenter knew it, and taught it, twenty centuries ago.**

From Under My Elm, by DAVID GRAYSON. (Copyright 1924 by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.)

At last Uncle Matthew saw that the situation would have to be taken in hand. He did not care two hoots about the ball. But he did care for Aunt Sadie's peace of mind, he could not bear to see her looking so worried, and decided to take steps. He went up to London and attended the last sitting of the House of Lords before the recess. His journey was entirely fruitful.

"Stromboli, Paddington, Fort William and Curtley have accepted," he told Aunt Sadie, with the air of a conjurer producing four wonderful fat rabbits out of one small wineglass. "But I had to promise them a shoot. Bob, go and tell Craven I want to see him in the morning."

By these complicated devices the numbers at the dinner table would now be even, and Aunt Sadie was infinitely relieved, though inclined to be giggly over Uncle Matthew's rabbits. Lord Stromboli, Lord Fort William and the Duke of Paddington were old dancing partners of her own; Sir Archibald Curtley, Librarian of the House, was a well-known diner-out in the smart intellectual world, he was over seventy and very arthritic.

After dinner, of course, the dance would be another matter. Mr. Wills would then be joined by Mrs. Wills, Captain Aster by Mrs. Aster, Uncle Matthew and Bob could hardly be counted as partners, while the House of Lords contingent was more likely to head for the bridge table than for the dancin floor.

"I fear it will be sink or swim for the girls said Aunt Sadie dreamily.

This, then, is a ball. This is life, what v have been waiting for all these years; he we are and here it is, a ball, actualiy going round us. How extraordinary it feels, su unreality, like a dream. But, alas, so utter different from what one had imagined. T men so small and ugly, the women so frows and their faces so red, the oilstoves so smell and not really very warm, but, above all, t men, either so old or so ugly. And when th ask one to dance it is not at all like floati away into a delicious cloud, pressed by manly arm to a manly bosom, but stumb stumble, kick, kick. They balance, like Ki Stork, on one leg, while, with the other, th come down onto one's toe. As for witty co versation, it is wonderful if any conversatio even of the most banal and jerky descriptio lasts through a whole dance and the sitti out. It is mostly, "Oh, sorry—oh, my faul

We had never learned to dance, and, some reason, we had supposed it to be a thi which everybody could do quite easily a naturally. I think Linda realized there a then what it took me years to learn: that t behavior of civilized man really has nothi to do with nature, that all is artificiality a art more or less perfected.

The evening was saved from being an ut disillusionment by the Merlinford ho party. They came immensely late, but th seemed at once to give the party a new mosphere. They flo ished and shone w jewels, lovely cloth brilliant hair and d zling complexions; wh they danced they rea did seem to float, cept when it was Charleston, and th though angular, was accomplished that made us gasp w admiration. Their co versation was quite e dently both daring a witty. Linda was tranced by them, a decided then and th that she would beco one of these brilliant beings and live in th world, even if it took her a lifetime to acco plish. I did not aspire to this. I saw t they were admirable, but they were far moved from me and my orbit.

That night in bed I thought more th ever of the safe sheltering arms of my Shen farmer. The next morning Linda told me t she had renounced the Prince of Wales.

"I have come to the conclusion," she s "that court circles would be rather d Lady Dorothy is a lady in waiting, and I at her."

The ball had a very unexpected seq Lord Fort William's mother invited A Sadie and Louisa to stay at their place Sussex for a hunt ball, and shortly afterw his married sister asked them to a shoot a an infirmary ball. During this visit, L Fort William proposed to Louisa and w accepted. She came back to Alconleigh fiancée, to find herself the center of att tion there for the first time since the birth Linda had put her nose forever out of joi This was indeed an excitement, and trem dous chats took place in the Hons' cupboa both with and without Louisa. She had nice little diamond ring on her third fing but was not as communicative as we co have wished on the subject of Lord ("Joh now to us, but how could we remember tha Fort William's love-making, retiring, w many blushes, behind the smoke screen such things' being too sacred to speak of

He soon appeared again in person, and were able to observe him as an individu Lord Fort William was thirty-nine, but certainly looked much more. His hair seem to be slipping off backward—like an eic

*(Continued on Page 88)*

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*(Continued from Page 86)*

down in the night, Linda said—and he had a generally uncared-for middle-aged appearance. Louisa, however, loved him, and was happy.

Louisa was married in the spring. Her wedding dress, of tulle frills and sprays of orange blossoms, was short to the knee and had a train, as was the hideous fashion then.

Jassy got very worked up about it. "So unsuitable."

"Why, Jassy?"

"To be buried in, I mean. Women are always buried in their wedding dresses, aren't they? Think of your poor old dead legs sticking out."

"Oh, Jassy, don't be such a ghoul. I'll wrap them up in my train."

"Not very nice for the undertakers."

Louisa refused to have bridesmaids. I think she felt that it would be agreeable, for once in her life, to be more looked at than Linda.

The wedding day was fine and balmy, and, when we went in the morning to see how Mrs. Wills and Mrs. Josh were getting on with the decorations, we found the little church bunchy with spring flowers.

Neither Linda nor I had ever been to a wedding before. From the moment when we left Louisa at Alconleigh with Uncle Matthew, to follow us in the Daimler in exactly eleven minutes, the atmosphere became positively dramatic. Louisa, enveloped from head to knee in tulle, sat gingerly on the edge of a chair, while Uncle Matthew, watch in hand, strode up and down the hall. We walked, as we always did, to the church, and arranged ourselves in the family pew at the back of it, from which vantage point we were able to observe our neighbors, all tricked out in their best clothes for the wedding. The only person in the whole congregation who looked exactly as usual was Lord Merlin.

**When you get to heaven you will find many people there whom you did not expect to see. Many will be surprised to see you there too.**

Suddenly there was a stir. John and his best man, Lord Stromboli, appearing like two jacks-in-the-box from nowhere, stood beside the altar steps. Mrs. Wills struck up Here Comes the Bride, with all the stops out, and Louisa, her veil over her face, was being dragged up the aisle at double-quick time by Uncle Matthew. At this moment I think Linda would gladly have changed places with Louisa, even at the cost—the heavy cost—of being happy forever after with John Fort William. In what seemed no time at all Louisa was being dragged down the aisle again by John, with her veil back, while Mrs. Wills nearly broke the windows, so loud and so triumphant was her Wedding March.

EVERYTHING had gone like clockwork, and there was only one small incident. Davey slipped out of the family pew almost unobserved, in the middle of As Pants the Hart—Louisa's favorite hymn—and went straight to London, making one of the wedding cars take him to Merlinford station. That evening he telephoned to say that he had twisted his tonsil, singing, and had thought it better to go immediately to Sir Andrew Macpherson, the nose, throat and ears man, who was keeping him in bed for a week. The most extraordinary accidents always seemed to overtake poor Davey.

When Louisa had gone away and the wedding guests had left Alconleigh, a sense of flatness descended upon the house. Linda became plunged into such despairing gloom that even Aunt Sadie was alarmed. Linda told me afterward that she thought a great deal about killing herself, and would most likely have done so had the material difficulties not been so great.

"You know what it is," she said, "trying to kill rabbits. Well, think of *oneself!*"

Two years seemed an absolute eternity, not worth plowing through even with the prospect—which she never doubted—of blissful love at the end of it. Of course this was the time when Linda should have been made to work, as I was, all day and hard, with no time for silly dreaming. I think Aunt Sadie dimly perceived this; she urged her to learn cooking, to occupy herself in the garden. Linda furiously refused, nor would she do jobs in the village, nor help Aunt Sadie in the hundred-and-one chores which fall to the lot of a country squire's wife.

Lord Merlin came to her rescue. He had taken a fancy to her at Louisa's wedding, and asked Aunt Sadie to bring her over to Merlinford sometime. A few days later he rang up. Uncle Matthew answered the telephone, and shouted to Aunt Sadie, without taking his mouth away from the receiver:

"That hog Merlin wants to speak to you."

Lord Merlin, who must have heard, was quite unmoved by this. Poor Aunt Sadie, however, was very much flustered, and accepted an invitation which she would otherwise most probably have refused, to take Linda to Merlinford for luncheon.

LORD Merlin seemed to become immediately aware of Linda's state of mind, was really shocked to discover that she was doing no lessons at all, and did what he could to provide some interests for her. He showed her his pictures, explained them to her, talked about art and literature, and gave her books to read. He let fall the suggestion, which was taken up by Aunt Sadie, that she and Linda should attend a course of lectures in Oxford, and he also mentioned that the Shakespeare Festival was now in progress at Stratford-on-Avon.

Outings of this kind, which Aunt Sadie herself very much enjoyed, soon became a regular feature of life at Alconleigh. Uncle Matthew scoffed a bit, but he never interfered with anything Aunt Sadie wanted to do.

So Linda's life, instead of being on one flat level plain of tedium, was now, to some extent, filled with outside interests. She perceived that the world she wanted to be in, the witty, sparkling world of Lord Merlin and his friends, was interested in things of the mind, and that she would be able to shine in it only if she became in some sort educated. She sat all day hunched up in a corner of the library sofa, reading until her eyes gave out. She often rode over to Merlinford, and, unbeknownst to her parents—who never would have allowed her to go there, or indeed anywhere, alone—left Josh in the stable yard where he had congenial friends, and chatted for hours with Lord Merlin on all sorts of subjects. He knew that she had an intensely romantic character, he foresaw much trouble ahead, and he continually urged upon her the necessity for an intellectual background.

What could possibly have induced Linda to marry Anthony Kroesig? During the nine years of their life together people asked this question with irritating regularity. He was admittedly very rich, but so were others, and surely the fascinating Linda had only to choose. The answer was, of course, that, quite simply, she was in love with him. Linda was far too romantic to marry without love, and indeed I, who was present at their first meeting and during most of their courtship, always understood why it had happened. Tony, in those days, and to unsophisticated country girls like us, seemed a glorious and glamorous creature. When we first saw him, at Linda's and my coming-out ball, he was in his last year at Oxford, a splendid young man with a Rolls-Royce, plenty of beautiful horses, exquisite clothes. In person he was tall and fair, on the heavy side, but with a well-proportioned figure; he had already a faint touch of pomposity, a thing which Linda had never come across before, and which she found not unattractive. She took him, in short, at his own valuation.

What immediately gave him great prestige in her eyes was that he came to the ball with Lord Merlin. It was really most unlucky, especially as it happened that he had only been asked at the eleventh hour, as a stopgap.

Linda's ball was not nearly such a fiasco as Louisa's had been. Louisa, a married

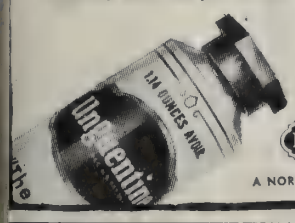
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London lady now, produced a lot of young men for Aunt Sadie's house party, dull, fair Scotch boys mostly, with nice manners. They got on quite well with the girls invited by Aunt Sadie, and the house party seemed to "go" very nicely, though Linda had her head in the air, saying they were all too impossibly dreary for words.

Davey and Aunt Emily were staying in the house to see me come out, and Davey constituted himself a sort of bodyguard to Uncle Matthew, hoping to stand as much as possible between him and the more unbearable forms of irritation.

"What a pity," said Linda as we struggled into our ball dresses—proper London ones this time—"that we are dressing up like this, and all for those terrible productions of Louisa's. Waste, I call it."

"You never know in the country," I said. "Somebody may bring the Prince of Wales."

Linda shot me a furious look under her eyelashes. "Actually," she said, "I am pinning great hopes on Lord Merlin's party. I'm sure he'll bring some really interesting people."

Lord Merlin's party arrived, as before, very late, and in very high spirits. Linda immediately noticed a large, blond young man in a beautiful pink coat. He was dancing with a girl called Baby Fairweather, and she introduced him to Linda. He asked her to dance the next. Linda and I had both been having dancing lessons, and, if we did not exactly float round the room, our progress was by no means so embarrassing as it had been before.

TONY was in a happy mood, induced by Lord Merlin's excellent brandy, and Linda was pleased to find how well and easily she was getting on with this member of the Merlinford set. Everything she said seemed to make him laugh; presently they went to sit out, she chattered away, and Tony roared with laughter. This was immediately noticed by Uncle Matthew, who began to walk up and down in front of them, giving them furious looks, until Davey, observing this danger signal, came up and hurried him away.

"Who is that with Linda?"

"Kroesig—Governor of the Bank of England, you know—his son."

"I never expected to harbor a full-blooded Hun in this house—who on earth asked him?"

"Now, Matthew, don't get excited. The Kroesigs aren't Huns; they've been over here for generations, they are a very highly respected family of English bankers."

"Once a Hun always a Hun," said Uncle Matthew. "Besides, the fella must be a gate crasher."

"No, he's not. He came with Merlin."

"I knew that Merlin would start bringing foreigners here sooner or later. I always said he would, but I didn't think even he would land one with a German."

Tony, meanwhile, thought Linda ravishingly pretty, and great fun, which indeed she was. He told her so, and danced with her again and again, until Lord Merlin, quite as much put out as Uncle Matthew by what was happening, firmly and very early took his party home.

"See you at the meet tomorrow," said Tony, winding a white silk scarf round his neck.

Linda was silent and preoccupied for the rest of the evening.

"You're not to go hunting, Linda," said Aunt Sadie the next day, when Linda came downstairs in her riding habit. "It's too rude; you must stay and look after your guests."

"Darling, darling mummy," said Linda, "the meet's at Cock's Barn, and you know how one can't resist. And Flora hasn't been out for a week, she'll go mad. Be a love and take them to see the Roman villa or something, and I swear to come back early. And they've got Fanny and Louisa, after all."

It was this unlucky hunt that clinched matters as far as Linda was concerned. The first person she saw at the meet was Tony, on a splendid chestnut horse. Linda herself was always beautifully mounted. Uncle Mat-

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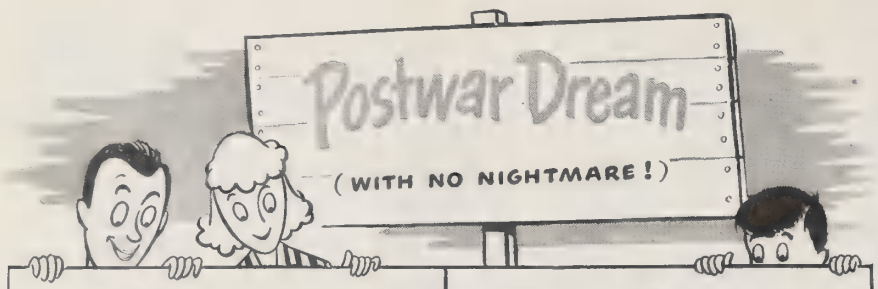
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thew was proud of her horsemanship, and had given her two pretty, lively little horses. They found at once, and there was a short sharp run, during which Linda and Tony, both in a somewhat showing-off mood, rode side by side over the stone walls. Presently, on a village green, they checked. One or two hounds put up a hare, which lost its head, jumped into a duck pond and began to swim about in a hopeless sort of way.

Linda's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, the poor hare!"

Tony got off his horse and plunged into the pond. He rescued the hare, waded out again, his fine white breeches covered with green muck, and put it, wet and gasping, into Linda's lap. It was the one romantic gesture of his life.

At the end of the day Linda left hounds to take a short cut home across country. Tony opened a gate for her, took off his hat, and said:

"You are a-most beautiful rider, you know. Good night; when I'm back in Oxford I'll ring you up."

When Linda got home she rushed me off to the Hons' cupboard and told me all this. She was in love.

Given Linda's frame of mind during the past two endless years, she was obviously destined to fall in love with the first young man who came along. It could hardly have been otherwise; she need not, however, have married him. This was made inevitable by the behavior of Uncle Matthew. Most unfortunately Lord Merlin, the one person who might perhaps have been able to make Linda see that Tony was not all she thought him, went to Rome the week after the ball, and remained abroad for a year.

Tony went back to Oxford and Linda sat about waiting, waiting, waiting. Three weeks passed, and then one evening, after dinner, the telephone bell rang. Linda answered herself. Her heart was choking her, she could scarcely speak.

"Hullo, is that Linda? It's Tony Kroesig. Will you come to lunch next Thursday?"

"Oh! But I should never be allowed to."

"Oh, rot"—very impatiently. "Several other girls are coming down from London—bring your cousin if you like."

"All right, that will be lovely."

"See you then—about one—Seven King Edward Street. I expect you know the rooms; Altringham had them when he was up."

Linda came away from the telephone trembling, and whispered to me to come quick to the Hons' cupboard. We were absolutely forbidden to see young men at any hour unchaperoned, and other girls did not count as chaperons. We knew quite well that we would not be allowed to have luncheon with a young man in his lodgings with any chaperon at all, short of Aunt Sadie herself.

In the Hons' cupboard we talked and talked. There was no question in our minds but that we must go; not to do so would be death for Linda, she would never get over it. But how to escape? There was only one way that we could devise, and it was full of risk. A very dull girl called Lavender Davis lived with her very dull parents about five miles away, and once in a blue moon Linda, complaining vociferously, was sent over to luncheon with them, driving herself in Aunt Sadie's little car. We must pretend that we were going to do that.

As we were going upstairs to bed, Linda said to Aunt Sadie, "That was Lavender ringing up. She wants Fanny and me to lunch there on Thursday."

"But, darling, last time you said you'd never go again as long as you lived.

"Oh, mummy, you don't understand. The whole point is, a man is coming who brought up a baby badger, and I do so want to meet him." It was known to be one of Linda's greatest ambitions, to bring up a baby badger.

"I see. Well, good night, then, ducks."

"We must get hold of some powder."

"And rouge."

These commodities were utterly forbidden by Uncle Matthew, who liked to see female complexions in a state of nature.


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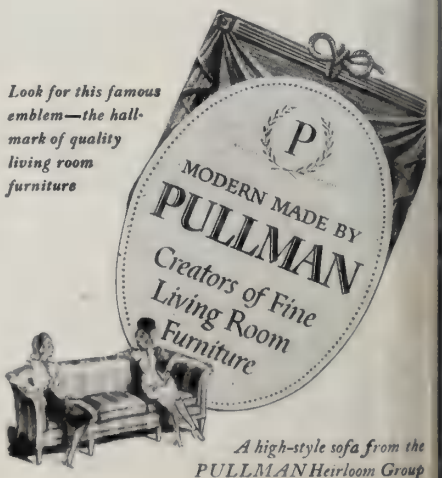
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"And sleep in curlers."

"I'll get the verbena soap out of mummy's bathroom. If we let it melt in the bath, and soak for hours in it, we shall smell delicious."

We left our car in the Clarendon yard and, as we were very early, having allowed half an hour in case of two punctures, we made for Elliston & Cavell's ladies' room and gazed at ourselves, with a tiny feeling of uncertainty, in the looking glasses there. Our cheeks had round scarlet patches, our lips were the same color, but only at the edges—inside it had already worn off—and our eyelids were blue, all out of Jassy's paintbox. Our noses were white. In short, we looked like a couple of Dutch dolls.

"We must keep our ends up," said Linda uncertainly.

"Oh, dear," I said, "the thing about me is, I always feel happier with my end down."

We gazed and gazed, hoping thus, in some magical way, to make ourselves feel less peculiar. Presently we did a little work with damp handkerchiefs, and toned our faces down a bit. Now that we had actually achieved our objective, we were beginning to feel horribly nervous.

**I never yet heard man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them, and to transfer the suspicion or dislike to the one who found pleasure in pointing out the defects of another.**

—JANE PORTER:
Tony's Scrap Book (Reilly & Lee Co.)

At one o'clock we arrived in Tony's room. He was alone, but evidently a large party was expected: the table, a square one with a coarse white linen cloth, seemed to have a great many places. An awkward silence fell.

"Been hunting at all?" he asked Linda.

"Oh, yes, we were out yesterday."

"Good day?"

"Yes, very. We found at once, and had a five-mile point and then ——" Linda suddenly remembered that Lord Merlin had once said to her, "Hunt as much as you like, but never talk about it; it's the most boring subject in the world."

"But that's marvelous, a five-mile point. I must come out with the Heythrop again soon; they are doing awfully well this season, I hear. We had a good day yesterday too."

He embarked on a detailed account of every minute of it. I saw just what Lord Merlin meant. Linda, however, hung upon his words with breathless interest.

At last noises were heard in the street, and he went to the window.

"Good," he said. "Here are the others."

The others had come down from London in a huge Daimler, and poured, chattering, into the room. Four pretty girls and a young man. Presently some undergraduates appeared and completed the party. It was not really very enjoyable from our point of view; they all knew one another too well. They gossiped away, roared with laughter at private jokes, and showed off; still, we felt that this was life, and would have been quite happy just looking on had it not been for that ghastly feeling of guilt, which was now beginning to give us a pain rather like indigestion. Linda turned quite pale every time the door opened. I think she really felt that Uncle Matthew might appear at any moment, cracking a whip. As soon as we decently could, we said good-by and fled.

On Saturday the blow fell.

"Linda and Fanny, Fa wants you in the business room," said Jassy, meeting us in the drive as we came in from riding. We looked at each other with apprehension.

"Better get it over," said Linda, and we hurried to the business room, where we saw at once that the worst had occurred.


# STILL THE BEST KNOWN, SAFE, PROVEN WAY TO MOTH PROOF

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OTHER USES



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LARVEX has been proved absolutely SAFE and SURE for over 20 years. Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX will actually MOTH PROOF woolens for a whole year. And there's no bothersome wrapping or putting away. No shrieking moth ball odor. Just spray with LARVEX and hang garment right back in its usual place. It's all so easy.

**Tests have proven that moth worms will actually commit suicide by starvation rather than eat anything treated with good old reliable LARVEX**

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**LARVEX**

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Back pain or injury

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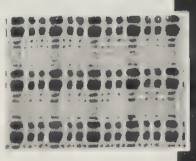
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Spinal arthritis



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*You may choose to have your Spencer made of open, airy summer fabric like this. Fabric is pictured actual size.*

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FOR ABDOMEN, BACK AND BREASTS


Aunt Sadie, looking unhappy, and Uncle Matthew, grinding his teeth, confronted us with our crime.

"Do you realize," he roared, "that, if you were married women, your husbands could divorce you for doing this?"

Linda began to say no they couldn't. She knew the laws of divorce from having read the whole of the Russell case off newspapers with which the fires in the spare bedrooms were laid.

"Don't interrupt your father," said Aunt Sadie, with a warning look.

Uncle Matthew, however, did not even notice. He was in the full flood and violence of his storm. "Now we know you can't be trusted to behave yourselves, we shall have to take certain steps. Fanny can go straight home tomorrow, and I never want you here again, do you understand? As for you, miss, there's no more question of a London season now. We shall have to watch you in future every minute of the day—not very agreeable, to have a child one can't trust. And no more hunting this year. You're lucky not to be thrashed; most fathers would give you a good hiding, do you hear? Now you can both go to bed, and you're not to speak to each other before Fanny leaves. I'm sending her over in the car tomorrow."

It was months before we knew how they found out. But the explanation was simple. Somebody had left a scarf in Tony Kroesig's rooms, and he had rung up to ask whether it belonged to either of us.

As always, Uncle Matthew's bark was worse than his bite, though, while it lasted, it was the most terrible row within living memory at Alconleigh. I was sent back to Aunt Emily the next day, Linda waving and crying out of her bedroom window, "Oh, you *are* lucky, not to be me." She was stopped from hunting once or twice. Then relaxation began, and gradually things returned to normal.

Plans for the London season went on being made, and went on including me. I heard afterward that both Davey and John Fort William took it upon themselves to tell Aunt Sadie and Uncle Matthew that, according to modern ideas, what we had done was absolutely normal, though, of course, they were obliged to own that it was very wrong of us to have told so many and such shameless lies.

WE both said we were very sorry, and promised that we would never act in such an underhand way again, but always ask Aunt Sadie if there was something we specially wanted to do.

"Only then, of course, it will always be no," Linda said, giving me a hopeless look.

Aunt Sadie took a furnished house for the summer near Belgrave Square. We really had great fun, although I don't think it was dancing that we enjoyed so much as the fact of being grown up and in London. At the dances the great bar to enjoyment was what Linda called the chaps. They were terribly dull, all on the lines of the ones Louisa had brought to Alconleigh; Linda, still in her dream of love for Tony, could not distinguish between them and never even knew their names. Tony was at Oxford for his last term, and did not come to London until quite the end of the season.

Clothes were probably our chief preoccupation at this time. Once Linda had been to a few dress shows, and got her eye in, she had all hers made by Mrs. Josh, and, somehow, they had a sort of originality and prettiness that I never achieved, although mine, which were bought at expensive shops, cost about five times as much. Linda had one particularly ravishing ball dress made of masses of pale gray tulle down to her feet. Most of the dresses were still short that summer, and Linda made a sensation whenever she appeared in her yards of tulle.

She was wearing this dress when Tony proposed to her in the Berkeley Square summerhouse at six o'clock on a fine July morning. He had been down from Oxford about a fortnight, and it was soon obvious that he had eyes for nobody but her. He went to all the same dances, and, after stumping round with a few other girls, would take Linda to








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pper, and thereafter spend the evening ued to her side. Aunt Sadie seemed to tice nothing, but to the whole rest of the butante world the outcome was a foregone nclusion, the only question being when d where Tony would propose.

The ball from which they had emerged—was in a lovely old house on the east side of erkeley Square, since demolished—was only st alive, the band sleepily thump-thumped tunes through the nearly empty rooms; or Aunt Sadie sat on a little gold chair ying to keep her eyes open with me beside r, dead tired and very cold, my partners all ne home. It was broad daylight. Linda d been away for hours, nobody seemed to ve set eyes on her since suppertime, and nt Sadie, though dominated by her fearful epiness, was apprehensive, and rather gry.

Suddenly the band perked up and began play John Peel as a prelude to God Save e King. Linda, in a gray cloud, was gallop- up and down the room with Tony; one k at her face told all. We climbed into a xi behind Aunt Sadie—she never would ep a chauffeur up at night—we splashed ay past the great hoses that were washing e streets, we climbed the stairs to our oms, without a word being spoken by any us. A thin oblique sunlight was striking e chimney pots as I opened my window. I s too tired to think, I just fell into bed.

As Linda came sleepily downstairs the xt morning, Uncle Matthew shouted furi- sly at her from the hall, "That Hun roesig has just telephoned, he wanted speak to you. I don't want you mixed up th any Germans, do you understand?"

"Well, I am mixed up," said Linda. "As it ppens, I'm engaged to him."

At this point Aunt Sadie dashed out of r little morning room, took Uncle Matthew the arm and led him away. Linda locked rself into her bedroom and cried for an hour ile Jassy, Matt, Robin and I speculated on future developments in the nursery.

THERE was a great deal of opposition to the gagement, not only from Uncle Matthew, o was beside himself with disappointment d disgust at Linda's choice, but also quite much from Sir Leicester Kroesig. He did t want Tony to marry until he was settled his career in the City, and then he had ped for an alliance with one of the other g banking families. Sir Leicester and Uncle atthew met, disliked each other on sight, d were at one in their determination to op the marriage. Tony was sent off to merica to work in a bank in New York, and or Linda, the season now being at an end, as taken home to eat her heart out at Al- nleigh.

"Oh, Jassy, lend me your running-away money to go to New York with."

"No, Linda. I've saved and scraped for five years, ever since I was seven; I simply can't begin all over again now. Besides, I shall want it when I run away myself."

"But, darling, I'll give it back; Tony will, when we're married."

"I know men," said Jassy darkly. She was adamant.

"If only Lord Merlin were here," Linda wailed. But Lord Merlin was still in Rome.

She had fifteen shillings sixpence in the world, and was obliged to content herself with writing immense screeds to Tony every day. She carried about in her pocket a quantity of short, dull letters in an immature handwriting and with a New York postmark.

After a few months Tony came back, and told his father that he could not settle down to business or banking, or think about his future career at all, until the date for his marriage had been fixed. This was quite the proper line to take with Sir Leicester. Sir Leicester finally gave his consent.

As Linda had virtually worked herself into a decline, and was poisoning the lives of all around her by her intense disagreeableness, Aunt Sadie, secretly much relieved by the turn things had taken, persuaded Uncle Matthew that the marriage, though by no means ideal, was inevitable, and that, if he did not wish to alienate forever his favorite child, he had better put a good face on it.

The engagement was duly announced in the Times. The Kroesigs invited the Radletts to spend a Saturday to Monday at their house near Guildford. Lady Kroesig, in her letter to Aunt Sadie, said it would be nice to get to know each other better. Uncle Matthew flew into a furious temper. It was one of his idiosyncrasies that, not only did he never stay in other people's houses—except, very occasionally, with relations—but he regarded it as a positive insult that he should be invited to do so. When Aunt Sadie had calmed him down a bit, she put forward the suggestion that the Kroesig family, father, mother, daughter Marjorie and Tony, should be asked instead if they would spend Saturday to Monday at Alconleigh. Poor Uncle Matthew, having swallowed the great evil of Linda's engagement, had, to do him justice, resolved to put the best face he could on it, and had no wish to make trouble for her with her future in-laws.

So the Kroesigs were invited. They accepted, and the date was fixed. Aunt Sadie then got into a panic, and summoned Aunt Emily and Davey. (I was staying at Alconleigh anyhow, for a few weeks' hunting.)

The arrival at Alconleigh of the four Kroesigs could not have been more inauspicious.




*"My old man is always yelling at me for doing the same things he laughs at—when some kid on the radio does them!"*

Men Do Not Forget



What makes the perfect *Lipstick*...

**Is it shade—texture? Is it because it stays on without frequent retouching?**

It can only be the perfect lipstick for you if its shade is most flattering to you; to be perfect, a lipstick must be creamy smooth, easily applied, not drying or smeary. Above all, the perfect lipstick must *stay* on (and lips stay lovely) when you eat, drink or kiss, if used as directed.

Because Don Juan Lipstick possesses all these beauty extras . . . more and more smart women are demanding

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Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other shades, too.



I've been waiting for this!

The new, white, light, absorbent Zephyr! Martex designed it because so many women want a big, fine bath towel that is lighter in weight—easier to launder, faster drying. A towel that takes so little of your closet space! And here it is, the highly absorbent Martex Zephyr in pristine white. At fine linen and department stores everywhere.

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As the car which had met them at the station was heard humming up the drive, every single light in the whole house fused—Davey had brought a new ultraviolet lamp with him which had done the trick. The guests had to be led into the hall in pitch darkness, while Logan fumbled about in the pantry for a candle. Sir Leicester hit his gouty foot on the edge of a refectory table, while the voice of an invisible Davey could be heard, apologizing in a high wail, from the top of the staircase. It was really very embarrassing.

At last the lights went up, and the Kroesigs were revealed. Sir Leicester was a tall fair man with gray hair, whose undeniable good looks were marred by a sort of silliness in his face; his wife and daughter were two dumpy little fluffy females. Aunt Sadie, thrown out of her stride by the sudden transformation of what had been mere voices in the dark into flesh and blood, hurried them upstairs to rest and dress for dinner. It was always considered at Alconleigh that the journey from London was an experience involving great exhaustion, and people were supposed to be in need of rest after it.

For dinner, Linda wore a white chintz dress with an enormous skirt, and a black lace scarf. She looked entirely ravishing, and it was obvious that Sir Leicester was much taken with her appearance—Lady Kroesig and Miss Marjorie, in bits of georgette and lace, seemed not to notice it. Marjorie was an intensely dreary girl, a few years older than Tony, who had failed so far to marry, and seemed to have no biological reason for existing.

"Have you read Brothers?" Lady Kroesig asked Uncle Matthew as they settled down to their soup.

"What's that?"

"The new Ursula Langdok—Brothers—it's about two brothers. You ought to read it."

"My dear Lady Kroesig, I have read only one book in my life, and that is White Fang. It's so frightfully good I've never bothered to read another."

Aunt Sadie was making heavy weather with Sir Leicester. He was full of boring herbaceous enthusiasms, and took it for granted that she was too.

"What a lot you London people always know about gardens," she said. "You must talk to Davey, he is a great gardener."

"I am not really a London person," said Sir Leicester reproachfully. "I work in London, but my home is in Surrey."

"I count that," Aunt Sadie said, gently but firmly, "as the same."

The evening seemed endless. The Kroesigs obviously longed for bridge, and did not seem to care so much for racing demon when it was offered as a substitute. Sir Leicester said he had had a tiring week, and really should go to bed early.

Linda went to ring up Lord Merlin, who had just returned from abroad. Tony followed her; they were gone a long time, and came back looking flushed and rather self-conscious.

The next morning, as we were hanging about in the hall waiting for the kippers, which had already announced themselves with a heavenly smell, two breakfast trays were seen going upstairs, for Sir Leicester and Lady Kroesig.

"No, really, that beats everything," said Uncle Matthew. "I never heard of a *man* having breakfast in bed before."

Lord Merlin was braver than the rest of us, and said right out what he thought.

Linda went over to see him and asked him, "Are you pleased about my engagement?"

"No, of course not. Why are you doing it?"

"I'm in love," said Linda proudly.

"Fiddlesticks."

"Oh, you evidently don't understand abou love, so what's the use of talking to you?"

Lord Merlin got very cross, and said tha neither did immature little girls understan about love.

"Love," he said, "is for grown-up peopl as you will discover one day. I'm all in fav of you marrying soon, in a year or two, b for all of our sakes, don't go and marry a bo like Tony Kroesig."

"I can't think why you say Tony's a bor he knows everything."

"Yes, that's exactly it, he does. And wh about Sir Leicester? And have you se Lady Kroesig?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Lady, Beware*

**By May Richstone**

**When he sees right through your wiles, the brute,**
**Give him up, for heaven's sake!**
**If the creature is so astute,**
**What kind of a husband would he make!**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

But the Kroesig family was illuminat for Linda by the great glow of perfecti which shone around Tony, and she wou hear nothing against them. She part rather coldly from Lord Merlin, came hon and abused him roundly.

The arrangements for the wedding did n go smoothly. There was trouble without e over settlements. Uncle Matthew, whose e tate provided a certain sum of money f younger children, to be allocated by him he thought best, very naturally did not wi to settle anything on Linda, at the expense the others, in view of the fact that she w marrying the son of a millionaire. Sir Leic ter, however, refused to settle a penny u less Uncle Matthew did—he had no gre wish to make a settlement in any case, sayi that it was against the policy of his family tie up capital sums. In the end, by sheer pers tence, Uncle Matth got a beggarly amou for Linda. The wh thing worried and set him very mu and confirmed him need be, in his hat of the Teutonic ra

Tony and his p ents wanted a Lond wedding. Uncle M thew said he had ne heard of anything common and vulgar his life. Women w married from th homes; he thoug fashionable weddi the height of degra tion. The Kroesigs plained to Linda that, if she had a count wedding, she would get only half the numb of wedding presents, and also that the imp tant, influential people, who would be of u later, to Tony, would never come do to Gloucestershire in the depth of wint All these arguments were lost on Lin Since the days when she was planni to marry the Prince of Wales she h had a mental picture of what her w ding would be like: that is, as much lik wedding in a pantomime as possible, i large church, with crowds both outside a in, with photographers, arum lilies, tu bridesmaids, and an enormous choir sing her favorite tune, The Lost Chord. So sided with the Kroesigs. Aunt Sadie too London house, and the wedding was d celebrated at St. Margaret's.

What with one thing and another, by time Linda was married, her parents and parents-in-law were no longer on speak terms. Uncle Matthew cried without restra all through the ceremony; Sir Leicester seem to be beyond tears.

I think Linda's marriage was a failure most from the beginning, but I really ne knew much about it. Nobody did. She h married in the face of a good deal of opp tion; the opposition proved to have been w founded, and Linda, being what she w maintained a perfect shop front.

They were married in February, hac hunting honeymoon from a house they t at Melton, and settled down in Bryans Square after Easter. Tony started work his father's bank, and prepared to step int safe Conservative seat in the House of C mons, an ambition soon realized.

Closer acquaintance with their new laws did not make either the Radlett or

*(Continued on Page 96)*




# HUSH... *Love's here!*

STRICTLY HEAVEN . . . it's *you* in *his* arms! This is what poets talk about— this moment divine, this summer sigh before sweet wild rapture! Soon— quick man-kisses come to sting the skin and storm the heart! Atremble you hear him whisper, "Be ever as now . . . stay for me love's lovely answer!"

SO . . . cherish your bright beauty with Woodbury, the facial soap made for the skin alone . . . made *extra-mild* by Woodbury's costly mellowing ingredient. Daily, take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. You'll revel in lather smooth as cream, lusciously mild! Do try it . . . it's Woodbury's wonderful way to keep skin in soft bloom. Easy to adore!

**WOODBURY 10c**

FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

# WHO ARE YOU...
## a "Mrs. A" or a "Mrs. B"?

COME INTO THE KITCHEN... SEE HOW MRS. A SAVES TIME, WORK, MONEY AND GETS 10 GLASSES OF DELICIOUS JELLED STRAWBERRY JAM FROM ONLY 2 QUARTS OF FRUIT!



Mrs. A. uses the modern short-boil method, with Certo



Mrs. B. makes jam "the way mother used to"



Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. each have 2 quarts of strawberries. After cleaning and crushing them, each has the same amount of prepared fruit—4 cups.



BOTH MRS. A. AND MRS. B. START AT 9 O'CLOCK



Mrs. A., going by the crushed strawberry jam recipe in the folder on the Certo bottle, adds 7 cups of sugar; brings fruit and sugar to a full rolling boil; lets it boil hard for 1 minute; removes it

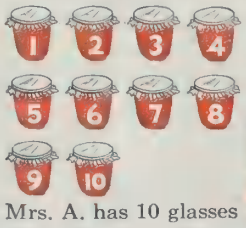


from the fire and adds ⅓ bottle of Certo. That's all! The jam is done—and it has the bright color and delicious flavor of the fresh ripe fruit.





Mrs. A. is through by 9:15.



Mrs. A. has 10 glasses of jam from her 2 quarts of berries. Her jam has a lovely, tender "jell."



Mrs. B., following the old "cup for cup" standard recipe, adds 4 cups of sugar and has to boil her mixture about 30 minutes before it thickens to the desired consistency. This long boiling



evaporates about ⅓ the prepared weight of berries, darkens color and carries off much of the natural fresh-fruit flavor as fragrant steam.





Mrs. B. finishes at 9:45.



Mrs. B. took three times as long and has only 6 glasses of jam. Its consistency is somewhat "runny."






I get a CERTO BONUS of 4 EXTRA GLASSES from the same amount of fruit!

You, too, can make wonderful jams and jellies this easy, thrifty way—with Certo!

NO RECIPES WITH CERTO! Because fruits differ in the amount of pectin they contain, Certo safeguards your success by giving you separate, *scientifically tested* recipes for each kind of fruit—a folder of 90 of them under the label of each bottle. These recipes make success with jellies, jams, marmalades and conserves simple and easy for even inexperienced jelly makers.

TIMELY TIP: In any Certo recipe, 2 cups of light corn syrup may be substituted for two of the cups of sugar specified.

*A Product of General Foods*


(Continued from Page 94)

Kroesig families change their minds about each other. The Kroesigs thought Linda eccentric, affected and extravagant. The Radletts considered that Tony was a first-class bore. He was infinitely serious, he no longer laughed at Linda's jokes, and the high spirits which, when she first knew him, he had seemed to possess, must have been due to youth, drink and good health. Now that he was married he put all three resolutely behind him, spending his days in the bank and his evenings at Westminster. He was revealed as pompous, money-grubbing, more like his father every day.

Poor Linda was incapable of understanding the Kroesig point of view; try as she might—and in the beginning she tried very hard, having an infinite desire to please—it remained mysterious to her. The only mental qualities they respected were those which produced money in substantial quantities. It was their one criterion of success.

Linda's upbringing had made all this incomprehensible, for money was a subject that was absolutely never mentioned at Alconleigh.

On the first birthday she had after her marriage, Sir Leicester gave Linda a check for a thousand pounds. Linda was delighted and spent it on a necklace of large half-pearls surrounded by rubies, which she had been admiring for some time in a Bond Street shop. The Kroesigs had a small family dinner party for her. Linda arrived, wearing a very plain white satin dress and her necklace, went straight up to Sir Leicester, and said:

"Oh, you were kind to give me such a wonderful present—look ——"

Sir Leicester was stupefied. "Did it cost all I sent you?"

"Yes," said Linda. "I thought you would like me to buy one thing with it, and always remember it was you who gave it to me."

"No, dear. That wasn't at all what I intended. A thousand pounds is what you might call a capital sum; that means something on which you expect a return. You could either have asked Tony to invest it for you, or, which is what I really intended, you could have spent it on entertaining important people who would be of use to Tony in his career."

These important people were a continual thorn in poor Linda's side. She was always supposed by the Kroesigs to be a great hindrance to Tony, both in politics and in the City, because, try as she might, she could not disguise how tedious they seemed to her.

"Your father was cross," she said to Tony as they walked home after dinner.

"I don't wonder," said Tony shortly.

"But look, darling, how pretty it is. Don't you see how one couldn't resist it?"

"You are so affected. Do try and behave like an adult, won't you?"

The autumn after Linda's marriage Aunt Emily took a little house in St. Leonard's Terrace, where she, Davey and I installed ourselves. Aunt Emily enjoyed herself so much that she talked of living half the year in London. As for me, I have never, before or since, been happier. During this time I became engaged to Alfred Wincham, then a young don at, now Warden of, St. Peter's College, Oxford. With this kindly scholarly man I have been perfectly happy ever since. I say no more about him here; this is Linda's story, not mine.

We saw a great deal of Linda. She was obviously lonely, as her husband was at his work all day and at the House in the evening. Lord Merlin was abroad, and she had, as yet, no other very intimate friends. She was much pleased by my engagement, and liked Alfred.

**A man's good work is effected by doing what he does: a woman's, by being what she is.**

—CHESTERTON: The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom.


TOP RATING!




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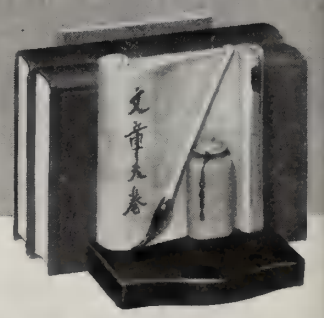


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One day, as we were busy with wedding invitations, she came in and announced, "I am in pig; what d'you think of that?"

"A most hideous expression, Linda dear," said Aunt Emily, "but I suppose we must congratulate you."

"I suppose so," said Linda. She sank into a chair with an enormous sigh. "I feel awfully ill, I must say."

Linda's child, a girl, was born in May. She was ill for a long time before, and very ill at her confinement. The doctors told her that she must never have another child, as it would almost certainly kill her. This was a blow to the Kroesigs, as bankers, it seems, like kings, require many sons, but Linda did not appear to mind. She took no interest whatever in the baby.

I went to see her as soon as I was allowed to. She lay in a bower of blossoms and pink roses, and looked like a corpse. I was expecting a baby myself, and naturally took a great interest in Linda's.

"WHAT are you going to call her—where is she, anyway?"

"In Sister's room—it shrieks. Moira, I believe."

"Not Moira, darling. I never heard such an awful name."

"Tony likes it; he had a sister called Moira who died."

"All the same, I don't see how you can saddle the poor little thing with a name like Moira, it's too unkind."

"Not really. It'll have to grow up a Moira if the Kroesigs are to like it—people always grow up to their names, I've noticed—and they might as well like it because, frankly, I don't."

"Linda, how can you be so naughty?"

At this point the Sister came in, and Linda introduced us.

"Oh, you are the cousin I hear so much about," she said. "You'll want to see the baby."

She went away and presently returned carrying a Moses basket full of wails.

"Poor thing," said Linda indifferently. "It's really kinder not to look."

"Don't pay any attention to her," said the Sister. "She pretends to be a wicked woman, but it's all put on."

I did look, and, deep down among the frills and lace, there was the usual horrid sight of a howling orange in a fine black wig.

"Isn't she sweet?" said the Sister. "Look at her little hands."

I shuddered slightly and said, "Well, I know it's dreadful of me, but I don't much like them as small as that; I'm sure she'll be divine in a year or two."

The wails now entered on a crescendo.

"Poor soul," said Linda. "I think it must have caught sight of itself in a glass. Do take it away, Sister."

Davey came into the room. He was meeting me there to drive me down to Shenley. The Sister came back and shooed us both off, saying that Linda had had enough.

Living in Oxford, engrossed with my husband and young family, I saw less of Linda during the next few years. This, however, did not affect the intimacy of our relationship. We corresponded regularly. I may as well say here that the one thing she never discussed with me was the deterioration of her marriage; in any case, it would not have been necessary, the whole thing being as plain as relations between married people ever can be. Tony was, quite obviously, not good enough as a lover to make up, even at first, for his shortcomings in other respects. The young man she had fallen in love with, handsome, gay, intellectual, melted away upon closer acquaintance, and proved never to have existed outside her imagination. Linda did not commit the usual fault of blaming Tony for what was entirely her own mistake, she merely turned from him in absolute indifference. This was made easier by the fact that she saw so little of him.

Lord Merlin, in London for the first time since Linda's marriage, introduced her into his world, the world toward which she had always looked, that of smart Bohemianism;


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and here she had an immediate and great success. She became very gay and went everywhere. There is no more popular unit in London society than a young, beautiful but perfectly respectable woman who can be asked to dinner without her husband, and Linda was soon well on the way to having her head turned. Her house was full of people from morning till night, chatting. Linda, who loved to chat, found many congenial spirits in the carefree, pleasure-seeking London of those days.

Tony did not seem to mind; he had long given up Linda as hopeless from the point of view of his career, and was rather pleased and flattered by the publicity which now launched her as a beauty: "The beautiful wife of a clever young M.P." Besides, he found that they were invited to large parties and balls, where there were often to be found not only Linda's friends, with whom she would amuse herself, but also colleagues of his own, and by no means unimportant ones, whom he could buttonhole and bore at the bar.

Linda now proceeded to fritter away years of her youth, with nothing whatever to show for them. If she had had an intellectual upbringing the place of all this pointless chatter, jokes and parties might have been taken by a serious interest in the arts, or by reading; if she had been happy in her marriage, that side of her nature which craved for company could have found its fulfillment by the nursery fender; things being as they were, however, all was frippery and silliness.

Alfred and I once had an argument with Davey about her, during which we said all this. Davey accused us of being prigs, though at heart he must have known that we were right.

"But Linda gives one so much pleasure," he kept saying. "She is like a bunch of flowers. You don't want people like that to bury themselves in serious reading; what would be the good?"

However, even he was forced to admit that her behavior to poor little Moira was not what it should be. (The child was fat, fair, placid, dull and backward, and Linda still did not like her; the Kroesigs, on the other hand, adored her, and she spent more and more time, with her nanny, at Planes. They loved having her there, but that did not stop them from ceaseless criticism of Linda's behavior.)

Tony soon became, as was to be expected, a perfect mountain of pomposity, more like his father every day. He was full of large, clear-sighted ideas for bettering the condition of the capitalist classes, and made no bones of his hatred and distrust of the workers. Both Sir Leicester and his son were great admirers of Herr Hitler; Sir Leicester had been to see him during a visit to Germany, and had been taken for a drive in a Mercedes-Benz by Doctor Schacht.

LINDA took no interest in politics, but she was instinctively and unreasonably English. She knew that one Englishman was worth a hundred foreigners, whereas Tony thought that one capitalist was worth a hundred workers. Their outlook upon this, as upon most subjects, differed fundamentally.

By a curious irony of fate it was at her father-in-law's house in Surrey that Linda met Christian Talbot. Little Moira, aged six, now lived permanently at Planes; it seemed a good arrangement, as it saved Linda, who disliked housekeeping, the trouble of running two establishments, while Moira was given the benefit of country air and food. Linda and Tony were supposed to spend a couple of nights there every week.

One April Saturday morning, in 1937, Linda, with whom I had been staying in London, took me down there for the night. I think she liked to have a buffer between herself and the Kroesigs.

**"Have women a sense of humor?" an English friend once asked Mark Twain. "Well," replied Mark Twain, "I don't think they have humor themselves, but they appreciate the quality of humor in others. Now, you see that woman crossing the lawn there?" The woman was his wife. "I don't suppose that woman ever said a humorous thing in her life; but she always sees the point of my jokes."**

—PAUL B. DAVIS.

Sir Leicester was pottering in the garden, as we drove up, a depressed Corgi at his heels, and a mellow smile on his face.

"Here you are," he said heartily. "Tony and Moira have gone out riding. Isn't the garden looking grand just now? I can hardly bear to go to London and leave all this beauty. Come for a stroll before lunch." He led us off. "I must warn you," he said, "that we have got rather a rough diamond coming to lunch. I don't know if you've ever met old Talbot, who lives in the village, the old professor? Well, his son, Christian. He's by way of being rather a Communist, a clever chap gone all wrong, and a journalist on some daily rag. Tony can't bear him, but I always think it's as well to see something of these left-wing fellows."

SO Christian came to luncheon. He was an extraordinarily handsome young man, tall and fair, in a completely different way from that of Tony, thin and very English-looking. His clothes were outrageous—he wore a really old pair of gray flannel trousers, no coat and a flannel shirt, one of the sleeves of which had a tattered tear from wrist to elbow.

"Has your father been writing anything lately?" Lady Kroesig asked, as they sat down to luncheon.

"I suppose so," said Christian, "as it's his profession. I can't say I've asked him, but one assumes he has, just as one assumes that Tony has been banking something lately."

He then planted his elbow, bare through the rent, onto the table between himself and Lady Kroesig and, swivelling round to Linda, who was on his other side, he told her, at length and in immense detail, of a production of Hamlet he had seen lately in Moscow. The cultured Kroesigs listened attentively, throwing off occasional comments to all of which Christian turned a deaf ear, gobbling his food with one hand, his elbow on the table, his eyes on Linda.

After luncheon he said to Linda, "Come back and have tea with my father; you'd like him," and they went off together, leaving the Kroesigs to behave for the rest of the afternoon like a lot of hens who have seen a fox.

Linda returned just in time to dress for dinner, looking extremely beautiful. She made me come and chat while she had her bath—Tony was reading to Moira upstairs in the night nursery. Linda was perfectly enchanted with her outing. Christian's father, she said, lived in the smallest house imaginable. Mr. Talbot was the exact opposite of Sir Leicester. He was brisk and matter-of-fact, and had made some funny jokes about Davey, whom he knew well.

"He's perfect heaven," Linda kept saying, her eyes shining.

What she really meant, as I could see too clearly, was that Christian was perfect heaven. She was dazzled by him. It seemed that he had talked without cease, and his talk consisted of variations upon a single theme—the betterment of the world through political change. Linda, since her marriage, had heard no end of political shop talked by Tony and his friends, but this related politics entirely to personalities and jobs. As the persons all seemed to her infinitely old and dull, Linda had classed politics as a boring subject. But Christian's politics did not bore her. As they walked back from his father's house that evening he had taken her for a tour of the world. He showed her Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany, civil war in Spain, inadequate Socialism in France, tyranny in Africa, starvation in Asia, reaction in America and right-wing blight in England. Only the U.S.S.R., Norway and Mexico came in for a modicum of praise.

Linda was a plum ripe for shaking. The tree was now shaken, and down she came.

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are so-o-o good



broiled with FRENCH'S






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Intelligent and energetic, but with no outlet for her energies, unhappy in her marriage, uninterested in her child, she was in the mood either to take up some cause, or to embark upon a love affair. That a cause should now be presented by an attractive young man made both it and him irresistible.

The poor Radletts were now presented with crises in the lives of three of their children almost simultaneously. Linda ran away from Tony, Jassy ran away from home, and Matt ran away from Eton.

Linda threw discretion, and what worldly wisdom she may have picked up during her years in London society, to the winds; she became an out-and-out Communist, bored and embarrassed everybody to death by preaching her new-found doctrine, not only at the dinner table, but also from a soapbox in Hyde Park. Tony started proceedings for divorce. This was a great blow to my aunt and uncle. It is true that they had never liked Tony, but they were infinitely old-fashioned in their ideas. Aunt Sadie was, in particular, profoundly shocked by the light-hearted way Linda had abandoned Moira.

Linda came to see me in Oxford. She was on her way back to London after having broken the news at Alconleigh. "Goodness," she said. "I'd forgotten how terrifying Fa can be. He simply roared, and poor mummy looked miserable, but she was pretty furious too. Oh, well, that's over. Darling, it's heaven to see you again."

I hadn't seen her since the time at Planes when she met Christian, so I wanted to hear all about her life.

"Well," she said, "I'm living with Christian in his flat, but it's very small, I must say, but perhaps that is just as well, because

---

**It is not miserable to be blind; it is miserable to be incapable of enduring blindness.** —JOHN MILTON.

---

I'm doing the housework. I don't seem to be very good at it, but luckily he is."

"He'll need to be," I said. As she had never in her life done so much as make her own bed, I could not imagine that Christian's flat could be very tidy or comfortable if it was being run by her.

"You are horrid. But oh, how dreadful it is—cooking, I mean."

She seemed tired, I thought, and rather worried, and I looked in vain for signs of great happiness or great love.

"What about Tony—how has he taken it?"

"Oh, he's awfully pleased, actually, because he can now marry his mistress without having a scandal, or being divorced, or upsetting the Conservative Association."

It was so like Linda never to have hinted, even to me, that Tony had a mistress. "Who is she?" I said.

"Called Pixie Townsend. She's a terrific Counter-Hon, but I'm only too thankful now that she exists, because I needn't feel in the least bit guilty—they'll all get on so much better without me."

"Married?"

"Oh, yes, and divorced her husband years ago. She's frightfully good at all poor Tony's things, golf and business and Conservatism, just like I wasn't, and Sir Leicester thinks she's perfect. They'll be happy."

"Now I want to hear more about Christian, please."

"Well, he's a frightfully serious man, you know, a Communist, and so am I now. You can't think what an extraordinary man he is, so detached from other human beings that he hardly notices whether they are there or not. He only cares for ideas."

"I hope he cares for you."

"Well, I think he does, but he is very strange and absent-minded. He says he's going to marry me—when I'm divorced. I think it's rather silly—I rather agree with mummy that once is enough, for marriage—but he says I'm the kind of person one marries if one's living with them, and the thing is it would be bliss not to be called Kroesig any more. Anyway, we'll see."




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**TOMATO-RELISH RING.** *Soften 1½ tbsp. gelatin in ¼ c. cold tomato juice. Dissolve in 2 c. heated tomato juice. Add ½ tsp. salt. Chill. When semi-firm, fold in ¾ c. India relish or chopped sweet pickle. Pour in 6½" ring mold; chill until firm. Serve on lettuce, with deviled eggs. Fill center with lettuce and Miracle Whip.*

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"Then what's your life? I suppose you don't go to parties and things now, do you?"

"Darling, such killing parties, you can't think—he won't let us go to ordinary ones at all. The worst of being a Communist is that the parties you may go to are—well—awfully funny and touching, but not very gay, and they're always in such gloomy places. Next week, for instance, we've got three: some Czechs at the Sacco and Vanzetti Memorial Hall at Golders Green, Ethiopians at the Paddington Baths, and the Scottsboro boys at some boring old rooms or other."

"What do you wear at them?" I asked, with some interest, thinking that Linda, in her expensive-looking clothes, must seem very much out of place at these baths and halls.

"You know, at first it worried me dreadfully, but I've discovered that, so long as one wears wool or cotton, everything is all right. Silk and satin would be the blunder. But I always wear only wool and cotton, so I'm on a good wicket. No jewels, of course, but then I left them behind at Bryanston Square. Christian doesn't know about jewelry. Oh, dear, he is such a funny man, you must meet him again soon. I must go, darling, it has so cheered me up to see you."

I don't quite know why, but I felt somehow that Linda had been once more deceived in her emotions. A few minutes after Linda had left I had another caller. This time it was Lord Merlin. I liked Lord Merlin very much, I admired him, but I was by no means on such intimate terms with him as Linda. To tell the real truth, he frightened me.

"This is a bad business," he said abruptly. "I'm just back from Rome, and what do I find—Linda and Christian Talbot. It's an extraordinary thing that I can't ever leave England without Linda getting herself mixed up with some thoroughly undesirable character. This is a disaster."

I told him that he had just missed Linda, and said something about her marriage with Tony having been unhappy.

"Naturally she never would have stayed with Tony—nobody expected that. The point is that she's out of the frying pan into an empty grate. I've known Christian from a child—his father is a great friend of mine. Christian is a man who goes through the world attached to nobody—people are nothing in his life. The women who have been in love with him have suffered bitterly because he has not even noticed that they are there. I expect he is hardly aware that Linda has moved in on him—his head is in the clouds and he is always chasing after some new idea." He looked at me so angrily that I felt it had all been my fault. "What are they living on?" he said.

"VERY little. Linda has a small allowance from Uncle Matthew, and I suppose Christian makes something from his journalism."

Lord Merlin said, taking out his notebook, "Can I have Linda's address? I'll have to see what I can do."

What he did was to present Linda with the freehold of a tiny house far down Cheyne Walk. It was the prettiest little dolls' house ever seen, on that great bend of the river where Whistler had lived. The pleasure Linda derived from her new surroundings, the relief which she felt at having once and for all got rid of the Kroesigs, were, I think, laid by her at Christian's door, and seemed to come from him. Thus the discovery that real love and happiness had once more eluded her was delayed for quite a long time.

The Radletts were shocked and horrified over the whole Linda affair, but they had their other children to think of, and were making plans for the coming out of Jassy, who was as pretty as a peach. She, they hoped, would make up to them for their disappointment with Linda.

Jassy went with Aunt Sadie to a few London dances at the end of the season. She was thought to be rather delicate, and Aunt Sadie had an idea that it would be better for her to come out properly in the less strenuous autumn season, and, accordingly, in October, took a little house in London. Jassy complained that the young men she had met were dull and hideous, but Aunt Sadie took no notice. She said that all girls thought this at first, until they fell in love.

A few days before they were to have moved to London Jassy ran away. She was to have spent a fortnight with Louisa in Scotland, had put Louisa off without telling Aunt Sadie, had cashed her savings, and, before anybody even knew that she was missing, had arrived in America. Poor Aunt Sadie received a cable:

ON WAY TO HOLLYWOOD. DON'T WORRY.
JASSY.

At first the Radletts were completely mystified. Jassy had never shown the smallest interest in stage or cinema. Then it occurred to them that Matt might know something, he and Jassy being the two inseparables of the family, and Aunt Sadie got into the Daimler and rolled over to Eton. Matt was able to explain everything. He told Aunt Sadie that Jassy was in love with a film star called Cary Goon, and that she had written to Hollywood to ask him if he were married, telling Matt that if he proved not to be she was going straight out there to marry him herself.

"So I suppose," he ended up, "that she got a letter saying he's not married and just went off."

As always in times of crisis, the Radletts now sent for Davey, and, as always, Davey displayed a perfect competence to deal with the situation. He found out that Cary Goon was a second-rate film actor whom Jassy must have seen when she was in London. He had been in a film then showing called One Splendid Hour. Davey got hold of the film, and Lord Merlin put it on in his private cinema for the benefit of the family. It was about pirates, and Cary Goon was not even the hero, he was just a pirate and seemed to have nothing in particular to recommend him; no good looks, talent or visible charm, though he did display a certain agility shinning up and down ropes.

After great consultations it was decided that some member of the family would have to go to Hollywood and bring Jassy home. Davey consented to go with Louisa—the good, the sensible Louisa.

It proved to have been a useless trip. Two days after their arrival in Hollywood, Jassy became Mrs. Cary Goon. Louisa telegraphed this news, adding, "Cary is a terrific Hon."

Matt, aged sixteen, ran away from Eton to the Spanish war. Aunt Sadie minded this very much, but I don't think Uncle Matthew did. The desire to fight seemed to him entirely natural, though, of course, he deplored the fact that Matt was fighting for foreigners. It was decided that no steps should be taken to retrieve Matt.

Christmas that year was a very sad one at Alconleigh. The children seemed to be melting away like the ten little Indians. Bob and Louisa, neither of whom had given their parents one moment of disquiet in their lives,

*(Continued on Page 103)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Habitual Ritual*

**By Ethel Jacobson**

Home from the office
And one-two-three,
"Is dinner ready?"
It better be!

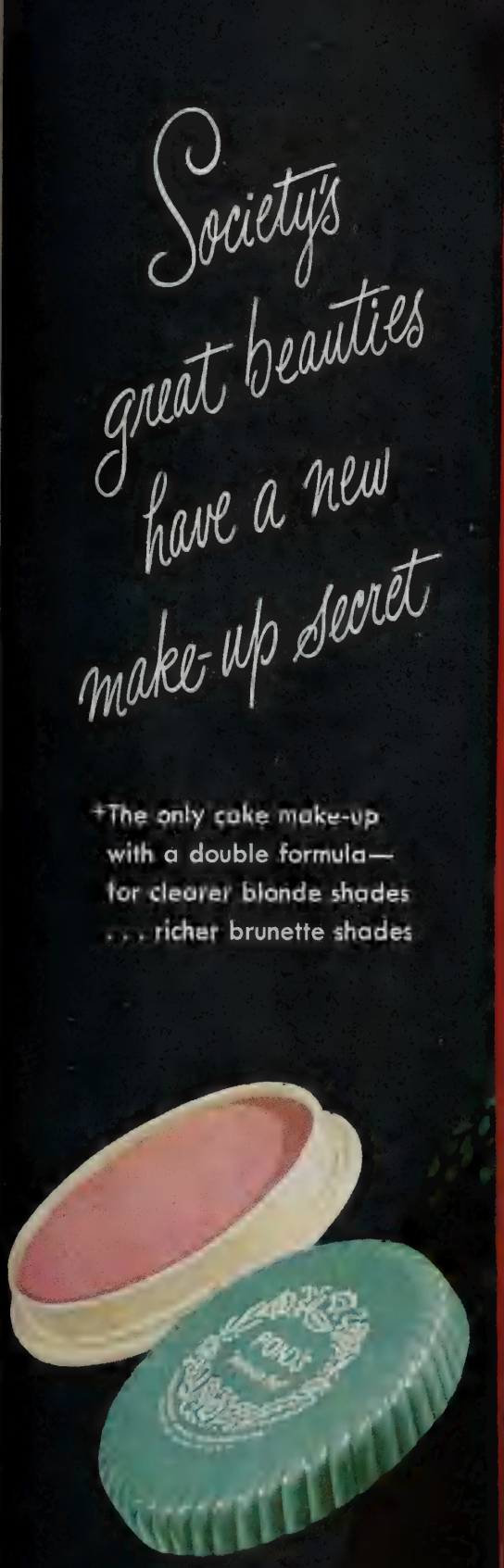
Or oo-oo-oo!
How he'll stew
And set
And fret
And gloom
And fume
Till . . .

"Dinner's ready, milord!"
And *that* is
When he goes off
To wash his patties.

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+The only cake make-up with a double formula—for clearer blonde shades . . . richer brunette shades





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**P.S.** Ask about the new G-E Home Freezer, too. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

G-E Refrigerators

A MILLION IN SERVICE 10 YEARS OR LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 100)

could not make up for the absence of Linda, Matt and Jassy, while Robin and Victoria, full as they were of jokes and fun, were swamped by the general atmosphere, and kept to themselves as much as possible.

Linda was married in the Caxton Hall as soon as her divorce was through. The wedding was as different from her first as the left-wing parties were different from the other kind. It was not exactly sad, but dismal, uncheerful, and with no feeling of happiness. Few of Linda's friends, and none of her relations except Davey and me, were there; Lord Merlin sent two Aubusson rugs and some orchids, but did not turn up himself.

Linda and Christian lived in their house in Cheyne Walk, and, if Linda was not as happy as she had hoped to be, she exhibited, as usual, a wonderful shop front. Christian was certainly very fond of her, and, in his way, he tried to be kind, but, as Lord Merlin had prophesied, he was much too detached to make any ordinary woman happy. He seemed, for weeks on end, hardly to be aware of her presence; at other times he would wander off and not reappear for days. Cheyne Walk was always full of comrades, not chatting to Linda, but making speeches to one another, rushing about, telephoning, typewriting, drinking, quite often sleeping in their clothes, but without their boots, on Linda's drawing-room sofa.

Money troubles accrued. Christian, though he never appeared to spend any money, had a disconcerting way of scattering it. He had few, but expensive, amusements, one of his favorites being to ring up the Nazi leaders in Berlin, and other European politicians, and have long teasing talks with them, costing pounds a minute. "They never can resist a call from London," he would say—nor, unfortunately, could they. At last, greatly to Linda's relief, the telephone was cut off, as the bill could not be paid.

Twice a week Linda worked in a Red bookshop. The rest of her time was spent in keeping house for Christian and the comrades.

"You know, being a Conservative is much more restful," Linda said to me once in a moment of confidence. "Though one must remember that it is bad, not good. But it does take place within certain hours, and then finish, whereas Communism seems to eat up all one's life and energy."

"What exactly does Christian do?" I said.

"Oh, everything you can think of. Just at the moment he's writing a book on famine—goodness, it's sad!—and there's a dear little Chinese comrade who comes and tells him what famine is like; you never saw such a fat man in your life."

I laughed.

Linda said, hurriedly and guiltily, "Well, I may seem to laugh at the comrades, but at least one does know they are doing good, not harm, and not living on other people's slavery, like Sir Leicester, and really you know I do simply love them, though I sometimes wish they were a little more fond of chatting, and not quite so sad and earnest and down on everybody."

Early in 1939 the population of Catalonia streamed over the Pyrenees into the Roussillon, a poor and little-known province of France.

Christian, who had always, I think, had a half-guilty feeling about not having fought in Spain, immediately rushed off to Perpignan. He wrote an endless series of reports, memoranda, articles and private letters about the conditions he had found in the camps, and then settled down to work in an office financed by various English humanitarians with the object of improving the camps, putting refugee families in touch again, and getting as many as possible out of France. This office was run by a young man called Robert Parker.

As soon as it became clear that there would not be, as at first was expected, an outbreak of typhus, Christian sent for Linda to join him.

It happened that Linda had never before been abroad in her life. Of course the journey was an enchantment to her. Her very stilted, very English French got her across Paris and into the train for Perpignan without a hitch.

Paris. She looked out the window at the lighted dusky streets, and thought that never could any town have been so hauntingly beautiful. A strange stray thought came into her head that, one day, she would come back here and be very happy, but she knew that it was not likely; Christian would never want to live in Paris.

At Perpignan she found him in a whirl of business. Funds had been raised, a ship had been chartered, and plans were on foot for sending six thousand Spaniards out of the camps to Mexico. Christian explained all this to Linda almost before she was out of the train; he gave her an absent-minded peck on the forehead and rushed her to his office, hardly giving her time to deposit her luggage at a hotel on the way.

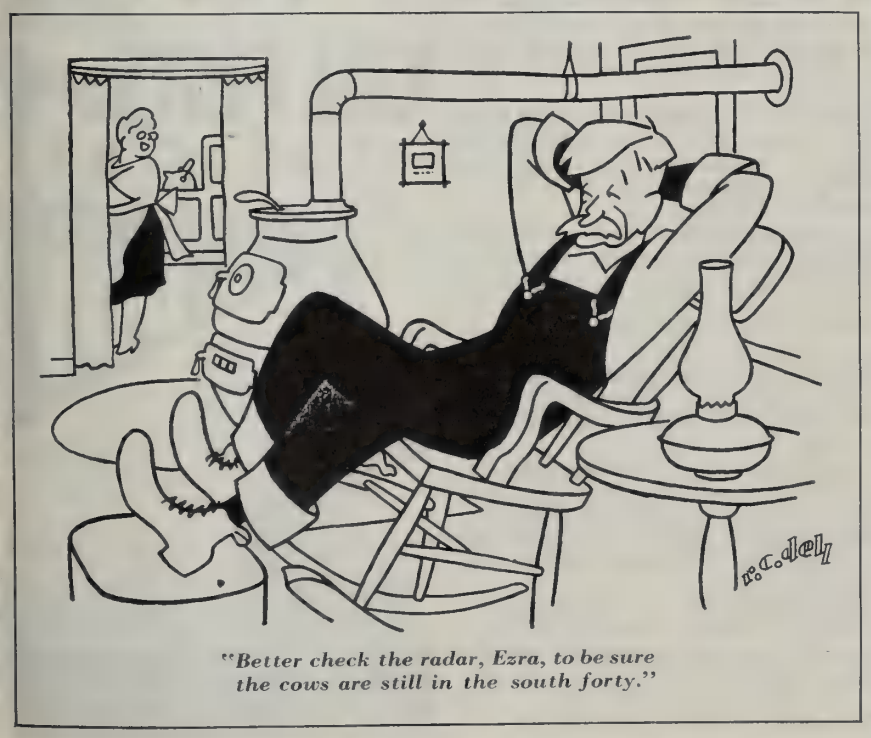
Linda was introduced to Robert Parker and to Randolph Pine, a young writer. They seemed pleased that Linda had arrived, and were most friendly and welcoming.

"You must give me some work to do," said Linda.

"Yes," said Robert. "There's masses of work, never fear; it's just a question of finding the right kind. Can you speak Spanish?"

"No."

"Oh, well, you'll soon pick it up."




*"Better check the radar, Ezra, to be sure the cows are still in the south forty."*

"Lavender will find her a job," said Christian.

"Lavender?"

"A girl called Lavender Davis."

"No! I know her quite well, she used to live near us in the country. In fact, she was one of my bridesmaids."

"That's it," said Robert. "She said she knew you; I'd forgotten. She's wonderful, she helps us a great deal. There's absolutely nothing she doesn't know about calories and so on. She's the hardest worker I've ever come across."

"I'll tell you," said Randolph Pine, "what you can do. There's a job simply waiting for you, and that is to arrange the accommodation on this ship that's going off next week."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Robert, "the very thing. She can have this table and start at once."

For the next weeks Linda lived in an atmosphere of alternate fascination and horror. She grew to love Perpignan, a strange little old town, so different from anything she had ever known, with its river and broad quays, its network of narrow streets. Linda went to the camps nearly every day, and they filled her soul with despair. As she could not help very much in the office, owing to her lack of Spanish, nor with the children, since she knew nothing about calories, she was employed as a driver, and was always on the road in a van full of supplies, or of refugees, or just taking messages to and from the camps. By this time the camps were quite decently organized. But the sight of these thousands of human beings, young and healthy, herded behind wire with nothing on earth to do day after dismal day, was a recurring torture to Linda.

The only cheerful prospect was the ship. It was going to rescue only a few thousand of the refugees, but, at any rate, they would be taken to a better world, with happy and useful future prospects. When she was not driving the van Linda worked hard over the cabin arrangements, and finally got the whole thing finished in time for the embarkation.

All the English except Linda went to Cette for the great day. Christian and Robert came back in a cheerful mood. The arrangements had gone like clockwork.

Robert said to Linda, "Did you work on any special plan when you were arranging the cabins, or how did you do it?"

"Well, I simply," said Linda, "gave the best cabins to the people who had *Labrador* on their card, because I used to have one when I was little and he was such a terrific—so sweet, you know."

"Ah," said Robert gravely, "all is now explained. *Labrador* in Spanish happens to mean laborer. So you see under your scheme—excellent by the way, most democratic—the farm hands all found themselves in luxury while the intellectuals were battened. You did very well, Linda; we were all most grateful."

"He was such a sweet Labrador," said Linda dreamily. "I wish you could have seen him. I do miss not having pets."

Linda never could remember afterward whether she had really minded when she discovered that Christian was in love with Lavender Davis. Certainly wounded pride must have played a part, though perhaps less so with Linda than it would have with many women, as she did not suffer from much inferiority feeling. All the same, it was not a flattering choice. Lavender had seemed for years to epitomize everything that the Radletts considered most unromantic.

Linda did not discover their love in any vulgar way. It was far more subtle, more dangerous than that, being quite simply borne in upon her week after week that they found perfect happiness in each other, and that Christian depended entirely on Lavender for comfort and encouragement in his work. As this work now absorbed him heart and soul, as he thought of nothing else, dependence upon Lavender involved the absolute exclusion of Linda. She felt uncertain what to do. She could not have it out with Christian; there was nothing tangible to have out, and, in any case, such a proceeding would

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have been absolutely foreign to Linda's character. She dreaded scenes and rows more than anything else in the world. She began to think that it would be well for her to get away from Perpignan herself before Christian and Lavender went off together, as it seemed most probable that they would, wandering off hand in hand to search for and relieve other forms of human misery.

One afternoon she saw them walking up the Quai Sadi Carnot together, completely absorbed, utterly contented in each other's company, radiating happiness. Linda was seized by an impulse and acted on it. She packed her things, wrote a hasty letter to Christian saying that she was leaving him for good, as she realized that their marriage had been a failure. She bundled herself and her luggage into a taxi and took the night train for Paris.

The journey this time was horrible. She was, after all, very fond of Christian, and as soon as the train had left the station she began to ask herself whether she had not in fact behaved stupidly and badly. He probably had a passing fancy for Lavender, based on common interests, which would fade away as soon as he got back to London.

She had her return ticket, but very little money—just enough for dinner on the train and some food the next day. And in London what would she find? A little empty, dusty house. Perhaps, she thought, Christian would pursue her, come and insist that she belonged to him. But in her heart she knew that he would not, and that she did not, and that this was the end.

It could not be said, thought Linda, as the train pursued its way through the blackness, that her life so far had been a marked success. She had found neither great love nor great happiness, and she had not inspired them in others. Whatever quality it is that can hold indefinitely the love and affection of a man she plainly did not possess, and now she was doomed to the lonely, hunted life of a beautiful but unattached woman. Tears for her lost hopes and ideals, tears of self-pity, in fact, began to pour down her cheeks.

Sad and tired as Linda was, she could not but perceive the beauty of Paris that summer morning as she drove across it to the Gare du Nord. Paris in the early morning has a cheerful, bustling aspect, a promise of delicious things to come, a positive smell of coffee and *croissants*, quite peculiar to itself. This joy, this life, this beauty did but underline poor Linda's fatigue and sadness. She turned her thoughts to old familiar London, she longed above all for her own bed, feeling as does a wounded beast when it crawls home to its lair.

But when she presented her return ticket at the Gare du Nord she was told that it had expired. "See, madame—May twenty-ninth. Today's the thirtieth, isn't it? So!" Tremendous shruggings.

Linda was paralyzed with horror. Her eighteen shillings sixpence was by now down to six shillings threepence—hardly enough for a meal. She knew nobody in Paris, she had absolutely no idea what she ought to do, she was too tired and too hungry to think clearly. She sank onto her suitcase and began to cry; nothing so dreadful had ever happened to her before. She cried bitterly, she could not stop.

She became aware that somebody was standing beside her, a short, stocky, very dark Frenchman in a black Homburg hat. He was laughing. Linda took no notice, but went on crying. The more she cried the more he laughed.

At last she said, in a voice which was meant to be angrily impressive, but which squeaked and shook through her handkerchief, "Go."

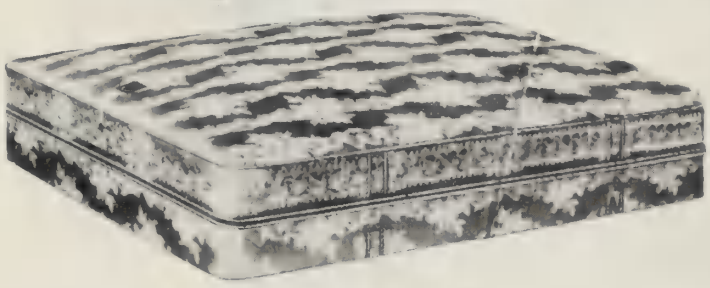
For answer he took her hand and pulled her to her feet. "Hello, hello," he said.

**Man argues woman may not be trusted too far; woman feels man cannot be trusted too near.**
—JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.


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"Will you please go?" said Linda. "I should like to point out that I am not a white slave. I am the daughter of a very important British nobleman."

The Frenchman gave a great bellow of laughter. "One does not," he said in nearly perfect English, "have to be Sherlock Holmes to guess that. French ladies covered with the outward signs of wealth never sit crying on their suitcases at the Gare du Nord in the very early morning, while white slaves always have protectors, and it is only too clear that you are unprotected just now."

This sounded all right, and Linda was mollified.

"Now," he said, "I invite you to luncheon with me, but first you must have a bath and rest and a cold compress on your face." He picked up her luggage and walked to a taxi. "Get in, please."

Linda got in. Her powers of resistance were at an end, and she really saw no alternative.

"Hotel Montalembert," he told the taxi man. "Rue du Bac. I apologize, madame, for not taking you to the Ritz, but I have a feeling for the Hotel Montalembert just now, that it will suit your mood this morning."

Linda sat upright in her corner of the taxi, looking, she hoped, very prim. Her companion hummed a little tune, and seemed vastly amused. When they arrived at the hotel he took a room for her, told the liftman to show her to it, told the concierge to send her up a *café complet*, kissed her hand, and said:

"Good-by for the present—I will fetch you a little before one o'clock and we will go out to luncheon."

LINDA had her bath and breakfast and got into bed. When the telephone bell rang she was so sound asleep that it was a struggle to wake up.

"A gentleman is calling, madame."

"Say I will be right down," said Linda, but it took her quite half an hour to get ready.

"Ah! You keep me waiting," he said, kissing her hand, or at least making a gesture of raising her hand toward his lips and then dropping it rather suddenly. "That is a very good sign."

"Sign of what?" said Linda.

He had a two-seater outside the hotel and she got into it. She was feeling more like herself again.

"Oh, of this and that," he said, letting in the clutch. "A good augury for our affair, that it will be happy and last long."

Linda became intensely stiff, English and embarrassed. "We are not having an affair," she told him.

"My name is Fabrice—may one ask yours?"

"Linda."

"Linda. What a pretty name! With me, it usually lasts five years."

He drove to a restaurant where they were shown, with some deference, to a table in a red plush corner. He ordered the luncheon and the wine in rapid French. Then he turned to her and said:

"Now tell me, madame."

"Tell you what?"

"Well, but of course, the story. Who was it that left you to cry on that suitcase?"

"He didn't. I left him. It was my second husband and I have left him forever because he has fallen in love with another woman."

"What a very curious reason for leaving one's second husband. Surely with your experience of husbands you must have noticed that falling in love with other women is one of the things they do? Why didn't you put yourself in the train and go back to monsieur the important lord, your father?"

"That's what I was doing until they told me that my return ticket had expired. I only had six shillings threepence, and I don't know anybody in Paris, and I was awfully tired, so I cried."

"The second husband—why not borrow some money from him?"

"He's in Perpignan."

"Ah, you come from Perpignan. Go on telling me about your husbands. It's interesting."





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"Only two. My first was a Conservative, and my second is a Communist."

"Just as I guessed; your first is rich, your second is poor. I could see you once had a rich husband—the dressing case and the fur coat, though it is a hideous color. Still, mink usually betokens a rich husband somewhere. Then this dreadful linen suit you are wearing has ready-made written all over it."

"You are rude; it's a very pretty suit," she said.

"And last year's. Jackets are getting longer, you will find. I'll get you some clothes—if you were well dressed you would be quite good-looking, though it's true your eyes are small. Blue, a good color, but small."

"In England," said Linda, "I am considered a beauty."

"Well, you have points."

So this silly conversation went on and on, but it was only froth on the surface. Linda was feeling, what she had never so far felt for any man, an overwhelming physical attraction. It made her quite giddy, it terrified her. She could see that Fabrice was perfectly certain of the outcome; so was she perfectly certain, and that was what frightened her. How could she, Linda, with the horror and contempt she had always felt for casual affairs, allow herself to be picked up by any stray foreigner? He was not even good-looking, he was exactly like dozens of other dark men in Homburgs that can be seen in the streets of any French town. But there was something about the way he looked at her which seemed to be depriving her of all balance. She was profoundly shocked, and, at the same time, intensely excited.

After luncheon they strolled out of the restaurant into brilliant sunshine.

"Come and see my flat," said Fabrice.

"I would rather see Paris," said Linda. "I've never been here before."

Fabrice was really startled. "Never been here before? What a pleasure for me, to show it all to you. There is so much to show, it will take weeks."

"Unfortunately," said Linda, "I leave for England tomorrow."

"Yes, of course. Then we must see it all this afternoon."

They drove slowly round a few streets and squares, and then went for a stroll in the Bois. Linda could not believe that she had only just arrived there, that this was still the very day which she had seen unfolding itself, so full of promise, through her mist of morning tears.

"How fortunate you are to live in such a town," she said to Fabrice. "It would be impossible to be very unhappy here."

"Not impossible," he said. "One's e tions are intensified in Paris—one car more happy and also more unhappy than in any other place. But it is alwa positive source of joy to live here, and t is nobody so miserable as a Parisian in from his town." He spoke with great fee

After tea, which they had out-of-doo the Bois, he drove slowly back into P He stopped the car outside an old hous the Rue Bonaparte, and said, again:

"Come and see my flat."

"No, no," said Linda. "The time has come for me to point out that I am *femme sérieuse*."

Fabrice gave his great bellow of laug "Oh," he said, "how funny you are. Wh phrase, *femme sérieuse;* where did you it? And if so serious, how do you explai second husband?"

"Yes, I admit that I did wrong, and r a great mistake," she told him. "But is no reason for losing control, for sli down the hill altogether. Please, if you be so kind as to lend me some mone want to catch the London train tomo morning."

"Of course, by all means," said Fab

He thrust a roll of bank notes into hand, and drove her to the Hotel Monta bert. He seemed quite unmoved by speech, and announced he would come at eight o'clock to take her out to di

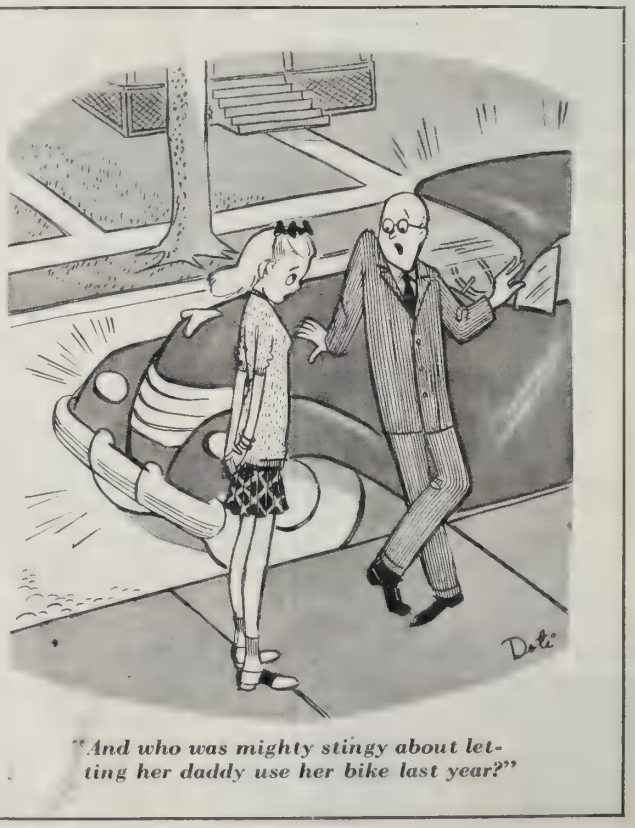
Linda's bedroom was full of roses. *R* she thought with a giggle, *this is a very p novelettish seduction; how can I be taken it?*

But she was filled with a strange, wild familiar happiness, and knew that this love. Twice in her life she had mistaken s thing else for it; it was like seeing somebo the street who you think is a friend, whistle and wave and run after him, an not only not the friend, but not even like him. A few minutes later the real appears, and you can't imagine how you mistook that other person for him. I was now looking upon the authentic fa love, and she knew it, but it frightene She told herself, over and over again, tomorrow she must go back to Londo she had no intention of going back, an knew it.

Fabrice took her out to dinner and th a night club, where they did not dance chatted endlessly. She told him about Matthew, Aunt Sadie and Louisa and and Matt, and he could not hear enou

In the taxi on their way home she re again to go back with him or to let him

*(Continued on Page 108)*




*"And who was mighty stingy about letting her daddy use her bike last year?"*

*Very personally yours*



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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.




(Continued from Page 106)

into the hotel with her. He did not insist, he did not try to hold her hand, or touch her at all. He merely said:

"You are putting up a magnificent fight, madame, and I offer you my heartfelt felicitations."

Outside the hotel she gave him her hand to say good night. He took it in both of his and really kissed it.

"Till tomorrow," he said, and got back into the taxi.

"*Allo—allo.*"

"Hullo."

"Good morning. Are you having your breakfast?"

"Yes."

"I thought I heard a coffee cup clattering. It is good?"

"It's so delicious that I have to keep stopping, for fear of finishing it too quickly. Are you having yours?"

"Had it. I must tell you that I like very long conversations in the morning, and I shall expect you to tell me some stories."

"Like Scheherazade?"

"Yes, just like. And you're not to get that note in your voice of 'now I'm going to ring off,' as English people always do."

"What English people do you know?"

"I know some. I was at school in England, and at Oxford."

"No! When?"

"Nineteen-twenty."

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We said, "Oh gosh, we are sick of moving,
Sick of carting our junk around,
Our fortunes never will start improving
Until a terminal port is found."
We have bought a house. It is Greek Revival;
It's old and weathered and picturesque,
The sort of thing it is hard to rival
With brand-new plans on a builder's desk.

It's Home! A spot that is most appealing
(And paint's apeeling inside and out);
New cracks appear in the walls and ceiling,
The porch has dropsy, the sills have gout.
It's Home! It gives us a prideful tingle,
It thrills the spirit and warms the heart
Though hornets nest under every shingle
And plumbing constantly comes apart.

It's Home! With rooms that are large and gracious,
Although the plaster is full of nails.
The fireplaces are very spacious,
Though they smoke us out in the wintry gales.
Most of the mansion is sturdy timber,
But now and then it is evidenced
That one or two of the walls are limber
And sway a bit when they're leaned against.
And though old houses are what one likes
One sometimes wonders at builders' views,
Who put up moldings with six-inch spikes
And hung huge hinges with half-inch screws.
But we love our house, though the flues are leaky
And the wainscot ticks like a metronome,
Though the thresholds warp and the panes are streaky
And the clapboards flap and the rooftree's creaky;
Nevertheless it's Home!

It's Home! At last we are actual owners
No longer under the landlord's thumb.
Though now we're working for money loaners
With interest payments for years to come.
For it's cost us twice what we estimated,
And a brand-new house could have been created
For what we've paid—but as has been stated,
And here is stoutly reiterated,
"It's Home!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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"No."

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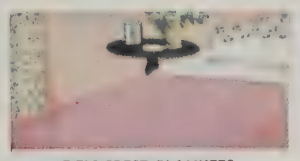
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(Continued from Page 106)

into the hotel with her. He did not insist, he did not try to hold her hand, or touch her at all. He merely said:

"You are putting up a magnificent fight, madame, and I offer you my heartfelt felicitations."

Outside the hotel she gave him her hand to say good night. He took it in both of his and really kissed it.

"Till tomorrow," he said, and got back into the taxi.

"*Allo—allo.*"

"Hullo."

"Good morning. Are you having your breakfast?"

"Yes."

"I thought I heard a coffee cup clattering. It is good?"

"It's so delicious that I have to keep stopping, for fear of finishing it too quickly. Are you having yours?"

"Had it. I must tell you that I like very long conversations in the morning, and I shall expect you to tell me some stories."

"Like Scheherazade?"

"Yes, just like. And you're not to get that note in your voice of 'now I'm going to ring off,' as English people always do."

"What English people do you know?"

"I know some. I was at school in England, and at Oxford."

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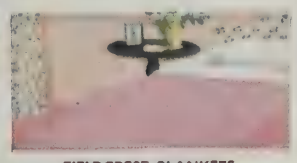


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SPAM* 'N' MACARONI LOAF

For a harmonious taste blend, arrange alternate layers of Spam slices and macaroni mixture in loaf pan. Bake in a pan of water at 375° until firm. Serve with broccoli blossoms accented with your favorite sauce. Smash hit with any audience!




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But Fabrice was still thinking of the fiancée. "She died much more than five years ago—fifteen years in the autumn. I always go and put late roses on her grave."

"And what was her name?"

"Louise. The only daughter of the last Duc de Rancé. I often go and see her mother, who is still alive, a remarkable old woman."

A deep melancholy settled on them both. Linda saw too clearly that she could not hope to compete with a fiancée who was not only prettier and more correct than she was, but also dead. It seemed most unfair.

After dinner, however, Linda was restored to happiness. Being made love to by Fabrice was an intoxication, quite different from anything she had hitherto experienced.

Their life now began to acquire a routine. Fabrice dined with her every night in the flat—he never took her out to a restaurant again. During the day she hardly ever saw him. He always lunched with his mother, who had the first-floor flat in the house where he lived on the ground floor. Sometimes he took Linda sight-seeing in the afternoon, but generally he did not appear until about half past seven, soon after which they dined.

Linda occupied her days buying clothes, which she paid for with great wads of bank notes given her by Fabrice. *Might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb*, she thought.

FABRICE was delighted. He took an intense interest in her clothes, made her parade around her drawing room in them, forced her to take them back to the shops for alterations which seemed to her quite unnecessary, but which proved in the end to have made all the difference.

"Only by trial and error," he said, "can you find out your type. So keep on, my dear, work at it. You're not doing at all badly."

The weather now became hot and sultry, holiday, seaside weather. But this was 1939, and men's thoughts were not of relaxation, but of death. Fabrice said every day how much he longed to take Linda to the Riviera, to Venice and to his beautiful château in the Dauphiné. But he was a reservist, and would be called up any day now. Linda did not mind staying in Paris. She felt no particular apprehensions about the coming war, she was essentially a person who lived in the present.

One afternoon in July she arrived home wearing a new and particularly ravishing straw hat. It was large and simple, with a wreath of flowers and two blue bows. Her right arm was full of roses and carnations, and in her left hand was a striped bandbox, containing another exquisite hat. She let herself in with her latchkey, and stumped, on the high cork soles of her sandals, to the drawing room.

The green Venetian blinds were down, and the room was full of warm shadows, two of which suddenly resolved themselves into a thin man and a not so thin man—Davey and Lord Merlin.

"Good heavens," said Linda, and she flopped down onto a sofa.

"Well," said Davey, "you do look pretty."

Linda felt really frightened, like a child caught out in some misdeed. She looked from one to the other. "What have you come for?"

"You don't seem very pleased to see us," said Davey. "We came, actually, to see if you were all right. As it's only too obvious that you are, we may as well go away again."

"How did you find out? Do mummy and Fa know?"

"No, absolutely nothing. They think you're still with Christian. We haven't come in the spirit of two Victorian uncles, my dear Linda. I happened to see a man I know who had been to Perpignan, and he mentioned that Christian was living with Lavender Davis. I went round to Cheyne Walk and there you obviously weren't, and then Mer and I got worried."

"You gave us a fright," said Lord Merlin crossly. "Another time, when you are putting on this Cléo de Mérode act, you might send


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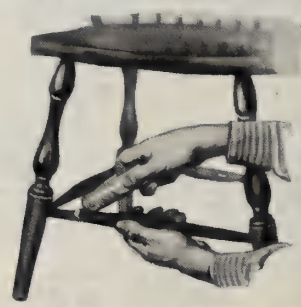

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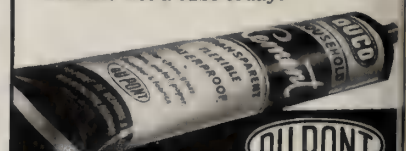

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**PETERMAN**
**ANT KILLER**


a post card. What an interest you are in one's life, Linda dear. Have you told him he must give you up and marry a pure young girl yet?"

Linda said disarmingly, "Don't tease. I'm *so* happy you can't think."

"Yes, you look happy, I must say."

"What time does your lover generally arrive?" said Davey, taking out his watch.

"Not till about seven. Do stay and see him."

"No, thank you, not for the world."

"Who is he?" said Lord Merlin.

"He's called the Duke of Sauveterre."

A look of great surprise, mingled with horrified amusement, passed between Davey and Lord Merlin.

"Fabrice de Sauveterre?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Darling Linda, one always forgets, under that look of great sophistication, what a little provincial you really are. Of course we know him, and all about him, and, what's more, so does everyone except you. Fabrice is undoubtedly one of the wickedest men in Europe, as far as women are concerned."

"Do you remember in Venice," said Davey, "when he made off with Ciano's girl friend, what a fuss there was. And then, a week later, he dumped her in Cannes and went to Salzburg with Martha Birmingham, and poor old Claude shot at him four times, and always missed him."

"Fabrice has a charmed life," said Lord Merlin. "I suppose he has been shot at more than anybody, and, as far as I know, he's never had a scratch."

Linda was unmoved by these revelations, which had been forestalled by Fabrice himself. Anyhow, no woman really minds hearing of the past affairs of her lover; it is the future alone that has the power to terrify.

**The more intellectual people are, the most originality they see in other men. To commonplace people, all men are much alike.**

—PASCAL

"Come on, Mer," said Davey. "Good-by, Linda, we're off to dine. Good-by—give our love to Fabrice."

When Fabrice came in he sniffed about, and asked whose cigar. Linda explained. "They say they know you."

"Surely—Merlin, such a nice chap, and poor Warbeck, always so ill. I knew them in Venice. What did they think of all this?"

"Well, they roared at the flat."

"Yes, I can imagine. It is quite unsuitable for you, and with the war coming ——"

"Oh, but I love it, I wouldn't like anything else half so much. Wasn't it clever of them, though, to find me?"

"Do you mean to say you never told anybody where you were?"

"I really didn't think of it—the days go by, you know ——"

"And it was six weeks before they thought of looking for you? As a family you seem to me strangely disorganized."

Linda suddenly threw herself into his arms, and said, with great passion, "Never, never let me go back to them."

"My darling—you know you will probably have to, soon. The war is going to begin, you know."

"Why can't I stay here? I could work—I could become a nurse—well, perhaps not a nurse, actually, but something."

"If you promise to do what I tell you, you may stay here for a time. At the beginning we shall sit and look at the Germans across the Maginot Line, then I shall be a great deal in Paris, between Paris and the front, but mostly here. What you must promise me is that the minute I tell you to leave for London you will leave, even if you can see no reason for doing so. Will you solemnly promise, now?"

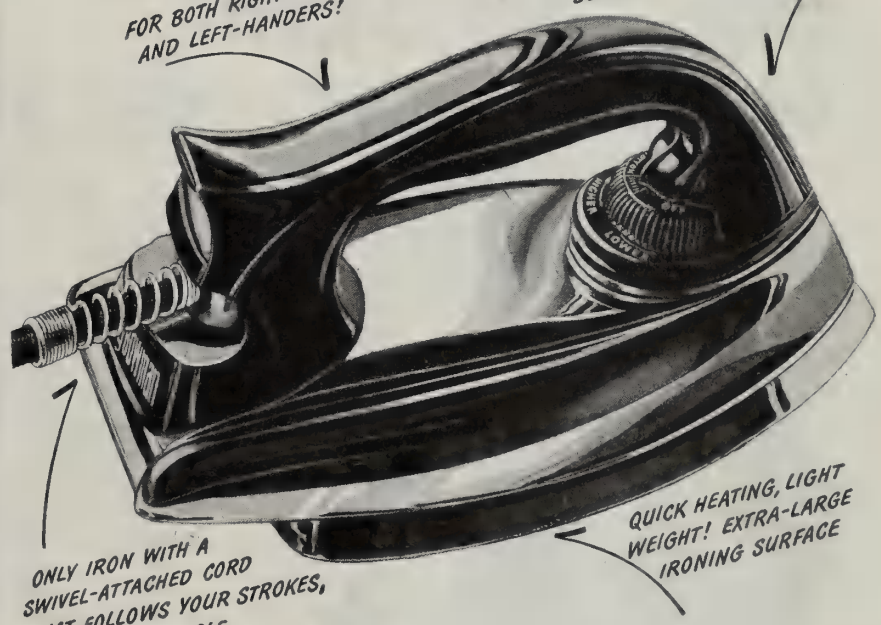
"All right," said Linda. "I don't believe anything so dreadful could happen to me, but I promise to do as you say. Now will you promise that you will come to London as soon as it's all over and find me again?"

"Yes," said Fabrice. "I will do that."

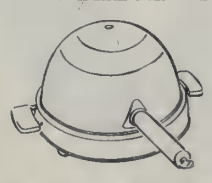

*"That reminds me, Hector—it's time I got one of those M-B irons with the non-kink cord!"*



**Now! The Iron That-Wags-Its-Tail!**



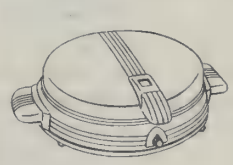

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No smoke, odor, effort



LONG-LAST PERCOLATOR
Dripless spout — dignified design



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Overflow control — automatic

**5-MINUTE MOTHPROOFING**
**with new, lasting HEX**
**would have saved this suit!**




**Why risk** finding your costly woolens completely ruined by moths? Protect them *now* with one quick spray application of the lasting Hex liquid mothproofing. Scientific tests prove that *moths absolutely will not harm fabrics treated with Hex*. Hex-treated woolens require no wrapping or storing away! A Koppers product.




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Once a week—White Clay Pack



**Next, in 8 minutes** . . . or when mask has "set". Slosh on cool, clear water. How wonderfully soft your skin feels now—looks smoother, finer in texture. It's actually glowing, brightened by the gentle *blushing action* of White Clay Pack, Not a rough patch left to cause "bumpy" make-up. Now you're a smoothie for fair!

here's a famous way to flower-fresh skin

it's the Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment

for coarse dry skin flakes and clogging dirt



**Then, every day** . . . to help keep that underskin beauty bright. Pat on Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream with upward, outward strokes from the base of your throat. (See diagram.) Ever-so-gently around the eyes where tiny lines creep in. This rich cream is the make-up base you've been searching for. And, lady—what a night cream!

Every day—Homogenized Facial Cream



**You can start rejoicing,** any day, about the new loveliness your Twin Treatment care reveals. For, day after day, this super beauty cleansing will help to keep your skin brighter, more youthful in appearance. Yours will be the true beauty of a *clean skin!*

**Sold at leading cosmetic counters . . . 25c, 60c, $1.00 sizes**


When the war, which had for so long been pending, did actually break out some six weeks later, Linda was strangely unmoved by the fact. She was enveloped in the present, in her own detached and futureless life, which, anyhow, seemed so precarious, so much from one hour to another; exterior events hardly impinged on her consciousness.

Since Davey's visit Linda had been getting letters from her family. He had given Aunt Sadie her address and told her that Linda was doing war work in Paris.

Christian, who was back in London, had left the Communist Party and had joined up. Lavender had also returned; she was now an A.T.S. Christian did not show the slightest curiosity about what had happened to Linda, he did not seem to want to divorce her or to marry Lavender, he had thrown himself heart and soul into army life and thought of nothing but the war.

On a beautiful windy blue-and-white day in April the blow fell. Fabrice, whom Linda had not seen for nearly a week, arrived from the front looking grave and worried, and told her she must go back to England at once.

"I've got a place for you in the airplane," he said, "for this afternoon. You must pack a small suitcase, and the rest of your things must go after you by train. I have to go to the Ministère de la Guerre. I'll be back in time to take you to Le Bourget."

WHEN he returned he looked more preoccupied than ever. Linda was waiting for him, her box was packed, she was wearing the blue suit in which he had first seen her, and had her old mink coat over her arm. Linda said good-by to Germaine and followed Fabrice into the lift, out into the street. She did not fully understand that she was leaving that happy life behind her forever.

At first, back in Cheyne Walk, she still did not understand. The world was gray and cold certainly, the sun had gone behind a cloud, but only for a time; it would come out again. Then, as sometimes happens, the cloud, which had seemed at first such a little one, grew and grew, until it became a thick gray blanket smothering the horizon. The bad news began, the terrible days, the unforgettable weeks. A great horror of steel was rolling over France, was rolling toward England, swallowing on its way the puny beings who tried to stop it, swallowing Fabrice, Germaine, the flat and the past months of Linda's life, swallowing Alfred, Bob, Matt and little Robin, coming to swallow us all. London people cried openly in the busses, in the streets, for the English army which was lost.

Then, suddenly one day, the English army turned up again. There was a feeling of such intense relief, it was as if the war were over and won. Alfred and Bob and Matt and little Robin all reappeared, and, as a lot of French soldiers also arrived, Linda had a wild hope that Fabrice might be with them. She sat all day by the telephone, and when it rang and it was not Fabrice she was furious with the unlucky telephoner—I know, because it happened to me. She was so furious that I dropped the receiver and went straight round to Cheyne Walk.

I found her unpacking a huge trunk, which had just arrived from France. I had never seen her looking so beautiful. It made me gasp, and I remembered how Davey had said, when he got back from Paris, that at last Linda was fulfilling the promise of her childhood, and had become a beauty.

"What are you doing in London, darling?" she said, between tears and laughter.

"I'm with Alfred. He's got to get a lot of new equipment and see all sorts of people. I believe he's going abroad again very soon."

"What does he say about Dunkirk?"

"He says it was like something out of the Boy's Own—he seems to have had a most fascinating time."

"They all did. The boys were here yesterday and you never heard anything like their stories. Of course they never quite realized how desperate it all was until they got to the coast. Oh, isn't it wonderful to have them back? If only—if only one knew what had


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**Clinical tests, laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. may relieve your Athlete's Foot symptoms, too!**

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Yet that is exactly what Absorbine Jr. has been proved to do in 3 out of 4 cases tested under strictest clinical and laboratory control.

REPEAT—3 out of 4 suffering from Athlete's Foot got complete relief, not partial relief, from the symptoms of this painful skin condition by application of Absorbine Jr.

**Cracks** warn of danger



Look between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? These signs often mean your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot organisms.

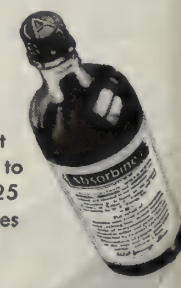
**Drench** these cracks with **Absorbine Jr.**



Pour on—full strength. Often a cotton swab soaked in Absorbine Jr. will help remove loosened patches of dead skin, if rubbed gently.

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# Absorbine Jr.

**Kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact**

ened to one's French buddies ——" She
d at me under her eyelashes, and I
ght she was going to tell me about her
ut, if so, she changed her mind.
"Why don't you go to Alconleigh?" I said.
to Shenley? I'm going there with the
en as soon as Alfred is off again."
d like to come for a visit sometime,
I know a little more what is happen-
ut at the moment I must stop here.
them my love, though. I've got such
s to tell you, Fanny, what we really
is hours and hours in the Hons' cup-
t."

through those terrible months of May,
and July, Linda waited for a sign from
ce, but no sign came. She did not
that he was alive, it was not in Linda's
e to imagine that anyone might be dead.
new that thousands of Frenchmen were
rman hands, but felt certain that, had
ce been taken prisoner, he would un-
edly manage to escape. She would
rom him before long, and, meanwhile,
was nothing to be done, she must sim-
ait. She alternated between hope and
ir, but as the months went by without a
despair began to prevail.

n, on a sunny Sunday morning in Au-
very early, her telephone bell rang.
*llo—allo?*"
abrice?"
*ui.*"
h! Fabrice—I've been
ing for you for so long."
ow nice! Then I may
right away?"
, wait—yes, you can
at once, but don't go
minute, go on talking,
t to hear the sound of
voice."
, no, I have a taxi
e, I shall be with you
minutes."
lay back, and all was
and warmth while she
for that sound more
tely connected with
rban love affair than
cept the telephone bell,
f a stopping taxicab.
tly she heard it in the
She rushed down-

Hours later Linda made
coffee. "Why did you
Fabrice? To join General de Gaulle?"
, that was not necessary, because I
oined him already. I was with him in
aux. My work has to be in France,
have ways of communicating. I shall
see him, of course, he expects me at
y, but actually I came on a private
n." He looked at her for a long time.
e to tell you that I love you," he said
.
Linda felt giddy. "You never said that to
Paris."
."
u always seemed so practical."

. I suppose so. I had said it so often
ten before in my life, I had been so
tic with so many women, that when I
is to be different I really could not
ut all those stale old phrases again, I
't utter them. I never said I loved
Because from the first moment I knew
is was as real as all the others were
t was like recognizing somebody—
I can't explain."
t that is exactly how I felt too," said
"Don't try to explain, you needn't, I
'
en, when you had gone, I felt I had to
u, and it became an obsession with
those dreadful weeks were made more
ul because I was being prevented from
you."
wever did you get here?"
e moves about," said Fabrice vaguely.
st leave again tomorrow morning,
rly, and I shan't come back until the
over, but you'll wait for me, Linda,
thing matters so much now that you
'

"Oh, Fabrice ——" She put her head on his shoulder, and they sat for a long time in silence.

The air raids on London now began. Early in September, just as I had moved there with my family, a bomb fell in the garden of Aunt Emily's little house in Kent. It was a small bomb compared with what one saw later, and none of us were hurt, but the house was more or less wrecked. Aunt Emily, Davey, my children and I then took refuge at Alconleigh, where Aunt Sadie welcomed us with open arms. Louisa had already arrived there with her children.

The big rooms at Alconleigh were filled with the contents of some science museum and no *évacuées* had been billeted there; I think it was felt that nobody who had not been brought up to such rigors could stand the cold of that house.

Soon the party received a very unexpected addition. I was upstairs in the nursery bathroom doing some washing when Louisa burst in.

"You'll never guess," she said, "in a thousand thousand years who has arrived."

"Hitler," I said stupidly.

"Your mother, Auntie Bolter. She just walked up the drive and walked in."

"Alone?"

"No, with a man."

"The major?"

"He doesn't look like a major. Come on, Fanny, leave those to soak ——"

And so it was. My mother sat in the hall recounting in her birdlike voice with what incredible adventures she had escaped from the Riviera. The major with whom she had been living for some years, always having greatly preferred the Germans to the French, had remained behind to collaborate, and the man who now accompanied my mother was a ruffianly looking Spaniard called Juan, without whom, she said, she could never have got away from a ghastly prison camp in Spain. She spoke of him exactly as though he were not there at all, which produced rather a curious effect, and indeed seemed most embarrassing until we realized that Juan understood no word of any language except Spanish.

Presently Uncle Matthew appeared, and the Bolter told her adventures all over again to him. He said he was delighted to see her, and hoped she would stay as long as she liked.

As for me, it was the first time in my life that I had really found myself face to face with my mother. When a small child I had been obsessed by her and the few appearances she had made had absolutely dazzled me, though, as I have said, I never had any wish to emulate her career. At Alconleigh, in contact with her morning, noon and night, I studied her with the greatest curiosity. I couldn't help rather liking her. Though she was silliness personified, there was something engaging about her frankness and high spirits and endless good nature.

Early in November I had to go to London for the day, and, having heard nothing of Linda for some weeks, I took a taxi to Cheyne Walk. There had been a heavy raid the night before, and I passed through streets which glistened with broken glass. Many fires still smoldered, and fire engines, ambulances and rescue men hurried to and fro, streets were blocked, and several times we had to drive quite a long way round. There seemed to be a great deal of excitement in the air.

Linda's nice daily woman, Mrs. Hunt, opened the door to me at Cheyne Walk. "She's very poorly, ma'am, can't you take her back to the country with you? It's not right for her to be here. I hate to see her like this."

## *Fear*

**By C. E. Stummer**

Knowing fear
Of this and that,
Let me be frightened.
A bee or a bat,

A slamming shutter,
Scurrying mice,
A snapping log—
These will suffice.

Let the brave hearts
Ponder death
While sudden spiders
Catch my breath.







win in a walk



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Linda was in her bathroom, being sick. When she came out she said, "Don't think it's the raid that's upset me. I'm in the family way, that's what it is."

"Darling, I thought you weren't supposed to have another baby."

"Oh, doctors! They don't know anything, they are such fearful idiots. Of course I can, and I'm simply longing for it: this baby won't be the least bit like Moira, you'll see."

"I'm going to have one too."

"No—how lovely—when?"

"About the end of May."

"Oh, just the same as me."

"Linda, why don't you come back with me to Alconleigh? Whatever is the sense of stopping here in all this? It can't be good for you or the baby."

"I like it," said Linda. "It's my home, and I like to be in it. And besides, somebody might turn up, just for a few hours you know, and want to see me, and he knows where to find me here."

"You'll be killed," I said, "and then he won't know where to find you."

"Darling Fanny, don't be so silly. There are seven million people living in London, do you really imagine they are all killed every night?"

"Apart from being killed or not, it doesn't suit you. You look awful, Linda,"

"Not so bad when I'm made up. I'm so fearfully sick, that's the trouble, but it's nothing to do with the raids, and that part will soon be over now and I shall be quite all right again."

"Well, think about it," I said. "It's very nice at Alconleigh. I don't like to leave you, darling, I do wish that you'd come back with me."

"Perhaps I will later on, we'll see."

A week later Mrs. Hunt rang me up at Alconleigh. Linda's house had received a direct hit and they were still digging for her.

AUNT Sadie had gone to do some shopping, Uncle Matthew was nowhere to be found, so Davey and I took his car, full of Home Guard petrol, and drove to London. The little house was an absolute ruin, but Linda and her bulldog were unhurt, they had just been got out and put to bed in the house of a neighbor.

Linda was flushed and excited. "You see," she said. "What did I tell you, Fanny, about air raids not killing people?"

Presently a doctor arrived and gave her a sedative. He told us she would probably go to sleep and that when she woke up we could drive her down to Alconleigh. I telephoned to Aunt Sadie and told her to have a room ready.

Winter now set in with its usual severity. We made our children go out and collect wood: Davey became an assiduous and surprisingly efficient woodman, but, somehow, they produced only enough to keep the nursery fire going, and the one in the brown sitting room. After dinner the two armchairs on each side of the fire were always occupied by Davey and my mother. The rest of us sat in a semicircle well beyond the limits of any real warmth. Linda had an evening coat, a sort of robe from head to foot. She wrapped herself in this for dinner, and suffered less than we others did.

The Radletts still believed that Linda was the devoted wife of Christian, who was now in Cairo, and, of course, it had never occurred to them for a moment that the child might not be his. They would ask her from time to time w Christian was doing. She would then obliged to invent bits of news out of im nary letters. In point of fact, Linda n got any letters at all.

Louisa and I were busy from mornin night. We now had one nanny (mine) an eight children. So we worked hard, men and washing, doing chores. As well as loo after the clothes of our existing families also had to make for the babies we wer pecting.

So the winter slowly passed. The sp came with extraordinary beauty, as al at Alconleigh, with a brilliance of colori richness of life, that one had forgotten t pect during the cold gray winter months now waited with longing and impatienc our babies to be born. The days, the hours dragged slowly by, and Linda beg say "better than that" when asked the

"What's the time, darling?"

"Guess."

"Half past twelve?"

"Better than that, a quarter to one.

ON the twenty-eighth of May both babies were born—both boys. The do who said that Linda ought never to another child were not such idiots afte It killed her. She died, I think, comp happy, and without having suffered much, but for us at Alconleigh, for her and mother, brothers and sisters, for I and for Lord Merlin a light went out, a deal of joy that never could be replace

At about the same time as Linda's Fabrice was caught by the Gestapo an sequently shot. He was a hero of th sistance, and his name has become a in France.

I have adopted the little Fabrice, wi consent of Christian, his legal father. black eyes, the same shape as Linda ones, and is a most beautiful and ench child. I love him quite as much as, a haps more than, I do my own.

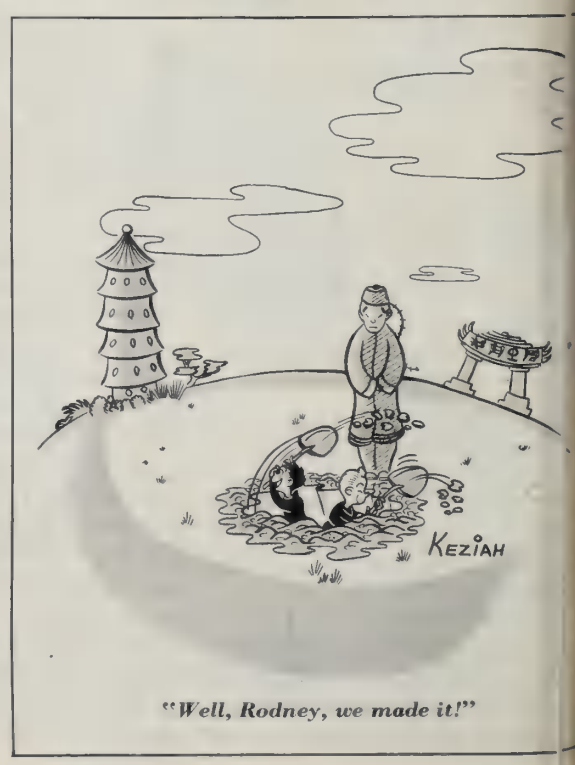
The Bolter came to see me while I w in the Oxford nursing home where my had been born and where Linda had

"Poor Linda," she said, with f "poor little thing. But Fanny, don think perhaps it's just as well? The li women like Linda and me are not so fun when one begins to grow older."

I didn't want to hurt my mother's f by protesting that Linda was not that woman. "But I think she would hav happy with Fabrice," I said. "He w great love of her life, you know."

"Oh, dulling," said my mother "One always thinks that. Every, time."

(THE END)




*"Well, Rodney, we made it!"*

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they say
it's pure
white magic—




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and Yardley English Lavender! There *is* a gentle
spell about a scent so heavenly fresh — so young,
so exquisitely feminine — but you're the one to see
that it's as magic as they say!

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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

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3 CAKES FOR 27¢

Cashmere Bouquet

ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

CASHMERE BOUQUET




the dining room with a platter that would have staggered a plow hand.

"Good morning," she said. "You haven't done anything to work up an appetite, so just stop when you're through. You don't have to eat it all."

"Thank you," said Martin sardonically.

It was surprising, though, how one pancake led to another. And the sausage was really rather good, not overfilled with the cereal and other guk so often substituting for good pork. But he did not, of course, eat it all. A pancake and some coffee were left when he was through.

He lit a cigarette and went out to the porch. He thought now that perhaps the house would endure through a Wesleyville bombing. Not that anyone would waste a bomb on Wesleyville; it was simply a matter of abstract calculation, you understand.

Round old Bleeker leaned against the porch rail talking in a desultory way with round old Mrs. Bleeker, who sat in a rocker shelling Lima beans. Martin, coming out, caught the tail end of some inane remark about cutworms. Then they saw him.

"'Morning," said Bleeker, who'd obviously done a half day's work by now. "Feelin' better, doc?"

"Better than what?" snapped Martin, irritated as usual at the sight of unlearned humanity being cheerful when its years, perhaps its very days, were numbered.

"Better'n last night," said Bleeker equably.

Martin grunted.

Bleeker went on: "You ever do any scythin', doc?"

"Now, Henry," said Mrs. Bleeker, shelling beans, "the young man came here to rest."

"Sure. From the eyes up. Nothin' wrong with his back, is there? Wanta try?"

Martin snorted, but he had nothing else to do and he might tire himself out enough to sleep for a change—he ignored last night—so he followed Bleeker to the barn, behind which was a field to be cleared of weeds. It looked like an awfully big field to Martin, who was beginning to think sourly of the idea anyhow, but he listened perfunctorily while Bleeker talked.

"You swing nice an' easy. See? Don't fight the scythe and don't fight the weeds. A nice, easy cut-across."

Martin swung.

"No. No. Don't hook at it. Slice *'cross* the stalks, gentle an' easy. Do it right, you can scythe all day. Wrong, an' a strong man's worn out in an hour. There's a rhythm to it, like dancin' a pretty girl around."

*Like dancing Maggilone Kellsey around, perhaps?* Martin had never danced with Mag. . . . Martin stopped thinking of Mag.

IT TOOK a while before Martin changed his stubborn conviction that any fool with arms could scythe; but finally, by concentrating hard, he got so that he could hold an easy swing for several minutes at a time, letting the scythe do the work, drawing the blade with light precision across the tough stalks so that, faintly sighing, they fell away.

*If I could just cut through the weeds of ignorance like this*, he thought—and so thinking, began to hook and haul and sweat. *That for you, Senator Which! That for you, Congressman Whosis! That for you, Maggilone Kellsey!*

Bleeker came and shook his phlegmatic head. "Go at it wrong, you wear yourself out for nothin'. Better rest now, doc."

Fuming, Martin went upstairs to shower and change his sweaty clothing. After that he sat on the bed a moment to relax—and when he woke up it was three o'clock. He woke up yelling, "Can't they see? For the love of heaven, can't they *see?*" He sighed and went downstairs, where on the table he found a mound of fresh-baked bread, a great gob of homemade butter and a two-quart pitcher of milk.

MARTIN VORHEES had intended to stay at Sugarbowl Road no more than a week end but after ten days he was still there, still saying each night that next morning he must leave. The place had been good for him in a brainless way; he admitted that. He'd slept. He had regained weight, and his body had got back some of its normal bounce. Also, he'd liked the scything.

You could think while scything, and at the same time the rhythm of it drained violence from thought. And the analogy of it increasingly entertained him. Deftly you drew the blade of reason across the rank and chokin growth, and deftly you laid your adversarie low. Then, time out to sharpen up. Don fight it, don't club around; you get no plac fighting either you weapon or your wor all the time.

Perhaps, Marti conceded now, he ha clubbed around t crudely about th peril of the split aton Perhaps he had fough himself and others t arrogantly in his effo to amputate stupi ity; he even conced that he might ha acted with a bit le fanaticism with Ma gilone in the canoe though he still fe that for a great scien tist as well as a sens tive woman she ha shown remarkabl little understanding

Martin had abou decided not to go bac to the university. H thought that nov rested, he might do better, smoother jo of persuasion in Was ington. Also, he foun himself thinking wit more mellowness Mag. He pondere writing her: "De Mag: I've had a fu vacation down he and perhaps have suffered a change of pe spective. I want to say that even thou your recent articles differ from my views, admire them very much." That, he thoug would be swallowing an awful lot; but he w preparing to when Bleeker called and asked he wanted to drive to town with them. Mart hadn't stirred off the place for ten days, he accepted the invitation.

Wesleyville holds fewer than a thousa souls. On a week night you could fire cha shot down State Street and not scoop more than a dozen people, but this was Sa urday night and there were astonishing nur bers in the town. Round Mrs. Bleeker we into a store, and Martin pushed with rou Mr. Bleeker toward a newsstand, where bought a city daily.

He glanced at the first page—and howl with rage. "Famed Woman Scientist Sa Danger of A-Bomb Exaggerated." In t interview which followed, Professor Kells neatly demolished Professor Vorhees' stat ment that too many atomic explosions mig start the nitrogen chain reaction which wou consume Earth's crust. Martin furious crammed the paper into a trash can, a then was aware of Bleeker's mild blue ey on him.

"Somethin' wrong, doc?"

Something wrong! Martin hunted words to tell him and couldn't find any for ful enough.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *What are You, Time?*

**By Bianca Bradbury**

What are you, Time? Friend or enemy?
Carelessly
You carve hard anger in a face,
Or mold it to an antique grace.
You pick at locks
The heart puts up—they lie
Who say you heal. And yet you spend
A thousand years or more
Rubbing pink-veined sea stones on a shore
To fill a child's treasure box.
Casually, you cut a love in two.
Time, how does one compromise with you?
You sour a whole life to an acid end
Or mellow it as surely as good wine.
Enemy or friend—
What will you make of mine?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



**LITTLE JACK HORNER...**

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Bleeker said diffidently, "You like beer? It ain't bad at the tavern."

"Why not?" snarled Martin. So they went in.

Martin saw a big, low room filled with tables and a bar. Filled with men, too, this evening. Bleeker knew everyone, of course, and through the smoky air he introduced Martin around. "Doc, this's Jud Pearson, Ed Krause, Pete Kusak. Boys, this's the professor. *You* know."

Martin nodded to the Petes and Eds and Juds, meanwhile thinking what he'd do to Maggilone Kellsey next time he had a chance. He'd mash her crazy theories to a pulp! He'd annihilate her! He'd —— He saw that all the men in the place were looking at him. They seemed, either through news columns or old Bleeker's gossip, familiar with his name. Beers slid along the bar and Martin raised his glass and Kusak spoke.

Kusak, a big, dish-faced man in stiff good clothes, said in the half-defiant, half-deferent tone of folks addressing professors, "We understand you're up on this here atom stuff. We been talkin' about it some—guess everybody has—and we wondered what would be your idea: should we keep the secret of the atom bomb, or let others have it, too, to show we're friendly?"

Martin strangled on his beer. He counted ten. It did no good. These words, this empty phrase, this thoughtful, thoughtless, cautious, moronic, judicial, fair-minded, nit-witted query—how often had he heard it! He turned to face the man. Behind Kusak, around the big room, they all were looking at him as if he were on a platform. Well, they'd hear!

"Keep the bomb a secret?" His throat swelled red; his eyes burned over his great beak of a nose. "Keep it a *secret?*"

Blistering words rushed up for utterance. He raised his fist—and caught old Bleeker's eyes on him again. Bleeker had never looked more childlike and ingenuous; his gaze expressed only puzzled effort at comprehension of such things as atoms. But under that naïve stare Martin slowly brought his fist down, and for the first time wondered if this man weren't a whole lot smarter than he looked. Those scything instructions: "Easy, smooth, let the blade do the work." He'd been prompt to compare this parallel with the present angry dilemma of his life. Was it possible that Bleeker had made the same comparison?

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he said, breathing heavily through his nose. "We don't think there's much question of its being kept secret. Hundreds of men have worked for years all over the world at atom smashing. Already, we think, others can make the bombs about as well as we can."

There was silence while the words sank in. Martin stared around. The half-suspicious, half-defiant faces did look like weed blooms swaying in the smoky air. An easy cut, don't hook and haul. An angry man is an inefficient man.

"So if there's another dust-up," someone finally said, "both sides'd drop the bombs like peanuts all around the place."

"Could be," said Martin, sipping at his beer.

More silence. No one there, it seemed, liked peanuts.

Slow Kusak said, "And if a lot of them go off? What then? We've read queer stuff about that. What would happen?"

It was the spot for battering logic. It was the place to club and flail around, and if any doubted, to thunder the doubter down. Martin burned to do it, but he only said, "We don't know."

The men looked perplexed, then each glanced sidelong at his neighbor.

**A Chinaman never argues with a woman. This diffidence arises from no chivalrous feeling, but from the conviction that he will be worsted in the end.**

—E. J. HARDY: How to be Happy Though Civil (Charles Scribner's Sons).


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*Painting, "The Old Checkered House," by Grandma Moses · Spaniel hat by John-Frederics*



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"You could make a guess, couldn't you?" said Kusak.

"I'd much prefer not to," Martin replied dryly.

They didn't like this either. They thought it over and found the unknown rather chilling. Finally someone whistled and said thoughtfully, "Holy smoke!" Someone else rasped nervously, "You seem pretty calm about it."

"What can I do?" Martin shrugged. "It's up to you, the people, now."

"But look." Kusak was almost pleading. "You mean if a couple nations get reckless, you can't even guess what would happen? With all you guys know—you don't know that?"

"That's right," said Martin. "We're working with something the potentialities of which are colossal, and still mysterious. We—just—don't—know."

He saw them write it in their minds in blacker letters than ever he could chisel in: "Doomsday?" *So I don't know anything about people, Maggilone?* he thought. But for once, at least, he'd held an audience. While it was still held, silent, he paid for two beers and walked outside with Bleeker. Behind him, he thought, some weeds had been deftly laid low, with no rhythm of dignity lost in the process. If only, on that afternoon with Mag, he had kept more balance.

On the sidewalk he said to Bleeker, "Think you're pretty smart, don't you?"

"Me?" said Bleeker, looking very surprised. "Smart?"

"You're a good scything teacher, at any rate."

"You're a good pupil. You catch on fast. Now where you goin'?"

**Queens are superior to kings, because when a woman is on the throne it is men who govern, whereas with a king it is a woman.**
—THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY.

"Drugstore," said a reconstructed professor with a new theory. "Phone booth."

It took a lot of change, but finally after various clinks and clangs Martin was connected with Tarreytown, and Prof. Maggilone Kellsey, it appeared, was there. He could see the deep blue eyes and the dark soft hair, sleek now with no wind or hand to tumble it.

"Mag," he blurted, "I've been looking at road maps. I think if I drove all night I could get to Tarreytown by morning."

Perhaps it was abrupt; perhaps a build-up would have helped. Anyhow, Professor Kellsey's voice came back as long-distant as the call. "That's interesting. But why should you?"

*Well,* thought Martin hotly, *if that's the way she wants it* —— He squeezed the receiver tight. *Don't flail around—an easy, precise stroke.* He said, "Because you're there. That's why."

Distance melted. Over two hundred and eighty-some miles came the small catch of her breath. "Oh?"

"I want to take back some statements I made one day in a canoe," said Martin. "I find that I have had a few things twisted, and I want you to help me untwist them. Will you?"

"Darling," said Prof. Maggilone Kellsey, falling with scarcely a sigh. "I'm the one who's been twisted. Oh, come fast! All the silly things I've said for publication just because you —— Martin, I want you to know that in spite of all I've said and done deep down, dear, really ——" She spoke then, the three little words that meant all the world to Martin as her lover: "I'm scared too!"

## KING GUS

*(Continued from Page 22)*

He grinned. Here was something he knew about—the withdrawn and wary look. He said, "Joss wouldn't like this, you know. But I've got a can of sardines in my kit, and she doesn't need to know about it."

He padded back to his Gladstone and opened it and noticed that the gladiator was still at his heels. It was a silent and one-sided companionship. He brought the sardines back to the kitchen and broke them out and watched the tough gent eat them. It was quite a cat.

It was an old, tough warrior, with plenty of wars to his credit. *Its* credit. France didn't know, but he was amused. He felt better. Cats fought too. Men fought.

The cat went on methodically licking out the sides of the sardine can, and France watched him. This would annoy Joss, it certainly would.

He thought, *If this were a man, I could talk to him. But this is a cat, of sorts, and quite a person, but he doesn't speak English—or American.*

He thought sardonically, *I've covered a lot of stories, but here is a cat who could probably tell me what I want to know.*

France scrambled some eggs and gave the cat most of the cream he found in the icebox, and sat there and brooded. How could you be angry with a wife who wasn't there? He sat there for a long time, and after a while the bat-eared cat got up on his lap and washed his triangular face with a large and businesslike-looking paw and then turned and scrutinized France. France had been looked at like that before. It had been by a Regular Army sergeant, who considered the war an infringement on his personal concerns, and so conducted his end of it. France sneered at the cat—and then thought better of it. He put his own lean, long hand on the cat's battle-scarred flanks and was astonishingly rewarded with a ripe and resonant purr.

On France's flat thigh that animal managed to achieve a comfortable posture and a resonant purr. France, naturally, was flattered, as any man would be. This was a cat who didn't take to just anybody. France relaxed and listened to the inordinate rhythm and enjoyed it. Nobody had made a fuss over him in a long time.

And then he began to notice things.

The whole place was shot. The edge of the window sill looked as if something had been teething on it. The chair legs looked scratched and worn. And there was a large shabby dog bed under the kitchen table. There was a section of tree trunk standing under the window, nailed to a flat base and bearing the marks of industrious claws. France looked at the cat thoughtfully. "Have you moved in here in my absence, cat?" he inquired, and then laughed at the spectacle of himself attired in a large towel, cradling the homeliest bucko of a cat in his experience. Well muscled too.

He put the cat down, and wandered back through the apartment, turning on lights as he went. He whistled. There had been changes made in the careful décor of Messrs. Keene and Frost, those men of nuance and trend.

The living room, hitherto veiled in twilight, displayed calm linen slip covers hiding the opaline satins which France resentfully remembered. The seat of one of the chairs was distinctly soiled too. *You might even say it was dirty,* France reflected. The cat, still purring like a fur-lined teakettle, settled the matter by leaping up lightly and taking his accustomed place in the chair. France whistled—it was becoming a mere plainer now.

Joss found them so when she came in, hurriedly—the cat kneading its paws in the chair seat and France stretched on the divan, his hands clasped behind his head, the two staring at each other unblinkingly.

"Darling!" Joss flew to him. She was holding a cable form in her hand. France opened his arms and she fell into them, hat and all, and for a while neither of them said much of anything. The cable form fluttered to the floor—it was France's to have saying he'd be home.

*(Continued on Page 122)*

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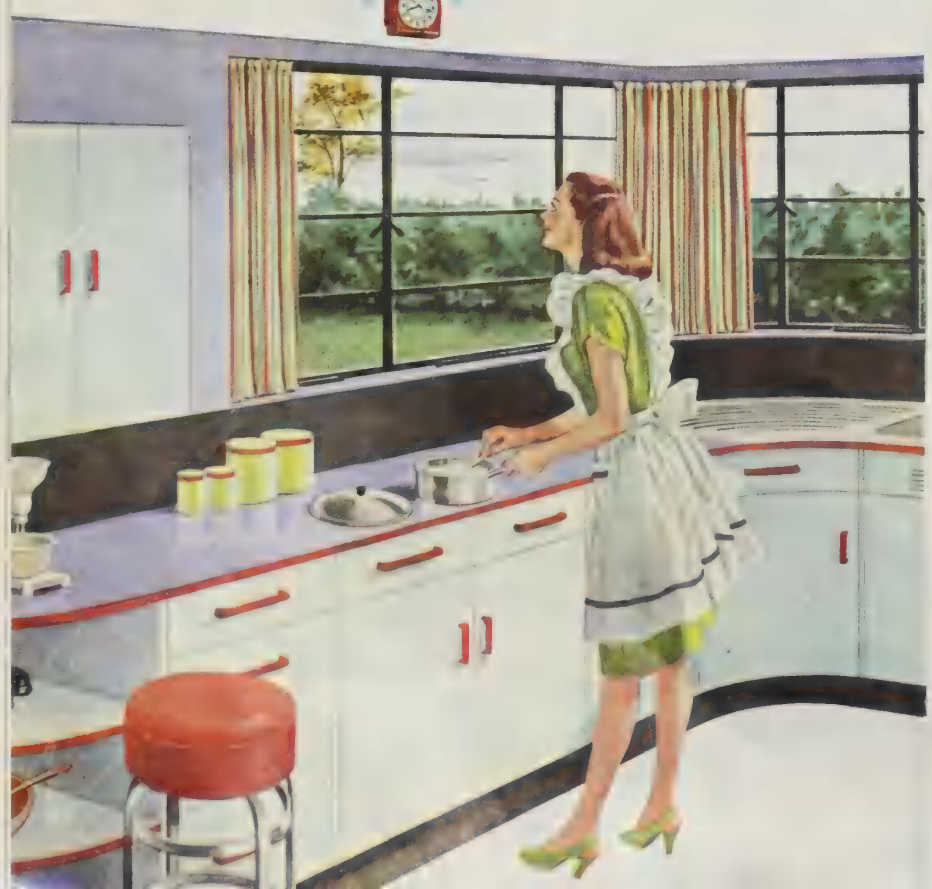



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(Continued from Page 120)

Something very odd and queer, something very nice, about this home-coming: Joss crumpled against him on the divan, a cat purring on a chair. France raised his head and looked over Joss' shoulder. The cat had turned his back on both of them. France chuckled, and Joss twisted her head and looked up at him inquiringly. "Nothing at all," he said. "Not for right now." Joss snuggled her head back into his bare shoulder.

France woke up the next morning and the pattern of sunlight on the floor through the Venetian blinds said it was nearly noon. He felt wonderful, but one arm was asleep. Joss was on it. France thought, *Something has happened to this joint. And Joss is different too. She's like I always dreamed she'd be. I will be devious and find out what went on around here while I was gone. In a subtle kind of way.*

He said, "Miss Latimer! Oh, Miss Latimer!"

Joss said automatically, "I've been awake for *hours*," and yawned. Her eyes opened and she asked, "What did you call me?" She always said that. She smiled at him—he always called her "Miss Latimer" when he was very happy.

He said, "Miss Latimer, I am about to ask your father if I may pay you my addresses. Miss Latimer — Jocelyn—will you marry me?"

"What?" Joss demanded. "Again?" She giggled. She remembered their wedding, and France's neglecting to tell her Uncle Charles that the punch was spiked. It had lent a flavor to the whole proceedings, that punch.

Joss got out of bed and slung on a somewhat inadequate white lace negligee, through which she glowed like a rose. France looked at her appreciatively, and thought about the change in her. She giggled, she cuddled, she let him rumple her up. He decided that unraveling Joss was much more interesting than reporting to the airways commission. The air, he thought drowsily, had been there for a long time and would probably still be hanging around tomorrow.

He woke to find Joss climbing back in bed with a large breakfast tray. He leaned over and looked into the little server of brown pottery. "What's in there?"

"Baked eggs in cream. Some whole-wheat toast. Mushrooms. And a thick slice of salami that was cut up and cooked with the mushrooms. Before the eggs went in, I mean."

"Who cooked it?" He sniffed the faint redolence of garlic stealing through the air.

"I did."

"Where's Minna?"

"I fired her."

TOTAL disbelief informed France's face. "Fired Minna? What about Carl? After all, they're a couple."

"I suppose they still are, darling."

France leaned back. His wife intrigued him. Something had come over her. He said, "Who taught you to cook, Miss Latimer?"

Joss looked pensive. "I went to cooking school three afternoons a week for a couple of months. And I fooled around with cookbooks here at home." She delicately lifted a large mushroom out from its hiding place in the cream. "Want some breakfast?"

The whole day intrigued him, starting with the large cat strolling in through the kitchen window. He said, "Hello, Big Guy."

Joss turned around from the sink. She looked like an illustrator's dream of Young Mrs. America, France decided. Her pink pinafore had little black horses cavorting around the hem, and she wore black ballet slippers laced with green ribbons. Her silky black hair he had watched her do, in a minute approximately, but he couldn't figure it out: she combed her hair with her head bent over and he wondered why women did that—standing with her legs braced and bent over from the waist until the flying mop almost touched the floor. Then she swooped it up with one hand and made circular motions with the other and spiked the resultant huge doughnut to her skull with four or five jade-green Chinese-looking spikes.

"FOUR or five hundred dollars on the hoof," France said admiringly, "and washing dishes for *me!*" He reached for the cat and lifted the warrior up in his lap. "See the pretty lady, Big Guy?"

"His name is Gus," Joss offered cordially. "In fact, it's Gustavus Adolphus. But I just call him Gus."

And this was the gal who'd never wanted a pup because they chewed furniture! France marveled, and ignored the scratching log, the bed basket under the table. "How does he get in and out?"

Joss said, "He's wonderful, really. He jumps from the fire escape. That's why I leave the window open."

France said, "Why, that's about five feet, isn't it?" The cat turned his head and looked up at him and yawned, and France decided he understood every word. "But what about winter nights? Doesn't the kitchen get cold?"

"Oh, I just shut the kitchen door into the pantry. That's what Minna and I had the fuss about. She didn't like Gus."

France tickled the little hollow behind Gus' right ear and pondered the matter. They'd had Minna and Carl for the five years they'd been married—a post-honeymoon present, in effect, from Joss' mother. The Latimers had had them for years. Carl he didn't mind, but Minna had always got on his nerves. Still, with a wife who couldn't cook ——

"What do you see in this animal anyway?" he asked.

Joss finished the sink with an efficient swipe and rubbed lotion into her hands and admired her fingernail polish. Then she picked the cat out of France's lap and slung him over her shoulder like a fox fur. He hung there limply. She said, "He was the homeliest cat in the world, that's what he was! Wasn't he?" Abruptly she reversed him, holding him in her arms like a baby, and he opened one eye and reached up and patted her cheek gently. He closed the eye and began to purr. "Was he an old hungry thing?" She smoothed the fur under his chin, and he stretched his head back trustingly. "You know, France," she said suddenly, "he startled me once. Elinor was over here one day—you know, Elinor Welsh—and I was very aggrieved because I couldn't get a small capon, because that was the next cooking lesson, and I wanted to sort of practice at home first. And Gus went off out the window, and after a while he came back with a rat. He killed it all for me," she added proudly. "He couldn't manage a capon, but he did the best he could."

France swallowed. "Probably worried about the meat shortage," he managed. "What did Elinor think?"

(Continued on Page 124)

**I remember once when my mother was full of years, and famous for her religious teachings, that a party of schoolgirls from some pious school in Philadelphia visited Oxford, and the teacher who conducted the party wrote to my mother, who was then living at Iffley, to say that it would be a privilege for the little flock of maidens to have a sight of this venerable Quaker saint, and hear from her own lips a few pious words. The permission was granted: the schoolgirls assembled on the spacious lawn outside our house, and I wheeled my mother out in her Bath chair to address them. The spectacle of all these good young girls, being prepared, as my mother knew, for lives of self-sacrifice as daughters, or as wives of American business husbands—somehow this spectacle banished from the old lady's mind the admonition she had intended for them, and when she opened her lips I was considerably surprised to hear her say, "Girls, don't be too unselfish."**

From Unforgotten Years, by LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH (Little, Brown & Company Atlantic Monthly Press).



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the daily use of Cro•Pax foot powder is particularly helpful. As a precaution against reinfection, continued use is to be recommended.




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FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. Cleveland, Ohio


(Continued from Page 122)

"Oh, she carried on like crazy. That girl's an awful fool."

He looked carefully at the cigarette he was lighting. "How is Elinor, anyway?"

Joss said, "I wouldn't have the faintest idea. I haven't seen her since. She got practically hysterical about Gus' rat, and she was positively insulting about *him*. She said that the best thing to do was to take him someplace and have him put to sleep. Imagine!"

"Silly of her," France conceded. "What did she have against Gus?"

"Oh, she gave me a song and dance about pedigreed animals and how homely Gus was—you know, France, he is, he really is, the homeliest cat in the world," she finished, crouching down by the refrigerator, and fishing something from its depths. "Veal hearts," she said matter-of-factly. "He loves them. I get one for me and one for him."

A long lovely vista stretched ahead of France Forrest. No Elinor Welsh! He tried another tack. "Tell me, how are Ben and Jeremy?"

Joss was writing things on a pad, her left leg crossed in back of her right and poised on a toe, and her elegant derrière inviting a soft slap, which she got. She said, "*Ow!*" and continued, "Mushrooms. See if I can get steak. Out of garlic. Flea powder. Ask about bird's-eye diapers. *And* potatoes." She pushed the yellow pencil in with the green spikes in her hair, and immediately withdrew it. "Fish for Gus," she finished. "What did you say?"

"Ben. Jeremy. How are they?"

Joss giggled. "I honestly don't know. Gus bit Ben and he hissed at Jeremy until it was really funny. He just didn't care for them, seemed as if."

France considered the crouching cat, neatly finishing his meal, and his respect for the cauliflower-eared pugilist mounted. "He didn't, eh?"

"Nah," said Joss. "Want to help me straighten up the living room?"

Wonder mounted on wonder in Mr. Francis Forrest, who had married a lovely girl nurtured on interior-decoration magazines and the snootier ideas of her sex. She had been lovely—but untouchable. Her mind, like her eyes, had had a faraway expression. Not now.

He said diffidently, "Diapers? What do you want with bird's-eye diapers?"

Joss looked at him, her eyes soft, and came over and put her weight on his lap and buried her head in his shoulder for a long moment. She raised her head finally. Her eyes were wet. She said, "Didn't you know they made the best dish towels? Ask anybody, France. Somebody with a two-year-old baby, for choice." She buried her face on his shoulder again and shook all over.

He put a grim thumb under her chin and turned her face over. She was helpless with laughter. France put his cheek down on her hair and recoiled from the Chinese spikes. One of them had bitten him.

He said bitterly, "Is this a subject for mirth, my good woman?"

She gave a final, subdued chortle and said, "Really, France, you've been gone six

(Continued on Page 126)



## *Quilting for Christmas*

TRAPUNTO quilting—lovely to look at, easy to make, admired by everyone. You will find its delicate designs in simple stitches ideal handwork for sultry summer afternoons. So plan your Christmas giving now, order from the patterns listed below, and start stitching.

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2233. HATBOX. Hot-iron transfer pattern for quilting a cover for a ready-made hatbox. A flower medallion and a scroll motif are effective here. Make this of chintz and trim it with upholstery cording for a de luxe closet accessory. 15c.

2234. LINGERIE CASE. Hot-iron transfer pattern for a motif of flowers and interwoven bands of curving lines, 15 by 5 inches. To be quilted in a simple running stitch. This case can be made with or without pockets. Use satin, taffeta or crepe with matching or contrasting lining. 15c.

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2226. QUILTED CHAIR PAD. Hot-iron transfer pattern for cover and seat pad for a chair with a tall back. The motifs are in a graceful flower design—a 26-inch one for the chair back and a 14-inch one for the chair seat. 15c.

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2230. COVER FOR BOSTON ROCKER. Hot-iron transfer pattern in "tree of life" design. This is particularly effective worked in bright yarns on natural-colored linen. Directions for cutting the cover and quilting it are given. 15c.

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Dorothy Gray Flamingo inspired this Cole of California bathing suit—California Authentics print on Brighton Fabric.

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*(Continued from Page 124)*

months. Did you think they'd run up new rules?" She sat up and bit him on the chin and escaped into the broom closet before he assessed his reaction. She emerged, carrying a businesslike sausage of vacuum cleaner, some dusting paper and a shaker of powder. "How would you like to get out of here for an hour while I take some of the surface layer off this place?"

France got into old tweeds musingly. Could it be that a cat had worked this miracle? Or was it just that it was time for Joss to grow up? He frowned. After all, Joss was twenty-three, and about time she grew up! Still, her mother, Mrs. Hoddie Latimer, IV, had never grown up. Candace Latimer was a sweet moron still. He loved Candace like a son, but there were times when he could have cheerfully wrung her little white neck—her and her swoopy ideas about how to live, and what to do.

Joss interrupted his thoughts. "Dad and mother are coming for dinner," she said. "This is the only place he can get garlic with his steak. Besides, they want to see you. Mother wants to tell you how awful I am lately, and dad wants to know whether your outfit has got all the financing it needs. So get back here by six—I can't cope with mother and a steak too." She kissed him lingeringly and then gave him an estimating eye. "Oh, no, you don't," she said firmly. "Get out of here. And if you see any mangoes or pomegranates, bring some back. And some Roquefort. Dad likes strange fruit and odd cheese."

France wandered down to the corner in a daze. It didn't seem possible that six months could make this much difference in a grown woman. His thoughts reverted to Joss, a peeled peach in that white lace negligee, and he grinned a little wryly. And then he thought suspiciously, *I'll bet she did that on purpose.* He felt his coat pocket automatically. He was out of cigarettes. He went into the nearest bar and looked for a cigarette machine. And then it seemed like a good idea to have a seltzer lemonade and re-establish his equilibrium.

There was a little guy on the next bar stool, and he was unhappy. He peered into his glass, and sighed. France thought, *I might as well add this to My Day. Nothing can throw me now.* He said, "What's the matter, fellow?"

THE little man looked up. He was mostly black eyebrows and a hairless skull. "It's my cat, see?" he reported. "He comes and he goes. Everything I get for him, chicken livers, fish, but he goes away. I think, 'This is natural; he is a boy, he likes girls, he will come home.' For five months I haven't seen him except twice. He is a lovely cat; he is the homeliest cat in the world." He hiccupped lonesomely.

France put his glass down with an audible bang. *The homeliest cat in the world.* That struck an echo. He said cautiously, "What color is he?"

That brought on a deluge. "Color? He is gray like snow under soot and the same snow when it is new-fallen. He purrs like a leopard, and I have heard them. He is muscled like a Greek fighter in an old statue; and he is mean as a child's nurse to interlopers."

"Is this cat of yours a little bat-eared? I mean, does he have a cauliflower ear?"

"You have seen him!" The little man was ecstatic. "Gray and white, generally dirty, a bad ear! That is The King!"

*The King*, thought France, *my eye. This is going to hurt Joss. She loves that burly animal.* He reached for his fresh drink, knowing in his inmost soul that Gus was The King. He pondered imponderables. He thought about how Joss had fallen in love with a cat. He thought about his nasty satin living room, where nobody could put his feet on anything, and about Minna and Carl, and Elinor and Ben and Jeremy. *A hair shirt woven of those people*, he thought desperately, *or a lonely little man?* And he remembered nights in the dark when men talked their hearts out. He remembered the warm purr of Gus on his lap. He asked:

"Why did he go away from you?"

The little man spread his hands. He said, "It was my fault. I moved. I was purse-proud. I moved, and he was lost. He cannot find his way back."

FRANCE thought, noncommittally, of the fire escape and a lonely girl. A cat with a sense of responsibility, hey?

He cupped his glass in his hands and thought about Gus. Gus was a mighty happy animal just where he was. He had the rusty purr of a gent who had found himself a home from home.

He asked the little man, "Where did you see him those two times?"

"In the alley," the little man said sadly. "He was going away."

France thought, *This is the time to take the helm.* He said, "I think you'd better come home with me. We can think about what to do."

He got his cigarettes and took the little man by the elbow and steered him up the street. Joss was a little surprised, but Gus wasn't. Gus leaped into the little man's arms and washed his chin and pawed his cheek.

"One-man cat," France said laconically.

A tear ran down Joss' cheek, but she rallied nobly, and brought them coffee and hot sandwiches. Gus roamed over his owner's frame, biting his ear from time to time, and the little man wept.

"This is my King," he said. "He is part of me." Gus made shameless love to the little guy with the eyebrows, who explained: "I lose my wife, my boy. Now I have only The King, and you have brought him back to me!" He purred at The King in a strange tongue and Gus rose on his hind feet and arched his head under the little guy's chin.

"That's Russian," France told Jocelyn. "And I ask you, Miss Latimer, did you ever know a more bilingual cat?"

A spark lit in Miss Latimer's eyes. She gave France *that look.* She said slowly, "That's the loveliest animal I've ever known. Somebody taught him his selective manners. He was beautifully reared."

Gus was looped over the little man's shoulder. From time to time he got down in his lap and scrutinized him anxiously, looking from feature to feature. France held Joss' hand, and they both watched him. It was plain that Gus owned the little guy.

"I've had him five months," Joss said desperately.

"Pig," said France. "You've had me five years. But I couldn't put my feet on the furniture the way he does. You just like him. He appeals to you. And your ma and pa are coming for supper. Should we keep the little guy and his cat—or let them go?" He looked into her gray eyes with the tricky black circles around the iris. He said, "How about a baby instead?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *My Mother Was a Gypsy*

**By Alma Robison Higbee**

**My mother was a gypsy**
**And this is what she said,**
**"He whose pride becomes a mantle**
**Makes a lonely bed."**

**My mother was a gypsy**
**Who spoke a meager word.**
**She said, "The way is lonely**
**Companioned by a bird."**

**She crossed Life's palm with silver**
**Who sleeps as still as stone,**
**How hard she tried to tell me**
**That none can walk alone.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Joss tucked her feet under her—the two of them were sitting on the divan—and said seriously, "Well, I don't think a baby would be any more worry than Gus."

France took her hand. "He wouldn't jump from the fire escape for a while," he agreed. "And he might be all the same color and not spotted."

Joss grinned. She said, "France, I want to ask you a serious question. I mean it. Do you like your steak really rare or only pink rare, like daddy?"

France thought about it. "It's hard to explain about an old steak addict like me," he said. "I want it seared crisp on the outside and meltingly rare on the inside. I want it companioned with salads that smell of heaven. I want baked potatoes and French-fried carrots. Do you care?" Joss turned her mouth up toward him. She had changed her frock and she was very elegant in pale blue and silver. France thought, *I'll bet she'd rumple easy!* But he only said thoughtfully, "And I'd like apples cooked in honey and sherry." And then he shut up. It was too much for a man to bear. He had him a wife, and he prayed for the knowledge to handle her.

The little man saved him. He rose up, glowing. "You have brought us together again," he said. Gus—The King—was sitting on his breast pocket, one hind leg hanging down appealingly. His nose was tucked under the little man's chin. The little man's eyebrows arched in an infinite appeal for understanding. He said, "We, my child and I, we love you. We will come back to see you."

---

**In the Ethiopian War Haile Selassie drafted his army to fight Italy with the following proclamation: "Everyone will be mobilized and all boys old enough to carry a spear will be sent to Addis Ababa. Married men will take their wives to carry food and cook. Those without wives will take women without husbands. Women with small babies and those who cannot walk are exempt. Anyone found at home will be hanged."** JAMES M. WILLIAMS.

---

He bowed himself out, with Gus coiled around his shoulders.

France brought himself back to the divan and wondered what to say. Joss might take this thing hard.

Joss said in a practical way, "France, wasn't that a nice person?"

"Who, Gus?"

"No," she said reprovingly. "The man Gus owns. There's a man. I do hope he comes back to see us again."

France put his arms around her. Gosh, she was a heart-filling armful! The doorbell was going to ring in a moment. Candace Latimer was always on time, one of her most hateful characteristics. He savored the moment.

He said, "Miss Latimer, did you mean that about having one small baby? I would love to have one small baby. Mostly one just like you, if possible."

She reached up and bit him, but very gently. She said reprovingly, "France, no! He'd have to be just like you."

Well, any moment the doorbell would ring. France Forrest buried his nose in his wife's neck and appreciated the lovely interim.

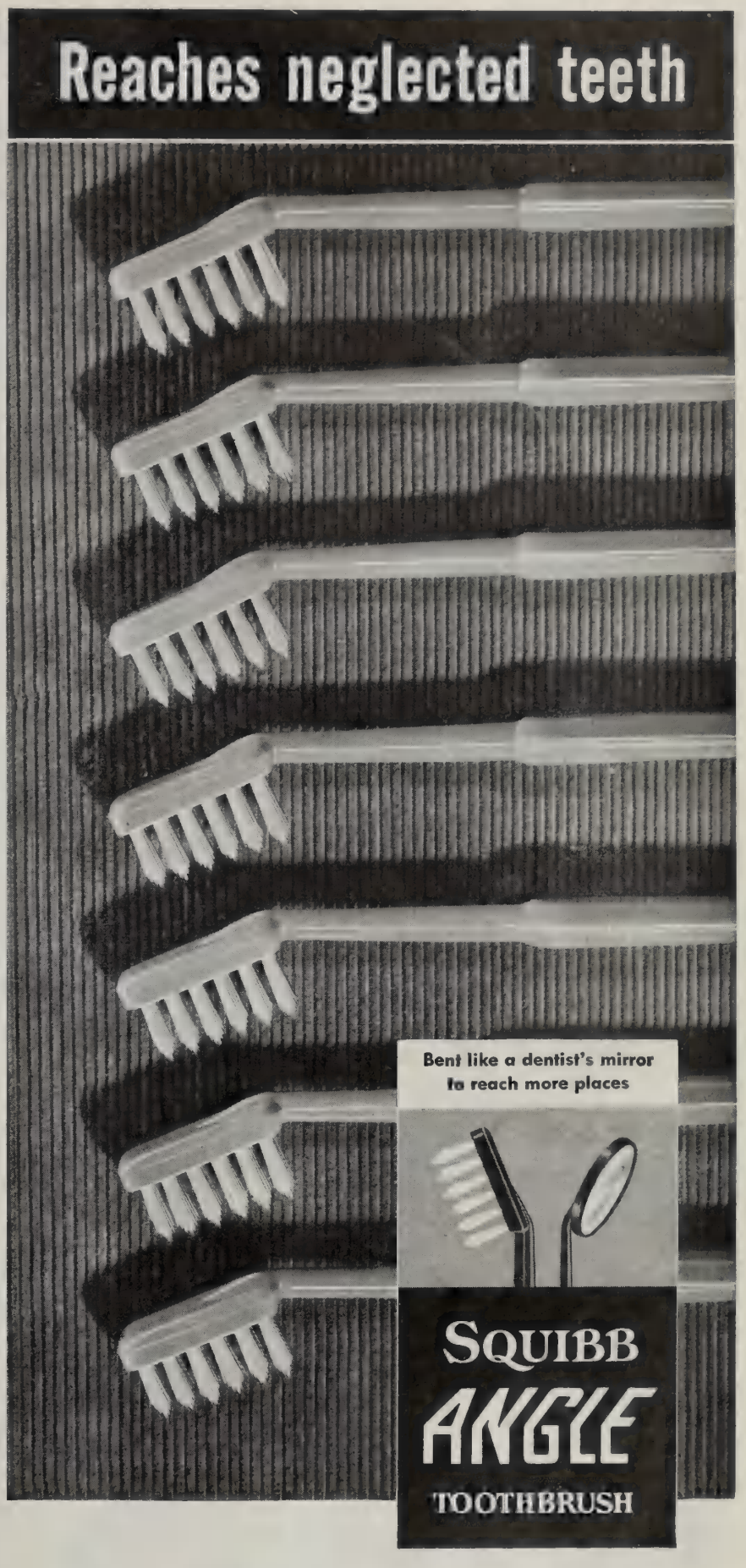
He thought, *It isn't often a man sees his dream coming true!* He thought, *Thank God for Gus.* He didn't dare think about it.

He said gently, "Well, let's us have one of each, and a place where I can put my feet up."

"I know," Joss said. "All men are alike—you and Gus. You come home with mud on your feet. And you have to have some place to put them." She put her arms around him. She said gently, sweetly, "The nice thing about being a man instead of a cat—a man has a key to the door." And her chuckle subsided against France's cheek.

France thought, *Just the same, I wish we could call the kid Gus!*

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*George Rector*
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*"now pronounce you wife and man."*

t settle down. Since 1920 Mrs. Forbes, born in England, has been touring the world. Her record is every country on the globe except Tibet and New Zealand. These two she touched, but did not visit officially. She was the first European (since 1879) to go into Kufra, Libya, was in secret-service work in Syria, tried to enter Mecca disguised as an Arab (she speaks Arabic fluently), interviewed Hitler many times, Ibn-Saud, Lawrence of Arabia, Stalin, Gandhi and Henry Ford. She gave eighty-eight lectures in the United States in ninety-one days, flew her own plane 14,000 miles around Central and South America, and now—after all these peregrinations—has lighted on a little island in the Bahamas. On the island of Eleuthera, about sixty miles from Nassau, she has built herself a sprawling handsome house where she now lives in peaceful seclusion with her husband, Col. Arthur McGrath.

You'd expect something of an Amazon, with this record of endurance. But not Rosita Forbes-McGrath: slender, willowy, casual, humorous, waving her hands as she talks—a sort of Zasu Pitts-Mélisande. Her personal life has been quite as exciting as her professional one, as GYPSY IN THE SUN, her twenty-fourth book, will testify. She is quite willing to tell all, as f'rinstance: "I made an inevitable unhappy marriage—with Donald Forbes . . . a soldier without ideas. . . . He eventually fell in love with a charming woman, a little like me but much better looking. When I divorced him he married her, had children, and was, I hope, happy. . . . I must confess that he had a very bad temper. A temper always gets me down. It is so noisy, and I love silence. It is so hideous and I love beauty."

In her compact little new empire on Eleuthera, she has beauty and silence—the emerald-green Atlantic and the lapping of waves on the coral beach. Her latest book is APPOINTMENT WITH DESTINY.

• • •

***If you've thrown away the children's books and regret it, here is a chance to get them back in newer and better form. A. A. Milne's four classics are now out in a set or to be bought singly:*** WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, NOW WE ARE SIX, WINNIE THE POOH, THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER. ***If you can believe it, When We Were Very Young was published over twenty years ago, and Christopher Robin fought during the war in Italy with the Royal Engineers. Another old treasure coming out anew is*** CHRONICLE OF THE MARCH FAMILY, ***by Louisa May Alcott, a combination of Little Women, Little Men, and Jo's Boys. Our guess is that they won't show date. As Emerson said, "Perpetual modernness is the measure of merit in every work of art." Which reminds us that A. E. Housman's*** A SHROPSHIRE LAD ***is also out in a new edition.***

• • •

*"Honeyfogling" is such a provocative word that a lady wrote a book about it. It comes out of the vocabulary of the Middle West of the 80's, and means just what it sounds as if it meant: to put something over by sweet words. According to* ***Virginia Dale,*** *author of* HONEYFOGLING TIME, *a honeyfogler was a wolf of the 80's. Miss Dale made quite a study of the year 1880, and out of her research picked up a nice bit of useful information. She learned how to make soap, whitewash, cleaning fluid, how to burn out a barrel for rain water, how to make liquid smoke, and how to get 17 per cent interest on money. 1880 was the year, she tells us, when sewing machines were considered inventions of the devil and sermons were preached on the danger to the sanctity of the home if these devices were ever brought into common use.*

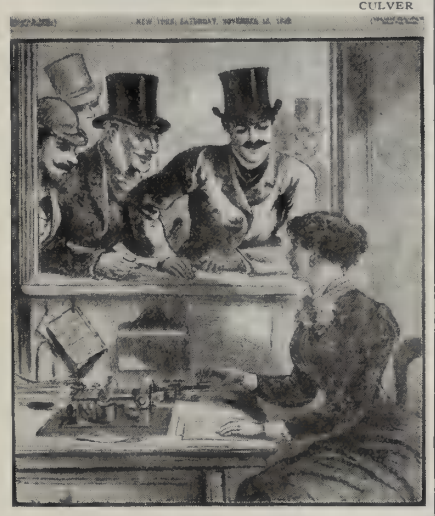
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***Betty MacDonald*** of THE EGG AND I just naturally doesn't like chicken. In spite of which she had a wonderful time at all the luncheons and dinners tendered her on her trip East, when she and her handsome husband—not the egg man—drove across the country from the state of Washington to Florida and points north. She is a tall, rangy girl, full of talk and fun, and on top of the world—as why wouldn't she be? Sitting at a great oval table at the Ritz in New York, beaming across a magnificent centerpiece of spring flowers, she certainly looked remote from the ranch wife who used to get up at five A.M. to deal with a refractory stove and feed the fowls. In fact, she was late for this particular luncheon, and rumor had it that she overslept.

• • •

*Never underestimate the power of a woman!* ***Mary A. Beard,*** in WOMAN AS FORCE IN HISTORY, with all the anthropologists of high standing behind her, writes: "To woman must be assigned all or the main credit for having effected the first sharp distinction between the ways of human beings and the ways of great beasts of prey. . . . Of cooking, making cloth, devising handmade shelter, manufacturing domestic utensils of pottery and baskets for garnering seeds and grain, extending the diet and making meals attractive, budgeting the food supply, learning essentials about doctoring and nursing, making animals serve human beings, and tilling the soil. . . . Woman's success in lifting men out of their way of life nearly resembling that of the beasts—who merely hunted and fished for food, who found shelter where they could in jungles, in trees, in caves—was a civilizing triumph." And so on, ladies—right down to the present.

CULVER



QUEEN OF THE LIGHTNING.

*How the most popular operator in New York diffuses a magnetic influence behind the counter of a hotel telegraph office and rakes in the shekels for herself as well as the monopoly.*

• • •

One of the phenomenal best sellers of all time was IN HIS STEPS, by ***Dr. Charles M. Sheldon,*** who died this past February at the age of eighty-eight. In His Steps, published in 1896, is calculated to have sold 25,000,000 copies, and was translated into twenty-one languages. Although brought out by fifty or so publishers only one is said to have paid Doctor Sheldon any royalties, due to no copyright; 8,000,000 copies were sold in the United States, and royalties received were only the $7000 from Grosset & Dunlap. Doctor Sheldon once received a 20-pound note from a British publisher, and that is all he ever got from abroad, where 12,000,000 copies of the book were sold. Doctor Sheldon was the son of a Congregational minister, and was himself pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Topeka, Kansas. Discouraged about the Sunday-evening attendance, he thought up the idea of writing a story and reading it to the congregation instead of giving a sermon. HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER was the first story he tried, and, after reading its twelve chapters, he found that the

INTERNATIONAL



*Who hatched this up?*

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IT'S
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THAT *Special* MILK

Don't take chances—look carefully at the bottle-cap or bottle. Accept only milk plainly marked "GOLDEN GUERNSEY"

Many of the millions of families who read this magazine take GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk. Why? Because of its *extra* delicious flavor, its *extra* supply of cream that tops each bottle, its *extra* food value below the cream line.

These *extras* are not accidents. They are the result of a special program to give you a superior milk, of constant quality and always identified by the name "GOLDEN GUERNSEY".



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MILK HAS SO MANY
EXTRAS

1 *Comes only from selected Guernsey cows*

2 *Meets requirements of local and state health authorities*

3 *Is supervised in production by GOLDEN GUERNSEY, Inc., a non-profit agricultural organization*

To get these extras you will want to *be sure* your milk is plainly marked "GOLDEN GUERNSEY". If you are not a regular user at present, ask your milkman to deliver GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk as soon as he can. *Extra quality control* means there isn't much extra supply at the moment, but you can be near the top of the list to get the milk with the *extra values.*

*GOLDEN GUERNSEY*
*That SPECIAL Milk*

GOLDEN GUERNSEY, Inc., Peterborough, N. H.



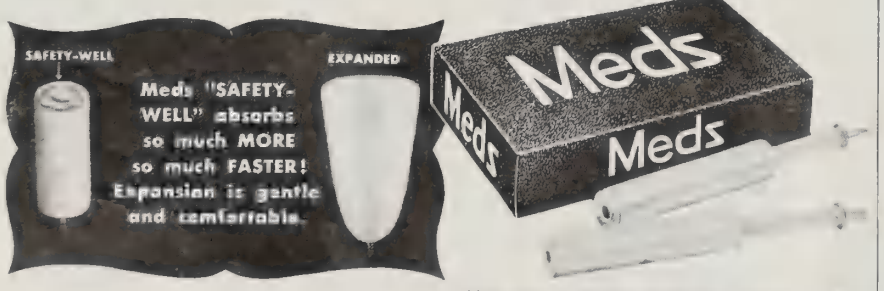
**Here's a happy woman,
Active, poised and free—
Safe with Meds' protection,
Meds' security!**

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- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

**Meds only 25¢**

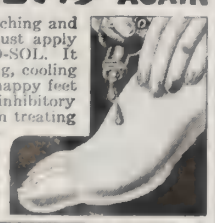
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Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

**HAPPY FEET ARE HERE AGAIN**

When your feet are sore, aching and dog-tired due to fatigue, just apply time-tested, popular OIL-O-SOL. It quickly brings such soothing, cooling relief you'll want to say, "happy feet are here again." This fine inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating mosquito bites, sunburn, minor injuries; cuts, scratches, burns. Only 50c at druggists. Must satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** now.



**WE PAY YOU $25**
**FOR SELLING FIFTY $1 ASSORTMENTS**
of Birthday, All-Occasion cards. Low cost, double demand. Sell for $1.00 your profit. Costs nothing to try. Write today.
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WRITE FOR SAMPLES

**FALSE TEETH**
**KLUTCH holds them tighter**

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © L. P. INC.

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**FOR MEN AND WOMEN GOLFERS LEARN TO BEAT PAR**
Score a hole in one! Improve your grip, stance, swing with PRACTISOR Putting Trap. Play on rug or lawn. Takes perfect shot only, just like cup on green. *Fun for partiest!* 4 for $5.00 or each, ppd. .... **$2.00**

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church was filled to overflowing and had standees. After this he continued with some twenty-five more stories, among them IN HIS STEPS.

KEYSTONE



*Charles M. Sheldon.*

*Another religious book that began its career in a modest way is* **THE PROPHET,** *by* ***Kahlil Gibran.*** *It sold 1200 copies in 1923, and has built up an increasing sale every year since. In 1943 over 50,000 were sold; in 1944, over 65,000; and in 1945, 91,400. The publisher is now getting out a new printing, for 1946, of 100,000 copies. Gibran, a Syrian, died sixteen or seventeen years ago. He was a lonely young man, living in a shabby studio in Greenwich Village. Among his few friends was a Syrian lady well known in New York, whom he saw only occasionally. One time, not having heard anything from Gibran in several months, this lady went downtown to see what had happened to him, and found him lying in a corner of his studio on a heap of rugs, dying of cancer. Gibran never took any royalties from his book for himself, but bequeathed them all to the little town in Syria where he was born.*

• • •

For lovers of good poetry—and a "must" for those who believe in the invincibility of the French spirit—**ARAGON: POET OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE** is not to be missed. It is a slender book of the poems of ***Louis Aragon*** which he wrote during the days of German occupation. "I write in a land devastated by pest. . . . I write in this country of a thousand deaths. . . . I write on this tragic stage where the actors have lost their way." His wife, Elsa who shines with a fine bright light through his poems, was with him in all his Resistance activities. "My nice wise calm little wife," he wrote recently in a letter, "turned into such a fighter that I passed half of my life fearing for her and unable to sleep, during which time she was wandering about from the Alps to the Ocean, riding in cars she had stolen from the Gestapo, delivering machine guns to the Underground, and visiting escaped Russians hiding in distant parts of France."

• • •

**A new book by *Elizabeth Bowen* is always news. IVY GRIPPED THE STEPS is a collection of twelve new short stories set in wartime England, not dealing with the physical violence of war, but with the psychological and spiritual overtones. No one, we're out to say, not even Katherine Mansfield, has quite the appreciation of the very young girl that Elizabeth Bowen shows in her stories and in her novels. You'll remember DEATH OF THE HEART—the yearning and the youngness of it comparable to THE CONSTANT NYMPH, but more delicate and searching. Likewise THE HOTEL, which was chosen Book-of-the-Month.**

**Elizabeth Bowen is Irish. When she was twenty-one her father gave her her money—not very much, she says—and with it she went to London to make her way. She was inexperienced and extravagant in characteristic Irish style, but she learned to pawn and to save, led a hand-to-mouth existence, and ended up writing. Bowen's Court is the home in Ireland where she now lives with her husband when there's not a war on. It was given one of her ancestors by Cromwell.**

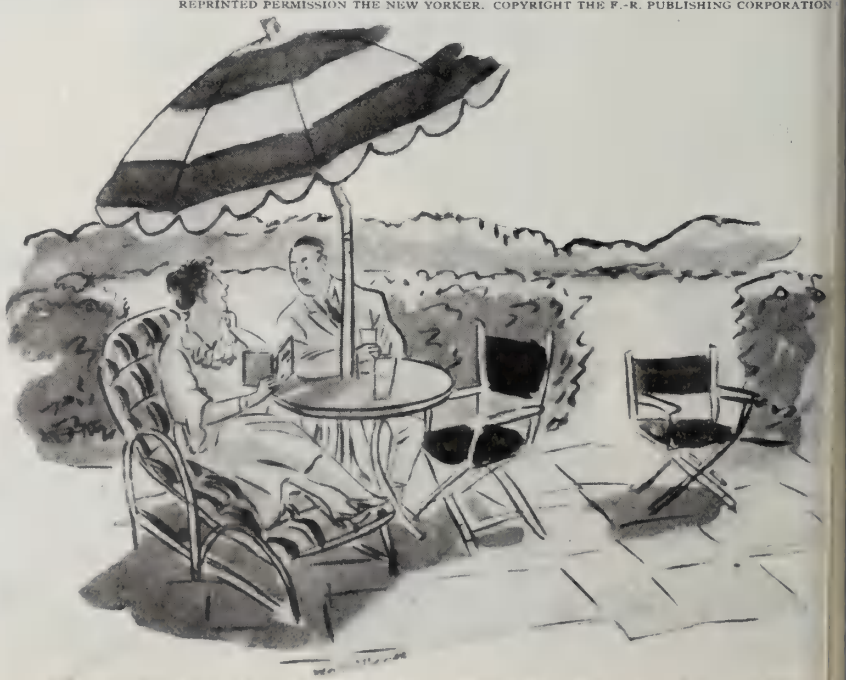
• • •

***Eudora Welty*** *is another whose short stories are outstanding, the gal from Mississippi who came out, completely unheralded, with* **CURTAIN OF GREEN,** *a book of short stories that took the critics off their feet, followed by* **ROBBER BRIDEGROOM** *and* **THE WIDE NET.** *Now she has written her first novel,* **DELTA WEDDING,** *seven days in the life of the Fairchild family as they prepare for the wedding of seventeen-year-old Dabney to their plantation home in the rich delta land of Mississippi in the summer of 1923. Miss Welty is one of those rare authors who can stay at home to write. She doesn't have to move to Chicago or New York. In fact, she seems rather to enjoy the small ways of living in her home town. "Underfoot locally" is the way she describes it, meaning that she's socially available and has no special job (writing in a small Mississippi town is not a "job"). She scarcely knows a writer, never has been part of any literary "school," and doesn't take herself too seriously. But she might well. We recommend all her short stories, but* **THE PETRIFIED MAN** *in particular, in case you come across it.*

• • •

**Add THE INNOCENT MRS. DUFF, by *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding,* to your list of good mysteries. More psychological than mystery, actually, because you see only murder committed, and sit on the edge of your chair waiting for the next. Reminiscent of BEFORE THE FACT. Remember the wife who knew that her husband was going to kill her?**

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*"It's awfully good so far. The first victim is a disagreeable cook."*




## THE MAJOR MINDS THE MINOR

*(Continued from Page 26)*

relax in solitude. That was what he missed now. The dismal dreariness of his room in Washington was slowly driving him mad.

The street was still slippery with ice from the Christmas snow flurry. There was a cutting little wind stinging his ears to redness. What to do now that he was out of his room? He couldn't simply walk around the streets. There were no movies he wanted to see. Inevitably he was reduced to choosing a couple of indifferent mysteries at the local drugstore library, going home and reading until he might reasonably turn out the light and expect to sleep.

In a mood of despair, he turned into the corner store and scanned the bookshelves. His eyes moved slowly from shelf to shelf; and, when he had picked out his books, he stood waiting for the clerk to charge them to him. Idly he examined the little bulletin board near the charge desk. Sometimes the local items were amusing, but there was nothing much on the board at present. Someone had lost a poodle and offered a reward; someone else offered crocheted gloves as the perfect gift for the people back home. His eyes caught a fresh slip of neatly typed white paper posted at the side, reading with the humorous desperation so fashionable nowadays:

Female afflicted by claustrophobia wants baby watcher—evenings only. Won't somebody *please* give me a chance to see a movie or play bridge before I start chewing the carpet? Good baby, nice living room and all the comforts of home. Mrs. Kendall, 34 Pine Road.

*Just one of the girls,* thought Lewis cynically. *Fair, fat and forty, and can't ever remember what's trumps.* He sighed. *Nice living room—who would ever want to leave that?* If he only had a nice living room he'd never go out.

"Your books, sir," said the clerk. "Thirty cents, please."

Automatically Major Fives counted out the silver, his eyes fixed absently on the slip of paper. He tucked the books under his arm, turned up his coat collar and plunged forth into the street. *Nice living room and all the comforts of home* ran through his head as he turned toward his rooming house. For two blocks he tramped along, distaste for his dismal room growing within him. Suddenly he turned and with rapid steps returned to the drugstore.

"Where is Pine Road?" he asked.

Ten minutes later he was standing in front of an attractive little house, ringing the bell. In the dim light of the street lamp down the block he could see white shingles, green shutters and dark clumps of shrubbery lining a little path between gate and front door. Warm floods of lamplight streamed through the partly closed Venetian blinds. Just to think of the comfortable room behind those windows raised his spirits. He was whistling softly when the door opened and he found himself facing a pretty young woman with a cloud of dark hair and two of the deepest, merriest dimples he had ever seen. Fair, fat and forty? Lewis gulped with the reality before him.

"Mrs. Kendall?" he asked politely, raising his cap.

**What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends, the cozy talk by the fireside, the sight of flowers and the sound of music.**

—J. R. GREEN: Quoted in A Diary for the Thankful Hearted, compiled by Mary Hodgkin (Published by E. P. Dutton & Company).







# Makes Herself Over During Summer Vacation

### Teen-ager loses 35 pounds, goes from size 20 to size 14, surprises her school friends.

Sue Nichols, of Raleigh, North Carolina, is the kind of girl who makes you proud of the teen-age generation. She lives on a farm and loves it. She is a good swimmer, plays the piano well, and makes many of her own clothes.

One thing used to bother her. She had always been overweight. When school closed last year, she weighed 173 and had to buy women's dresses that made her look far older than her years. She had been reading about the DuBarry Success Course and she decided that a summer vacation at home was a good time to take it.

In three months she lost 23 pounds, surprised her friends by coming back to school in a smart size 16. She kept on with the Course, lost 12 pounds more, is now a perfect 14 Junior Miss. Here's the way she sums up what the Course has done for her:

"I look and feel like a different person.

"My posture is so much better I stand 1¼ inches taller.

"My skin is softer, smoother. DuBarry Preparations have done wonders for it.

"Friends compliment me on the amazing change in my appearance, but the credit goes to the DuBarry Success Course."

**SUE NICHOLS' MEASUREMENTS TELL THE STORY**

| | *Before* | *After* | *Change* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Height | 5′6″ | 5′7¼″ | 1¼″ |
| Weight | 173 lbs. | 137¾ lbs. | 35¼ lbs. |
| Bust | 39″ | 35″ | 4″ |
| Waist | 34″ | 27″ | 7″ |
| Abdomen | 38″ | 33″ | 5″ |
| Hips | 43″ | 36¾″ | 6¼″ |

The photos above show, at left, Sue in July, 1945, when she enrolled for the Success Course. At right, the slender Sue Nichols of today, with a gracious, girlish loveliness she knows how to keep.

*How about You?* You are neither too young nor too old to enjoy, right in your own home, the benefits of this simple, successful, inexpensive plan. Schoolgirls, business girls, mothers and grandmothers—more than a quarter of a million of them—have found it a practical way to make the most of themselves. The Success Course is individual. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Ave., N.Y.

**Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?**

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*With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations selected for you.*

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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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# How to Remove Dandruff Completely




APPLY FITCH'S directly from bottle onto the hair and scalp before any water is added. Massage well with hands, making sure shampoo reaches each part of scalp.




ADD WATER gradually, removing cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until more lather forms.




RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Since Fitch's is completely soluble, no after-rinse is required. Set the hair and dry.




FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural, sparkling highlights.

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*After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.*




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## Dandruff Remover Shampoo

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For those who have Artificial Teeth

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FASTER! LONGER! SAFELY!

PAT ODOR AWAY IN 2-SECONDS! New 5 DAY underarm padgives 1 to 7 days protection.*

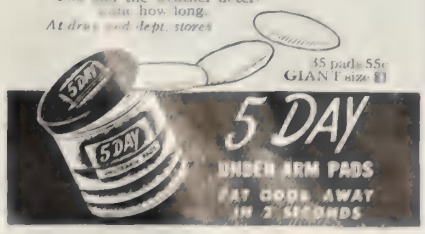
BETTER—5 DAY under arm pads are moist with an amazingly effective perspiration stopper.

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REQUEST SAMPLE $1 ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL







"Yes?" she replied. He thought her voice matched her looks—crisp, but with a chuckle in it.

"My name is Major Fives. You advertised for a baby watcher?"

"Oh, yes," she said, smiling warmly and opening the door wider. "You know of someone? Do come in."

One glimpse of the nice living room behind her went to the major's head. Some imp took hold of him. "I represent the Acme Lullaby and Baby Storage Service," he told her impressively as he followed her in toward the fire. "Our motto is 'Satisfied Babies.'"

"What did you say?" she murmured blankly.

"I said I represented the Acme Lullaby and Baby Storage Service."

"I never heard of it," she said, widening her eyes.

"Naturally," he said judicially. "I organized it myself just ten minutes ago. For the nominal sum of two dollars and fifty cents a week, our regular service offers one bonded major in the United States Army, guaranteed reliable and equipped with an uncertain baritone for singing lullabies."

She backed away and measured him with faintly suspicious eyes. Major Fives grinned engagingly.

"Of course, it's slightly higher in price if I *don't* sing a lullaby," he remarked.

"Do I gather that *you* are offering to be a baby watcher?" she asked in a strangled voice.

"I just told you I had organized the Acme Lullaby and ——"

"—— Baby Storage Service," she broke in with a twinkle. "Yes, I know. May I ask just what you are selling? It's a very novel approach, I must say."

He laughed. "I'm selling myself. Seriously, Mrs. Kendall, I saw your advertisement in the drugstore this evening and it occurred to me that we ought to be able to make some sort of arrangement to our mutual satisfaction. I'm at loose ends in Washington, finishing up a job of work for the anticlimax department. I don't know very many people and I'm just sort of marking time until I can get my discharge. I'm living in the most soul-withering room you ever laid your eyes on. There isn't even a decent reading light. You need someone to watch your baby and I need a nice comfortable living room to sit in—it's as simple as that. I'll be glad to give you references, of course. Perhaps you know my superior officer, Colonel Richard Davis? He lives in this section of town."

"I've met Mrs. Davis at the Red Cross," she admitted. With an expression of bewilderment she sank down on the couch, gesturing faintly toward the large easy chair at one side of the fireplace. "I'm afraid I don't understand," she confessed. "You mean you really want to come here every evening and watch a baby?"

"Roger."

"But you can't," she protested. "I meant a woman. Some nice elderly woman who's had children of her own."

"Why wouldn't I do?" he said stubbornly. "I'm an uncle and I know how to give bottles and—you know. I haven't had children, of course, but if you don't think I'm elderly, just look at my gray hairs."

"But—you're too big," she said.

He looked at her judicially. "How old is this baby?" he asked.

"Eleven months."

"Oh, well," he said with exaggerated relief. "I was afraid it was five or six. I can lick my weight in eleven-month-old babies any day."

She giggled nervously. "It's still absolutely out of the question," she stated. "If you haven't any friends now, you never will have if you mew yourself up with Fatso every evening."

"Fatso?" he inquired with raised eyebrows.

"Julian Amory Kendall Third to you. To his intimates he's just Fatso. But it really wouldn't do. You can't take care of a baby, you know."

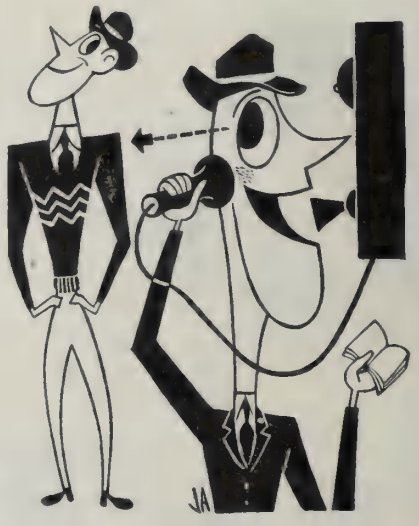




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"Yeh, he's tall, blond and wears a Skipper Sweater."

Wilson Brothers

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Pajamas • Shirts • Sportswear • Knitwear

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Safely
REMOVES HAIR



*Leaves skin smooth, alluring.*

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2. Painless . . . not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream
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4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.

NAIR Cosmetic lotion to remove hair

49¢ plus tax




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"Don't make me say why again," he begged. "Look here," he said, leaning forward earnestly. "I am perfectly serious, Mrs. Kendall. I'm not really so mad as I sound. You'll never get a woman—you know that perfectly well—not while there are bingo games and movies or whatever. Won't you please call up Colonel Davis right now, while I'm here, and ask him about my character? It's Colonel Richard A. Davis, and he's in the telephone book."

She looked at him undecidedly. Major Fives put every ounce of his will power behind the steady gaze of his brown eyes. "Well," she said hesitantly, "I still think it's silly—but if you insist ——"

While she was busy at the telephone in the little hall, Major Fives leaned back and surveyed the "nice living room" with great approval.

A cunning hand had been combined with excellent taste. There were one or two good old pieces of furniture and lots of gay chintz and cretonne. He just wished his mother could see the fascinating old sampler hanging over the couch. In the corner was a radio-phonograph flanked by a small cabinet of records. A fire crackled on the hearth and a knitting bag spilled bright-colored yarn onto the couch. Looking down, Major Fives met the interested gaze of a dozy-looking cat. He began to feel that he would cheerfully watch a whole regiment of babies for the privilege of sitting in this living room every evening.

Mrs. Kendall concluded her conversation and returned to the living room, looking dazed.

"I hope he gave me a clean bill of sale?" Lewis asked, hauling his big body courteously to his feet.

---

**The Harvard naturalist Louis Agassiz had a habit of collecting specimens for study which he would bring home with him. One morning Mrs. Agassiz was putting on one of her shoes when she felt something wriggling inside. She called to the professor, who was still asleep in an adjoining room, "Oh, Agassiz, come here, there is a snake in my shoe." To which he sleepily replied, "My dear, where can the other five be?"**

—JAMES McBRYDE.

---

"Oh, yes. He was very flattering. As a matter of fact," she announced with a sudden flashing of the dimples, "he said you could be trusted to take care of a baby who was three times eleven—either months or years."

"Then you'll take me?" Lewis pressed eagerly, sensing the change in her attitude after talking with the colonel.

"Well, I suppose we might try it. There really isn't very much to do. He's a very good baby."

"My sister Helen says all healthy babies are good," he replied, anxious to air his familiarity with the subject.

"Oh, he's very healthy. He sleeps from about six-thirty at night until six in the morning."

"Well, that's settled," he said with great satisfaction. "When do I start? Shall I bring my own apron?"

"Oh, no thanks," she said demurely. "I always furnish my nursemaids with their uniforms."

"I suppose you do not allow followers?" he asked anxiously.

"Certainly not," she replied firmly. "Suppose we start tomorrow night. Would you like to see the baby before you go?"

Julian Amory Kendall III was busily engaged with the sandman and paid no attention to his spectators.

"Cute little fellow, isn't he?" commented Lewis in surprise.

"Naturally," she informed him scornfully. "You have just been privileged to look on what is practically the most unusual child in the world."

Lewis looked at her in awe. "Two-headed, is he?"

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No more shoes over bare feet. Fashionable women everywhere depend on FOOTLETS for daintiness as well as cool, summertime comfort.

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She looked at him sideways, caught his twinkle and grinned shamefacedly. "I think he's wonderful," she said apologetically. "Here are the underpinnings"—pointing to a pile of white unmentionables. "I usually investigate the situation about eleven or so, but outside of that you won't have anything to do."

"I can't wait for tomorrow night," he announced when they had returned downstairs and he was shrugging himself into his coat. "By the way, will the phonograph disturb the baby?"

"No, but it doesn't work very well, I'm afraid."

"I'm fairly handy with things like that," Lewis told her reassuringly. "I'll get it in shape so you can use it when your husband comes home. I take it Mr. Kendall is in the services?"

A curtain slid across her face. "Captain Kendall—my husband—is dead," she said simply.

"I beg your pardon," Lewis said gently, conscious of shocked pity for the girl holding the door for him. "I didn't realize."

"That's quite all right," she said pleasantly. "You couldn't possibly know. I'm more or less accustomed to it after a year. I'll expect you tomorrow night, then. Good night."

Needless to say, Colonel Davis was all eyes and ears when he encountered Major Fives the following day. "What is this all about?" he demanded severely. "Jenny Kendall tells us some cock-and-bull story about your watching her baby."

"That's right," Lewis agreed genially. "I've found me a home at last."

"I don't get it," the colonel stated flatly, "but if this is a joke, I think it's a very poor one. She's a nice youngster and a good friend of my wife's. I won't have her upset by any of your misplaced humor, Fives."

**An eating-house keeper does not care how large your stomach is.**

**A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.** —RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

"It isn't misplaced humor," Lewis reassured him. "It's an arrangement for our mutual benefit. She's free to go out every evening and I get all the comforts of home, complete with cat and radio."

He did, indeed. Every evening he presented himself, brushed and beaming, at 34 Pine Road, to be greeted with affection by the dozy puss, and settled himself for a luxurious wallow while Mrs. Kendall went to the Red Cross, the convalescent hospital or a party. Due, Lewis felt, to the unexceptionable credit rating obtained from Colonel Davis, she accepted him with a casual friendliness from the first. Hovering in the doorway before she left the first evening, she suggested that he might like a cup of coffee or a bite to eat later. At this happy thought, Lewis looked at her with impersonal affection—a woman after his own heart, he decided, who understood that the high spot of any evening was the cup of coffee at the end of it.

Thus encouraged, Lewis made himself completely at home. Fatso proved, as advertised, to be a very good baby, although there was a bad moment for Lewis on his very first evening. On making his voyage of exploration upstairs to the nursery, he entered the room on tiptoe, turned on the shaded lamp and started to attack the problem of fresh diapers—only to find two wide brown eyes regarding him seriously. Fatso was awake.

It struck Lewis with a horrid thud that while *he* had inspected Fatso, Fatso had never inspected *him*. Suppose the baby didn't like strangers? Suppose it was frightened of him and began to cry? For a moment of sheer panic Lewis and Fatso regarded each other searchingly.

"Hello, feller," Lewis said finally in the most soothing tone at his command. And Fatso concluded his appraisal with a wide toothless grin—a grin which to Lewis ap-


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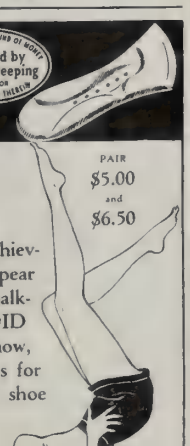

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peared the most cherubic he had ever seen. Weak with relief, he bent over the baby, babbling inconsequentially from sheer nerves. "In need of a helping hand? We'll fix that. Oopsadaisy"—while his fingers fumbled with pins. Fatso continued to grin good-humoredly while Lewis got through the unaccustomed task.

There is nothing so calculated to make you feel a good chap as the casual approval of a baby, and Lewis was absurdly bucked by Fatso's acceptance.

"I've been making friends with your son," he told Mrs. Kendall when she returned that evening. "He was awake when I went up. I was a little worried for fear a strange face might frighten him, but he favored me with a Grade A smile. Quite a lad!"

"Oh, he's very friendly," she replied proudly. "The only person he's ever taken a dislike to was the doctor."

"Can't say I blame him," Lewis said with a grin. "Thank goodness, he approved of me."

Thereafter the evenings settled into a sort of pattern. Lewis dutifully went upstairs about eleven and ran a gentle hand over the baby's nether portions. Sometimes a change was indicated, and he became quite expert at whipping diapers on and off. On his return downstairs he made coffee and foraged happily in the shelf of biscuits and crackers that Mrs. Kendall had provided. He spent a couple of happy evenings pulling the phonograph to pieces and putting it back together again "with no parts left over," he said proudly as he exhibited the results to his employer. Emboldened by her approval, he inquired whether she would object to his bringing a few albums of records over to 34 Pine Road.

**Life gives to us all intervals, all too brief it may seem, of exquisite joy, intense pleasure. But we come silently, unexpectedly, unknowingly upon happiness through being forced to use all our faculties in effort; through learning and being willing to learn, through discovering and scrapping the hampering bits of our dead selves and moving steadily, surely forward into a better sort of human being. It is the chance of making the very best of what we have, the adventure of taking up the challenge of life that keeps the heart young and the spirit proud and resilient to the end.**

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"Not at all," she replied.

"But, you know," he remarked, "the machine is in quite the wrong place. It ought to be more out in the room so the music isn't obstructed by the table and that chair."

"You might put it over by the couch," she suggested dubiously. "Wouldn't it be rather crowded, though?"

"Try it and see," he replied, and for fifteen brisk minutes they pushed and pulled furniture about the room.

"It looks—different, doesn't it?" she said wonderingly when their labors were complete. "Much better. I don't know why I never thought of doing this before."

"That's because you never had anyone to suggest it. I," said Lewis modestly, "am very stimulating."

With a phonograph at his disposal, Lewis went slightly berserk in the record shops, and the problem of storage became acute. He spent an evening designing a new and superior record cabinet to fit into the space beside the door, and the feeling of drafting and blueprints for something other than a new group of barracks aroused him to a further request of Mrs. Kendall. Would she object, he asked, if he could borrow a drawing board to start the plans for an addition to his house? In the end, the living room looked like Lewis Fives' personal property.

The weeks passed. Washington went through a prolonged spell of horrible weather which affected Lewis Fives not at all as he sat cozily over his drawing board, bidding


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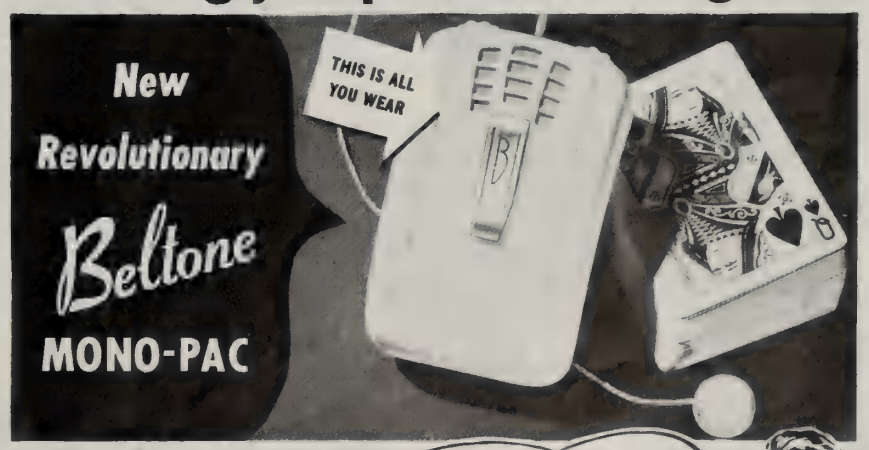
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Mrs. Kendall a cheerful good night each evening. His only complaint was that the evenings were all too short. Mrs. Kendall was never later than midnight, and on Red Cross nights was usually home in time to share his coffee; but since she rarely went to bed before twelve, she told him there was no reason for him to stop working. So Lewis puffed contentedly at his pipe and bent over his board while she curled on the couch with her knitting and chatted impersonally of this and that.

Every now and again Fatso would be awake when Lewis went upstairs, and they enjoyed a stimulating bit of conversation. "That is," Lewis explained to Mrs. Kendall, "your son is of a philosophical turn of mind. I converse and he listens, but of course he doesn't care to commit himself." It had been a long time since Lewis' niece and nephew were Fatso's age. He had almost forgotten what little babies were like and was constantly astonished to notice Fatso's growth and development.

On the night when he discovered Fatso's new tooth he was, if possible, even more proud of this completely natural event than Jenny. Greatly daring, he brought the baby downstairs to sit on the couch for a celebration while he and Jenny drank their coffee. Fatso quite understood that this was merely in consequence of his having cut a tooth and conducted himself like a gentleman throughout his visit, cooing and chuckling and displaying the tooth on request.

"Play those records you got yesterday," Jenny suggested. "The quiet bits might put him to sleep."

But although Fatso patted his hands together and made earnest attempts to roll off the couch and grab the phonograph during the music, as a lullaby Paris: Ein Nachtstucke turned out to be a flop.

These evening gossips and an occasional frolic with Fatso put the finishing touch on Lewis' well-being. Jenny Kendall had a well-developed sense of humor and a gift for making a dramatic story out of the most trivial incidents. Lewis had not laughed so much in years.

She was a pleasant youngster, he thought, possessing both common sense and perception. Conversation and Jenny Kendall were no strangers, yet she was not one to prattle aimlessly and could be companionably silent while he played the new records he had brought or fussed over a calculation. She had ideas about houses too. She developed a deep interest in the plans he was making for the wing to be added to his house. He had meant to make this addition similar to the main house, but Jenny suggested the use of glass brick at one end. It was Jenny, also, who thought of fitting built-in storage cabinets on one wall, to be hidden by paneling. He had planned to finish the space above this room later, but spurred by her interest he found himself turning it into an extra bedroom.

LEWIS got quite to depend on these chats, holding off on making coffee until he might reasonably expect her to arrive. Conversation was no stranger to Lewis Fives, either, and he regaled her with incidents from the office, from his childhood, tales of his parents and his sister Helen, until Jenny knew them all by name and often asked for his latest news from home. Jenny herself was an orphan and her husband's family had consisted only of a sister, now in the Army Nurse Corps. He had no real idea of her age, but estimated it as twenty-two or three. Very hard lines, he decided protectively, losing a husband and left all alone in the world with a baby. Undoubtedly she would marry again. He hoped she would pick someone who would appreciate Fatso, who seemed to grow more captivating to Lewis every time he saw him. Lewis had an idea she already had one or two beaus, but how serious they might be he couldn't tell. She seemed to have an escort to bring her home most nights—and a good thing, Lewis thought, recalling the dark shrubbery-lined streets. Twice someone had called for her, and at times she had reported having dinner and seeing a movie. Several times there had been telephone calls—always in a male voice.

## *Oh, Let Me Dream*

**By Joan Story Wright**

**Oh, let me dream my little while**
**And laugh—then, all forsaking,**
**I'll come with you your worldly way**
**Although my heart be breaking.**
**I'll pace with you the stony streets**
**And cross the smoky town,**
**But let me dream my little while**
**Before you take me down.**

ONE miserably raw and stormy night Lewis arrived in a very damp state, to find she was not going out after all.

"I'm so sorry I couldn't let you know," she apologized, "but I didn't know where to reach you after you left the office."

"Oh, that's all right," he said cheerfully. "It's not much of a walk back."

"Come in and get dry first," she ordered. "I don't want you to catch pneumonia. Johnny Ipswich came to take me to a movie but it was so rainy I voted against going out."

Major Fives surveyed Lieutenant Ipswich with deep interest as introductions were performed. The verdict, he decided, was good. Johnny was a nice boy, a little young and inane, but nothing time wouldn't cure, and obviously devoted to Jenny. Major Fives feeling very elderly and responsible, put Lieutenant Ipswich through a slight cross examination which seemed entirely satisfactory. Concluding three was a crowd, he drifted himself slightly, picked up his book and departed.

It was suddenly spring and the cherry trees were showing signs of life. Lieutenant Ipswich, it seemed, had taken Fatso to see the cherry blossoms.

"He took *Fatso?*" Lewis inquired in bewilderment. "What about you?"

"Oh, I was allowed to go also, since I'm Fatso's mother," she replied airily. "Johnny is Fatso's greatest admirer. He's almost a nuisance at times—whenever he gets bored with his aunt, he dashes over here to play with the baby."

"He sounds rather—serious," Lewis remarked tentatively.

"Oh, he is," she assured him calmly.

"Well—er—are you?" Lewis asked, taken aback.

"I'm taking it under advisement," she told him, her dimples flashing, "but so far I've told him I'd rather be loved for myself alone."

Well! If things were that serious Lewis felt he owed it to someone to find out about this chap. By dint of a bit of digging, he investigated Lieutenant Ipswich within an inch of his young life, but in the end Lewis was forced to agree that Jenny might go farther and fare worse—provided she had an eye to her material advantage. Johnny came of unexceptionable pedigree, with a tidy sum of money behind him and a great deal more in the offing. At the same time, Lewis found himself extremely critical of the whole affair. Lieutenant Ipswich might be a thoroughly nice young man, but he was rather too young, Lewis felt. Jenny needed someone with a little more maturity—someone in the early thirties, say, who was sufficiently responsible to be trusted with the guidance and rearing of Fatso. Young as she was, Jenny had an exceptionally good mind. Lieutenant Ipswich would neither get the most out of her nor stimulate her to any further attainment. Lewis felt very upset over this turn of events. He decided he owed it to the late Captain Kendall to see that his wife got the right sort of second husband.

Jenny, having divulged this much to her baby watcher, became quite confidential under slight pressure from Lewis. She had, it

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appeared, some doubts as to the wisdom of marrying Johnny. For one thing, he was two years younger than she. Lewis was flabbergasted to discover she was actually twenty-seven. She had known Johnny only a matter of a few months while he was visiting his aunt near by. Marrying him would mean living in New York and in a very different social world from what she had been used to. On the other hand, he seemed to adore the baby and Jenny had made up her mind to remarry.

Curled up on the couch, tugging absently at a strand of her dark hair, she looked, Lewis thought, about sixteen as she told him seriously, "Some widows feel it's disloyal to remarry. I don't know how I'd feel if I didn't have Fatso, but as it is, I think I ought to try to give him a balanced home life."

Matters came to a head with amazing rapidity. Johnny was due for discharge and return to New York very shortly, and he had no intention of leaving without Jenny. Lewis found himself in the thick of a whirlwind courtship, in which Jenny was dashing into town for dinners, theaters, movies and parties every night of the week apparently. Gone were the companionable hours before bedtime, with a chat over a cup of coffee. Lewis spent solitary evenings over his studio plans, mapping out little improvements, planning the possible decoration, and missing Jenny's interested suggestions. Letters from his mother and father, reporting progress on the construction of the wing, lay unread in his pocket. Lewis could not refrain from definite disapproval of the way things were going. With a jaundiced eye he viewed Jenny's departure each evening, noting her fondness for absurd hats and discreet whiff of perfume. When she came home at one o'clock with every appearance of a girl who has just been thoroughly kissed, his blood boiled.

*Young whippersnapper*, he growled to himself as he tramped home through the deserted streets. *Keeping her up until all hours. All this talk of affection for the baby! Bosh. Once he's married to her he'll keep her gallivanting every minute so she can't take care of her child. Everyone knows the city isn't good for babies.*

It was the following night that Johnny was leaving for New York. It was also the night on which Fatso elected to cut a tooth. Lewis arrived as usual at seven-thirty to find Lieutenant Ipswich ensconced in the living room waiting for Jenny.

"This is my farewell," Johnny announced cheerfully. "It's back to New York for me."

"When are you leaving?" Lewis inquired hopefully.

"On the midnight train, so tonight's the night. Wish me luck."

"Oh, I do," Lewis assured him politely.

That was a very long evening for Lewis. All his old pleasures failed: his book was dull; the radio had nothing but commentators and repulsive jazz bands which only served to call up a picture of Jenny waltzing merrily in Lt. Johnny Ipswich's arms. He had no heart for fussing with the plans. He was prowling around restlessly when there was a sudden wail from the nursery. He bolted up to the bedroom. Fatso was getting into his stride by the time Lewis reached the crib. He applied a fresh diaper and waited for the solace to take effect, but it didn't work. Fatso moved restlessly from side to side and continued to give tongue. Lewis thought for a moment. Then he searched for open safety pins. There were none.

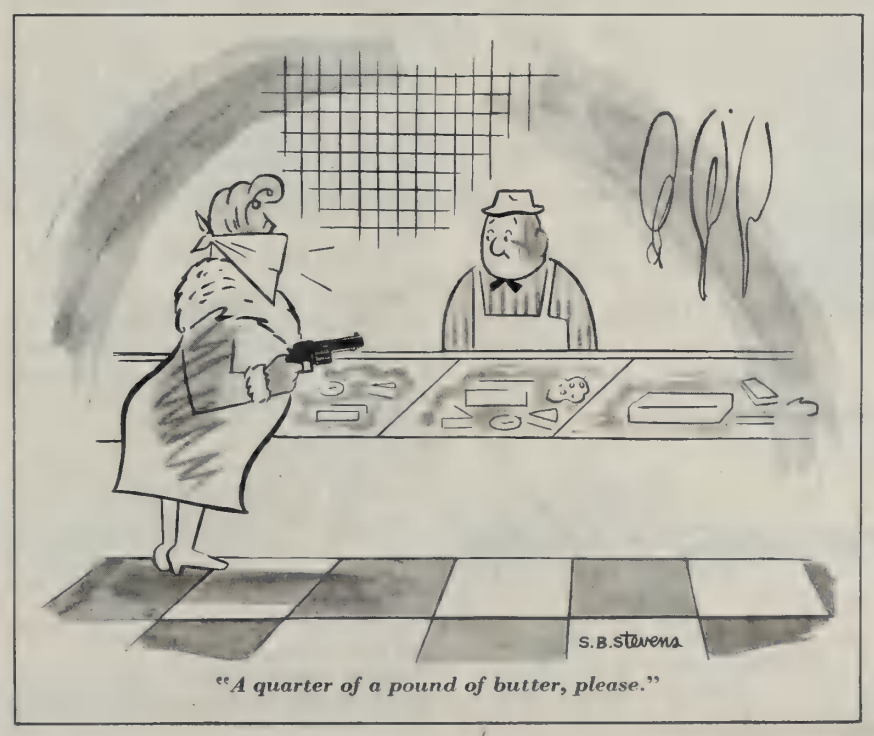
He thought again, heavily. Then he turned Fatso over on his tummy and patted gently. The baby howled thickly, so Lewis hastily reversed him. He fought down the rising panic. What had he seen Helen do in situations of this sort? He had tried for pins and gas bubbles. What next? A drink of water! He found the bottle near by and quickly inserted the nipple, spraying Fatso liberally in his haste. Fatso spewed it forth and redoubled his yells. He grew red in the face; he beat the air with his hands.

Finally Lewis picked the baby up gingerly and patted its back with feeble little swats. Fatso evidently resented this lese majesty, for he wriggled like an eel and roared into Lewis' ear. Grasping the baby firmly, he walked up and down the room, patting mechanically and saying "Sh-h-h" at intervals. The cries diminished slightly and eventually subsided to gurgles. With a sigh of relief Lewis carefully replaced the baby in his crib. Fatso eyed him unwinkingly for a minute. Then he opened his mouth and wailed like a banshee.

"Good grief," said Lewis, grabbing the child up once more. He resumed his walking and patting; the cries stopped. He replaced Fatso in his crib with cajolery. "See, boy—nice crib! Nice warm blankets. Go beddy-by now," and so on. It was no use. Fatso was possessed to cry.

He looked at the clock desperately. It was after eleven. His heart rose a bit. Johnny had said he was leaving on the midnight train. Therefore, Jenny would have to be home shortly, in order for the boy to make his train. Gently he picked up the baby and, cuddling the sobbing little bundle awkwardly in his arms, soothed and paced and paced and soothed. Any moment, now, Jenny would return.

But at twelve-thirty she was still absent. Fatso had subsided into an uneasy doze, waking to whimper every now and again. He stanchly and firmly refused to go back to his crib peaceably. Lewis rumpled up his hair wildly and realized he didn't even know the name of a doctor in Washington. In addition, he began to be more than worried about Jenny. If Lieutenant Ipswich had taken the




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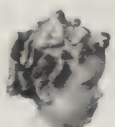


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midnight train, where was she? Holding Fatso in his arms, Lewis worked himself into a frightful sweat, imagining all kinds of tragedies. The thought struck him suddenly that he had heard it was possible, by means of liberal payments for disturbed sleep, to get married in very short order in one of the neighboring states. Johnny had said, "Tonight's the night." Was it? At the thought of Jenny in her gay party frock, standing before some sleepy justice of the peace, his heart turned over and he grasped Fatso with such force that the baby cried out.

"Sh-h-h," said Lewis automatically. *She can't be getting married,* he told himself.

But, after all, why not? *Because I'm going to take her home with me,* his mind said instantly. *Because I'm building a nursery for Fatso right this minute.* Fatso hiccuped gently and buried his head in Lewis' neck. Lewis cuddled the baby with instinctive tenderness. "You'd like to live in the country, I'll bet," he said soothingly.

A wave of indignation swept over him at the feel of the exhausted little body slumped against him. The more he thought of it, the madder he got over this young woman who went gaily off to parties every night of the week, handing her baby over to the first person who came along, never caring if Fatso were sick or well, alive or dead.

*No sense of responsibility,* he fumed to himself. *All she really wanted was enough freedom to catch another man. All this talk about finding a father for Fatso, she ought to get married so the boy'd have a balanced home life—nonsense.*

By two o'clock his feet were sore and his nerves were worn thin. He had imagined every conceivable kind of accident and worried himself sick over the possibility of Jenny's runaway marriage. Fatso had hit a lull when the front door slammed; he immediately awoke and wailed loudly.

Jenny ran up the stairs. "What are you doing to that child?" she demanded accusingly.

In his relief at seeing her alive and apparently undamaged, Lewis lost his temper. "What am *I* doing?" he said, glaring at her wildly over the baby's shrieking form. "*I'm* minding your baby, madam, while you go out for a bit of jitterbug. Can *I* help it if he cries? I'm not a doctor."

"How long has he been crying?" she cried. "Give him to me at once. What did you do to him?"

"I didn't do anything to him. I merely walked him up and down, up and down, for three hours while you were out jigging about the town, flirting like an adolescent schoolgirl, just as though you hadn't a care in the world. All you can think of is dumping your responsibility onto the first person that comes along and dashing out for a little cheap thrill."

"Are you quite through?" she said icily.

"No, I'm not. You may make a big hit at the USO and the convalescent hospital, but I'm one serviceman you don't fool. To think I let myself be lured into aiding and abetting you—sitting here night after night so you could gad about with one man after another. Well, I'll have no part in it. From now on you can tell your boy friends you're out of circulation and stay home and take care of this child." He dumped Fatso into her arms dramatically. Fatso immediately stopped crying.

"So that's what you think, is it?" she asked slowly.

"That's what I think," he replied flatly and went downstairs.

He had his cap and coat on and was stacking his drawing equipment into a neat pile when Jenny spoke to him from the doorway. "You had your say about this," she told him formally, "but I think I've a right to defend myself. I suppose it never occurred to you that I do take care of my baby all day long, every day of the week. Just because I'm a widow doesn't mean I have to take the veil, you know. I'm only twenty-seven, after all, and I'm certainly entitled to a little fun and a few friends. Maybe my living room looked wonderful to you after the furnished room you were living in, but *you* haven't any associations with it."

Slowly she stepped down into the living room and walked over to the table. He was appalled to see her eyes fill with tears.

"I suppose you think it's easy to sit in a room all alone, night after night, where everything reminds you of someone," she went on, her voice trembling. "Well, it *isn't.* I've sat here knitting and reading for over a year with no one to talk to. It's no fun having a cup of coffee alone, you know, or listening to records. I haven't any relatives to keep me company, and the only people I know down here I've met through the Red Cross or the USO. *They* all have families and jobs to do, and *lives* to live. They don't have time to keep me company. I suppose I could move away, but I don't know where I'd go. Houses are so difficult to find. I thought, when you came, I'd have time to build up a new life at least. Perhaps it wouldn't be so hard to be alone. At least, you made the place look different and I had someone to talk to a little. I didn't have to come home to an empty house. And now," she finished, "you're leaving."

Lewis reached a tentative arm about her shoulders. "You make me feel like a heel," he told her earnestly. "It was unforgivable of me, Jenny, but I thought Johnny was leaving at midnight and you'd certainly be home before that. When you didn't come home, I got worried to death, imagining accidents. I even thought perhaps you'd eloped with him, and when the baby sounded off like an air-raid siren, it was just the last straw. I just lost my temper and said a lot of things I didn't mean. Please, will you forgive me?"

She nodded wearily. "That's all right. I didn't realize you'd worry. Johnny got involved in a lot of speechmaking and missed his train. By the time I got a taxi to bring me home, it was much later than I'd intended."

"Speechmaking?" Lewis held his breath but he had to know. "Are congratulations in order?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. I don't think Fatso would be happy living in the city." She retreated a step at something in his eyes. "Besides," she said breathlessly, "I don't think we'd like an apartment."

"Um-hm," Lewis replied conversationally, feeling a tremendous hope within him. "Do you think, perhaps, that he'd prefer living in the country—out West, say?" he asked. "In something like a studio house, with a room of his own? Because I think I know just the place."

"Well," she said faintly, "yes, I think he would."

With one immense stride he closed the distance between them and folded her in his arms.

"Jenny," he said then, "do you mean it? Will you really come out and live in my house?"

After a short but satisfactory interlude Jenny pulled away from him. "Do you think," she said thoughtfully, "that the Acme Lullaby and Baby Storage Service might be expanded to offer a service for mothers?"

---

**"I need oil," said an aged monk, as he planted an olive sapling. "Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower. "Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray Thee." And the sun shone. "Now, frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk, and the little tree sparkled with frost. But at eventide it died. The monk told a brother monk his disappointing experience.**

**"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and it thrives well. I entrusted my tree to its God. 'Lord, send what it needs,' I prayed—'storm or sunshine, wind or frost. Thou hast made it and Thou dost know.'"**

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## LONG AND WITH CURLS

*(Continued from Page 19)*

blocks on her bicycle and throw the ribbon in an ash can. Then if Felice asked her she would simply shrug and say, "How should *I* know what happened to your darn old red ribbon?" Yes, that would do it.

She opened the door, went out into the upper hall and, thrusting her upper teeth out over her lower lip, slid down the banister to the accompaniment of a long, shrill whistle.

Her mother called fretfully from the living room, "Margery! For *heaven's* sake!" It was Mrs. Dilling's reaction to almost everything that Margery did. The child's vehemence bewildered her.

Margery dived into her jacket and opened the door. "Back in a flash," she shouted, and the door slam made a period to the sentence.

She ran around to the side of the house, trotted her bike out of the garage and pedaled off at high speed down the hill. She was glad none of the neighborhood children were out. They were mainly girls, and she never played with any of them. At first puzzled and offended, later they learned how to pay her back for ignoring them. Their weapon was laughter. When she passed by on her bicycle, they would huddle together and whisper, and then with sidelong glances at Margery they would giggle and whisper again. And Margery, riding by them with her head up and her chin stuck out, would be hurt to the marrow. "Dopey," she would mutter half aloud. "Silly dopes." Then she would put on a burst of speed and go whizzing down the hill standing dangerously on one pedal.

But today none of them were in sight. She rode on past the first and second crossings, where she usually turned off to go to the Camuses, the four tough little brothers who were her sole playmates. Margery was small and not actually very strong, but the Camuses had recognized that she made up in grit what she lacked in brawn. They accepted her on her own terms.

The reason for this choice of friends was not very clear to Margery. That is, she had no *exact* knowledge. For instance, she could not have known that when she was a tiny baby her father had stood over her crib one morning and said, half aloud, "Should've been a boy." She was four months old at the time, and, furthermore, she was asleep. How could she have learned that morning of her father's disappointment?

And yet she grew up knowing. Although he never said it again, from her earliest moment of awareness of anything at all, she was aware that she *would* have made her father happy *if* she had been born a boy. And knowing this was hard on Margery, because she loved her father best in the whole world. He loved her, too, in a way—she knew that—but it was not with that very special love he would have had for her if she had turned out to be a boy instead of what she was.

In fact, what she was didn't seem to satisfy anyone. Her mother, for instance, who was sort of a ladylike person, and wanted everything to be pretty and nice. Mrs. Dilling's taste ran to sheer fabrics and ruffles, while Margery simply *had* to have sailor collars and boy-tailored jumpers—and each time she acted, as Mrs. Dilling said tearfully, "stubborn as a little mule" until the ruffles were all packed up and sent back. The child would stand at the table like an angry monitor, and if she had any regrets at seeing the soft, frilly stuff disappear, they emerged in the form of remarks like, "Junk! Stupid junky mush!"

She knew she was making life harder her mother, who seemed to be in some kin trouble. There were times when her mot was talking and her father would get a away look in his eyes. That always seeme frighten mother. Her voice would get ha and nervous, and she would look around h lessly. Margery always felt sorry, wanted to comfort her. But somehow, wh ever dad was absent-minded toward motl why, mother would get cranky toward M gery. Mother would turn to Felice inste would smooth Felice's silky curls and fluff her dress, as though that gave her a spe kind of comfort. Once in a while Ma caught herself wishing there was someth on *her* dress that mother could fool arou with. But she always pushed away s thoughts with great hemence.

### *Elegy*

**By Elizabeth Travers**

Dark earth
Grass green over
Her who had neither
Love nor lover.

Was it for this
Firm lips kept under
The mind's longing
The heart's thunder?

For this alone
The word unspoken
And the mind bent
And the heart broken?

The red ribbon was passing weakness. The ribbon was something get rid of and forget quickly as possible.

At the third cross Margery swerved right was a street of sma houses, with coal furna She stopped halfway d near a pair of ash c and looked carefu around. It was almost dinner hour, and the st was empty. Quickly reached into the neck her blouse. But the rib had slipped farther d and she couldn't get t She unbuttoned her jac and reached in ag hunched over to make blouse loose across chest.

At this moment a ne by upper window open and two girls, sisters wh she knew slightly fr school, leaned out. Margery jerked hand out of her blouse guiltily.

"Hi, tomboy," the older girl call "What'sa matter, got an itch?" The youn sister giggled, and the older one caricatu Marge's position, pretending to scratch, a like.

Margery flushed darkly. "Bug mu dropped in," she called, broadly casual, a pedaled off in a furious burst of speed.

What a dopey thing she'd said about bug! It only made her more ridiculous. S with embarrassment, she pressed do harder on the pedals, her shoulders hunch Why the dickens did she ever start up w the darn old red ribbon? She had felt lik sneak taking it, and now it was even *m* trouble to get *rid* of. And what for, anyw It was darn fool girl stuff. It was a darn old piece of disgusting junk. She hated way it shone, and its bright color, and soft way it fell into folds. She would like have thrown it into a smelly old garb can—but there it was down somewhere in clothing, right up against her body, pra cally.

She made a fast right turn at the cor leaning at a dizzy angle. Out of breath now, still she pumped furiously, hurry toward some place which was still vague her mind where she would not only get of that ribbon, but spoil it, make it filt and ugly.

After a minute, some intuition made look back. Farther down the street were two little girls. On bicycles now, they apparently followed her, looking for a li fun. She slowed down. No sense letting th think she was running away.

The girls had almost caught up when reached the Camuses' house. Ignoring th Margery laid her bike down on the grass front lawn and walked over to the adjoin lot. Two of the boys were there, inspectin pile of timbers.

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Margery picked her way over cans and broken bottles and came up to them. "Whatya doin'?"

"It's planks from Johnson's old garage. We're gonna make a fort." Two walls of the fortress were already partly built. Micky, the biggest Camus, was puffing as he pulled at the heavy boards.

"I'll give a hand," Margery offered, aware of the girls watching. Let them see she didn't just hang around. Let them see she was *one* of the boys, right *in* with them. "Which way ya want 'em?"

"Naw, never mind," Micky answered uneasily.

Margery knew it was the presence of the other girls that made him act that way. They made him conscious, all of a sudden, that *she* was a girl. "Come on, Micky," she said angrily, "which way?" And she lifted the end of one plank.

"Well," he said unwillingly. "Well—we'll lay these ones on the crosspieces."

"Okay," said Margery, tough and businesslike. "Okay, Micky—you take that end."

Straining together, Micky and Margery lifted the heavy plank into place.

"Whoo! There!" she said briskly. "That does it. Now this one." With her toe she indicated a slab of oak twice as thick as the pine plank they had just handled. She bent over it, waiting.

Micky hesitated, glancing uncomfortably at the two girls standing at the curb. "Aw, never mind, Marge," he said. "Sidney'll help me."

Margery straightened up. "I can lift it the same as Sidney," she said quickly. Micky put his hands in his pockets. "Don't be so silly," she argued in a low voice. "C'mon, Micky—grab your end."

Just then Sidney moved over to them, and Micky took his hands out of his pockets. "Okay, Sid," he said, "grab an end." Spreading his legs, he bent over the beam.

Margery shouldered Sidney out of the way roughly. "He can take the next one," she said defiantly. "I'm taking this one. C'mon!"

Micky shrugged and unwillingly took hold of his end, and Margery put both hands under hers. At the word "Lift!" she pulled upward.

The weight of the beam shocked her. Micky stood erect, but at the first effort Margery's end was only two or three inches from the ground and she stood bent double, her back strained into a painful arc.

"Let Sidney take it," Micky called.

"Nuts!" panted Margery, sweat coming out on her face. With a fierce effort, her back aching and her arms feeling pulled from their sockets, she raised her end a few inches. "Move!" she grunted, and together they edged over to the half-built wall.

Breathing noisily, Micky eased his end into place, and Margery saw she must raise hers a good six inches to get it in place. She wanted to drop the beam. Her shoulders hurt so that she felt she would die if she couldn't drop the beam.

Then she saw Sidney stepping over to help her. So he thought she couldn't do it herself! With a desperate effort, she wrenched up and toward the crosspiece—and failed by an inch. Instead of slipping on top, her end rammed the side, dislodging the crosspiece, and with it several of the planks underneath, and the wall of the fortress collapsed. The momentum of the effort carried Margery forward, and she fell with the wall, tumbling awkwardly, banging her shins and scraping her arms against the wood, and receiving a slap from one stray, bouncing plank square in the stomach.

"*Holy* jeepers!" Micky swore. "Holy *jeepers!* All our work!"

Sidney, playing up to the girls, started to laugh, and they with him.

Dazed, Margery clambered to her feet, rubbing at her shins. "I'll help you fix it, Micky," she said with difficulty.

"No, never *mind*," Micky retorted bitterly, and this sent Sidney and the girls into fresh bursts of laughter.

"Ain't she terrific, though?" the older girl giggled. "Ain't she just supercolossal?"


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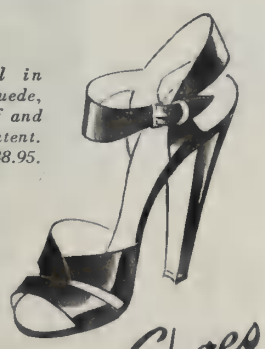
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Numb with the pain in her shins, and a little sick at the stomach, Margery turned to leave. "I'll help fix it up tomorrow, Micky," she called back, half to herself.

"No, never *mind—please* never mind!" Micky shouted after her furiously.

Marge went up the back stairs to avoid seeing anyone until she stopped feeling so queer. She closed the door of her room and locked it. Then she crumbled onto the bed, flattened out on her face and lay very still.

Almost immediately she heard her mother calling from the foot of the stairs, "Margery?"

She lay motionless, waiting for her stomach to stop doing somersaults.

"Margery!" her mother called again, and then continued, in her unhappy voice, "She'll be late for dinner again, you'll see. Honestly, Ben, I don't know what to *do* with her. She's like a little savage. You'll have to punish her, Ben—she's too much for me."

Then there was Ben's voice, placating absent-mindedly. Poor daddy, Margery thought. He was no good at punishing. Besides, he really didn't want to be bothered.

Margery sighed heavily and sat up on the bed. No sense being any later than she was. It only made things bad between mother and daddy. She went into the bathroom and washed her hands and face. Then she came back and brushed halfheartedly at her disheveled hair. Seeing in the mirror that her blouse was muddy and in need of changing, she put down the brush and peeled the blouse up over her head.

The ribbon dropped out and fell at her feet, and when she picked it up it was still warm with the heat of her body. And somehow the warmth and the color and sheen of it brought tears into her eyes. The tears that didn't come when she was scorned by Felice or hurt by the lumber or laughed at by the girls—all those tears that had stayed inside for a long time came out now at the touch of a piece of red ribbon, and they ran down her face and even got as far as her neck, so that after a while she took the sleeve of her soiled blouse and had to wipe from the collarbone up. She didn't know exactly why she was crying. It had something to do with making a fool of herself in front of those kids—but there was more to it than that, only she didn't know just what.

She put on a clean blouse and brushed her hair down again, all the time eying the ribbon. She took it up and fingered it. It was so very smooth. It looked nice, and she yearned to have it look nice on her.

She wrapped it all around her head, and the result in the mirror surprised her. That way it didn't look silly. It looked quite natural. It was just long enough to get arou and allow for a knot. And, when the k was tied, two perky little ends stood up a flirted with her out of the mirror. She pus the ends around to one side, and that v even better. The ribbon, drawn tight, sh sleekly against her straight, dark hair, ho ing the short strands close to her head, m ing the shape of her head look sort of ferent and—and nice!

Her heart began to quicken with exci ment. Not willing to trust the bedro mirror, she went into the bathroom a looked at herself again in the cold, wh light. Her cheeks were flushed and her e bright with the recent tears, and her h made a curved fringe under the ribb framing her face softly. She frowned. Di look nice, or did it look silly?

Reluctantly she put up her hand to tak off—and stopped. What if she went do this way? Would they laugh? Would th make fun of her? Would they? Maybe th would, but—but—maybe not! Maybe th wouldn't even notice! Maybe they ——

On a mad impulse she ran out to the sta checked an automatic motion to straddle banister, and began to walk down decorou The impulse died on the fourth step do and panic filled her. But it was too late, her mother was at the foot of the stairs, fu ing.

"Margery! So you *are* home. Why did you answer when I ——" Then there wa silence while Helen Dilling stared at difficult younger child, her unmanagea tomboy daughter. Margery stared ba seeking uncertainly for the meaning of t look on her mother's face. At any rate, th was no trace of amusement. After a mom Mrs. Dilling said, "Well!"

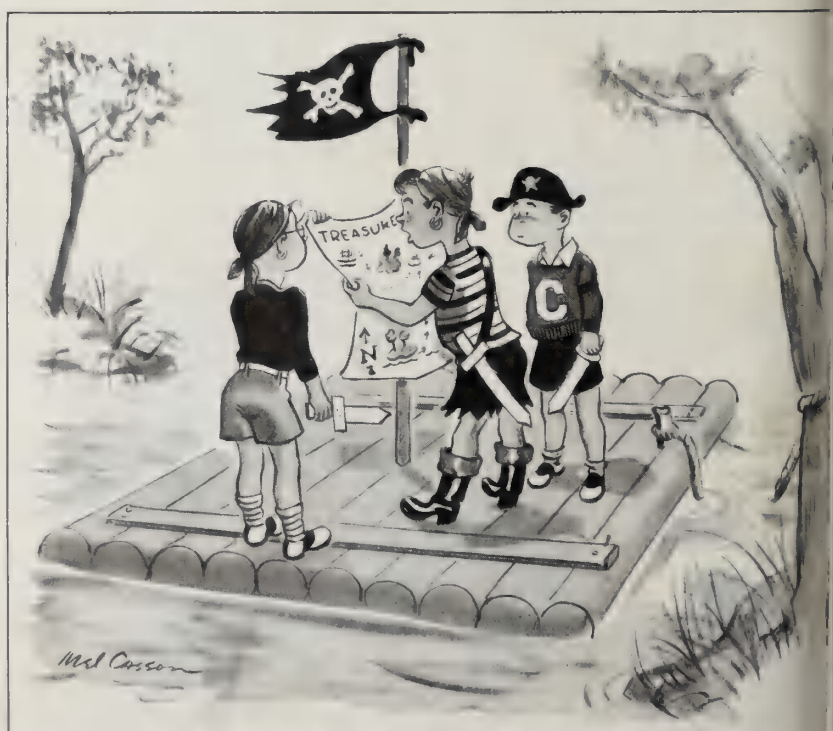
Margery waited for more, but noth came, and she realized she couldn't j stand there in the middle of the stairs. continued on down, slipping between mother and the newel, and went into living room.

Felice was lying on the sofa filing her na Her father, in his favorite chair, the ne paper in his lap, was scraping out his p He looked up with his preoccupied half-sm but the smile faded, and after a moment cleared his throat and said, "Well!"

Now Felice turned her head, and what saw made the file stop scraping. She sw her legs to the floor and said, sitting v straight, "Well!"

Margery's heart banged so thickly in throat that her voice could scarcely through.

"Can't anybody say anything but 'w in this house?" she managed finally.




*"It's not worth finding; my father told me what the taxes on it would be!"*

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Her father crooked a finger at her and said, "Come here, baby."

It was a long time since he had called her "baby." She went to him, and he sat up in his chair and put his hands on her shoulders, studying her face. A great excited joy began to well up in her. She could tell by his face that she *did* look nice. She *did!*

"You're going to be a very pretty young lady, honey," he said. Then after a pause he went on: "You're going to look a lot like your mother, and *she* was a *very* pretty young lady." He looked over her head at her mother, smiling as though he remembered something very pleasant. Then he leaned forward and kissed Margery on the forehead and then on the cheek.

A sudden wave of love for her father almost suffocated her. She threw her arms around his neck and hugged him fiercely, and he held her so close that she could feel when he started to laugh. She drew back, alarmed, and scanned his face anxiously.

"Baby," he said, still laughing, "will you do that to *every* man who says you're pretty?"

That was all right. He was kidding her, but it was a nice kind of kidding, the kind you do to people you like. She felt so close to him then that she could say almost anything.

"Hey, dad," she said, "if I do grow up to be pretty—if I really *do*—would you still feel sorry I'm not a boy?"

THE smile froze on his face. He looked so completely astonished that she wondered what she had said. A kind of horror came over his face, the way a boy might look at a tender little animal he has killed without meaning to.

Oh, she was so sorry she had spoken! Now she had worried him. "Daddy!" she cried, wanting to undo her words. "Daddy!"

He swallowed, and then took her by the shoulders and shook her a little. "Honey," he said, "you listen to me. It's so long since I wanted you to be a son that I can't even remember it. And ever since I really *knew* you, why," he went on, low-voiced and earnest, "I wouldn't change you for *anything!*" He looked at her long and steadily, so that she knew he meant every word of it.

"Daddy," she whispered lovingly, and nestled against him, and a hard, painful little kernel in the center of her being seemed to be melting out of existence there in his arms.

Her father held her in his lap, then, while he and her mother got to talking and laughing about something that happened long ago, before they were married. Mother seemed rather excited, somehow, and her father's voice was low and soft in his chest—she could feel it rumbling under her cheek.

Felice kept looking at her thoughtfully, and once when Margery looked up, Felice leaned over and said, "You stick to red, Marge. Red's for you."

Margery flushed with pleasure, feeling goose-pimply all over at her sister's confidential tone, which made it seem as though they had something private between them, a kind of business secret. Why, Felice would show her how to use a curler! She felt certain of it!

The thought of the curler came from a plan Margery had been pushing out of her mind for half of her life. Never having been aware of it, she was astonished when it popped, full-grown, into her mind. It was so thrilling she had to tell her father right away.

She took his hand and smiled up at him ecstatically as they went toward the dining room. "Daddy," she breathed, unconsciously pinching his hand in her excitement, "daddy, I'm gonna let my hair grow! I'm gonna wear it long and with curls!"

Ben looked down at her with shiny, loving eyes, and squeezed her hand in response. Then he looked across at her mother, and her mother looked back, her lips trembling a little, but not saying anything, and Margery thought, in warm surprise, *Why—why they can talk without words!* And from that time on she began to think less about boys as something you had to beat at their own game, and more about them as people you might communicate with, eventually, without words.


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## THAT'S HOW IT IS—

*(Continued from Page 49)*

"Possible? In such a country, mamma—and you will forgive me for the display of English—in such a country the question is rhetorical. In such a country anything is possible."

Then Lilla said, "I, too, shall now look for employment."

Mamma protested, "No. It is not fitting. And it is not necessary. I forbid it."

"Nevertheless, please forgive me, I must find work to do. I would also like to achieve a good education and become completely Americanized."

"But you are so young, Lilla. Hardly more than eighteen."

"The hardships have made me not so young any more, mamma."

"I also work," declared Georg, feeling somewhat left out of all this. "I go about collecting discarded woods and making things. See, even a great man such as papa does not collapse on the bench I sawed together with the tools the janitor lends me."

"This is a memorable time in our lives," said Mr. Torvik. "Soon the application for our citizenship can be made. Let us say a silent prayer of thanksgiving. I also anticipate my first payday. Ai! We will invite the surgeon Horla to come and have supper with us. We possess the table the American gave us, benches to sit upon, and a week to look forward. Now I—now I am a little tired from pushing. I think it will be to lie down a moment."

Like Mr. Torvik, Lilla also looked in the fine print in the back of the newspapers, where employment agencies advertised. There was no nice street dress she could wear, but she made herself as pretty as possible in the old dotted crepe that had once been mamma's, and sought out the address listed in the paper.

"Yes, miss," said a white-haired lady who took her application.

"I am a foreigner to this country, please," said Lilla. She was frightened; her heart beat violently beneath her boyish chest.

"What would you say you were best fitted for?"

"I ——"

"You've never worked before, is that it?"

Lilla nodded.

"Age?"

"Eighteen."

"Were you in school in Europe?"

"I am sorry, no," said Lilla. "You see, for four years we went from city to city so the Nazi police wouldn't kill us."

"Why did they want to kill you?" asked the white-haired lady.

"WHY?" Lilla was surprised at the question. "Because my papa is not capable to teach lies. They killed everybody they could. Isn't that known everywhere? But the English and the Russians and the Americans stopped them at last, and then our dream came true. Now we are in America, and almost every day we weep for joy. Is so beautiful a country. Forgive me!"

"Well ——" said the white-haired lady. "Lilla?"

"Yes. Lilla."

"I'll try to see if I can find a job for you, Lilla. Wait out in the anteroom until you hear from me. You're a pretty girl—I'm certain we'll manage to get you something."

In the anteroom Lilla sat on a bench. A newspaper lay there between herself and a young man. After a little while she took courage to speak. "Forgive, please. Is it yours—the ownership of this?"

He nodded. "Help yourself."

Lilla began reading the news items, but she could feel the young man's eyes on her. She became conscious of the mended places in the old crepe dress.

At last she heard his voice say, "Have any luck in there?"

"The lady said she will try to find me work."

"I'm out after a job in radio. I'm a radio mechanic."

Lilla did not know quite what to answer.

"I just came out of the Army," the young man explained. "It sure feels good to be back. You can't realize how much the old U. S. means to you until you think maybe you're never going to see it again."

Lilla glanced shyly at her companion. "In Europe you fought?"

He tossed his head in amusement. "In Africa I fought, and in Italy. In Holland and France and Germany I fought all over the place. Only I don't go around wearin' a suitful of buttons and ribbons, because I'll tell you why. I want to forget it, see. I'm not a veteran. I'm just a guy startin' out in life, looking for a job. I ——" He turned and looked at Lilla. "Well, you and me."

"Yes," said Lilla. A strange warmth had stolen over her as he spoke. It was as though she had known this young man in some previous existence. To prove her prescience, she said, "You were much wounded?"

HE laughed outright. "That's a funny way you speak. I wouldn't say I was much wounded. Of course, if you keep hanging around where the bullets are flyin', you're going to stop a couple. But I'm not the only G. I. with a Purple Heart. Look. My name's Chick Williams. What's yours?"

"Lilla Torvik. I am a foreigner here in this country."

"Glad to know you, Miss Torvik," said Chick. "Sometimes I feel a little lost in it myself, kind of all alone in the world." He became introspective, his eyes cast down between his newly bought shoes, and she wondered what he was thinking of. Suddenly a self-conscious smile broke out on his face. "Here," he said. Reaching into his pocket, he brought forth a package of chewing gum. "Help yourself."

Lilla had never chewed gum in her life, but she accepted the proffered slice.

Chick grinned. "Well, what do you say? You root for me, and I'll root for you. Bargain?"

"Root?" Then she remembered. "Oh, yes. Cheer." The warmness was turning into a hurting joy. "I will cheer very strongly that you get the job of your dreams."

The white-haired lady came out then. "That's all today," she announced. "We're working on your applications, so make sure to be here promptly on time tomorrow."

At dinner that evening Mrs. Torvik questioned Lilla closely about her experiences. Lilla's cheeks were pink with color, her dark eyes bright and shining. "Is it something that happens to excite you, Lilla?"

"No, mamma."

"You do not eat properly. Jan, I repeat myself. She is not ready to look for work. I worry. All day I think maybe a speeding truck overruns her, or is kidnaped or something."

"Mamma! Such things to speak!"

"Lilla can take care of herself," said Mr. Torvik.

"Today I met a typical, clean-cut American," Lilla informed her family. "In the employment agency. He too looks for work. We made up an interesting thing to do together."

"What is this you do with a strange man?" asked Mrs. Torvik.

Lilla laughed. "We made up a bargain to cheer together for each to get good jobs. Mamma and papa, I love it so, everything here that happens in America! In the old U. S. people are immediately friends. This man I met is a great hero of the war. Wounded he often was, which gives him serious heart trouble. His heart, he told me, is all purple."

Georg laughed so that the food made a ludicrous sound in his mouth.

"He chokes!" cried Mrs. Torvik.

Georg finally managed to swallow his food. "Mamma, she makes me so I almost die with fits." Turning to Lilla, he said, "Forgive me, sister. The Purple Heart is not a sickness, it's a medal for bravery."



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FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

Lilla was both annoyed and amused. "I said he was a hero, did I not?" Wanting to change the subject, she spoke to her father. "Did it go well, the pushing?"

"Already it is second nature," said Mr. Torvik. "Also today I spoke to Doctor Horla. Delightedly he accepts the invitation for our celebration. A very great man. So democratic."

"Nobody makes questions about my experiences," Georg complained, pouting a little.

"The dessert," said Mr. Torvik, "is always saved for last. Come, Graino, the experiences. The heroic with you is commonplace. We expect it."

"Me," said Georg, "I am today taken into membership at an American school. I am laughed at, which is natural. Also I am okay. After school they place stones in my shoes, after which I must put them on and run until I catch somebody. This is customary. It hurts my feet, but I finally catch a boy. They then pat me on the back and say I am okay. When they pat me, it gives me a beautiful feeling. I am liked!"

Jan Torvik tousled his son's hair. "Graino, disappointing performance is not in you. Please, humbly and with respect, I beg you not to call me Graino."

"It is said only with paternal affection."

"Papa, even with paternal affection, don't say it."

When all was quiet, and the lights put out for the night, Lilla lay on her mattress with her eyes open. It was unbelievable that the others could not hear the loud pounding of her heart. Staring up into the darkness, Lilla prayed: *Make him to have the position he seeks, Heavenly Father. Make him soon to find it. Only, dear Lord, make him not to find it too soon, because then it will be that I may never see him again.*

She felt little and lonely as the morning went by and he did not come. The bench in the employment agency made her bones ache, and each time the door opened her hopes would rise, only to be disappointed. *He is gone, that I know*, she thought. *Not even will he remember me.*

Finally the white-haired lady sent for Lilla. "Tomorrow morning report to this address. A person named Miss Jackson will give you a costume to put on. Then she will show you what to do. Good luck, Lilla. And let me know how you make out."

"Thank you very gratefully." She took the slip the lady handed her. The anticipated elation at securing a position was missing. She could not help it.

LILLA was strangely silent that night. In the morning she reported to the address on the piece of paper. It was a large restaurant. The person named Miss Jackson did indeed choose a stiffly starched blue-and-white costume for her to wear, then brought her into an immense kitchen faced by a huge metal wall. Into this wall were fixed hundreds of little cabinets containing an infinite variety of foods.

"All you do, Miss Torvik, is to watch for the doors to fly open on the other side where the customers are. You merely keep replacing the items in the empty ones from these tables. Is that clear?"

"Yes, clear, thank you."

While she worked Lilla tried to console herself with the thought that she could now help to support the family, that she could go to school and become truly Americanized. *How happy I am*, she sighed mournfully. *How nice it will be when papa and mamma learn that I am working at so splendid a job.* Her ankles ached a little when the day was over and she changed back into the dotted crepe.

At the employees' entrance he was waiting for her.

"Hi," he said matter-of-factly.

"Chick!" The name came out because for so long it had been on the tip of her tongue.

"I just had to find you and tell you. At first that old dame at the agency wouldn't give me your address, but I finally wormed it out of her." He grinned. "I guess we both did some wholesale rootin' for each other, huh? That same night they sent me a telegram to my room to report to this big outfit downtown. And here you are with a job too! Like it?"

"Yes, thank you."

"I ——" He handed her another stick of gum. "Well, I just had to find you and tell you."

NEITHER of them knew what to say next.

"I'll walk to the corner with you," said Chick at last.

At the corner Lilla held out her hand. "Good-by. Good-by, Chick."

"Good-by," said Chick. "It sure was swell, the way things turned out, wasn't it?"

"It sure was swell," said Lilla. She turned her dark eyes up and tried to smile. "Good-by, Chick."

"What way do you go?" he asked.

"I live upon Third Avenue."

"Say, I'm going that way myself. My room's —— Would it be all right if I took your arm?"

"Of course," said Lilla.

They walked in silence through the busy streets of the city.

Finally Lilla said, "I think I like us to say good-by here, Chick, because my family is very poor yet in America and we live in not too nice a block."

"But —— All right, Lilla."

It was the first time he had said her name. It sounded like a hundred violins singing through her chest. "Well—good-by."

"But can't I see you again?"

"Do you want to, Chick?"

"Sure. You can tell me how you like it in your new job, and I'll tell you about mine. How about tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow night."

The next evening, at dinner, Lilla casually mentioned that she was meeting her acquaintance of the employment agency.

"So soon you are falling in love, Lilla?" said Mrs. Torvik.

"Who falls in love?" Lilla involuntarily raised her hand to her chest.

"Everyone, sometime. But it is not proper to have friendships in the street. If it is the right kind, bring him to the home that we may look on him."

"But, mamma, I —— This clean-cut American, what will he think? It is yet so poor we are. Maybe he misunderstands about papa being a subway pusher. I am ashamed that he should come to our home without furniture in it."

"Ashamed of papa? Ashamed of our home?" Mrs. Torvik put down her knife and fork. "Is this what you call being Americanized? Better we should have stayed in Europe!"

"Now, mamma," said Mr. Torvik soothingly. "Is nothing to become excited about. A girl, it is natural to be sensitive. Once we were young, too, Sada."

"Never was I ashamed of my parents."

"How can you talk so, mamma?" cried Lilla. "I ——" Suddenly she burst into tears.

*(Continued on Page 147)*

## *Return*

**By Stella Weston Tuttle**

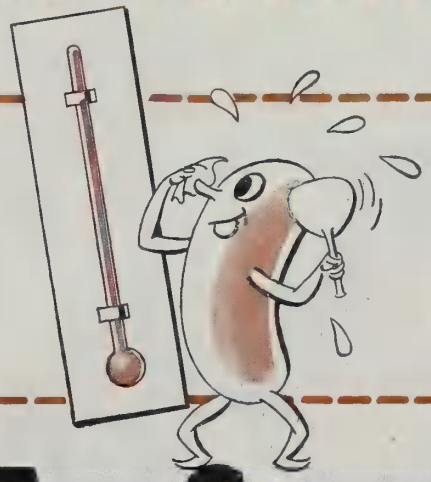
Hushed lies the meadow,
Mute lies the lane;
Someone beloved
Is coming again—

Someone approaches;
See how the fern
Shines where her sandals
Casually turn

Into our valley;
See how each stem
Trembles at knowing
The touch of her hem.

Lovely as morning,
Light as the deer,
She pauses on tiptoe:
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(Continued from Page 145)

"Now see what comes," sighed Mr. Torvik.

"I'm sorry, papa. I"—Lilla dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief—"I didn't mean. He is so—so well bred, the handsome American. I only feared he might think we were ignorant foreigners."

"Dear Lilla," said Mr. Torvik, "that is what we are—ignorant foreigners. Better it should be to ask him here, whatever may happen. Mamma is right. Street friendships are not proper. Love does not flourish in dark corners."

"Papa, no one says he has love. Only interest, to know about each other's jobs."

"Then let the interest be healthy and without shame. Invite him that he should come to dinner on Saturday and observe the good fortune that is ours."

They sat on a park bench. Stars appeared in the sky as darkness fell. "Lilla." He pronounced the name strangely.

"Yes."

"I think we're falling in love."

Her heart contracted inside her. Gropingly she reached out for his hand.

"Is it all right, Lilla? Do you want it to happen?"

"I want it to," she whispered.

"Only I think it happened to me a long time ago."

"To me it happened when you offered the gum and wanted us to cheer for each other."

"Are you happy?"

"What can I say? It is like a thousand violins singing through my body. It is all the music that was ever played going on inside me. Yet, I am afraid."

"Afraid?"

"My papa ——" She swallowed. "We are poor and ignorant foreigners." A sigh escaped her. "On Saturday night we are making a little dinner for Doctor Horla, our sponsor in America. Maybe it is better that you should come then and see what we are like before—before ——"

"I—all right, Lilla. I'll be glad to come if you want me to." He grew silent, as though there was something he wanted to say and could not.

Saturday afternoon Lilla and Mrs. Torvik worked on the blue gown.

"Mamma, I can't wear it. I can't!"

"What foolishness is this?"

"Suddenly it becomes old-fashioned in my eyes. So old-fashioned and European it looks. Mamma, I am afraid. Is like a hard rock inside my chest. If the American looks down on us, my heart will break. Never again will I have love. Mamma, don't make me wear it."

Mrs. Torvik slipped it on over Lilla's head. "Now you are a woman, and beautiful. If you have love, the time for childishness is past. Ai! Here is papa with the wine."

"Red wine!" cried Mr. Torvik, holding aloft two large bottles. "With roast a red wine. Does Graino return yet with the glasses from the ten-cent store?"

"Already," said Mrs. Torvik. "He is now upon a mission to acquire another chair from our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Markoff."

"Papa, I am so nervous I die little deaths inside me. Ugly I look in my gown, I know. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Do nothing, darling Lilla." He went to her and drew her head upon his shoulder. "So much we have been through, never losing the courage."

"I know, papa. But the strength can only stand so much. If I lose the American, I think I would not like to live."

Mr. Torvik stroked her hair gently. "Let us see what God wills. If ——" A knock sounded on the door.

Doctor Horla and young Williams arrived almost simultaneously. There was a little period of uncomfortable strangeness at dinner, which Mr. Torvik exerted himself to overcome with politely suggestive bits of conversation and much pouring of claret wine. Chick seemed deliberately to keep his eyes away from Lilla.

When the meal was over, Doctor Horla smiled at his protégés. "Torvik, I have a pleasant announcement to make." The doctor turned to Chick. "Are we curious people to you, Mr. Williams? Do we act like foolish peasants but lately transplanted to a new soil? Allow me to observe that this young lady's father is a respected historian, with several standard volumes to his credit. Come, fetch me a light for my cigar, Graino."

Chick looked down at his plate.

"A preface, my good friends. A little build-up, as we Americans say. Lately it has come to my ears that an excellent

# The Notion Counter

*By Elizabeth Metcalf*

MY FRIEND pulled the old dust-writing reprimand by scrawling her maid's name in the dust she found under her small daughter's bed. The next morning the maid was indignant. "You misspelled my name!" she complained. . . . Your small son will be both intrigued and impressed if you toss off to him the information that most trains that run east in the United States have even numbers, those that run west have odd numbers. . . . Remember how long hair crackled when you brushed it? There are other nice sounds around the house: clothes being plunged into thick suds; apple biting; sheets flapping on the clothesline; batter beating; the closing of a thick book; a zipper's zipping; and the wind around the corner when it means business.

My friend now has a daughter at Sarah Lawrence. But she still thinks she was a pretty smart bride because she spent her last unmarried sixty seconds doing knee bends in the church vestibule. Then her knees didn't crack audibly when she knelt at the altar. . . . The most thoughtful doctor I know holds a child's tongue down with a lollipop when he takes a look down a small throat. . . . My cousin drives moths mad by putting up her sweaters for the summer. She "cans" each sweater by sealing it in a mason jar.

An eyelash curler has a practical side. A long-lashed husband will find that a good crimp with a curler will keep his eyelashes from rubbing against the lenses of his glasses. . . . Have you ever tried a few drops of angostura bitters on your grapefruit, or on a lamb chop?

"Boy, oh boy, I'm sure going to be a minister when I grow up!" he said when he got home from Sunday school. "Just an hour's work on Sunday and you're all through!" . . . I never tire of the way the second phone is answered when my morning call to the grocery is pushed on. "Meat market," says a cheery voice. "That handsome butcher speaking."

I resent the fact that I can't prick up my ears and turn one in a chosen direction, as so many talented animals can do. And how I wish I could shiver a small patch of my skin to flick off a fly while sun bathing, a gift possessed by any old broken-down horse. . . . The men will be delighted if they find a bowlful of plain, peeled hard-cooked eggs and a big salt shaker among all those dainty hors d'oeuvres.

Our town's most devoted husband pushes his car out of the drive many a morning, so the motor won't awaken his sleeping wife. . . . The teacher asked the children the meaning of the word "conquer." The example given: "When I get mad at my sister, I conk 'er."




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America's favorite salad takes on real party sparkle when it's dressed up with Durkee's Dressing. For this rich, golden dressing is a subtle combination of rare spices that works wonders on salads, whether it's used alone or in combination with other dressings. Try it! And for the final touch, add a dash of Durkee's Celery Seed. You'll relish its delightful tang!

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Boil 4 large potatoes in jackets. Peel; while warm, dice; add salt, pepper, 1 chopped onion, and ½ tsp. Durkee's Celery Seed. Blend ½ c. Durkee's Dressing, ½ c. mayonnaise; mix well into salad. Garnish with tomatoes. Write for other salad recipes and 10 salad dressing tips, Durkee's, Dept. LJ6-6, Elmhurst, L. I.




Want your family and guests to enjoy every last morsel of your cookies? Then for flavor and richness use Durkee's Margarine. Notice how much better your cookies taste! Durkee's is so mild, so sweet, so country-fresh in flavor. Smooth and perfectly blended, too. No wonder youngsters love it on bread—good cooks prefer Durkee's for cooking, baking, frying! This top quality margarine is famous for food value as well as economy. It's enriched with Vitamin A.

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private school for girls is in need of a history teacher. An invitation to take the position will be made to Jan Torvik in a day or two. Later, when the citizenship is granted, perhaps a position in a public school."

Mr. Torvik was dumfounded. "I am again to teach history?" He sat down limply in a chair. "This makes me to wish I had not eaten so much food for dinner."

When it was time to leave Chick said to Mrs. Torvik, "Would it be all right if Lilla came out for a little walk? I'll see that nothing happens to her."

Outdoors it was almost dusk. He seemed preoccupied and introspective. She followed along silently by his side, trying to lengthen her footsteps to match his. Unable to bear the suspense, Lilla said finally in a small voice, "Is it my dress, Chick?"

"Huh? Oh, yes. It's about the prettiest dress I ever saw." He turned his head and looked down into her wide eyes. "Lilla, I don't know how to tell you this."

"Tell me what?" She swallowed painfully.

"What I've been keeping from you."

"I don't understand. Is another girl?"

"Of course not. It's something I should have explained right away. I—I can't ask you to meet my parents, Lilla, or visit me in my home."

"You can't?" The words were almost inaudible.

"No. You see, I haven't got a home. I was brought up in an orphanage. Maybe your family wouldn't want you to marry a nobody like me."

"A nobody, Chick?"

"You must be pretty proud of a father like you have, being a teacher and all. I guess I acted kind of dumb the whole evening, but I was afraid of saying something wrong. I wanted them to like me. Do you think maybe they might come to like me after a while, Lilla?"

Lilla raised her head and gazed up into the starry sky. "Oh, Chick, is so beautiful the night. Never will I want to forget this moment, not so long as I live."

## OUR READERS WRITE US

*(Continued from Page 13)*

nearest him and exhibits similar weaknesses as his own. He must also happen to have a little surplus calcium in his system.

The best source of calcium is milk. Bananas and raw turnips are also valuable. When a man has had from one to two quarts of milk a day, combined with other good food, he is qualified to choose a girl who will suit him for life.

But if he has been fed on candy bars and soft drinks, his supply of calcium is low. Then he must have the spicy, exotic, flashy, and his "love" doesn't last long.

The wife's charm and abilities have nothing to do with the success of a marriage.

Good food and a quart of milk a day for every boy would solve the divorce problem.

No, I'm not the disgruntled spouse of a badly fed husband. I'm a girl in my late teens, but these things seem to me to be perfectly obvious. Sincerely,

MARY WALD LANGDON.

### Nothing New Under the Sun

*Urbana, Illinois.*

*Dear Editors:* A reader asks Mrs. Roosevelt if the quotation, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," was original with the late President. The reply is: "It was an original saying, if there is anything really original!"

Henry D. Thoreau anticipated Mr. Roosevelt by eighty years. September 7, 1851, Thoreau wrote in his Journal: "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear."

Very truly yours,

JOHN J. REA.

### Rural Children Need Education Too

*Decatur, Mississippi.*

*Dear Editor:* We read appalling things about the schools. Of adults age twenty-five or over, 3,000,000 have never been to school; 13 per cent have not completed the fourth grade. Schoolteachers are paid less than field laborers, charwomen, mill hands. Almost 300,000 teachers have left the profession since Pearl Harbor. Enrollments in colleges preparing teachers have declined 60 per cent.

I speak as a county supervisor of rural schools in a state low in statistical ranking as to educational opportunity, and frankly "the half has never yet been told." Even before Pearl Harbor rural-school conditions were bad. Then many teachers deserted for higher wages. City schools, stripped of teachers, turned to the smaller towns and skimmed the cream of their teacher crop. "Just send me a teacher, any teacher!" went up the desperate cry. Although the war is over, the cry still goes out. "It doesn't matter what she can teach. It isn't qualifications—it's a teacher I'm wanting!"

Today I am trying to work with teachers who do not have an hour of college training; teachers who are not as educated as the children in their classes; teachers using emergency licenses, who could not pass any form of teacher examination.

This is what I see as I go into my schools: Material on blackboards, written by teachers, with common words misspelled. Teachers who do not know how to perform simple operations in arithmetic. Teachers who use miserable English.

Mercifully, our teachers are not all like that! Some have stood stanchly by, shining lights in the darkest situation that has ever confronted our rural schools. But *every teacher who takes into her hands the molding of the lives of a nation's children should be equipped with those qualifications essential to the best teaching.*

May I paint a picture of a rural-school child of the United States of America, typical of hundreds of thousands?

He has a bright mind, but it does not function. When he started to school, about all he had ever known was an environment of hard work and hard living. In his schoolroom, the major part of the equipment consists of free textbooks, furnished by the state. A few backless, outdated readers make up his library. He has never seen a wall map, and his teacher has not bothered with the maps in geography. He has a scientific mind, and a science textbook, but there is no equipment through which to verify its statements. He loves to sing, but there has never been any music in his school. His reading consists of calling words. His teacher listens as he stumbles through it, probably unacquainted with its meaning herself.

Every thoughtful citizen knows that a child who attends a school where the average expenditure is only $40 per pupil is not getting educational opportunity to compare with schools where average child expenditure is $150. The child from the $40-a-year school is not merely a local problem. He is a universal problem and a nation's responsibility. This country has ample resources to provide an adequate education for every child. My rural child deserves the best school, an attractive building with library and modern equipment, a teacher well trained, resourceful and imaginative, the opportunity to develop wholesome attitudes and right thinking, and happy living. He is an American too. Sincerely,

MRS. MAUD W. HUNTER.

### Sending Journals Abroad

*San Francisco, California.*

*Dear Editors:* I have just read your letter from Mrs. Eli Lund of Sandvika, Norway. Isn't there some way those of us who receive the JOURNAL regularly could forward our copies to her and others like her, who have been through so much?

Sincerely yours,

MRS. NORMAN ROBERTS.

The cost of postage for sending 12 secondhand JOURNALS abroad is at present about the same as the cost of a year's gift subscription. But readers who wish to send such a subscription to JOURNAL friends in other countries may send in their names for that purpose. ED.





### Black's Eulogy On a Country Churchyard

*The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.*

*My dears:* It was a sad week. Mr. Humphreys, of the post office and village shop, died and was buried under a mound of daffodils. He was the strength and stay of the village, and ruled his shop with a rod of iron. He always looked a bit like an admiral on the quarter-deck, but he never got the way some folks did, as if they *liked* not being able to sell anything.

I have always thought I would hate to be buried in the cold, cold ground, but whenever I go to these country funerals I am not so sure. There is something very friendly about it, the neighbors in their tombs clustering around just as they did in life at a party.

*Later.* Mary and her baby, who I believe I once called Gentle Annie, to tea. What a child! At this early age it has discovered one magic word which will bring its mother instantly to its side, and get it removed from any boring situation without fail. And it makes full use of that word, and we none of us care to risk anything, although we know quite well it can't *possibly* mean it again so very soon. I had forgotten at how early an age guile is born in the human heart.

*Later.* Mary's Nigel is home on ten days' leave, before going off to Palestine. He won't be stationed at home again for years. It seems sad, when they love their little home, and one another, so much, but they are so good about it. Mary's next baby is due in August. He may get some leave to have a look at it before he is whizzed off again.

*Later.* We had a fearful thrill, with the return of Sales. There were one or two in London after coupon rates for winter coats suddenly came down. Women flocked madly, in a real old-time jostle, and for once there seemed to be something to buy in the shops. We are also slightly over-excited at the rumor that sheets and towels may be off the ration soon.

This is a season of moves. So many people have gone, and strange faces have suddenly appeared in the village, to be glowered at, in truly British fashion, by the Old Inhabitants. No one ever makes a move until the newcomer has been vetted by the Hon. Mrs. Cecil (and, I fancy, her butler Jackson). If passed by them, we advance cautiously. Why are we as a nation so timid, socially? This problem never seems to arise out your way. How I loved the easy friendliness to all and sundry, which never seemed to commit you to anything. Maybe it is because our island is so small, and it is less easy to escape the bugbear, once acquired. Whilst you-all can simply buzz off to Arizona, or Martha's Vineyard.

My love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK.

### Journal Gives Her a Complex

*Pryor, Oklahoma.*

*Dear Editors:* Your magazine gives me the most amazing inferiority complex. Dorothy Thompson, first, with her sane, sensible, efficient articles on world affairs. Next is your fashion section with pictures of smooth, salubrious young ladies with shining immaculate hair and impeccable complexions.

Ann Batchelder! Alas, I am undone!

Since I became a mother, I've ventured into the social whirl but once. I attempted to aid my sister-in-law when she entertained the Young Baptist Matrons' Study Circle. At 4 in the afternoon, L. hit J. in the nose with a baseball bat. J.'s nose bled all the way across the front hall, sitting room, bedroom, bath. By 5 P.M. the nosebleed was stopped, the house remopped. At 6, N. broke out with hives and 102° temperature. At 7, I, who had been sent to the rented locker for refreshments, discovered to my horror that "Str B" stood, not for Strawberries but for String Beans.

Marcelene Cox always gives me that frustrated feeling; I'd like a literary career myself. Gladys Taber's descriptions are uplifting, stimulating. But dear heaven! It is obvious the woman has an overactive thyroid. Just reading about her accomplishments leaves me inarticulate.

All this, dear editors, and Eleanor too. Honestly! INAPT ANNIE.

*(Mrs. John Wesley Sturges.)*


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# STILL PROUD TO BE A TEACHER

*By Mary Eleanore Grant*

THEY say we teachers are doing a poor job. In our grade schools, they say, we beat tom-toms and mold candles and call it teaching American history; in high school many of the boys and girls are simpletons, so confused from twelve years in public school that we teachers should hide our heads in shame. Our poor darlings think Stonewall was Old Hickory. They aren't sure whether Jefferson Davis or Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. And some 1012 out of 2216 can't think what is the capital of Maine.

Well, for eight and one half years I have been teaching, and I am still proud to be a teacher. At our school United States history is taught—in the high school and in junior high. I know, because I am the teacher. Each morning I drive nine miles to my school. In my mind are plans for the day. I wonder if it is to be a good day or an almost-good day. I hope it will not be a bad day.

A good day means that the children will be tolerant with one another and with me. It means quiet halls, orderly lines, clean floors, sociable study, and during lessons an atmosphere of good will.

A bad day means that the children will be edgy with one another and with me. It means noise that you can't put your finger on. It means malicious little notes protruding from girls' books. It means boys and girls staying in at recess. A bad day comes seldom. It is the almost-good day I expect.

The air in my room is faintly suggestive of chalk dust, peanut-butter sandwiches and boys' sweaty gym shoes. I water my flowers, raise the shades and see to the radiators. I lay my lesson plans on the desk and wait.

Most of the children arrive in a hilarious mood. I see once again Tom's unwashed face, Jane's long braids, Susan's red coat with dog hairs all over it. I hear, too, the dragging slide of Kitty's lame foot on the stair steps. I see Bill toss on my desk a salt bag of coins. I watch him write "$10.56 payed, Bill" on the blackboard under War Stamps. As I count pennies, nickels, dimes my desk litters with a real Japanese bill, last night's homework, a bottle of toothache medicine and a note from Ray's mom.

School begins. We start with a Bible story. We have arithmetic, and I dare to hope that Dot at last understands division. We have geography. We progress from lesson to lesson. In history we study about the battle of New Orleans, but Bill can think of nothing but Japs. He tells us again of his brother's shooting down nine planes.

At last it is dismissal time. The children march from the building and I return to my desk. It has been an almost-good day. The children learned. And Susan wrote a beautiful two paragraphs on dogs. I gather together the countless papers on my desk, placing Susan's composition on top. It is heartening to have a Susan in the class. As I look back, I can remember many Susans.

That is why I cannot understand the criticism of our graduates. There must be something solid back of our good sailors and soldiers and marines. Surely our boys and girls have proved themselves in war plants and hospitals and colleges.

It should be remembered that the average eighteen and nineteen year old is not yet mature. He can fight for his country, yes. He can work at a job that is part of the war. But he is too immature to care greatly for such things as historical background, good music, proper language and conduct. For the typical young person of today is full of the jitters; he resents culture. More than once I have heard a student apologize for an A grade. It was something he had to minimize in order to rate with his gang.

How well we teachers know the stress laid upon the modern child. For the material we are receiving each morning from the homes is not quite up to the mark of some years ago. Children are no longer so pleasant to teach. Too many comic and movie magazines accompany the child to school. He seems tired, in need of rest and a wholesome breakfast. In his pockets jingle too many dimes, quarters and fifty-cent pieces. He eyes his schoolbooks and teacher with resentment. He wants entertainment.

Parents are fond of saying that children are more "free" today than they used to be. Then the parents look with question at the public schools. But school discipline depends on more than the efficiency of teachers. There are such things as home background and parents' attitudes to consider.

Take the radio, for instance. To whom do children listen most frequently on our national hook-ups? The strident voices of men and women who act well the part of nitwits. Gorgeous, glamorized exciting nitwits. They brag about their own school failures. They roast teacher unmercifully. Our top radio comedians insult one another. They make petty, malicious remarks. All this makes a good show for adults, but the effect on children is different. Some of us teachers wonder why parents don't find more suitable entertainment for their children.

If our graduates do not appear to do well in their postschool exams, look for more than one source at fault. If we err, correct us—but with good manners, if you please.

Only yesterday I sat in a restaurant and heard a man rant against schoolteachers until I could not drink my soda. For more than an hour he quoted and misquoted some article he had read. He repeated quips his ten-year-old daughter had made about her teacher. I was not amused. My friends smiled at me and said I did not look much like a schoolteacher. I was supposed to be mollified.

Well, I am still proud to be a teacher.



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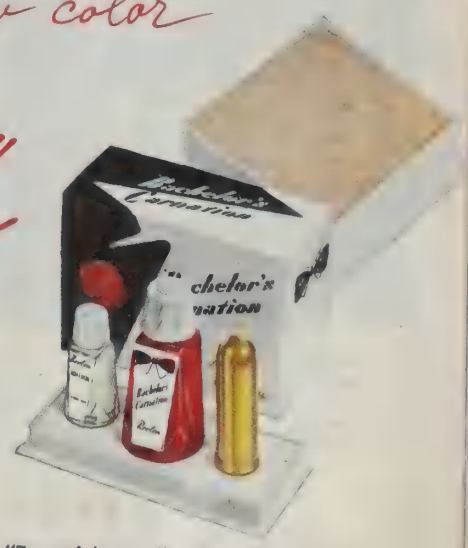
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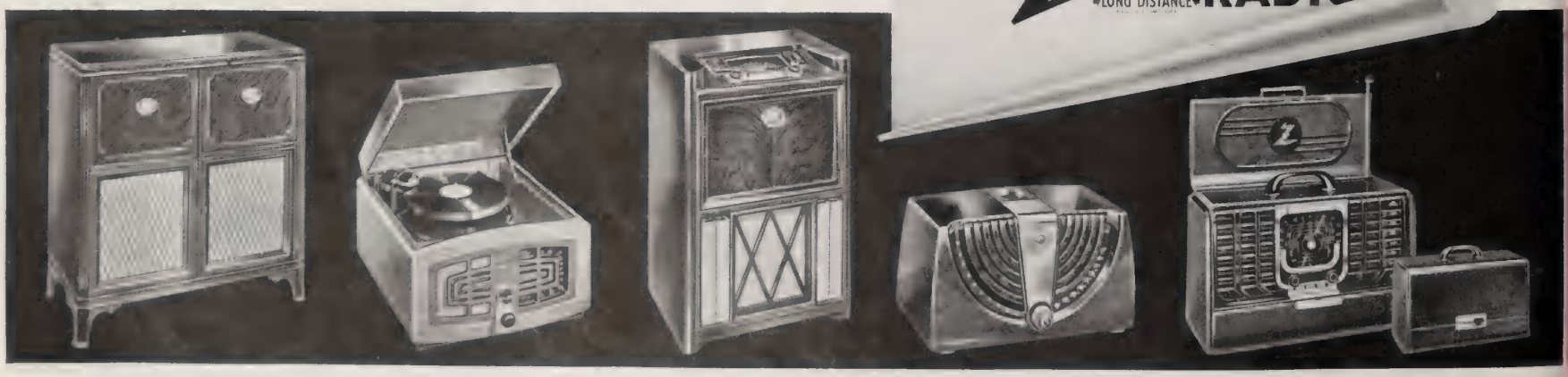
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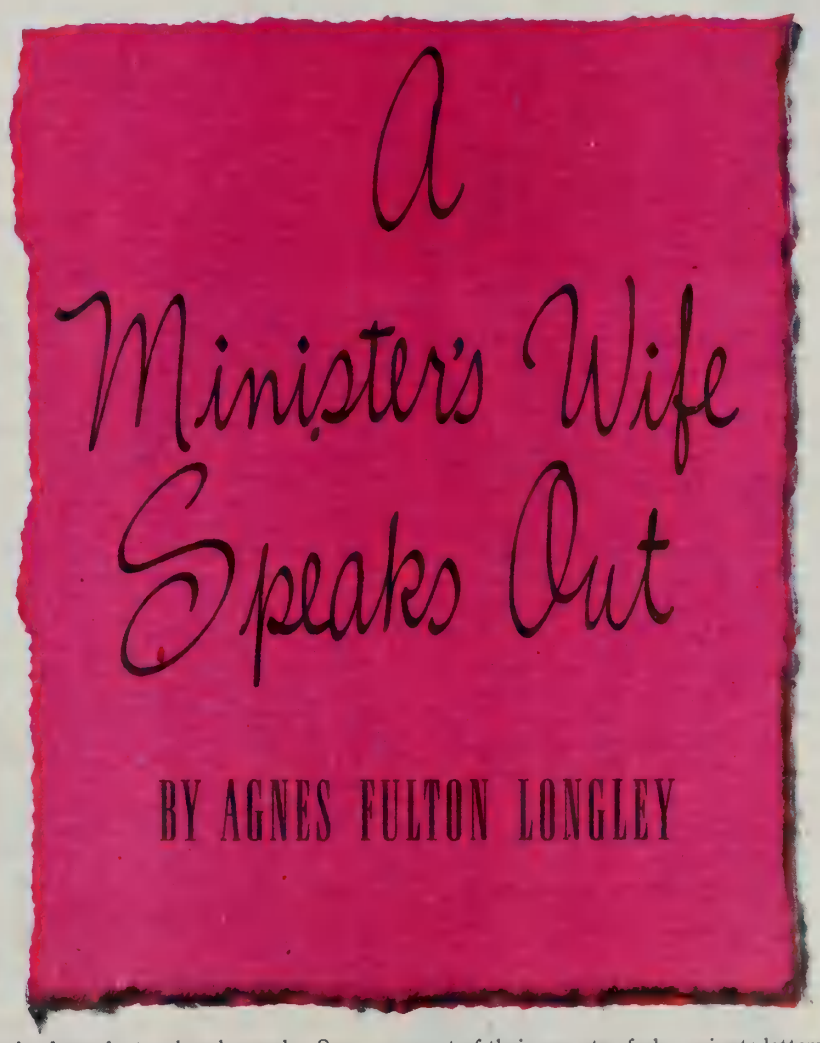
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# IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT A MINISTER HAS TO PUT UP WITH, ASK A WIFE WHO OWNS ONE




OFTEN, in the early years of my marriage, I was asked this question: "Well, how do you like being a minister's wife?" It was as if we were things set apart like gems in Tiffany's window or, according to the point of view, freaks in a circus. I have only one answer: "I like being this clergyman's wife very much and I haven't tried any other. After all, I married a man and not a profession."

Nevertheless, I do think that the wife of any professional man, to a certain extent, marries his profession also—just as we all marry, to a certain extent, the families of our husbands. As in everything else in life, I like some things about this, and some things I dislike. Let's look at the latter first in the ascending order of their importance.

I dislike not ever having quite enough money. We have to figure out whether to get bicycles for all three children or send to camp the one who needs it most. We have to choose always between the several things, none of them wildly extravagant, we want to do. And we always will have to choose. We'll never be able to say, "Wouldn't it be fun to take the children up to New York for a couple of weeks—so educational, you know?" and then do it. We even have to decide whether to have roast beef or chicken this week, for we can't have both. I don't believe we appreciate the chicken any more next week. I would like them both this week.

I don't like to have people say that the ministry is an easy job, with nothing to do except on Sundays. The clergyman and the doctor are probably the busiest two people in town. My next husband is going to be one who has a nine-to-five job and a five-day week. I once said to my husband, "Why work so hard? You won't live so long that way." His reply was, "If I worked twenty-four hours a day to the end of a long life, there wouldn't be time enough to do all there is to be done." And there echoed in my heart, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

I dislike the boors—like the one who said, "You're careful, I see, not to excommunicate those who give a great deal of money." Of course he didn't know what he was talking about, for we don't excommunicate anybody. They disassociate themselves from the Church. The Church yearns for her children and wants and urges them to return to her at any time they wish. And yet she does not run after them. Our Lord, you will remember, looked on the rich young ruler and yearned for him; but there is no record that He ran after him to bring him back. The gospel of Jesus and His Church must draw people because they want and need something outside themselves more powerful than they are; and no lure or coaxing will accomplish this result.

I dislike in churches the volunteer help that welshes on the job. In the average parish, the clergyman is largely dependent on volunteer help. Often it is loyally given under inconvenient circumstances, and he is most grateful for it. But almost as often Mrs. Jones calls to say that her seventh cousin has caught cold and so she won't be able to do the work as she promised to do. And she does hope it will be all right. And if the Rev. Mr. Husband should say that "No, it won't be all right—the whole plan will fail without Mrs. Jones' part," Mrs. Jones is as likely as not to hang up in a huff and never darken the church door again.

So friend husband does the polite thing and tells her that he is awfully sorry about the cold (which is true) and that it is perfectly all right (which isn't true). And where does that leave the dear rector who has carefully laid out plans, organized them with care, launched them with enthusiasm and seen them frustrated? Well, the clergy seem to be made of sterner stuff than most of us mortals. They see businessmen carry through plans with the benefit of paid help or know the reason why not. The clergy must work with volunteers and never question why if the plan goes sour.

And, oh, I dislike the "holier-than-thous" who draw their figurative skirts aside while they say, "Go to church? With all those hypocrites? Why, just look at Mr. So-and-So in your church. He drinks like a fish and yet he goes to church. Why he goes, I wouldn't know; perhaps for show? Anyway, I know he can't mean it." But the clergyman has seen in this man a person who has put up a magnificent fight against well-nigh overwhelming odds. It has been a greater fight than I trust I shall ever have to make, for I am not at all sure that I should do as well. What do such commenters think the church is—a band of saints singing psalms for the sinners? Rather it is a band of sinners seeking help, some of whom have humility enough to cry, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner." I suspect that such people are merely rationalizing, giving themselves a reason for not being church people. Some remnant of their ancestry feels more comfortable if they can explain a little. Well, why not be honest and stop hiding behind a subterfuge? I have no quarrel with those who, with honest sincere conviction, find that they cannot accept God. I am sorry for them; for such a conclusion often leads to perplexity, cynicism and despair. There is a better way. But they are honest, and I will take them in preference to those who make the frailties and imperfections of church members their reasons for not going.

And I dislike the chronic objectors, the always-on-the-opposition-bench kind. I don't mean the tradition-respectors; I mean the tradition-bound, the good-enough-for-grandpa-good-enough-for-me kind. They are as bad in their way as those who think everything new is good because it is new.

But I dislike most of all the gossips. I don't mean the news dispensers. Everyone is interested in the latest romance or the newest baby. I dislike the malicious gossips, the talebearers, the prejudgers who, without knowing all the facts, run across the street to Mrs. Jones and around the corner to Mrs. Brown and up the road to Mrs. Smith, saying, "Have you heard ——" "I've been told ——" "They say ——" until their buzzing is heard from one end of town to the other. Not long since I talked at length with a young minister a very few years out of the seminary. He had come out, as most of them do, filled with a consuming desire to do all he could to advance the Kingdom of God on earth. Slowly the unkind gossip, the carping criticism, the petty intrigues are breaking his heart. As he told me about it, a little of my heart broke for him. I am certain that he has made mistakes. I am certain that he will make more so long as he tries to take positive action forward. But mistakes can be corrected by the exercise of Christian charity.

The gossips don't irritate me—they sadden me. All groups of any size have them, but they seem particularly out of place in a church. The Christian Church is a fellowship of love whose members have *chosen* to follow Jesus—to try to be like Him. Can you imagine the gentle majestic Jesus sidling up to Peter, saying, "By the way, have you heard the latest about John?" Then scurrying to Andrew: "Don't quote me, but I've been told that James ——" Then rushing off to Philip: "They say that Bartholomew ——" Jesus could be righteously indignant; but first He knew His facts and then He spoke directly.

Gossips cause sorrow and heartache, but in the long run they do little harm. Soon or late, each of us becomes known for what he is, and our words are valued accordingly. I have never yet known a talebearer, a malicious gossip—and one cannot be for twenty years the wife of a man in a semipublic position without having known several gossips—who was not, soon or late, hoist on his own petard. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." The ancient truth whose modern version is "Chickens come home to roost" forever holds true. Nor have I ever yet known one who was not at heart an unhappy, frustrated person.

Finally, I dislike the fact that, as a rule, one in the ministry can make few intimate friends. The clergy have few roots in places. A clergyman and his wife cannot have the friendships which are apt to come when grandparents and parents and children have all lived in the same community. Then, too, our leisure time does not coincide with that of other people—we of the ministry, I and my husband. We are busy on week ends and holidays when others are free. Nevertheless, I do have on my desk at this minute letters from three friends in widely separated parts of the country, and each one represents a friendship that has endured in spite of separation. And yet we do miss the closeness that would come if they were here.

My attitude toward the people represented by some of these dislikes has gone through five stages. The first was fear. I feared their gibes and I hated being ridiculed. Then I progressed to pity. These people do not see how much of themselves they reveal. Thirdly, I was amused and I still am. The sight of people setting themselves up as authorities on subjects of which they know little has its elements of humor—albeit cruel humor, I grant. And of course there is probably no subject upon which people are more likely to set themselves up as authorities than on religion. Next, I was contemptuous. Who did these people think they were—setting

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themselves up as monitors over an organism which has lived two thousand years? But that is all passed, except for some inward amusement, and I am now in the final stage of my thinking about them. I have come to excuse them. They simply do not know. And if they do not know, they cannot be held to account. I admit it still rankles in my soul when someone implies that the Church caters to the rich. After twenty years of marriage I can still say that I have never known my husband—never once—to have an ulterior motive. If anything, he neglects the rich to spend more time shepherding the poor.

But our life is not made up entirely or even largely of entries on the red side of the ledger. Maybe we don't have much money, but we have enough. After all, a surfeit of material possessions does blind people to spiritual values. We need only to look around us—and not very far at that—to see that money does not make happiness. I would not like to be poor and have to see my children undernourished or with clothes so makeshift that they were marked as apart from their fellows. But keeping up with the Joneses is a great waste of time and energy in a race you can't win. The Bible says, "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God . . . and all these *things* shall be added unto you." That's true and it works.

I like the fact that a clergyman's work makes for a busy, many-sided life. The minister should have knowledge in many fields. He must be a better-than-amateur psychiatrist. He must, if he is to succeed in interpreting the message of Christ in a modern day, have at least a working knowledge of social trends. He must know how to get along with people—must be a man of sympathy and understanding. He should be a good administrator. He should be a good speaker. In fact, I know of no other profession whose members should be such all-round men.

I like the thoughtful kindly people who make life a constant joy. They are like a broad deep river flowing quietly, steadily onward toward its goal. Many people do many things which warm your heart. I remember the Sunday on which the first every-member canvass took place after our coming to our present parish. My husband arrived at the church at seven A.M., held three services during the morning, and stayed there until ten that night. It never entered my head that he might get hungry during that time. But we have a dear sweet person who lives near the church who not only thought of it but did something about it—she brought over his dinner complete!

Then there was the vestryman who asked us all to lunch on the day we moved in—and continued the invitation for all three meals for five straight days! I could go on and on about people just being kind and thoughtful to their minister and his family. Most of those who are interested in the work of the church are unbelievably reliable, too; good workers who give of themselves unstintingly.

I LIKE our wide contacts. On Monday night we dine at the Muchmoneys'. The women are beautifully gowned, the service is faultless, the menu exhaustive—from terrapin through guinea hen to chocolate soufflé. Tuesday night we dine with the Havelittles. The menu is meat loaf, cabbage salad, cornstarch pudding—all put on the table at once. Do I enjoy both these parties? I do. I have learned from these valuable contacts that the worth and integrity of Henry Havelittle and Mortimer Muchmoney are the same; and the prospects of a good time are as great in one place as the other.

I like so many things—we both do—that we can't help having a lot of fun. We like the theater; music—all kinds; good talk; baseball games; books; the ocean; a game of bridge, if we can play it with a couple of good friends whose game is about like ours—incidental to the companionship.

I like thinking back over some of the funny things that have happened. I have chuckled for twenty years over something which happened that long ago. As a young bride I was fair game for all peddlers who came to the door. I bought everything. Finally I gave myself a pep talk and decided to buy nothing. One day the bell rang, and on opening the door I found an old man there with a basket of grapes. "Good morning," I said. "I don't believe I want any grapes today." He replied, "Don't you? They're very nice grapes." "I'm sure they are, but I won't have any." "I think you'd like them," he urged. At this I became exasperated and said quite crisply, "Maybe I would, but I have a whole grapevine in my garden, and besides, *I don't want any grapes!*" He just looked at me—and then it exploded on my numb brain that this was old Mr. Tubbs, a parishioner from the country, bringing me a gift of a basket of grapes! Oh, horror! Oh, despair! I gasped out my apologies, asked him in, and we had quite a visit.

**Slander resembles counterfeit money. Many people have great scruples to coin it; but little to pass it along.**

**It is easy to tell one lie: hard to tell but one.**

I LIKE most of all the way of looking at life which being a clergyman's wife has brought to me. The most important thing in life is the living of it, and our point of view in this is of primary importance. Many people say, "Eat, drink, and be merry—for tomorrow we die." The Christian says, "Eat, drink and be merry—for tomorrow we live!" I see life as a continuing thing, beginning at God, the source of all life, continuing in this world and continuing after this world; with me a child of God Who loves me; Who will work out His purpose for me. In other words, I have a philosophy of life common to practicing Christians everywhere, which makes it impossible for me to be defeated by anything which may come to me. Misfortunes come—that is the way of the world, and at times a pretty rotten way it seems. But the Christian sees that these misfortunes are not life's meaning—are not God's will, as is so often said. He who has come through trouble triumphantly can say with our Lord, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

If I am looking at life, I must also look at death, for death is a part of life—an incident in it. I see a good bit of people whom death has touched, and I cannot help but wish that more of them knew, and felt, the message of Jesus about eternal life. Those who do know it have something which ever death cannot take from them. The life eternal goes on here and now with us and keeps on going, uninterrupted by death.

Now the natural sequel to this philosophy of life is that I have no fear of anything which may come to me, for these things cannot touch the real me. And if I have no fear it follows that I have peace and poise and serenity.

The rewards of the minister and his wife are largely intangible. I cannot buy the rugs for my upstairs that I have needed for some time. But here is a mother who comes into the office and literally sobs out her gratitude for the interest the church has taken in seeing that her boys are kept off the street and given some spiritual training. Here is a man who comes in and says that if it weren't for you he would be dead now. He goes on to say that he stopped in church—his last stop, he thought, before jumping off the bridge; and the unfolding there of his possibilities in life made him change his mind.

The clergyman deals much with people whose burdens are too heavy for them to bear. He has his own troubles and those of literally hundreds more. And he cannot share those troubles with any living soul. More than other men, then, does he need a home of rest and fun, a wife who encourages him, loves him, is not irritated with him when he seems preoccupied. How often she fails him she alone knows.




WHAT A JOB—being bridesmaid for my sweet but scatter-brained cousin!

A few days ago, I thought I'd *never* get her down the aisle. And on top of everything, I found she hadn't bought a thing for her linen closet!

"Darling, *you* help," she begged. "Here's some petty cash—*could* you pick me up some sheets? 'Course, I couldn't *begin* to afford anything as luxurious as the dream sheets *you* have, but I do need *something* . . ."

Uh-huh—I helped. And returned shortly with my best canary-feathers smile—*and* the smoothest, softest, whitest sheets a gal could touch fingers to!

"Behold!" I beamed. "Lovely, long-wearing Cannon Percale Sheets—twins to *mine!* What's more, you get some change. Cannon Percales put de luxe sleeping within *anybody's* reach!"

Grateful? You never heard such cries of joy! And ever since, she's been telling chums, "You *must* come sleep on my divine sheets—Cannon Percales! You'll see how smart *I* was to pick 'em!"

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*My own true-life experiences*



**As an engaged gal,** I quizzed all my young-married friends about sheets. Found 'em living blissfully with lovely Cannon Percale Sheets—the sheets that reconcile percale tastes and slim pocketbooks!



**As a bride,** I puffed with pride about my own lovely Cannon Percale Sheets. So smooth, so sweet-sleeping. Woven of special long-staple cotton. So fine that they have 25% more threads per inch than best-grade muslin sheets!



**As a housewife,** I'm enjoying my Cannon Percales anniversary after anniversary. (A budget-minded gal—or any other kind—*does* appreciate wear!) And Cannon Percale Sheets are so light—make bedmaking and home laundering heaps easier!

Another real Cannon value—Cannon Muslin Sheets! Well-made, long-wearing!

# Cannon Percale Sheets

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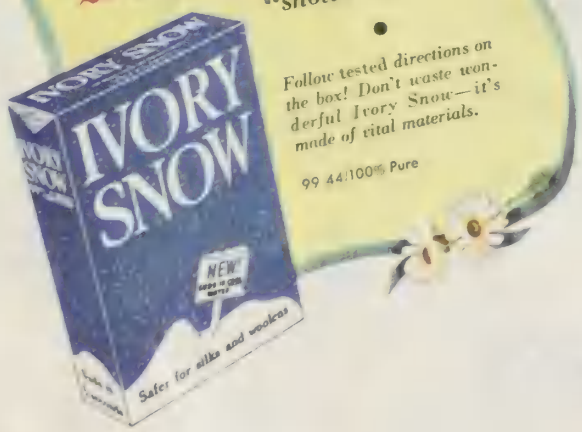



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1. Ivory-mild
2. In quick-sudsing granulated "snowdrops"!



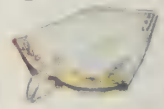

*Follow tested directions on the box! Don't waste wonderful Ivory Snow—it's made of vital materials.*

99 44/100% Pure



A gay deceiver . . . her one-piece frock with the two-piece look! She'll keep its rainbow brightness lovely longer with Ivory Snow! Different from cake soaps . . . *newer* than flake soaps . . . Ivory Snow's quick-sudsing, Ivory-mild "snowdrops" burst into instant suds in lukewarm water . . . *even in cool water!* Safe suds that are kind to colors and fabrics, that carry protection a step farther than soaps not Ivory-mild! Here's longer life for fine washables! *Wonderful Ivory Snow!*







## Longer Life FOR PRINTS, NYLONS, RAYONS, SILKS



# Out of the West

*Harold E. Stassen is the Republican Party's $64 question. Three times honored as governor at home, three times decorated at war, his political horoscope points well beyond the borders of his native Minnesota.*

★ ★ ★ BY J. C. FURNAS ★ ★ ★

"RED" STASSEN—the pale carroty hair that gave him his campus nickname is starting to disappear—came out of six years of university as broke as any other kid who earns his way through. The Minnesota campus figured young Stassen had a future, but few, not including Esther, his piquant half-pint wife, ever picked him for the political Paul Bunyan that he has become in a very few years. At twenty-three he was county attorney, stepping out of the office routine to midwife local settlement of a seething milk strike. At thirty-one he was governor, moving in on the Minnesota Republican Party and roundly defeating the formidable Farmer-Labor Party that had held the state for four increasingly corrupt and violent terms of office. At thirty-three he was keynoter of the Republican

# ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



*Stassen is happiest when "something serious comes up and he has to figure out an answer." Keynoter of G.O.P. National Convention at 33, one of key delegates at 38 to San Francisco conference, backers contend he meets issues with a veteran's wisdom, a young man's drive.*

ACME

National Convention—the first time in history that a man not yet old enough to be President held such an assignment—and floor manager for Wendell Willkie. At thirty-nine, after two and a half years of active duty at sea, he has joined millions of other American ex-servicemen in readjusting to civilian life.

Harold Stassen grew up in the kind of house that is full of rocking chairs—chunky rockers, skinny rockers, old-timey rockers, Mission rockers. The moment you sit in one, its balanced bracing of knees and back feels like home. The fruit piece on the dining-room wall features watermelon, and the kitchen often features lemon pie. The outside is weathered, shingled and high-shouldered and surrounded by the forty acres, usually featuring cabbages, that brought in the cash that paid for the clothes and doctor bills involved in rearing five children, four of them boys who grew over six feet tall.

Though past seventy, his father, William Stassen, still raises apples and truck and resists suggestions that he owes himself retirement. A bulky bear of a man, who states things plainly in a solid baritone and doesn't look a day over sixty, he has been three times mayor of West St. Paul, local municipality on the outskirts of Minnesota's capital, and a pillar of the State Growers' Association. Mother Elsie Stassen, whose erect carriage and special way of smiling could be called queenly if that did not sound too formal, is now a grandmother twelve times over and well aware that her children turned out fine.

Married sister Violet, now Mrs. Rollin M. Crawford, had a good job as a secretary at the State House. Brother William learned the sheet-metal trade and is a foreman at the war-built Gopher Ordnance Works. Brother Elmer runs a grocery store in South St. Paul. Brother Arthur long drove a milk route and then moved over to a supervisory job in the state Petroleum Division. And Harold E. (for Edward) has been elected governor of Minnesota three times running and is now in a fair way to be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

All live within a mile and a half of the old place, and Sunday afternoons one or another son and family are likely to drop in to talk politics and crops with William while assorted children swarm on the sitting-room carpet with a miscellaneous collection of well-worn toys that grandmother keeps handy in a corner. When he is home, Harold observes this custom regularly along with his girlish-looking wife Esther (born Glewwe in Mound, Minnesota) and Glen and Kathleen, the grandchildren they have contributed.

Of late years, however, Harold hasn't been home much. For thirty months he served in the wartime Navy, most of the time as flag secretary to Admiral Halsey, finally getting a captain's four stripes on his sleeve. Since returning he has resumed the practice of appellate law—he argued and won his first United States Supreme Court case at the boy-wonder age of twenty-six—and has been traveling all over the United States to get back the feel of "Stateside." There is no indication that long-standing

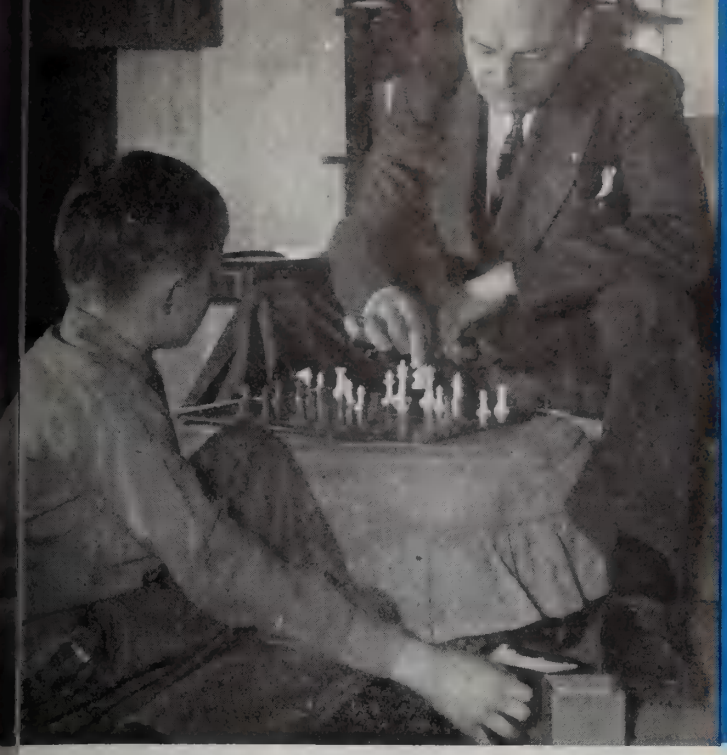
## *and a Back to Home Front Battles—*



*A man who upsets political probabilities, Stassen has fought against odds all the way. In a state where isolationism was time-worn campaign capital, his internationalism won votes; his labor legislation, following up bitter union-management battles, cut strikes 70 per cent. "For democracy to work," he says, "you've got to have leaders willing to risk a licking."*

*A man around the house is a luxury item for political families. Stassen likes to lounge about in tired sneakers, make notes for speeches, discuss merits of different kinds of pups with three-year-old Kathleen. Before press of official duties, he and wife Esther used to play golf, fish or shoot pheasants together, now reserve each other one free afternoon a week, occasional movies.*

RYAN



*nine, Glen Stassen can beat his father at chess, plans a three-ay career as poet, commando, and prospector for buried gold.*



*"My career picked me quite early in life," says Esther Stassen, who describes herself as "average housewife," likes to garden, do own marketing, take over in the kitchen.*

NKACSI



# Happy Wife and Kido

*Sunday afternoons at the elder Stassens' are a three-generation affair. None of children lives more than a mile and a half from "the old place," which features all kinds of rocking chairs, lemon pie and a handy corner for toys. Conversation ranges from politics to crops to the latest antics of twelve grandchildren.*

PHOTO BY MUNKÁCSI

# A Family of Workers

**WORK IS A WAY OF LIFE FOR ALL THE STASSENS, WHO HAD FARM-STYLE TRAINING FOR JOBS AROUND THE CLOCK.**

speculation as to his chances as presidential timber have gone to his thirty-nine-year-old head. But, if there were any danger, these visits to his parents, keeping him in touch with their corrective aura of integrity and intelligent simplicity, should keep him from getting too big for his breeches.

As a matter of fact, he came back from the Pacific too small for them—thirty pounds underweight. Like many another returning serviceman's wife, Esther had to send all her man's pre-uniform clothes out to be altered. So far she has got five pounds back on him, feeding him up on such high-caloried favorites of his as home-baked beans, creamed potatoes and lemon pie made as near like his mother's as another hand can manage. Harold never lacked appetite. It took lots of raw material to develop his long-boned six-foot-three frame so early that, at fourteen, he could take full charge of those forty acres when his father had a year of illness. Nor did he ever lack the industry implied. He made juvenile pickings out of raising rabbits and skunks—for fur, not perfume—and running a roadside vegetable stand. When it was time for college, the necessity for earning his way through, if he went at all, spurred him into more extreme activity. To keep the required funds rolling in for undergraduate and law schooling, he greased pans in a bakery, punched an accounting machine, acted as sleeping-car conductor on excursion trains and, at the same time, managed to be all-time Big Man on Campus at the University of Minnesota.

Student government, ROTC, oratory, debating, fraternity piled up on him so high that, legend still insists, Stassen had to install a fraternity brother as secretary. He was also a champion rifle shot, once hanging up a perfect score that, by definition, can never be surpassed. This might have significance. To collaborate with a rifle in such accuracy, you have to be nerveless and concentrated, loose as ashes and yet a connoisseur of the right split-second. As a young politician, Harold Stassen has been a man of nerve but no nerves.

Esther Stassen can't remember when she didn't know her husband. Their families had always been friends, and it's her family's grocery business that

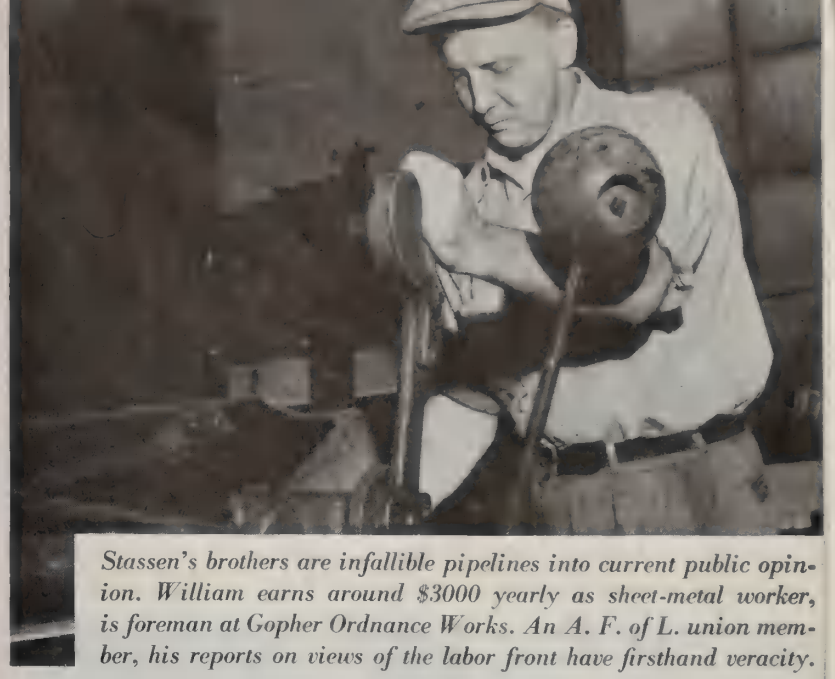
Elmer Stassen now owns. While she was working during his college years as stenographer-secretary in various St. Paul law offices, she decided Harold was "the kindest person I ever saw"—as articulate a reason for falling in love with a big, able, gentle youngster as you could expect to get.

Their marriage date coincided nicely with the Wall Street crash of 1929 that sparked the Great Depression. The newlyweds were unaffected—they lost nothing, Esther says, because they had nothing to lose. Matters sharply worsened when, as his frenetic expenditure of energy in college finally caught up with him, Harold came down with a touch of lobar tuberculosis and had to drop his law career before it was well started. Esther helped pitch in the office with his partner while Harold went to work on this menace as resolutely as he later attacked the state budget, reducing both with equal success. Rumor sometimes leaves him with only one lung—erroneously: the Navy does not take a one-lunger, however able, and place him under fire on the bridge of a warship at Empress Augusta Bay. At thirty-eight he was a delegate to the United Nations Conference at San Francisco, where newspapermen voted him one of the two outstanding figures on the scene, along with Australia's Evatt. Esther went out to be with him during the proceedings and saw him operating not only on the conference floor but in the small committee meetings where the real work was done and where Stassen's virtuosity as a catalyst and solution finder proved most.

"I never was so proud of him in my life," she says. "He's always happiest when something very serious comes up and he has to figure out the answer and then make it work." She would not go the length of saying he never misses, but she probably believes that in her heart.

THE young fellow had earned his San Francisco assignment. Six years ago he left his party popeyed with astonishment by getting elected governor a second time in spite of unequivocal attacks on isolationism in a state where isolationism was supposed to be politically indispensable. This emphasis on youngness means something besides precocity. "I'm all for Harold Stassen," a St. Paulite told me last winter, "because all the young people seem to be for him." Though his ethnic background is largely German—Elsie Stassen was born in Germany and William has only admixtures of Czech and Norwegian—this forthright yea-sayer with the Eisenhowerish countenance was out ahead of President Roosevelt himself in his opposition to isolation. Four years ago he devastated the probabilities again by pocketing the governorship a third time in spite of a frank campaign announcement that he would resign and enter the Navy within a few months of inauguration.

He did not have to enter the armed services. His position as official keyman of an important state was ironclad "essential." But, he said, the war had to be fought by young men, and in uniform was where he belonged. It was obvious the Navy had recognized that Minnesota's loss was its gain when Captain Stassen's boss, Admiral Halsey, acted as introducer for his former subordinate at a New York dinner last spring.



*Stassen's brothers are infallible pipelines into current public opinion. William earns around $3000 yearly as sheet-metal worker, is foreman at Gopher Ordnance Works. An A. F. of L. union member, his reports on views of the labor front have firsthand veracity.*



*Violet Stassen Crawford can't remember when she hasn't shared a job with her brother. He hired her at 12 for a dollar a day to help run his roadside vegetable stand, later found her equally indispensable as secretary who didn't know meaning of overtime.*

PHOTOS BY GEORGE MILES RYAN



*Conducting a new streamliner's an honorary job when a man gets to be governor. But Harold Stassen can remember earlier days when punching tickets helped earn way through college. Other professions included greasing bakery pans, selling turkeys won at local shoots.*



*One of Elmer Stassen's first jobs was hauling ice off the frozen Mississippi. Now he puts in 65-hour week running his own grocery store in South St. Paul. He buys all produce he can get from his father "because there's always good stuff in bottom of baskets."*



*On their 40-acre truck farm west of St. Paul, the William Stassens have lived by crops and weather since 1899. When boys were home, they kept pigs, cows and chickens, often netted about $6000 yearly. Past 70 now, they plan to ease off a bit, raise flowers, "drive all around country."*



RYAN

*Teamwork's a habit for elder Stassens. Sharing farm chores has meant time for "extra" activities, including William's 40-year tenure as treasurer of State Growers' Assn., three-term stretch as mayor of W. St. Paul. Elsie belongs to Ladies Aid, is veteran campaign worker.*

## Approximate Stassen Household Budget for 1942

| | |
|---|---|
| Payments on home | $1500 |
| Taxes | 550 |
| Insurance, savings account | 950 |
| War Bonds | 200 |
| Food | 775 |
| Clothing | 750 |
| Medical expenses | 290 |
| Fuel and electricity | 291 |
| Phone | 84 |
| Household help | 1050 |
| Family car | 180 |
| Church and charity contributions | 290 |
| Miscellaneous | 90 |
| Salary as Governor | $7000 |

**State allowance against official expenses**

| | |
|---|---|
| Travel | $1500 |
| Entertainment | 900 |
| Total | $2400 |

Mrs. Stassen explains: "1942 was our last reasonably normal budget year. When Mr. Stassen went on active duty in the Navy in April, 1943, our income decreased sharply and a joint economy budget with my mother and sisters, who lived with me during the war, was necessary. With the resumption of his civilian status and the development of some immediate income through lecturing and writing, we are now increasing our budget again to replenish depleted wardrobes and some refurnishing and remodeling of our home. But we have not yet established a definite annual postwar budget."

Realization of how things had changed while he was away came swiftly and dramatically to Stassen last November when he hit San Francisco on the homeward trip. His first move was naturally toward the long-distance telephone, and after he had talked with Esther a bit she put young Glen, now nine years old, on the phone. Anybody peering at the captain through the phone-booth glass would have seen him visibly jump, as if at unexpected shock. "Hello, son," he had said to the telephone and it yelped back:

"Daddy, can you play chess?"

The last good look daddy had had at the boy, he had barely started in grade school, and here he was in fourth grade, tackling the most intellectual of games and counting on daddy to steer him right. Kathleen, too, had doubled her height while he was out in the Pacific.

In prewar days, when the kids were as little as their daddy remembered them, Esther stayed home while Harold was away politicking. Now, to catch up, he wants her with him as much as possible. So she asks one or another of her family—she has eleven brothers and sisters—to come and ride herd on Glen and Kathleen while she goes along in Bedroom B, Car 168, or Seat 19, Car C, while Harold adjusts his length as best he can to the space allowed by designers in Seat 17 at her elbow.

It was a rugged program this spring: Steubenville today; Cincinnati tomorrow; Washington next day; Pittsburgh the next; Akron the next; Washington again and then Buffalo, like a one-night-stand tour laid out by a madman. But this balding political prodigy of hers has a miraculous ability to sleep anywhere at any time—five minutes or ten hours, in plane, car, train or bed, are all the same to him—and has stood it well. The results were in your morning paper: "STASSEN SAYS TRUMAN FAILS IN LABOR CRISIS" . . . "STASSEN SEES U. N. IN CRUCIAL ROLE" . . . "STASSEN SEEN ABLE TO INFUSE PRESIDENCY WITH VITALITY."

When speechifying, he uses his even-paced baritone well. Unlike most contemporary political figures, he actually prefers talking impromptu from meager notes instead of carefully writing out a canned speech for glib reading into the microphone. Though he writes well, too, his first instinct in treating international relations or labor readjustments is to go somewhere somebody will listen and then get on his feet and think out loud. But this spring barnstorming concerned not merely speeches and resulting headlines. Much more important was the opportunity to talk to people here, there and everywhere and find out what has been stirring in American minds since he went into uniform.

No reporter interviewing him can miss the fact—also rare among politicians—that he listens just as well as he speaks. That means ability to stay on a train of thought without fear of sidetracking. It is quite a thing to see him go right on discussing the United Nations in his own living room while, with long-practiced skill, skinning perky little Kathleen out of her leggings. Only when she falls down and bumps her head does he drop U. N. flat and devote himself single-heartedly to kissing the place to make it well, without any visible trace of self-consciousness.

There is no big-shottery about the home circumstances into which, with the "ruptured duck" duly in his lapel, this kinetic *(Continued on Page 172)*



*Stassen always had a penchant for hitting the bull's-eye. Marksmanship hung up all-time state record, won him military honors in ROTC. At Minnesota, he was a crack member of university rifle team (second from left), which won three intercollegiate championships, one world title.*



**BORN JUNE 10, 1926,** in upper New York City, Sandy Carleson grew from the neighborhood tom-boy into one of the prettiest models ever to smile at you from a magazine page. Already a 9-month-old Ivory baby when she posed for this portrait, it's only natural that Sandy grew up to be a famous Pin-up Girl!



**SITTING PRETTY** at the age of 4, Sandy took to posing like a baby takes to pure, mild Ivory Soap. Ivory has been her beauty soap right along. "I know more doctors advise it than any other," she says.



**WINTER SPORTS** have always been Sandy's dish—her Finnish ancestry gave her a head start at being an outdoor girl. Here she is at 10, having fun with her dog.

# LOVELY SANDY CARLESON . . . AND HOW SHE GREW





**GROWING LOVELIER** every day, Sandy at 12 became a crack swimmer at the family bungalow in Gardner, Mass. And she knew even then that 'teen-age beauty begins with *that Ivory Look.*



**AT 17, SANDY** and her dog, Olaf, pose in Central Park. Informal pictures like this helped Sandy get her first modeling job! Now her ready smile, and her clear, fresh Ivory complexion, make her one of the most popular new models.

**TODAY SANDY SAYS,** "Since my face is my fortune, I'm never careless about keeping it fresh and clean. Don't *you* be if you want a softer, smoother complexion." *It's never too late* to change to regular, gentle cleansings with baby-mild Ivory. You can have *that Ivory look*, too!"

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it floats




MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP . . .

*You'll adore it...this new Improved*

# POSTWAR★ARRID

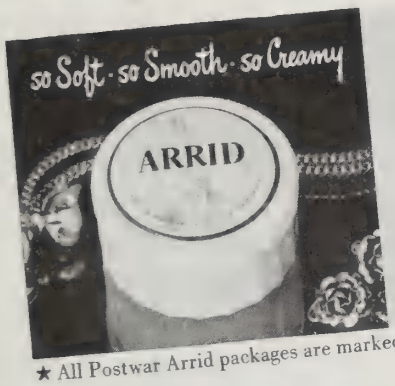
## *No other Deodorant*

**stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!**

**...As shown by our tests...**

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! We believe no other deodorant of any sort . . . liquid or cream . . . meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!






*For Summer Evenings*

Glamorous clothes, more utterly feminine than you've worn for years! Fragile fabrics, to make you look like a delicate flower. More than ever you'll need Arrid's thorough protection. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Smart women use Arrid daily.

★ All Postwar Arrid packages are marked with a star above the price.

WIDE, TIGHT MIDRIFFS are top fashion news! To accentuate their slimness, skirts are very full. But bodices are snug, with close-fitting armholes. Rely on Arrid to guard against perspiration stains. Arrid is shown by our tests to be more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream!

**Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5 way protection:**

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream. according to our tests.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

# ARRID

*...gives maximum protection against perspiration with safety to skin and clothes!*

**Some of the many Stars who use Arrid:** *Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Carol Bruce • Barbara Bel Geddes • Jessica Dragonette • Diana Barrymore • Georgia Gib*

# Mother and Daughter PLAY DOUBLES

**Every little girl would love to have a dress like her mother's—every mother loves the young look it gives her. Mrs. Stassen and Kathleen are closely kin to millions of mothers and daughters in their desire for these gay young clothes. Summer is the time for them, for vacations or at home, cottons the prettiest, and the favorite fashion—American as a picnic or an ice-cream cone.** ★ BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

*At home in Minnesota—Mrs. Stassen and Kathleen in twin dresses of pale yellow.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART DRAWINGS BY LEE LUNZER



*ty in the yard—basque-style pastel cottons eyelet petticoat edging; matching ballet shoes.*



*fresh and starchy cool—pale gray chambray with cap sleeves, full skirts.*



*ner into fall—white crocheted weskits, t red flannel skirts, red leather moccasins.*



*Mornings in the garden—red, white and blue seersucker with coolie hats, Jac Sandler moccasins.*




**BILL:**

# Great Scott, Ann—why stop to clean now?

**MRS:**

*Why not? It only takes a secon when your cleanser never leave dirt-catching scratches!*

**BILL:** What a woman! Company coming minute, and she talks about dirt-catch scratches! Anyway, what's *that* got to with fast cleaning?

**MRS:** *Everything*, my darling crosspa Scratches are dirt-traps that make you sc If I used a gritty, scratchy cleanser y have something to worry about!



**BILL:** Well, I admit you polished up tub in a hurry. Guess I married a s girl after all.

**MRS:** Smart enough to stick to Bon It just *slides* dirt and grease away i time, and "hasn't scratched yet!"



**BILL:** O. K., sugar. I may not know about cleaning, but I *do* know you the prettiest hands in town!

**MRS:** You can thank Bon Ami for that pet. Cleans like a breeze—but doesn' a manicure!

**US:** Fine, white Bon Ami comes in both Powd and Cake form. Powder for sinks, tubs, p and pans, enamel stoves, refrigerators. Ca for making windows and mirrors shine.

**Bon Am**

**THE SPEEDY CLEANSER**

*"hasn't scratched yet*



*assen and Kathleen arrange fruit at the little able where the children sometimes have lunch.*

# She planned it that way

BY JUDY BARRY

PHOTOS BY STUART

*Armed with memories of things she hadn't liked in her previous kitchens, Mrs. Stassen planned this one herself, and it's charming. Less than perfect, she admits, but comfortable to work in. "Not too big, lots of view, lots of light, a friendly look" were her important specifications. It's nine by twelve feet, with a window wall, fluorescent tubing under cupboards and over the sink to light main work spaces. Enameled wood cupboards match creamy walls; blend with honey-beige counter tops, maple-sugar-brown linoleum; gay red curtains.*



*ere's a glorious seven-foot ead of working space between refrigerator and sink, with iously shaped drawers and a tted cupboard for trays below.*



*A tip-down bin offers soap flakes at just right height beneath the porcelain-edged sink, equipped with a spray for rinsing. Racks for tea towels behind ventilated doors.*



*The knife rack's position isn't entirely satisfactory, for knives sometimes slip down behind the range. Next time, she'd plan space for a wastebasket near the sink.*



*Best thought of all, Mrs. Stassen and Lorraine Hansen, her excellent maid, agree, was a plug-in phone for the kitchen. A great step-saver in such a busy house.*



*other of Mrs. Stassen's "musts" t has been a great convenience, mall folding ironing board in kitchen. There's an electric ner in the pleasant basement.*



*Strategically placed just inside the vestibule door is a sizable package shelf for incoming groceries or deliveries from stores. Tinned foods are stored just above.*



*"My greatest mistake," Mrs. Stassen admits. There's no place in the kitchen that will take a wall can opener, so it hangs way out in the back hall closet.*



*In winter, Lorraine hangs laundry in the big attractive pine-paneled basement playroom. Shining little metal line holders are decorative enough to be left up permanently.*

# ACCENT ON ARRANGEMENT

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



*Party bouquets such as this one add a gala touch to family rooms.*





*Mrs. Stassen's tea-table flowers follow the seasons and are exquisitely arran*



*Grooming each flower before using it is one of Mrs. Stassen's important bouquet secrets.*

NOWADAYS, even busy women like Mrs. Stassen have their own flower gardens. Flowers for decoration, flowers for fun. "Bouquets do freshen up a room," she says. "And, if you want to give a party air to informal entertaining, just spruce up all the important spots with glamorous bouquets. A tea or a small dinner becomes so much more of an occasion when you use flowers for decoration." We agree with Mrs. Stassen all along the line and think that more and better bouquets make for cheerier rooms and happier living. Flowers are the one thing about a room that you can change constantly, and not only do they add variety to a setting you may be tired of, but they point up the seasons delightfully.

Garden flowers make the most charming bouquets for family rooms. First favorites are the annuals and their up-to-date hybrid cousins which parade from March to November in your own back yard, supplying you with marvelous blooms for every type of arrangement.

Garden flowers are individuals and naturally make personality bouquets with great charm, but out of season, when you must use cut flowers, these will need extra doing, as hothouse flowers look formal until groomed to your own taste. Flower arrangement is not an artistic gift so much as a technique which you can acquire just as you do other *(Continued on Page 224)*

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

*Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

*Mix color and variety in garden-flower bouquets for the greatest charm.*

# BEFORE YOU BUY . . . COMPARE . . .

*See Philco, the refrigerator with ALL the features . . .*
*lavishly equipped at every price . . . developed by Philco*
*to bring you the finest refrigerator ever built.*
*See it . . . compare it . . . judge for yourself.*




# PHILCO

*Famous for Quality the World Over*

# GO STEADY WITH-

# Ginger!

Cast thirst aside and sip care away . . . have a date with Canada Dry, the "Champagne of Ginger Ales." Revel in delicious tang and bubbling zest that are out of this world! Whenever you're thirsty, pick up your pep and perk up your spirits.

*Go steady with ginger—Go steady with Canada Dry.*





**. . . You're heading for pleasure** with Ginger . . . thanks to the Lloyd Liquid Ginger Process — exclusive with Canada Dry — a scientific method of extracting all the delightful flavor and the natural bouquet from the finest Jamaica ginger.



Enjoy the zip and zest of refreshing Canada Dry any time, any place. It's pure. It's wholesome. The economical large size bottle is ideal for home use and soon you'll be able to enjoy the convenience of the individual size bottle.




GO STEADY WITH—

# CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY

*"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"*

*As sugar rationing eases, Canada Dry Ginger Ale will naturally become more plentiful.*

Copr. 1946, Canada Dry Ginger Ale




*Chuck-wagon supper—back-yard style. Barbecued chicken and what goes with it.*

PHOTOS BY STUART

# IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THERE'S something about cooking and eating a meal outdoors that beats anything you can produce indoors—even if the menu is the same. Maybe it's that wonderful aroma of wood smoke, mingled with brewing coffee, or the sputtery sound of potatoes frying and steaks or chops sizzling on the grill. Whatever it is, you have an appetite like a lumberjack and your inhibitions are left in the house with the silver service.

Almost everyone now has an outdoor fireplace—the kind that are tributes to home designing, or tiny wire jobs for a back-yard corner. Placed near enough the house for toting baskets, yet far enough away for a change of scene, they'll guarantee, not only a picnic, but domestic miracles from the man in your life. For though he won't don an apron at the kitchen range, he'll get a real bang from being chef to a steak out-of-doors.

Men really blossom out as cooks when it comes to grill work. Whether you have a rock-bordered hearth out beyond the apple tree or one of those portable affairs that you trundle in and out of the house on occasions, give your menfolks all the gadgets they need and let them go to town on the grilling or barbecuing.

You come in on the planning and the indoor preliminary fixing. Play up to your chef's specialty. Keep the food simple, but have plenty of it. It's man-sized food you want. You'll be surprised what a party of eight can get away with.

How about this meal if his specialty is steak? It's a sure-fire hit for barbecue parties.

**Barbecued Steak**
**Scalloped Potatoes – Boiled Corn on the Cob**
***(when in season)***
**Sliced Tomatoes, Cucumbers and Onions**
**Homemade Rolls**
**Apple Pie and Cheese**
**Coffee**

Steaks are the big thing in this meal, and when there's a crowd waiting *(Continued on Page 182)*

*Any man can broil a steak. Just give him a fire and plenty of makings. He'll do the rest.*

# Two ways to look at a Bride

**. . . if you want**
**WEDDING and SHOWER GIFTS**
**that will thrill her now**
**and help her later!**



**1 You can take the romantic view . . .** and see her always as a lovely young bride. And Pyrex ware is one of the most popular gifts for brides. This handsome Pyrex cake dish is grand for baking, serving, and storing all kinds of food. Saves on dishwashing. Better give her at least a pair for layer cakes! Each, only.. **35¢**







**2 You can take the practical view** and remember she'll have a hungry husband to feed. Even if she's a natural born cook you can't give her a more inspiring present than Pyrex ware. And she can watch foods cook. The Pyrex utility dish shown above should be in every bride's kitchen. Grand for roasts, chops, hot breads and cakes. Two sizes. Larger size, only.. **65¢**

LOOK FOR THE FAMILIAR ORANGE LABEL OR THIS TRADE-MARK PRESSED IN GLASS

"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.




## OUT OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 162)

political force is readjusting himself. His law office in St. Paul's Pioneer Building is just another unostentatious businessman's suite. The Stassen home, built after years of zealous planning, is a one-large-and-two-small-bedroom job of one-maid caliber with some of the mortgage yet to pay. The only unusual things about it are Lorraine, Esther's smilingly competent blond maid, who came happily back to the old job after having done her share in a war plant; the thundering views of the Mississippi and distant St. Paul out of the windows of the big, blue-dominated master bedroom; and the contents of the garage, which makes the text of the current favorite Stassen family story:

Esther had an old Ford coupé and Harold had a chance to get her a splinter-new sedan for Christmas. She isn't quite sure just how the switch was worked right under her nose; but her Christmas present proved to be merely a pretty compact with a note inside saying there's another present in the garage too heavy to carry in the house—better go look. And lo, the old coupé was gone and in its place stood a sleek new gray job, exactly the way he had planned. Just another instance to Esther of the sureness of her husband's kind and competent touch.

When the house was aborning, she worked long and constructively with the architect to make the most of site and by no means unlimited pocketbook. Harold was governor then; but, at the time, the job carried only $7000 a year, in contrast with New York's $25,000 and Pennsylvania's $18,000. And the state's $2400-a-year allowance against discretionary expenses did not come within miles of covering the extra cost of holding down the assignment in expected fashion.

The core of all house plans was Harold's study, which had to be compact to save cost but also take in desk, typewriter, dictating machine, books and the boss himself, who, being the size he is, requires room. Esther also insisted on seclusion—the one place where the Stassens are isolationists is while Harold is working. During his absences, the mail stacks up alarmingly on that desk. A man saying and doing so much about important matters gets scads of mail and, crank or not, it all gets answered. That is good manners—and good politics too. When the stack gets too high, Harold's secretary sister comes over an evening or two to help.

Dark, demure and self-possessed, without a trace of pretentiousness, Esther Stassen protests there is no "copy" in her, since "I live just exactly the way every other married woman in this neighborhood does," and goes on to tell how, with practically every husband in this cluster of young marrieds away in uniform, the lonesome wives used to gather for hen-party barbecues at the Stassens' grill in the ravine back of the house.

Nevertheless, when the special angles of being an eminent figure's wife inevitably intrude, Esther is right in there pitching. During the last campaign, for instance, with Harold six weeks away by letter, press and party put her on the spot politically. She used her own judgment about dutifully sitting on the platform at Dewey meetings; but, when reporters wanted to know if that meant outright Stassen-for-Dewey, she said: "I never have spoken for my husband and cannot now." Which, said husband points out admiringly, was word-for-word exactly right—one more would have been a mistake.

She also took the social side of being governor's lady in stride. Since Minnesota furnishes no gubernatorial mansion to queen it in, such as more pretentious states do, Esther, unrepining, booked state dinners for distinguished visitors like the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, into a private club. Her own table, with just Lorraine in attendance, seats a maximum of ten and there isn't a trace of "Shall we join the ladies?" in the sunny, informally attractive Stassen dining room.

She sighs a little recalling how, in the early days, they used to get in golf or fishing together; he looks wistful, too, when speaking of the marvelous plethora of pheasants in South Dakota, where he used to go shooting. The best they can do now is a mutual compact to spend one afternoon a week relaxing together, and an occasional movie—though, since movie after movie was all the recreation Harold had in the Navy, he is pretty choosy about them now.

When his barnstorming fit is over, he will try to stay put more, figure out what kind of pup to get Kathleen for her birthday, do a few chores round the place, and earn more money lawing than comes out of the fees that occasionally dropped in from speechmaking. But, since he is also planning to help the campaigns of young and open-minded candidates who seem like right guys in this year's congressional elections—he would very much like to see a lot of fresh faces in Republican ranks next November—it looks bad for domesticity for some time.

Ask Esther Stassen to lay out the typical day in her household and she answers, with a wryly loyal smile, "Well, so far I should say a typical day since my husband got home would consist of catching a train."


**"New York, New York. A Wonderful Town!"**

FROM the rear end of the ferry, from the top story of a skyscraper, from any seat in the house, there's an exciting sight to see in the big city. Two pretty young visitors from Des Moines do the town: Broadway, the Bronx and the Barberry Room, with stop-offs along Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. Take a NEW YORK HOLIDAY with Betty Jo Burton and Mary Jean Nesbitt

IN THE JULY JOURNAL

*How America Lives*


## NEW IDEAS ON OLD PROBLEMS

(Continued from Page 25)

from the bargaining, while they are still on the job, you get very few strikes."

"In Washington," interrupted Bruce Gould, "labor is objecting to cooling-off laws as infringement of the right to strike."

"I don't see why," said his wife. "Take getting married. The law can require several days' waiting between getting a license and the wedding without really infringing on the right to get married."

Mr. Stassen grinned at her approvingly, a way-back grin.

"Labor did object on those grounds at first," he admitted. "Labor leaders were dead against the law and so was management. Management wanted extreme, punitive legislation, and labor wanted a Little Wagner Act. Still, we early found that when we were putting the new law into effect, we got real support from the rank and file of labor. And by now a tremendous respect for the count-ten law has developed."

"I'm always afraid of our American tendency to oversimplify," said Bruce Gould, frowning a little at his cup. "Isn't there more than that to Minnesota's success?"

The approving grin came his way this time. "Naturally," said Mr. Stassen. "There would have to be. After all, there are no teeth in the thing. If the state hasn't

he parties to agree by the end of the ten irty days, the strike can go right ahead." eatrice Gould dropped the words "com- ory arbitration" into play and got in- t results. Elbows on table, head for- d, Mr. Stassen made it very clear that nt-Ten's skirts were clear on that score:

**I am thoroughly against compulsory tration. How do you enforce a com- ory finding? Enforce it against man- ment and you may destroy a business. certainly take away management's retionary rights. Enforce it against or and you have to use either strike- ker tactics or work-or-jail threats. h mean just one thing: democracy has n thrown out the window. Getting parties to agree to arbitration and to k to the arbitrator's finding is fine— voluntary arrangements should be uraged. But compulsion to arbitrate to accept the finding is both unfair impractical."**

Ir. Stassen pushed his chair back, laid napkin down on the table and cocked a leg confidentially over his knee.

"Out there," he went on, "we often ap- nt conciliating boards to work on in- dual disputes. Only they differ from the sident's fact-finding boards, which repre- only the public. Ours have one member n local labor, one from local manage- nt—and the third is a rank outsider, pur- ely recruited from another part of the e altogether."

ruce Gould nodded, seeing where that ussion was headed. Stassen developed ixing his guest with a shrewd eye:

That way two members are well posted local situations and the third brings in side perspective. Picking the right third is important: lawyer, insurance man or t not, he should have had plenty of ex- ence in dealing with people and have n active in his own community. But find- him is not too hard. And results do show well."

Reports I've seen of the results," said eatrice Gould, "looked very good to me."

They have been fine," said Mr. Stassen ply. "I guess Minnesota was the only e in the country where busses all kept t on running during the Greyhound Bus ke. The drivers stayed on the job while situation was worked out during the ling-off period. For that matter, Minne- steelworkers did not go out either until thirty days had elapsed. And all through war Minnesota man-hours lost through kes were far lower than the national rage. In the period before the count-ten , they had been far higher."

HE waiter, apparently as interested as a rge Bernard Shaw servitor in this kind of , had taken a long while to clear the le of everything but cups and fresh pots offee. But now he was all loaded up and his way, forgetting only a tray of rolls haned on the mantelpiece next to a pink bud in a skinny vase. Mr. Stassen gave the start of a grin and a flap of the hand t said, very cordially, both thanks-a-lot take-it-easy. Then he dropped that hand k on his ankle and looked at his guests in e of another question.

Bruce Gould was thinking out loud again. ou seem to feel," he said, "that labor and nagement can't afford to think of them- ves as members of two armed camps, but Americans mutually interested in economic social progress. In a country as well off this, there's no reason why they shouldn't together if given a sporting chance."

**That is right," said Mr. Stassen. abor, management, stockholders, con- mers are fellow citizens. On that fact have built the world's most successful nomic system."**

Inquisitively Beatrice Gould looked up m fresh coffee. "That Minnesota law ust have even more to contribute," she gested. "How does it handle the open- -books problem, for instance?"

"The power is there," the ex-governor d. "The boards can subpoena people or ords. But they have never used the power. The companies have always willingly supplied anything asked. It strikes me that current implications about sinister management secrecy have been most unfortunate. Actually, our economic system makes public voluntarily far more information about management than any other I ever heard of. It is surprising how much any financial researcher can find out just by going to the available record."

"What would be your idea of why management was so reluctant to open the books in the G.M. dispute?" asked Bruce Gould.

"I can guess," said Mr. Stassen cheerfully. "They probably suspected that the next thing would be labor's trying to question amounts set aside for reserves, or whether building a new plant would be advisable—fear of interference in kinds of decisions to which management *should have sole right*."

"I'd like to know what you think about profits too," said Beatrice Gould. "Would you agree with management's statements about profits being none of labor's affair?"

"No," he replied categorically. "Labor ought to share in profits, so they are definitely labor's business. Profits should go three ways: to capital, to the consumer in reduced prices, and to labor, which has a large hand in creating them."

"BUT what about huge salaries for management? I know income taxes whittle down a five-hundred-thousand-dollar salary to perhaps seventy-five thousand, but a good many people seem to feel that nobody can be worth all that."

"In general there should be no limit on individual earnings, although"—with a twitch of a smile—"there might be arguments as to whether a given man was earning his pay. I think the truth is that huge salaries for top executives often amount mostly to formal recognition that they are outstanding in achievement. Of two corporation presidents, one getting three hundred thousand dollars a year and one two hundred thousand, the difference in net cash held on to is not much in proportion. [The actual difference after taxes is the difference between $52,000 and $43,000. *Ed.*] But the feeling that goes with it is definitely of greater recognition for the three hundred thousand dollar man."

Going back to his World War I days as a Navy flier, Bruce Gould suggested, "It's like the scrambled eggs on the admiral's hat," and, getting a "That's right" from the ex-governor, proceeded to bring up the most uncomfortable subject of all: "Some Congressmen want unions controlled under Federal restraint-of-trade laws, as management already is." Stassen looked straight ahead of him like a baseball pitcher studying the plate—then almost visibly pulled down his cap, wound up and delivered the ball in the exact spot he had planned:

**"Unions definitely should be under restraint-of-trade laws. That was implicitly recognized in the recent Supreme Court decision that exempted them. But"—bearing down on this pitch—"it does not follow that unions should be weakened. Without strong unions you cannot have healthy management-labor relations. Any other approach, particularly efforts to break or weaken unions, can lead only to industrial chaos."**

Beatrice Gould also displayed the family habit of thinking out loud: "A stronger union which no longer has to fight merely to stay alive does stand a better chance of developing responsibility."

"That is right. That is only one angle of these things that is inadequately understood. We all need to know much more about the backgrounds that produce healthy labor situations. **We need thorough studies of industries and unions that have been most successful in labor-management peace and high production. The spotlight is always on the places where strikes occur and the bricks are flying, not where frictions are reduced without destructive conflict.** That is why I have urged the National Association of Manufacturers to make


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Wakes Up Your Taste

for "Fresh Vegetables"

As you lift your breakfast glass of V-8* Vegetable Juices, think of the *quantity* of fresh vegetables pressed to supply that single glass! *Taste* V-8 . . . and its good flavor tells you that *each* juice adds its seasoning accent to the inimitable V-8 juice combination. *Serve* it daily to the family, *especially* to growing children, because V-8 supplies fresh-vegetable nutrients so *temptingly*, and *economically*.




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Contains Vitamins A, B1, C, Calcium and Iron.

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Best of all, G. Washington costs no more. The 2-oz. container is equal to a full pound of ground coffee! Say goodbye to complicated coffee-making. Get the New G. Washington's Instant Coffee at your grocery or delicatessen store today!




THE NEW G. Washington's INSTANT COFFEE

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such studies. Naturally, it will take ingenuity and imagination to develop unions that are strong without being dictatorial ——"

"I thought we would eventually get round to talking about James Caesar Petrillo," said Bruce Gould. His grin went round the table like a rueful infection. "Can Government do anything in that line?"

"Something," said the ex-governor. The thrust of his long legs had now pushed his chair even farther from the table. The merest further touch of relaxation would undoubtedly move him to tip back on its two hind legs—not a good idea for this by-no-means-sturdy little period number, matching the suite's somewhat finicky furniture, and never built for so much man. "Legislation can at least help. It could require periodic election of union officials by secret ballot; and public financial accounting, which some progressive unions now do of their own accord; and plebiscites of union members on whether or not to strike ——"

"That might imply Government supervision of the voting," said Bruce Gould.

"It need not," said Mr. Stassen quickly. "Government should not try to do everything, but keep to essential functions. Such votes within unions could parallel ballotings in corporation elections of directors. The Government does not supervise those either, but any stockholder—or union member—who thinks his rights have been overridden could always go to court with the facts and get redress by proving his case."

In the next room a secretary's typewriter started clicking busily and then the phone rang and shut off in the middle of a peal. Bruce Gould lit another cigarette on the principle that, now Mr. Stassen, too, was thinking out loud, it would be a pity to stop him. One finger of the latter's big white hand was thoughtfully tracing a rib in his wool sock.

"In my view," he said, "the single thing worse needed is better human relationships between management and labor. Some managements tend to take the position that, once the shop is organized, they need deal only with union officials. Some unions make the mistake of encouraging that narrow attitude. It is true that smaller corporations can work out warm boss-worker relations more easily than big ones. But that is all the more reason why the big companies cannot afford to neglect this angle. I would like to see the front office taking lively interest not only in working conditions in the shop, but in their men's housing troubles and in the quality of the local schools. I would like to see a kind of personal-contact sampling made among the men every two weeks or month—managers sitting down to dinner with ten employees picked at random to talk over anything and everything that would help mutual respect and understanding."

"I LIKE the sound of that very much indeed," said Beatrice Gould. "Are companies doing those things now?"

"Not precisely those things," said Mr. Stassen. "But there are a thousand ways of getting at it. Take the Northern Ordnance Company out in Minnesota—that was a huge war plant run by a man named Jack Hawley who is a combination cheerleader and engineer, and good in both jobs. If he found that his stream of men going home after a shift were being bottlenecked at a certain bridge so they were always late for supper, he was right there with pressure rerouting and traffic-control plans to remedy matters. He arranged with a garage to have men patrol the plant parking lot, and whenever they found a flat tire, they jacked up the car and fixed it free of charge. Jack found that, after his boys had worked ten hours they did not want to have to wrestle with a flat before they could start home to relax. And always on the spot was a tow car and a mechanic to make free repairs and get going any car that would not start—in a Minnesota winter that was a great thing and really appreciated. There was never any doubt that Northern Ordnance, for all its size, was interested in human beings."

"WITH that kind of thoughtfulness," said Bruce Gould, "it would be hard for the men to stay angry at management very long."

"That is right," said Mr. Stassen. "But you cannot formulate how to do it. You have to want to do it and go on from there, suiting what you do to local conditions. The same thing is true in most labor-management problems. Now take the matter of union restrictions on productivity ——"

"You mean bricklayers," said Beatrice Gould, "forced by union rules to lay only so many bricks a day regardless of how much a skilled man might lay?"

Harold Stassen nodded. He was plainly talking about things that he had been pondering for a long time, working with what he had learned from long discussions with union leaders and members back in the days when Count-Ten was a hazardous experiment.

"Practices like that are shortsighted," he said. "But back of them often is the veteran workman's fear—often justified—that he will not get a year's worth of work. The answer is the annual-wage idea, such as the Hormel packing plant have worked out successfully, might help a lot. But the way to find out if it will help is to try it with union co-operation in some local community. I can't see any single thing as the over-all panacea. The background and conditions of each industry, the length of time that its workers have been organized—that has a lot to do with workers' attitudes—the nature of the product and its market must all be taken account of in experiments that when they succeed locally, can be applied elsewhere."

Bruce Gould had more on his mind. He was to cut labor in on profits, for instance; and what about fair ways to get individual workers more pay for better work; and, if the governor felt inclined to discuss Republican politics a little, that would be interesting, to say the least of it. But, as he had half reached for the matches, his coat sleeve had pulled away from his watch and he saw the hands were crowding eleven o'clock. One of those telepathic glances common among husbands and wives passed across the table, and Beatrice Gould rose.

Coming up from his chair, Mr. Stassen was suddenly very tall again, loose-hung without clumsiness. Beatrice Gould is not the tall side herself, but she barely came up to his chin as he helped her with her coat.

"We had a good talk," said the three-time governor.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Love Dawns*

**By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee**

Love dawns for some with the
slant of banners waving
Fairly in sun and wind, with
sound of drums.
Oh, a festive day it is for such as
these
When their love comes!

Love dawns for some with the
threat of wet winds blowing
In from the east where lowering
thunder hums.
Oh, it is a promise of but cloudy
weather
When such love comes!

Love dawns for such as I like a far
bird singing,
Knowing the hovering hawk: his
martyrdoms,
Since time began, as certain as the
doom
That with love comes.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★




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# Swift's Brookfield

BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE




# DDT Will Get 'em, But—

*By Jerome Feiner and Eleanor Resnick*

To most civilians, the advent of DDT on consumer markets spelled a magical end to the cockroaches, bedbugs, flies, ants and other pests that plague the average household. Manufacturers and city health departments were flooded with requests for the material and instructions on how to use it. But for the most part, people were content to buy it blindly and to apply it haphazardly. As a result, DDT has been somewhat less than a howling success on the home front.

Has DDT, then, been oversold to the American public? Is it less effective as a domestic weapon than as a war weapon? The answer to both questions is "No." DDT *can* become the Nemesis of household pests, but it must be used in the proper strengths, under the proper conditions and with proper precautions. In other words, DDT works best when treated simply as a new and better insecticide rather than as some form of black magic.

Tried out in your city apartment or in your friend's Connecticut farmhouse, DDT may fall a bit short of the spectacular results it achieved in insect-infested jungles of the Pacific or in typhus-ridden Naples. Nevertheless, both you and your friend can obtain a gratifying degree of success, for the new insecticide has unique properties which make it extremely advantageous for household use.

**You must know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good, sacred memory, preserved from childhood, is perhaps the best education.**

—From The Brothers Karamozov: Selected by Mary Ellen Chase for front of book "Mary Peters," published by The Macmillan Company.

It kills a greater variety of insects than any previously used insecticide. It can be applied in minute doses with devastating effect on the insect world. And it remains potent, with almost the same degree of effectiveness as when first used, for long periods of time.

DDT acts by attacking the nervous systems of insects, causing tremors, paralysis and finally death. When insects crawl or alight on a surface which has been adequately coated with DDT, they absorb a deadly dose through their bodies. The insects need not eat the chemical, nor be sprayed directly with it. Mere bodily contact is sufficient and, once an adequate dose has been absorbed, the death of the insect is assured, *though it may not occur immediately. Some insects may survive for as long as several days,* but most of them die within a short time. Some are more susceptible than others. Of the common household pests, for example, cockroaches are the most resistant. But even they can be eradicated by means of DDT.

There are three methods of applying DDT, depending in each case upon the insect to be exterminated and the duration of effectiveness desired. It can be used (1) as an air spray for prompt, but not lasting elimination of flying insects such as flies, mosquitoes, moths and gnats; (2) as a spray applied directly to all surfaces with which insects come in contact; and (3) as a powder in cracks and crevices for prolonged effectiveness against crawling insects such as roaches and ants. For over-all use and long-lasting freedom from most types of household pests, however, the spray applied directly to all surfaces with which insects come in contact is most effective.

To rid a room temporarily of flies or mosquitoes, the spray can be applied either through atomizers equipped with a hand pump or mechanical compressor, or through the so-called DDT aerosol bomb, a nonrefillable container whose DDT content varies with different manufacturers. Both the atomizer and the aerosol bomb are simple to use. Close all doors and windows and spray the entire room, particularly in the direction of the ceiling. With a 3 per cent DDT solution, four seconds is considered adequate treatment for an average-sized room with the aerosol bomb. After the spraying, the room should be left closed for ten to fifteen minutes.

This method is effective only as long as the toxic agents are in the air, a matter of a few hours. To prevent early reinfestation, the second method of application should be used. This necessitates spraying all surfaces on which the insects come to rest, such as screens, window frames, walls, ceilings, painted woodwork, light fixtures, and so on. In the case of mosquitoes, it is also necessary to treat spaces behind pictures, mirrors and bookcases, under furniture and in closets, since mosquitoes generally hide in dark places.

Careful treatment with DDT should give at least one season of freedom from these pests, provided treated surfaces are not rendered ineffective by repainting or washings. Window and door screens are subject to "weathering," and should be re-treated at intervals of one month, or oftener, during the fly-and-mosquito season. A 5 per cent spray is generally effective against most household insects when this method is used.

Two general types of spray solutions or emulsions are available; one type is a DDT suspension in water developed primarily for use out-of-doors on foliage, gardens and on walls of barns and outbuildings, while the other type is a kerosene solution for use inside on surfaces where the water solution might cause stains. Both the water and kerosene types are available in concentrated form which may be readily diluted to a 5 per cent solution. Where kerosene odor and oily residue are objectionable, the kerosene-solvent type should be diluted with odorless or refined kerosene.

For bedbugs, simply spray the mattress and box spring just enough to dampen the surfaces without wetting them. Use a paintbrush to apply the mixture to bedsprings and painted bedsteads, taking care to fill all cracks and crevices. A dusting powder containing 5 to 10 per cent DDT can be substituted for the liquid spray, but will not produce an equally lasting effect.

To eliminate fleas from a building, a powder or liquid spray should be applied to infested areas, including floors, rugs and cellars. (In removing fleas from pets, see caution later in this article.) If the powder or spray is allowed to remain, reinfestation will not occur for several weeks.

The same treatment will rid your house of ants, provided a heavy sprinkling of DDT is deposited on the pathways and resting places of the ants, and particularly behind and beneath baseboards, on window sills and frames, near sinks, table and chair legs, and in places where food residues may accumulate. An even more effective kill can be obtained by spraying the ants directly, if this is possible. In either instance, the treatment should give relief from these insects for several weeks.

In the case of moths, clothes should be sprayed thoroughly so that all parts, including folds and seams, are dampened. Unless the clothes are packed away in closed containers, which have been similarly treated, they must be re-treated at monthly intervals.

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Dutchess Briefs

Rugs infested with carpet beetles should be sprayed not only on the woolly side, but on the underside as well. If reinfestation occurs, repeat the treatment.

Cockroaches, which probably constitute the greatest single category of household pests, are also the most difficult to control. To eliminate roaches, use an insecticide powder containing at least 10 per cent DDT, or a spray containing at least 5 per cent DDT. Apply the spray or powder to cracks and crevices in woodwork, tile walls and floors; behind and around pipes; beneath the edges of linoleum floor coverings—in short, to all dark places which roaches customarily infest. Pay special attention to the undersides of tables and benches; to areas behind and under sinks, bathtubs, washtubs, washing machines and refrigerators; and to the enclosed hollow bases of cabinet-type sinks, ranges and refrigerators. Last, but not least, give the same thorough treatment to your cellar, which is generally the worst offender in breeding cockroaches.

Whatever your particular problem may be, remember that for long-lasting insect control a film of DDT *must* remain on all surfaces with which the insects come in contact; therefore, a semicoarse liquid spray should be used. A fine spray or mist is dispersed to so great an extent that much of it fails to adhere to the surfaces being treated.

For most effective results in spraying, keep the spray nozzle six to eight inches from the surface being treated. Apply just enough spray to wet the surface without excess. (Fly screens and bedsprings can be treated more economically with a wide paintbrush than with a sprayer.)

Almost any sprayer can be used, provided it can be adjusted to deliver a semicoarse spray, has oil-resistant fittings and will not spill on the user. Paint sprayers and agricultural insecticide sprayers give good results. Some manufacturers of vacuum cleaners also provide an efficient spray attachment. All sprayers should be emptied, cleaned and oiled after use to keep the nozzles from becoming clogged, and to prevent corrosion of metal parts.

One further use of DDT requires mention here; namely, its use on household pets. Solvents, particularly kerosene, which contain DDT should never be used on pets, since they may cause blistering, and even death, if applied or sprayed directly on the skin of animals. Insecticide powders containing DDT are not so safe as those containing pyrethrum and, if used, should contain not more than 5 per cent DDT. They should be applied in small doses only, and in the case of cats should be avoided altogether, since cats are likely to lick enough of the powder to make them sick. It is also best to remove dogs, cats, birds and fish bowls before spraying a room.

In general, a few simple precautions should be observed when using DDT, although in the usual insecticidal doses it is not injurious to human beings. First, do not spray cribs or toys, as children frequently lick the surfaces and might possibly swallow enough to make them ill. Avoid spraying a bedroom when someone is sick, as the spray may cause the patient some discomfort. Secondly, remove or cover all food, dishes, glasses and silverware before spraying the kitchen, dining room or pantry. Also cover table tops, breadboards and all surfaces on which foods are prepared. Thirdly, extinguish all flames, such as pilot lights on gas appliances, before applying the DDT, and *do not smoke while spraying* if a kerosene solution is used. Fourthly, if the DDT solution should spill on the skin, wash immediately with soap and water. And fifthly, keep supplies of DDT separate from foods and medicines, adequately labeled, and out of the reach of children. Sixthly, avoid inhaling dusts and mist from spray. Cover nose and mouth with a handkerchief or mask.

Avoid spraying polished and varnished wood surfaces, since these sprays will mar and spot such surfaces.

If these few precautions are kept in mind, and DDT is used wisely and well, freedom from household pests can be achieved. Of course, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that solutions of DDT in concentrations of less than 5 per cent are usually ineffective. The prospective user must therefore exercise extreme care in shopping for the material, since some brands are known to contain as little as one tenth of 1 per cent DDT.

The outlook, certainly, is bright. Solutions containing 10 and even 20 per cent of DDT are expected to appear on the market in the near future. And recently a paint company announced the development of a special wall paint mixed with DDT. While sufficient information is not yet available on the effectiveness of this new product, tests conducted by the company showed that flies and mosquitoes were eliminated from rooms painted with the material. The cards are heavily stacked against the household insect.




*"Are you through reading my diary, Adele? I need it to make some entries."*







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# THE GIRL I WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE TO

*by Louise Paine Benjamin*

**Beauty Editor of the Journal**

ARE you feeling marriage-minded? Are you shopping with a wide and an open heart for a nice husband, or wishing on the new June moon that someone tall, dark and interested would come hunting for *you?* Or maybe you would just like to check up on the tastes of the husband you already have, to find out why he picked you.

In any case, it's always fun (and wise) to know what eligible young men *think* they want in the way of a perfect wife. This year's crop of youthful bachelors is full of ideas. They are even more positive in their tastes than the swains of the past. Perhaps it is because many of them have been in foreign lands in recent years and have had an opportunity to extend their experiences and observations far beyond the usual spotting grounds of church gatherings, frat dances and local Main Streets. They have had time to think, hope and paint pretty mental pictures—and many a veteran has come home with a fond female dream tucked away in his barracks bag.

If, however, you are one of the American girls who have been worrying that these overseas boys might come back with light-minded notions about life, love and marriage, put your mind at rest! Their composite picture of domestic bliss is still as pleasantly prosaic as a refrigerator ad: a solid home with plenty of children (at least three!), all presided over by a well-rounded little woman who can flip a neat omelet, play a fair hand of bridge, know the difference between the New York Giants and the Chicago Bears and keep her stocking seams tidy at the same time.

Nor need you fear that bright foreign eyes and knowing looks have given them a taste for flirtation. Three out of five are thumbs down on that kind of approach (though they aren't immune to plain, All-American friendliness).

But you had better watch your figure, stay away from phony accents and be kind to your parents, if you want to hear wedding-march music playing just for you!

The detailed report is here for you to read. Are you the girl who fits the picture?

### WHAT DOES YOUR IDEAL GIRL LOOK LIKE?

She is almost five and a half feet tall: 5′ 5.7″ to be exact.

Her hair is brown, longish and wavy. And she likes to style it the way *she* likes it.

She is slender, but with curves. Weighs about 118 pounds, the boys say. (That "figure" may be all right for dream girls, but you'd better allow a 10-pound margin. It *was* curves you said, wasn't it?) Her eyes may be blue, brown or green.

*Her personality is outstanding*—but her face, figure and legs are all right too.

### WHAT DO YOU NOTICE FIRST WHEN YOU MEET A NEW GIRL?

Her personality, her smile. After that, her contours, with special reference to shapely legs. And she ought to have a generally well-groomed look, as smooth as her personality.

### DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

"Attraction but not love." Give the boy a little time.

### HOW IMPORTANT IS HER SPEAKING VOICE?

Very! (Almost half the men *underlined* this asset and think, with Shakespeare, "her voice . . . ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.")

### DO YOU MIND IF HER ACCENT IS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM YOURS? IS THERE ANY KIND YOU PARTICULARLY LIKE, OR DISLIKE?

Phony speech tricks are out. Don't try to borrow an accent from another region and don't affect the pseudointellectualism of broad *a*'s and dropped *r*'s. A New Englander or a Middle Westerner ought to stick to the speech she inherited, but do cut down on the magnolia blossoms, honeychile—even if you-all did just come up from under the Mason-Dixon Line! Speech affectation of any kind will leave even a pin-up girl talking to herself or establish her as a charter member of the lonely-hearts club!

### WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES DO YOU LIKE YOUR GIRL TO WEAR?

Trim sports clothes or simple suits get the most votes. Blue is the favorite color; then green, red and brown. *Three* out of five men say they think black dresses are smart and *five* out of five will look twice at the girl who wears one. Yes, they *say* they think present-day hats are pretty terrible (but don't believe it—it simply makes them feel masculine to see you look so feminine!) and ruefully admit that even their best girls won't listen to suggestions in this matter.

Bareheaded girls look good to them, with hair trimmed a bit with a ribbon or a flower. Encouraging note: Only one man in four thinks a girl with a lot of clothes is extravagant. The rest seem to think it shows a commendable desire to be attractive to a favorite male, or may be evidence of good taste, a good buying ability or just ability to get fun out of living!

### DO YOU LIKE GIRLS WHO FLIRT?

Three out of five are against flirting, especially if the girl is someone more important to them than a "good-time date." The feeling seems to be that the girl who is flirtatious before marriage might be so afterward—and not exclusively in one direction. Again, that's what the boys say, but if you are someone's favorite girl friend, he won't mind if you roll your eyes, smile often and "act pretty" just for him!

### MUST YOUR WIFE BE A GOOD MIXER?

*Yes.* The gentlemen are almost five to one in favor of having their wives hold up the social end of marriage—by giving parties and going to them. All married men have a "that's my wife" complex in a crowd, and they want a partner at whom they can smile when they say that!

### FAULTS YOU WOULDN'T WANT YOUR WIFE TO HAVE:

"Sloppy appearance" gets almost twice as many black marks as any other single item! (Their recent stretch with Uncle Sam has given most boys a well-scrubbed outlook.) Next in order of possible defects that might make a wife less loved are: talking too much, refusing to welcome husband's friends, unpunctuality, poor cooking, extravagance, running to mother, crying too easily, too much bridge and chatter with the girls.

### DO YOU BELIEVE "THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH"?

The vote is about fifty-fifty on this. A number say "No, but it helps." There is also a division on who is the best cook in the world. Some men like to reminisce about "mom's" kitchen triumphs and others are hopeful for equally good chicken and dumplings from "the little woman." Those hungry males who specify favorite dishes list such hearty combinations as "veal cutlets and potato pudding"; "spaghetti and meat balls"; "just steak and roast chicken." Only dessert mentioned is apple pie—with the pretty cook seated across the table as an added sweet.

### DO YOU APPROVE OF YOUR GIRL'S DIETING?

"Yes, if she needs it" say two thirds of the men. But they don't want crazy peeled-grape-and-lettuce-leaf fad diets, and insert such sound bits of thinking as "only if her doctor says it's O.K."; "only if she follows a well-balanced plan."

### FURTHERMORE:

- **The young men prefer to call on a girl in her own home and they take great note of how she treats her parents. (A young lady who isn't sweet and lovely to her father won't be the thoughtful pipe-and-slippers type in her *own* home, either.)**
- **Because most men like sports, they would be happy if their wives shared their tastes, but they won't insist on enthusiasm for such rugged exhibitions as wrestling or prize fighting. However, they don't want to be *nagged* about the hours spent poring over the sports page—or about anything else, for that matter!**
- **It's still a man's working world, but about 50 per cent of the marriageable males would agree on a career for their wives, if outside work didn't interfere with home and family. The average man would like at least three children, and some specify five or six. (All this and a career, too, gentlemen?)**
- **Most men prefer to have wives worry about balancing the family budget, but almost half are willing to volunteer a wrinkle in the brow to divide everything and work out all family problems together.**
- **Above all, a good wife is a good sport, willing to take the bad breaks with the better—and for the right man, it's worth it.**

# 3 Sparkle Recipes that Sing a Tune for June



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# QUICK AND EASY'S for Two

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS

COOKING for two, especially when both halves of the team work, in or out of the home, is generally regarded as quite a proposition. One has so little time. One is so limited in choice of foods (never a roast, for instance). In these times, one frequently lives under distinct physical handicaps such as a two-foot-square cooking space "complete" with two-burner electric plate.

Good food, varied and palatable, can come out of such a setup. You must plan carefully and well. You must be prepared to pay with money, as well as with thought, for the time you save. Just to prove it can be done, we offer you here a variety of solutions to your varied culinary problems.

**Are You Going Out After Dinner?**

*(Here's a Quickie)*

**Crab Soup**

**Chef's Salad** **Croissants**

**Strawberries and Cream**

★ ***Crab Soup:*** ½ can of condensed pea soup, ½ can condensed tomato soup, ½ pint thin cream, ½ teaspoon curry powder, ½ cup crab meat, fresh or canned. The minute you come in the door and take off your hat and office dress, open the cans of soup and place the required amounts, together with the cream and curry powder, in the top of a double boiler, over hot water. Now pick over the crab meat carefully and add it to the soup.

Your ingenuity in using leftovers is a great help in varying your menu. The two half cans of soup, carefully refrigerated, can make the sauce (undiluted) for a spaghetti, meat and vegetable casserole next night. Or perhaps you'll dilute the leftover tomato soup with a bit of cream, use it as a sauce, and save the pea soup to serve two nights later, combined with chicken stock and cream, and topped with croutons.

★ ***Chef's Salad:*** Lettuce, escarole, 1 hard-cooked egg, shredded cheese, shredded chicken, anchovy fillets, and anything else you want to add! French dressing.

There will be purists who tell you that a chef's salad *must* contain a specific list of ingredients. Well, yours doesn't have to. The main requirement is that it provide a light but filling meal in itself. It can have shreds of ham or tongue in it and be the more delicious. It can have thin slices of radish or cucumber. It can have tomato wedges. I've left those out of this particular one because there's tomato in the soup, though in very different guise, and you may not mind repeating.

Most of the ingredients for this salad you will have prepared the night or the morning before the meal. There will be a hard-cooked egg in the refrigerator, well chilled. Peel and slice it. I hope you keep a tightly covered box of salad greens in your refrigerator all the time. Greens should be washed, thoroughly drained (the best method is to hang them up in a string bag) and then well chilled before using. If you bring home from work greens which you're going to use that night, prepare them before you start to cook and let them get as long a chilling as possible.

A nice combination of greens for any salad need include only two varieties. Possibilities are lettuce, romaine, water cress, escarole, dandelion, chicory, spinach or any other leaf you like to eat.

You can buy a tiny jar of cooked chicken which will be more than enough for this salad for two. Cut it into thin strips.

The ideal cheese for Chef's Salad is real Swiss cheese. If you cannot buy it, Münster does quite well. Cut it into thin strips too.

Tear as much lettuce and escarole as you wish to use into the salad bowl. Add other ingredients, except dressing, including 2 or 3 anchovy fillets, cut in half. Keep cool until ready to serve. At the very last minute add the French dressing. This should be a staple in your refrigerator. It keeps perfectly and is the better for standing, as the flavors mingle well. Take it out to bring to room temperature as soon as you start to prepare the meal.

★ ***French Dressing*** (enough for 16 individual servings): 12 tablespoons salad oil, 4 tablespoons vinegar (red wine vinegar is preferred by some), ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 clove garlic—cut, ⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon mixed salad herbs, good grind of fresh pepper. Put all ingredients into a jar or bottle. Shake well before using. Two tablespoonfuls is adequate for a salad for two. When you are ready to serve the salad, add the dressing and toss lightly so that the ingredients are not broken up, but thoroughly enough so that all are coated with the dressing.

★ ***Croissants:*** In the baked-goods department you save time and make yourself popular by doing a good research on where in your area you can buy the very best rolls, cakes and pies. Making them would take too much of your precious time. Having them, though, should be your privilege, and having them the finest. *Croissants* are properly French, and you will probably have to find a French-pastry shop if you want the best. They should be very "short" and flaky. If you can't get good ones, serve another kind of bread. Heat *croissants* before serving, and in this meal eat them with both soup and salad.

★ ***Strawberries:*** Buy 1 quart strawberries. That's a lot—in fact, entirely too much for two people. But buy also ½ pound rhubarb and make tomorrow night's dessert.

Hull the berries. (I hope you have a little metal "huller." It makes life far easier.) Put them into a colander. Run cold water over them gently. Drain thoroughly. Arrange as many as you wish to eat tonight in two individual dishes and return them to the refrigerator to chill. Sprinkle sugar on them if you wish. But do, please, try a grind of fresh pepper over them, whether with cream and/or sugar or no, for truly *wonderful* flavor.

It won't give you much extra trouble to stew up the rhubarb and remaining strawberries right now while dinner's cooking—or afterward when you're doing the dishes—and there's tomorrow's dessert, needing only chilling.

★ ***Stewed Rhubarb and Strawberries:*** 1 cup rhubarb, cut up; 1 cup strawberries, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water. Wash the rhubarb before cutting it up, but do not peel it. You've already washed and hulled the strawberries—haven't you? Boil sugar and water together for five minutes. Add fruit

immer gently until tender, but still holds its shape. Cool, and then refrigerate.

### Quick-Frozen Timesaver

**Quick Chicken Divan**
**Dandelion Salad**
**French Dressing**
**Rye Crackers**
**Raspberry Ice and Cookies**

uick-frozen foods are a boon to the hur- cook, who also wants her meals to be . The fruits and vegetables are excellent. re the meat, fish and chicken. Any of prepared quick-frozen dishes (stews and ike) can take a touch of fixing up from ne who admires distinction in food. this:

***Quick Chicken Divan:*** ½ package k-frozen broccoli, 1 package quick- en chicken à la king, ½ teaspoon curry der, ½ cup thin cream, grated Parme- cheese, butter or margarine.

ook broccoli according to directions package, reserving half for salad or r dish tomorrow night. Fill bottoms mple individual casserole dishes with coli.

leantime, heat chicken with curry powder cream in top of double boiler until en- y melted. Mix carefully so that chicken ot too broken up. Pour over broccoli in erole dishes. Top with grated cheese, dot butter or margarine and brown under e or in oven.

***Raspberry Ice and Cookies:*** Buy ½ raspberry ice on the way home from and store it in the coldest part of the gerator until ready to serve. The cookies uld be, again, a result of your research who makes the *best*, obtained, perhaps, time from a lady who bakes "home- e" ones for pin money.

### Planned Leftovers

ere's a dinner which, if you buy and cook proper quantities, will provide tomorrow t's meal with only a little fixing. Two ds of veal cutlet is twice too much for so is a bunch of asparagus. Cook twice any new potatoes as you need. Cool refrigerate the extra ones until tomor- night. Following this menu and recipes, will find the same ingredients in very ent style.

### VEAL MENU I

**Breaded Veal Cutlet**
**Asparagus with Drawn Butter**
**New Potatoes in Jackets**
**Whole-Wheat Bread**
**oneydew Melon with Lime Wedges**

***readed Veal Cutlet:*** 2 pounds veal t, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 egg, 2 table- ns milk, salt and pepper. Wipe cutlet it a damp cloth. Sprinkle with salt and er and dip into bread crumbs. Beat egg it milk. Dip cutlet into this and then ga into bread crumbs. Sauté in butter or a arine over low heat until nicely rned. Turn only once, and brown second de Serve on hot platter.

***oiled Asparagus:*** Scrub a bunch of sp agus with a stiff brush. Cut off the ou white ends, if any, and remove the ale scales. *Never* peel asparagus, as is on times done in fancy restaurants. It's a s ration and a waste. Tie the asparagus dy into bunches with a piece of white ng. (Make a bow knot, it's easier to get one later.) Stand the asparagus bunches pidly boiling, salted water (the top of u double boiler is good for this) and cook o fifteen minutes. The tips should cook e steam.

For drawn-butter sauce, add ½ tablespoon lemon juice to 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. A bit of chopped chive is very good in this.

★ ***New Potatoes in Jackets:*** Scrub 8 little new potatoes. Cook in boiling salted water until done (about fifteen minutes). To make the ones you serve tonight look more handsome, cut away a strip of the skin about half inch wide from around the middle. Sprinkle with paprika before serving.

★ ***Honeydew with Lime Wedges:*** If you can buy a ripe, small honeydew, and wish to use only half of it, the other half will keep pretty well in the refrigerator, if you cover it carefully with wax paper and then wrap it in a tea cloth—or put it in a covered storage dish if you have one large enough. Or buy a honeyball and have a half apiece. Wedges of lime squeezed over the melon make a fine taste combination.

### VEAL MENU II

**Veal Soufflé**
**Creamed New Potatoes**
**Asparagus Vinaigrette**
**Whole-Wheat Melba Toast**
**French Pastries**

★ ***Veal Soufflé:*** 1 cup cooked veal, ground; 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper, ¼ cup soft bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 2 eggs. Melt butter or margarine. Remove from stove and blend in flour smoothly. Return to stove, add milk and stir until thickened. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add bread crumbs and stir in well. Remove from fire and stir in veal, onion and the egg yolks, slightly beaten. Cool. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into first mixture. Pour into buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in 350° oven forty-five minutes until top is lightly browned.

★ ***Creamed New Potatoes:*** 4 cooked new potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup milk, salt and pepper, paprika. Peel potatoes and cut into dice. Melt butter or margarine. Remove from stove and blend in flour smoothly. Return to stove, add milk, and stir constantly until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add potato dice, place pan over hot water and allow to heat through. When ready to serve, sprinkle with paprika.

★ ***Asparagus Vinaigrette:*** Place half of the stalks of asparagus left over from last night's cooking on each of two well-chilled plates. Pour over them the following sauce: 3 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ clove garlic (optional), 1 tablespoon sweet-pickle relish. As soon as you start preparing this dinner, place the oil, vinegar and garlic together in a bowl. Just before serving remove the garlic, add the relish and mix well. Pour over asparagus as directed.

★ ***Whole-Wheat Melba Toast:*** Slice not-too-fresh whole-wheat bread very thin. Place in a large pan and bake in 325° oven until thoroughly dried out and delicately brown. The pieces will curl in the process. You can't do this in the same oven with your soufflé, but it is something you can make in between times, such as during dinner, after you've used the oven, or while you're getting breakfast in the morning. Melba toast is good to have on hand.

★ ***French Pastries:*** These you buy, and if you've been a smart researcher they'll be better than you could make.

### Guest for Dinner

We figure that you'll want to have guests to share the pleasures of your home and your cuisine—perhaps as often as once a week, perhaps as seldom as once a month. You should, and you can, if you plan carefully.




**Tropical Tempters** Delicious cookies . . . lavishly studded with bits of rich, luscious dates . . . and delicately spiced. Real appetite-tempters, they're just the thing for luncheon and dinner desserts . . . snacks for the children . . . and swell for parties, too! Keep them on hand at all times! Baked to perfection by A&P Bakers . . . and sold at their fresh, flavorful best! Yet, for all their goodness . . . they're attractively priced!

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No matter how simple your quarters may be, if you're happy in them, your guests will be too. Presumably these people are your friends and accept your invitation because they want to see you. That means you mustn't fuss in the kitchen while they're there any more than the minimum necessity dictates. How do you arrange that? You prepare as much as possible the night before (serving yourselves a can of baked beans, doctored up by you to the point of perfection, and a green salad, which takes no time at all to get ready).

**Hot Consommé Bellevue**
**Tomato-Aspic Ring**
**with Coleslaw**
**Sliced Ham and Chicken**
**Hot Finger Rolls**
**Raspberry Shortcake**

In this case, you make your tomato aspic the night before, and you check through carefully to be sure that all other ingredients needed for the dinner are either in the house or on your market list.

★ ***Tomato-Aspic Ring:*** 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup freshly stewed (or canned) tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon basil. Soften the gelatin in cold water and dissolve in hot. Add tomatoes and seasonings. Mix well, pour into a mold and chill thoroughly.

As soon as you get home on the night of the party, start the soup.

★ ***Consommé Bellevue:*** 1 pint clam juice, 1 pint chicken stock, salt and pepper, paprika, whipped cream (if possible). Good clam juice comes in a bottle. If you can't get clear chicken broth the same way, make it with a bouillon cube. Combine clam juice and chicken stock. Season to taste, going lightly on the salt, as clam juice is naturally salty. Heat well. When ready to serve, cover with a thin film of whipped cream, if you can get the heavy cream needed, and sprinkle with paprika. Even without the cream, the consommé is good. Serve in hot cups.

**You know I hate, detest and can't bear a lie, not because I am straighter than the rest of us, but simply because it appalls me. There is a taint of death, a flavor of mortality in lies.**

—JOSEPH CONRAD: The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom.

Next in order for this meal is to split the biscuits for your shortcake, butter them and put them in a pan for heating in the oven. Also, prepare the raspberries.

★ ***Raspberry Shortcake:*** 4 large baking powder biscuits, 1 box raspberries, sugar, butter or margarine, whipped cream, if available. Split biscuits and spread with butter or margarine. Put the berries into a colander or sieve and run cold water over them very gently. Mash berries slightly and sprinkle with sugar. Place in refrigerator to chill and draw juice. If you put your split biscuits into the oven with the finger rolls and turn the oven out when you remove the rolls, the biscuits will keep warm enough until you are ready to serve. Place the bottom half of a biscuit on an individual plate. Pour some berries over. Top with upper half of biscuit. Pour over some more berries, and top them with a big blob of whipped cream—again *if* you can get it!

Last of all, in your preparation, make the coleslaw.

★ ***Coleslaw:*** Small new cabbage, mayonnaise, chili sauce, celery seed. Chop the cabbage fine, or cut into long thin strips, if you prefer it that way. The nicest combination is part red cabbage, part white, but if you make this you will have a good deal of each left over to cope with the next day, even if you buy the smallest possible cabbages. Mix the shredded or chopped cabbage with mayonnaise enough to make it well moist, add a tablespoon or so of chili sauce and about 1 teaspoon of celery seed.

Unmold the tomato aspic you made last night and heap the coleslaw in the center and around it.

Buy sliced chicken and ham, or other cold meats if you prefer, in the delicatessen. Just before serving, take them from the refrigerator and arrange them attractively on a cold platter, using fresh parsley sprigs as decoration.

## IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY

*(Continued from Page 171)*

the grill space except that reserved for the coffeepot and corn kettle is given over to them. That's why it's a good idea to have the hot casserole of potatoes, the pie and salad things brought out—ready to eat—from the house. This way everyone has something to do. It's more fun. The stove-shy ones husk corn or set the table Who wouldn't work for a meal like that?

***Where there's smoke, there's fire.*** You can make your own rules—be your own expert on this outdoor-cooking business. Your way is as good as your neighbor's. A good bed of coals is the important thing, and whether you use charcoal, wood or pressed sawdust doesn't seem to matter, as the results are pretty sure to taste good anyway. Let the boy scout of the family do this trick of fire building.

At this point it seems as good a time as any to pass on a few hints from folks who are old hands at this outdoor cooking. There may be a trick or two here that will make your own family's outdoor stove work easier and more fun.

***Barbe-cues***

1. You might keep a crayon record on a shingle, or set your record down in a handy notebook, of just how long you have discovered it takes your particular grill or fireplace to get "perking." Also keep a sort of timetable of cooking time. With winter in between, one does sort of forget from summer to summer whether it took one hour or three hours before the fire got to the proper behaving stage. The best reason for this is that you'll know how to gauge your party time. If a portion of your meal is being cooked indoors, you can more easily plan everything being ready at once.

2. If your guests' tastes vary from rare to well done—and they usually do—small steaks are better than one big one, but by "small" I don't mean thin. One and a half inches thick is ideal. Lamb chops, to be best, should be three quarters of an inch thick. Put on two or three at a time, arrange them in groups so it is easy to tell which is which. This goes for hamburgers too.

3. Your barbecue gadgets and tools can be as elaborate or as simple as your kind of outdoor cooking demands. The shops are full of them! But a pair of long-handled tongs, a long-handled fork and spoon—the longer the better—and a pair of asbestos mitts rate the most votes for first things first. This is the time you don't want to get too close to your work. Wood is splintery, charcoal messy. Your master of ceremonies will be glad of the mitts and the tongs when a log needs shifting or a chicken leg gets lost in the embers. I like them for turning chops and steaks even in the kitchen. No fork pricks to let out the juices.

4. A good sharp carving knife and a carving board are quite the things for big thick steaks and spit-roasted meats to be sliced. Leave the platter in the house. Serve right from the board. However, when it comes to plates, you'll find that wood, plastic or pottery ones are best.

*(Continued on Page 184)*

# YOUR VEGETABLE SALADS—does he take 'em or leave 'em?

**Choose your vegetables for looks—and flavor!**
**Del Monte Quality—no less!**
**And give him nippy, zippy dressings—lots of hints here!**

## See what these "tricks of the trade" do for your vegetable salads

First and foremost, remember you need super vegetables to make super salads. So choose them for color, garden looks and fine garden flavor. That's what you get—full measure—in every Del Monte Brand Vegetable. So, if your grocer doesn't have just the one you want, try another variety. Whichever you use you're sure of success.



**Make 'em hearty!** Go easy on frills, concentrate on big bright salads and rousing dressings. Just try Del Monte Diced Beets and Green Beans together. Or pair delicate Del Monte Asparagus with Diced Carrots. Or toss lots of Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas and Limas with salad greens. Mix or match Del Monte Vegetables any way, *every* way—there's good eating ahead for menfolks, for everybody!

**Vary your dressings**—French dressing for instance. Give it new twists—often—with piquant flavors, racy seasonings. First make

### BASIC FRENCH DRESSING

**1 cup fresh salad oil**
**2 tsps. lemon juice**
**3 tbsps. vinegar**
**1 tsp. sugar**
**½ tsp. each salt & pepper**
**1 tsp. paprika**

Shake all ingredients together in tightly covered jar. Makes 1½ cups. *For a change*, add 4 tbsps. crumbled Roquefort cheese. Or add 3 tbsps. minced fried bacon and 4 sliced green onions, tops and all. Or add 1 can of Del Monte Tomato Sauce, ¼ cup cold water, salt and lemon juice to taste. Or substitute red wine vinegar, add 1 tsp. mustard seed, garlic and minced onion to taste.

**Try marinating** Del Monte Vegetables an hour or so in French dressing. Makes 'em even better! Serve salads shivery cold with piping hot companions. Mix tossed salads gently. Let yourself go on garnishes—onions, nutmeats, sliced egg, anchovies, mushrooms, cheese cubes.



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# *Del Monte* VEGETABLES






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Because delicious Ry-Krisp is a whole-grain bread, rich in vitamin $B_1$ and minerals, it helps you gain tone, sparkle. Crisp, flavorful . . . and only 23 calories per double-square wafer.




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*(Continued from Page 182)*

5. Rub the grill with a piece of suet before putting on meats. Prevents sticking.

6. Did you ever try using a wire corn popper for grilling wieners? Shaken gently, the "dogs" turn over and you can get a good, even broil instead of a one-strip line of "char."

7. Corn season will be here in no time. Some say the best way to "butter" corn is to have a pastry brush and the melted butter or margarine in a bowl. The idea is to swab the ears of corn with the spread. Much better than chasing a piece of the precious stuff all around the ear.

***Grill or barbecue?*** I get all tied up in knots trying to keep "grilling" and "barbecuing" straight in my mind. Most everyone these days speaks of their outdoor cooking spot as a barbecue. You'll not find a word here on how to roast a pig or an ox in a pit dug up in your back yard. That's out of my line. If you have the kind of fireplace equipped with a spit on which you can spear a whole chicken or roast, baste and turn away to your heart's content. That's the real authentic barbecuing. But not everybody has such a rig. You can still have a barbecue in the true sense of the word by either soaking meats in a sauce or basting them with it as they cook. Or you'll still be in the swim if you serve the plain grilled meats with a barbecue sauce.

Best way to swab meats is with a brush or a stick with cloth wrapped on one end and dipped in the sauce. You don't get too much on at once. Good swab stuff for chicken is this sauce:

**BARBECUE SAUCE**

**Put the following into a quart jar and shake well so ingredients will be well blended: 2 medium onions, chopped fine, 3 or 4 cloves garlic, minced, 2 cups catchup, ½ cup wine vinegar, 1 cup salad oil, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce. Let this stand twenty-four hours. There isn't any salt or pepper in this sauce. You'll season the chicken well as it grills.**

There are sauces and sauces. Some barbecue sauces are cooked—start with canned tomatoes and have a list of ingredients as long as a ticket from New York to San Francisco. Embellish the one above if you like, but it's simple to make and good the way it is.

A catchupy sauce spoils a steak or chops for the basting, though it is good as a condiment. The best sauce for barbecuing steaks and chops is the following:

**Olive oil or other salad oil with plenty of garlic, 3 or 4 cloves to 1 pint. Or mix olive or salad oil half-and-half with the same amount of garlic as above. Marinate steaks or lamb chops in either of these dressings for several hours before grilling. The salting and peppering are done while they cook. Use your pepper grinder. Freshly ground pepper is best. A little more of the basting sauce after turning the meat is called for too.**

Most hostesses who go in for barbecue parties stick to one or two specialties their husbands toss off particularly well. A good thing is worth repeating. Vary the trimmings. Here are some menus built around the meats you will be most apt to have for these parties. This meal was shown in the photograph.

**Hot Bouillon**
**Barbecued Chicken**
**Scalloped Potatoes and Onions with Cheese**
**Sliced Tomatoes – Raw Relishes**
**Crusty Rolls**
**Sugared Strawberries – Cookies**
**Coffee**

The bouillon is a good idea. Keeps guests out of the chef's way and it's an appetizer for the meal to come. Serve it in mugs. Either heat it on the spot or bring it out in a vacuum jug.

Have you ever tried skewered meats? Call them shaslik, shishkabab or just "kabobs"—it's all the same. The meat, whether it's lamb, pork, ham, chicken livers, sweetbreads or steak, should be cut into inch squares. Have plenty of tomato quarters,





**CREAMED FISH**

Add 1 tsp. Lea & Perrins Sauce to white sauce. To give tangy-good flavor to fish . . . always use Lea & Perrins! Either to season its sauce, or in the *cooking!* And at the table . . . a few drops *more* will make fish taste even better!

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slices of onion, whole mushrooms, bacon and whatever else you think might be good. You can either provide the makings and let everyone string up his own concoction on long skewers, adding as much as there is room for—sort of an add-a-pearl necklace idea—or prepare them in advance in the house. Long green sticks, well sharpened, will do just as well as fancy skewers. Broil the same way as you would anything else, only turn them more often.

Marinate the meat cubes in the same oil and garlic dressing suggested for steaks. Here's a ham kabob that sounds like a fruit cocktail but is mighty good. Alternate cubes of ham with quarter-inch slices of canned pineapple, mushroom caps, halves of apricot and bacon. Scallops and shelled shrimps, oil-dipped, tomatoes, bacon and onion is another one that's out of the ordinary. And if you've nothing on hand but frankfurters, cut them in sections and string up with apple pieces, onion slices, mushrooms and tomato sections.

Here's a simple menu for a kabob supper:

**Tomato Juice**
**"Broil Your Own" Kabobs**
**French Bread**
**Assorted Cooked Vegetable Salad with Sour-Cream Horse-Radish Dressing**
**Watermelon Filled With Honey-Drenched Fresh Fruits**
**Hot *or* Iced Coffee**

Here again in this meal we'll leave the grill space free. With everyone "doing their own" this is no time to fry potatoes or grill corn. The French bread has a purpose. Those who don't want to eat their meat off the skewers or be fancy with knife or fork can slip the meat and vegetables off the skewers between two slices of French bread. A hefty sandwich, but good. And this reminds me—bring out the loaf uncut. Those that want it will slice their own. Count noses when you buy rolls for a picnic too. With so many other good things, you don't want to waste bread these days, even on a picnic.

Now for some more activity on the grill itself. This time we'll really put it to work.

**Raw Vegetables and Caraway-Cheese Appetizer**
**Barbecued Ham**
**Skillet-Fried Potatoes**
**Corn on the Cob**
**Buns *or* Slabs of French Bread Garlic Buttered**
**Bonfire Apples *or* Apple Turnovers**
**Fireplace Coffee**

The cheese is cottage and cream cheese mixed, thinned with cream. Add chopped onion, salt and pepper and caraway seeds. The idea is to dip the radishes, carrot sticks or whatever in the cheese. This informal, help-yourself bowl gives everyone that isn't busy something to nibble on while supper gets under way.

Have the potatoes cooked in the jackets. Put someone at slicing the potatoes and onions and husking the corn. A black-iron skillet and dark enamel pot are best. The pan can't call the kettle black! *Don't* bring out your aluminum. You'll be scouring for days. Put on the water for the corn and start the potatoes first—then when it's time for the ham, these can be set back to cook slower while the ham gets the benefit of the best heat. Gash the ham slices along the fat edge. Have it cut thick—2 one-inch-thick center cut slices will serve 8. Use the sauce given for barbecued chicken for swabbing, or this one: ½ cup of pineapple juice, 3 tablespoons of vinegar, ½ cup of brown sugar, ¼ cup of prepared mustard. If you have room on the grill you could broil lengthwise wedges of fresh pineapple along with the ham.

You might prefer to have the dessert ready, but if anyone wants to cook himself an apple, here's how: Simply roast the apple over the fire on a long stick. The skin peels off. Then roll the apple (it's still on the stick and very hot, by the way, so watch your fingers) in a panful of brown sugar. This time hold it farther away from the heat. The sugar will bubble and glaze the apple. Let it cool a bit before eating it off the stick. You'll be sorry if you don't.

Before the fire dies down, however, I do want to tell you about two meals I have eaten that didn't have a grilled or broiled food in either one, but they stand out as two "bests." One was a chowder supper, the other featured a stew—both cooked in big iron kettles over an outdoor fire.

**Beef Stew, Camp Style**
**French Bread – Dill Pickles**
**Whole Peeled Tomatoes in Cracked Ice**
**Sour-Cream Coleslaw *(to pour over them)***
**Cheese-and-Fruit Platter**
**Coffee**

This wasn't a participation meal. The stew was tended throughout the afternoon by one of the family. When the time came for the guests to go down to the picnic spot, everything was ready. No first course was necessary, as no one could wait long enough for that stew, which was rich and savory and had most every vegetable in the garden in it. It was eaten in deep bowls and there were many refills. A meal to remember! Everyone has a pet stew. Try cooking and serving yours outdoors sometime.

For the chowder supper keep the emphasis on the chowder. Make your best clam or fishchowder, the kind you were brought up on.

There's really no limit to what you can cook and eat outdoors. And if you haven't had a cook-out Sunday breakfast, you've missed some really superb eating.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *Ask Any Woman*

**BY MARCELENE COX**

WHY is it that when other people are selling their homes to "make money" the real-estate agent goes on living in his same little bungalow?

No woman should admit to having a knack for repairing appliances any more than a man admits the ability to sew on a button.

As a gem can be cut to minimize its flaws, so a child can be polished to minimize its inherent defects.

There comes a time in early spring when, no matter how much a mother loves her children, she feels like opening the door and saying, "Shoo!"

Returning veterans, who missed out on watching the baby discover his toes, can take comfort from the fact that second babies have toes too.

No child should be complimented or placed on a pedestal for doing what it ought to be doing anyway.

The woman most pitied by other women is she whose husband comes home to lunch.

It can do a parent as much good literally to run away from the home situation as it did the little boy who "ran away" for a day and, returning, observed, "I see you still have the same stove."

A bold front cannot hide what is said behind a back.

An adult's conduct today is his grandchild's heredity tomorrow.

Whenever we see an adolescent or an adult on the wrong path we might well ask, as Saint Paul did the Galatians, "Ye did run well, who did hinder you?"


# ONE GOOD TURN...




**BILL:** Say that again! Who's—beautiful?

**BARB:** Pepperells! They're the beautiful sheets with the wear woven in! That's what makes them such practical luxuries . . . Why, our first ones were so lovely after such long wear that I knew you'd like more—

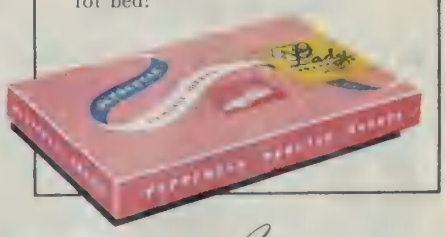
**BILL:** Well, sugar, I told you one good turn deserved another! Now, how about that other cheek?

**BARB:** Mmm . . . All because Pepperell makes such good sheets—and makes all types, at prices folks want to pay. I'll *always* ask for Pepperell Sheets! Pepperell Blankets, too . . .

**WE:** More women know Pepperells than any other sheets they can buy! If your store is out, remember we're making more *as fast as we can.*

*Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.*

**PEPPERELL SHEETS** are smooth, strong—finished with fine-stitched hems, Tapered Tape Selvages, "Tellmark" Tabs. And Pepperell's *factory-sealed* carton keeps your new sheets clean, fresh, "ready for bed!"



**PEPPERELL** *Sheets* and *Blankets*

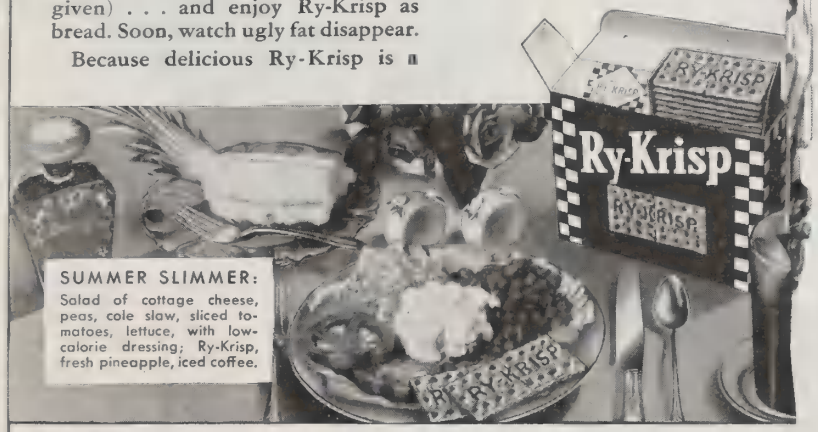
LADY PEPPERELL • DUCHESS • COUNTESS • ABBOTSFORD




**When Excess Fat is Excess Baggage... Better Reduce the Ry-Krisp Wa**

*Clip off pounds!* Get the Ry-Krisp plan for normal overweights. Then, choose meals you like from long lists of low-calorie foods (in quantities given) . . . and enjoy Ry-Krisp as bread. Soon, watch ugly fat disappear.

Because delicious Ry-Krisp is a whole-grain bread, rich in vitamin and minerals, it helps you gain to sparkle. Crisp, flavorful . . . and o 23 calories per double-square wa

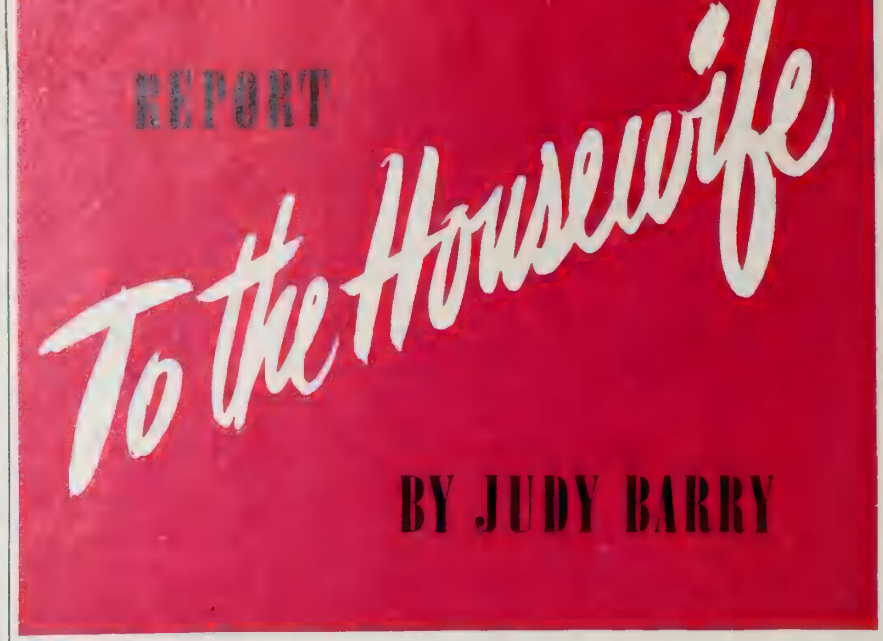



SUMMER SLIMMER:
Salad of cottage cheese, peas, cole slaw, sliced tomatoes, lettuce, with low-calorie dressing; Ry-Krisp, fresh pineapple, iced coffee.

***FREE!*** NEW "DESIGN FOR REDUCING," GIVES COMPLETE REDUCING PLANS FOR A AND WOMEN. WRITE RY-KRISP, 10 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MISSO








JUST about now you ought to be reveling in the new slimness of your figure, the clarity of your complexion. That is, if your conscience is clear, too, and you have been faithfully doing what our President and Mr. Hoover have asked, helping to save food for our hungry neighbors in Europe. Not very often that we get such a plus dividend as looking and feeling better just for doing our duty, is it? This is one time when virtue reaps more than its own reward.

## *War Food Order No. 144*

That refers to the new "Emergency Flour"—have you used it yet? We've been working with it, and it reminded us of a strange child who thinks he may be unwelcome, and thus is on the defensive, casts dark looks, is a little hard to handle at first. But by the same token, it responds warmly to patience and understanding.

Here in the Workshop Kitchen, we found that after a bit of practice you use it just as you would enriched white flour.

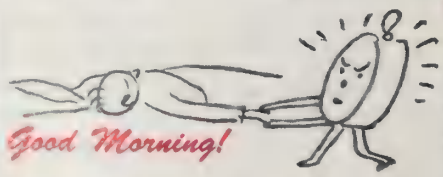
The rule for quick breads, "mix only until flour is moistened," is especially true of Emergency Flour.

We'd advise you to put away your famous 8-egg cake recipe for a while, but plain cakes, while they may not be as velvety as of yore, can still be good. All our simple basic recipes made with Emergency Flour have turned out to be very acceptable, in fact. Honesty, however, compels us to admit that the shadowy look of the innards of our pet biscuits took a bit of adjusting to, but only for a moment.



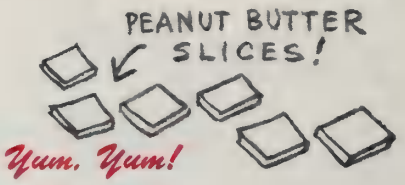
## *At Long Last!*

New lamp shades, equipped with a levelizer to keep them horizontal through everything, even a sub-deb daughter's jive sessions, are being made. Now if someone would only do the same for picture frames, and invent a gadget which would force all Venetian blinds in a room to halt at the same angle, we could relax and never again have to fret about the wild-eyed look such tipsiness can give to even the prettiest rooms!



## *Good Morning!*

And now some eager beaver has invented an alarm clock which rings and keeps *on* ringing until the formerly peaceful snoozer actually gets out of bed. His rising permits the bedsprings to rise also, which automatically operates the alarm's cutoff switch. Isn't someone always taking the joy out of life?



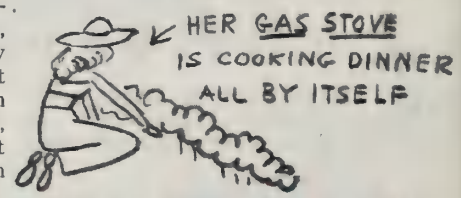

## *Yum, Yum!*

How would you like bricks of peanut butter all ready to be sliced and laid on bread as you do now with cheese? They're on the way—and experiments in flavoring them with chocolate, vanilla and such are now being conducted.




## *More DDT*

Newest use is in cedar-closet wallpaper, the kind you can apply yourself because it's ready-pasted. Its makers guarantee that for one year at least, this DDT-treated paper will kill moths, flies, ants or silverfish bold enough to come in contact with it.



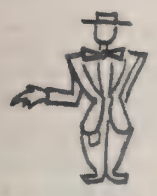

## *Cooking With the Gas Off*

Cooking with the gas off is the special talent claimed for one of the new gas ranges by its makers. An automatic device turns the gas off when the proper temperature is reached, seals the flue vent and allows the heavily insulated oven to keep right on cooking. The makers of this range promise that, with your dinner in the oven, controls set for the number of minutes indicated in the range's chart, you may lightheartedly go out to dig in your garden or catch forty winks, and be assured that the meal will be ready when you are.



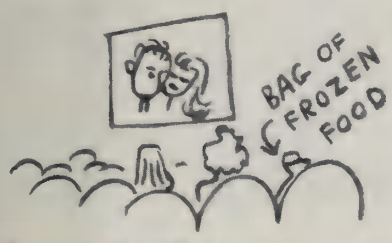
## Keep it Clean!

An enterprising manufacturer, who has respect for his wife's shining floors, has developed a door mat which automatically brushes off shoes when it's stepped on. An electric motor moves tiny brushes back and forth.



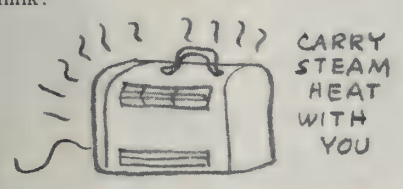
## We Knew it All the Time!

Technicians at a university research laboratory have decided that convention, not sense, guides men's habits of dressing! Laboratory tests have proved that tightness of weave is an important factor in the comfort of fabrics worn for both hot and cold weather. The next coolest thing to nothing at all is clothing of thin tightly woven fabric. Yet a "windbreaking" tightly woven fabric can also be warmer than a porous material of much heavier weight.




## January in June

This summer, when you go to market to buy frozen foods, you won't have to rush straight home before they melt. You can dally downtown on the hottest day for luncheon and a movie, if you're carrying a new kind of utility bag we've been using here in the Workshop, to keep frozen foods safely frigid for six hours. The secret is the "heat barrier" interlining, covered with lacquered neoprene lining. There are three variations of this bag—a zipper case, a fold-over style, and a drawstring type. Ought to be useful for toting milk, butter and ice cubes to your favorite picnic spot, wouldn't you think?




## Bring Your Own Steam Heat

Quick comfort for those bone-chilling days that abound in June (poets to the contrary notwithstanding) is a new lightweight portable steam heater that looks like a smart suitcase. It plugs into any room outlet, and in a very few minutes blessed heat should circulate through your fog-chilled beach-house living room. Weighs 37 pounds, stands 16½ inches tall, is 22 inches long, wears a convenient carrying handle.




## Pickup

We've been having a fine time in the Workshop lately with a new little dustpan-on-wheels, which allows us to pick up papers, lint, crumbs or what not from bare floors or rugs without bending our weary backs an inch, for it has a nice tall handle. A tiny roller brush across the front of the pan is adjustable.



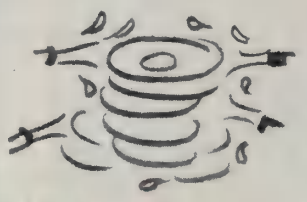
## No Kitchen. Steak for Four

It can be managed, with *cordon bleu* success. All you need is the steak, and one of the not new, but greatly improved, table broilers. They'll do after-theater hamburgers for eight, or a broiler for dinner *à deux*. Wedding-gift idea for which a kitchenless bride, or even a bride with a city-apartment-sized kitchen, would remember you gratefully forever.



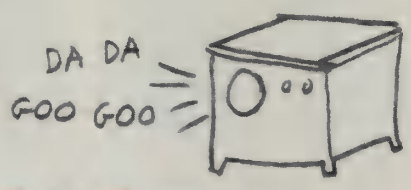
## Good Mixer

A plug so adaptable that it fits almost all household appliances now appears to comfort those of us who've scrambled through tangles of cords to find the plug we needed in a hurry. This one has co-operative self-adjusting "jaws," is attached to six feet of cord.



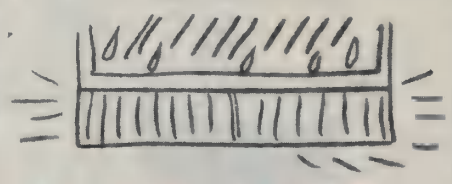
## Swishes the Dishes!

A brand-new nonelectric dishwasher has been announced, tested and should be in production by the time you read this. Engineers believe that this hydraulic washer can be mass-produced for an extremely nominal cost, for it is simple in construction, made of aluminum alloy. Its capacity seems to be fairly small—21 inches in diameter, 21 inches deep. A hydraulic lift raises the basket to easy position for filling with dishes. After loading is completed, a valve is opened in the pipe which connects the washer to the house hot-water supply. Faucet pressure then propels jets of water from little nozzles around the inside of the tub. These rotate the dish basket as they wash. Opening the lid, after they're all clean, allows the hydraulic lift to raise the basket up out of the tub. The basket continues spinning by momentum until the dishes are air-dried!




## Today Forever

We've heard of a beautiful new radio-phonograph cabinet which also has a device for recording right in your own home. Wouldn't it be fun to capture, on a record, the baby's first words, a birthday party, or any of the important sound effects of one's family life, to send to relatives far away, or to keep for old-age entertainment?



## Thunderstorm Brewing?

We've seen a good-looking new window ventilator that effectively keeps the storm and rain out, but lets the fresh cooling air in. It's made of translucent plastic-covered wire mesh in a featherweight aluminum frame. Adjustable to windows up to 36 inches.


# ONE GOOD TURN...



**BILL:** Say, honey, that deserves another. In fact, why not another one for every sheet?

**BARB:** And once it was me you loved! Now maybe I ought to be a little jealous—of my beautiful new Pepperell Sheets?

**BILL:** Say that again! Who's—beautiful?

**BARB:** Pepperells! They're the beautiful sheets with the wear woven in! That's what makes them such practical luxuries . . . Why, our first ones were so lovely after such long wear that I knew you'd like more—

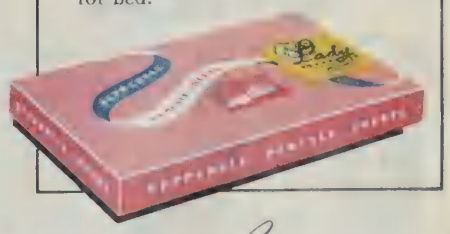
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PEPPERELL Sheets and Blankets

LADY PEPPERELL • DUCHESS • COUNTESS • ABBOTSFORD




**For Baby's Health**

Light, airy, sweet-and-clean diapers—that's what you want for a healthy, happy baby. CHIX Down-Weve gauze diapers—in bird's-eye weave—wash, rinse and dry fresh-smelling and soft in a jiffy. This helps prevent diaper rash.

**For Baby's Comfort**

The *special* weave of CHIX makes them *specially* comfortable because it's amazingly absorbent. In addition, it slows down the spread of moisture—so baby is less apt to be "soaking wet," and you save frequent changing of his shirt and bed clothes.

**To Save You Time and Trouble**

You'll find CHIX are truly "mother's helpers"—made of surgical-type gauze, woven in an unusually soft and absorbent weave. Inexpensive in the long run because, by folding according to directions, CHIX fit baby until he graduates into his first real pants!

Send for Free "Common Sense" Booklets on Dressing and Training Baby.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

**Chix**

*DOWN-WEVE GAUZE*

**DIAPERS**

CHICOPEE PRODUCTS

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**OTHER CHICOPEE PRODUCTS**

**DISPOSIES**—Throw-away inserts of patented cotton Masslinn and cellulose, used with waterproof holder.

**CHUX**—Complete diaper, completely disposable. Excellent for travel, busy times, vacations, emergencies.

# THE MEANING OF THE NUREMBERG TRIAL

*(Continued from Page 32)*

But, in fact, this is not the law. The critics have misread the law. As Mr. Justice Jackson demonstrated successfully to the four governments, the true reading of the law is as follows: before the Pact of Paris in 1928, it was lawful, at least for any state not a member of the League of Nations, to wage war—even a war of conquest and aggression. Since war was lawful, the rulers of a state were acting legally when they ordered their troops to fire, and those who were killed were war casualties, not the victims of murder. The difference between murder and war is that murder is illegal killing, whereas in war killing is under certain conditions legal. It was as lawful to kill in war, within the limits of the rules of war, as it is to kill in a legal execution.

The legal question then comes down in the last analysis to this: under what law was it a crime for Goering to order German troops to kill Dutch troops, for instance, on Dutch soil? We have seen that under international law he had no legal right to give the order which resulted in the killing of these Dutch troops. We know that under American law, German law, Dutch law, to kill deliberately and illegally is murder. The killing of these troops was murder. The only legal question then is whether it was not only murder under American, German and Dutch law but under international law as well. It is a fine point, and if Mr. Justice Jackson can be said to have created any new law, it is here. He could have let Goering be tried for murder under Dutch law in a Dutch court, or under Norwegian law in a Norwegian court, or under the law of any other state which was unlawfully attacked. Or he could have let Goering be tried under German law. For murder is and always has been a crime under German law. But Mr. Justice Jackson took the position that since murder is a crime under every code of law, it is a crime under universal law, under international law, or the law of all the nations.

THE idea of a universal law is not a new one. Piracy is a universal crime: a pirate, no matter what his nationality, can be tried and condemned in any court anywhere in the world. Some lawyers boggle at this, arguing that there is no specific statement which states that murder is an *international* crime, and that, therefore, to try Goering as an international murderer is to apply ex post facto law. But is this much of an objection? If murder is a crime in every country, are we doing any violence to the law or to the principles of justice when we arraign Goering for doing what was a criminal act anywhere, everywhere and always?

We can see how little substance there is to the objection by reminding ourselves by a concrete example of what would be a genuine case of prosecuting a man under ex post facto law. In America the law states that you must drive on the right side of the road. In England the law states that you must drive on the left side of the road. Suppose that on a Sunday in May an American driving his car in Chicago kept to the right side of the road. Suppose that in June the Illinois legislature changed the law, adopted the English system and made it illegal to drive on the right side. If, then, the Chicago driver were arrested in June for the way he drove his car in May, he would be charged for doing something which, when he did it in May, was legal. He would be the victim of ex post facto law.

The essence of the injustice would lie in the fact that a perfectly good and reasonable man could not know, except by consulting the statute book, which side of the road to take. In England he would obey the law by driving to the left; in America, by driving to the right. Therefore, if you make a new law, you must not punish him for anything he did when he was obeying the old law.

But Goering cannot argue that it was ever legal anywhere to commit murder, and that in trying him for killing innocent people deliberately and illegally, he is being tried under a newly invented law. Mr. Justice Jackson refused to admit that Goering could kill illegally and yet be legally immune. *He has insisted that under international law, once aggressive war had been made illegal, Goering could not get away with murder!*

Now why, since Goering could be tried under Dutch, Norwegian, Polish or German law, is it of such great importance to establish the precedent of trying him for the same crime but under universal law? Since he is undoubtedly a criminal, why go to the trouble of insisting that he is an *international* criminal?

Because this clarifies the law. It establishes a clear precedent that there is such a thing as world law. In the long view it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this. Goering was one of the rulers of the German state. Under international law in the nineteenth century, and indeed until Mr. Justice Jackson applied the Pact of Paris, the ruler of a state was not legally accountable outside his own country. If he ordered his troops to wage aggressive war abroad, that was no crime for which he was accountable, except to his own government, and there was little likelihood that his own government would ever punish him. If his country was defeated in that war, he could not be punished, though his country could be. This was sheer anarchy—that is to say, the absence of law—and it is against this anarchy that Mr. Justice Jackson has moved in.

When he has finished with the case—supposing that nothing unforeseen happens—it will be the clearly established law of the world that any person who wages aggressive war—be he a private citizen, an emperor, a king, a president, a commissar, a foreign minister, a general or whatever—has committed a crime for which he can be arrested, tried and, if convicted, punished. The fact that he was the official of a sovereign state is no defense. There is a law above everybody on earth, and there is no right of sovereignty by which any government or any man can say that this world law may not be enforced.

To appreciate how revolutionary and epoch-making this is, we have only to remind ourselves of the debates about the United Nations Charter. In that charter the five great powers have what is called a veto. They can forbid the United Nations Organization to enforce its decisions. But no one can veto the law as it is being established at Nuremberg. Veto or no veto, it will still be a crime to wage aggressive war. Veto or no veto, the rulers of the state will be personally liable as international criminals.

The real purpose of the charter is, therefore, protected by the Nuremberg process. Because of what Mr. Justice Jackson has done, it is impossible for the members of any government to claim that their veto gives them the right to be immune from punishment. It is now impossible for an aggressive state to say, "We are exercising our veto, and there is no right to interfere with our aggression." For the answer will be, "Though we cannot interfere with your aggression under the Charter, there remains the world law, and under that law, which you cannot veto, your aggression is unlawful and your responsible rulers are criminals, and we have the right and the obligation, fixed by the Nuremberg precedent, to bring them to justice."

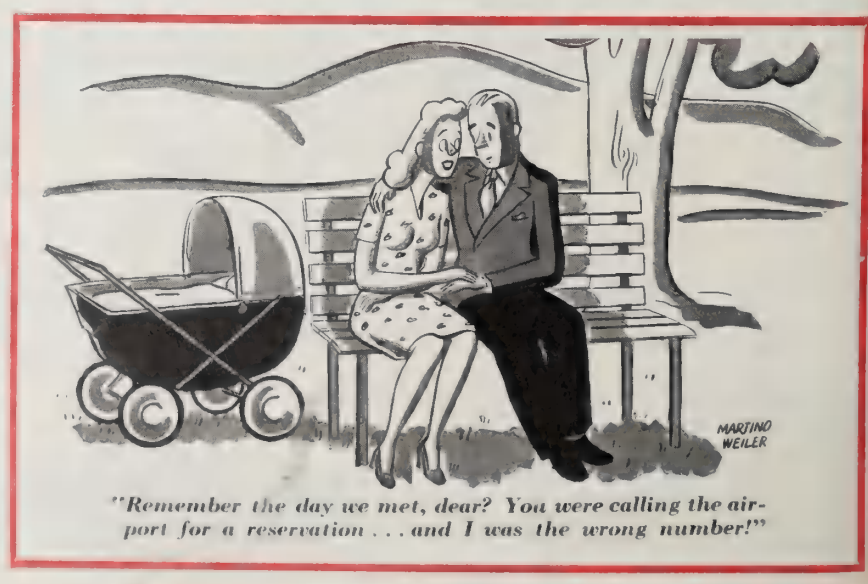
I do not think there is any doubt whatsoever that this is the right view of the situation. The world society which we call the United Nations has a Charter, written at San Francisco and ratified by the great majority of the states of the world. But besides the Charter, the United Nations also has a body of law, which is stated in the Charter of the International Tribunal that is judging the Nazis at Nuremberg. The charter of the Tribunal has been agreed to not only by the four governments—namely, Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the United States—but by more than twenty of the civilized countries of the world.

The Nuremberg Charter and the San Francisco Charter are equally binding in law and in morals on the nations which have subscribed to them. And if anyone wishes to understand what is world law, what are the rights and duties of governments and of individuals in the United Nations, he must read *both* the charters and construe them *together*. He will then see that whereas the San Francisco Charter contains a veto, the Nuremberg Charter overrides any veto when the crime of aggressive war is committed.

EVERY student of American history will recognize where Mr. Justice Jackson got the fundamental idea of holding the rulers of the German state personally accountable for breach of the peace. He got it from the debates in the American Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia in 1787. That convention met to deal with the anarchy and disorder under the Articles of Confederation. Now if you read the Articles of Confederation today, you will see that they were in essence a treaty among sovereign states. They provided for a league of states as did the Covenant of the Geneva League of Nations, as does the San Francisco Charter of the United Nations. There is really no substantial difference, and there are the most striking similarities, between our own Articles of Confederation back in the 1780's and the San Francisco Charter.

The Articles of Confederation proved to be too weak to keep the peace. Why? Because, as Alexander Hamilton and others argued at Philadelphia, there was no way to enforce the law against *individual* citizens. There was then no way to enforce the law. If the law was violated by a state or inside a state, there was nothing the United States could do about it except to complain and protest. Therefore, in the Philadelphia Constitution, which is our present Constitution, a new principle was introduced: it was that the

*(Continued on Page 190)*




*"Remember the day we met, dear? You were calling the airport for a reservation . . . and I was the wrong number!"*

# "When I was a baby it happened to me...

# NOW IT'S HAPPENING TO MY BABIES!"

**"I wonder** if there are many families like ours," writes Mrs. Basil Robinson, of Rochester, New York. "Not only was I raised on Clapp's myself—when Clapp's were the first baby foods ever made—but now I've got *two* Clapp-fed babies of my own!" And she continues . . .



**'Douggie was just** 3 years old when these pictures were taken, and Linda was 22 months. I'd just taken them to the doctor and heard the happy report that they just *couldn't* be healthier!

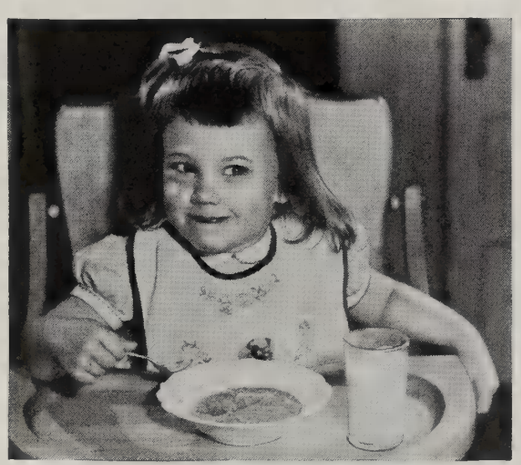


**"As a matter of fact,** neither one has ever been sick. (Maybe I should knock on wood!) They're both terribly active, and into everything. Sometimes it's all I can do to keep up with them!





**When Douggie was** ready to start strained foods, didn't have a minute's doubt about what brand to get. For Mother had always let me know that *I* was a Clapp-fed baby—and my babies were just bound to be Clapp-fed babies too!



**"Linda has pretty much** followed Douggie's stages of development all along. She weighed 6 lbs. at birth, while he'd weighed 7 lbs. 11½ oz. But for the past year she's always weighed exactly 2 lbs. less than he has, and has been exactly 2 inches shorter.



**"Both of them** have enormous appetites—and they've always loved their Clapp's foods. I'm sure their nourishing, well-balanced diet has done a lot to make them such healthy, happy children. So you can see why I'm so loyal to Clapp's!"

## Why your baby will thrive on Clapp's:



- Ever since Clapp's *originated* baby foods 25 years ago, we've made all our foods to fill doctors' requirements.
- We've constantly improved our formulas, added new foods, according to doctors' suggestions. Now we offer *"the world's largest baby menu."*
- We make every test we can, because we *want* to.
- We discard many fruits and vegetables that would be perfectly acceptable for adults, but not, in our judgment, for Clapp-fed babies.
- All our foods are *pressure-cooked*—to help retain vitamins and minerals, fresh color and flavor.
- We have seen two generations of babies raised on Clapp's. Our business, we believe, is the most important business in the world. It is our *sole* business, not a side line.



- Perhaps this is why so many doctors prescribe Clapp's regularly.

*This is the 25th Anniversary of*

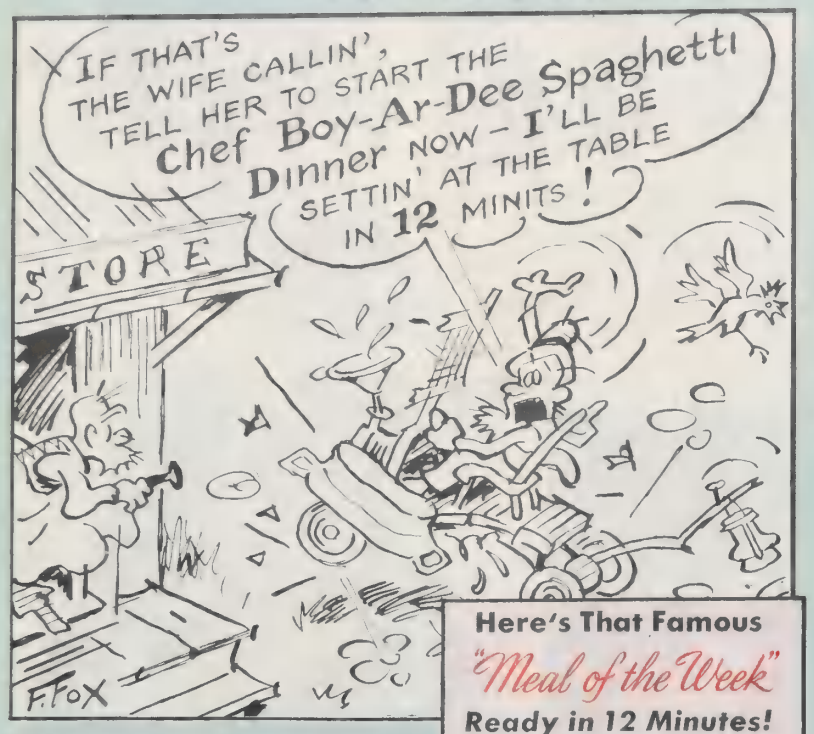
# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS




*—the first baby foods*

PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

# TOONERVILLE FOLKS
by FONTAINE FOX




**Quick as a flash** your carton of Chef BOY-AR-DEE becomes that epicure's delight, an *authentic* spaghetti dinner.

**No tedious fussing** over home-blended sauce; no precious time lost grating cheese. Everything ready and everything just right, for the tastiest feast hungry folks ever enjoyed.

**Thrifty, too**—only a few pennies a portion. Treat your family often to a Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinner...THE meal of the week!

***Children adore it!***

**Here's That Famous**
*"Meal of the Week"*
**Ready in 12 Minutes!**

The handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee carton provides a complete spaghetti dinner, all prepared but for the quick final cooking:

1—A full 8-ounce package of golden spaghetti, made of select durum wheat. Cooks to perfection in just 12 minutes—plump, firm, and tasty.

2—A large jar of savory spaghetti sauce created by Hector Boiardi*, world-famous chef. It's already blended—needs only heating.

3—A canister of specially aged and extra-fine Parmesan style cheese, grated for sprinkling.

Makes a big platter of tempting spaghetti goodness for three or more heavy eaters.

* *Pronounced* BOY-AR-DEE




**Chef BOY·AR·DEE**
*Spaghetti Dinner*
A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping


*(Continued from Page 188)*

laws of the United States could be enforced against individuals anywhere in the United States. It was this principle, that the laws bound all individuals, which transformed the confederation into our federal union, which created out of what was only a league of many sovereign states a national union.

At Nuremberg Mr. Justice Jackson has introduced this same principle of individual liability into the United Nations. It is, therefore, true to say that this is *the* event which marks the beginning of the first world state in the history of mankind. Once the principle has been established that there is such a thing as universal law binding every person in the world, men have set their feet upon the road that leads to a universal state.

The road will surely be long, hard and broken. We shall not soon or easily establish a world state under a world government. I at least do not think we shall. Nor do I think it likely that having taken the initial step, we can now disarm, or consider that "power politics" are abolished, and that wars have been prevented. There may, we must admit to ourselves, be many wars before the union of mankind in a universal state is achieved. After our own federal union was established, we had a civil war. The unification of national states has been a long, tough and violent business. The unification of mankind is likely to be a long, tough and violent business. But this principle is the fundamental principle by which, however it is achieved and whenever it is achieved, the unification will come about. It is upon the foundation of a universal law binding all persons, establishing their individual duties and rights everywhere, that mankind will eventually reach unity. There is no other way, no other possible way.

It will be one of the chief glories of our time that this great beginning was inaugurated; and to have participated in it, merely by understanding and appreciating it, will constitute as great a claim as most of us can hope to make upon the gratitude of the generations to come.

## THE "ONE WORLD" DELUSION

*(Continued from Page 6)*

America, and it is not. The history of the United States is not the history of Britain. Immigration to America has introduced enormous changes in the original American race; the American climate and continental size have created a different type of person and mind from the British. We may deepen a "fraternal association," but any attempt to put us again under one government would have to be the result of force, and have to be maintained by force.

The agreements at Yalta and Potsdam resulted in the reincorporation into Russia of Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, part of Poland, Moravia, Carpatho-Ruthenia, and part of Finland. This was made possible by the presence of the Soviet armies. It was an act of force, and it will have to be maintained by force and the ruthless liquidation of thousands of human beings. To bring these peoples under the one government of the Soviet Union, hundreds of thousands of persons had to be deported from their ancestral homes. Hundreds of thousands more fled into exile or, being in exile, have preferred to remain there. Rationally speaking, it would certainly seem safer for them to be within the great Soviet "security" system than living the precarious life of small states, but they don't like it, and likes and dislikes are part of human nature, and therefore factors of politics.

Even within Christendom, countries with a long tradition of Catholicism have a quite different culture from countries that have been Protestant since the Reformation, or countries that have belonged to Byzantine Christendom since the great schism, and the difference is even visible to the naked eye. Even Western Europeans, all of whom stem from mixtures of the same races, and all of whom have the same basic religion, and who


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There's never any doul about any tuna dish . . . hot or co . . . when you use these famou brands of *quality* tuna. Every dis is a culinary triumph . . . delica and delicious! For, only the tend *light* meat is packed. With ma of our boats still "in the Navy" yo dealer can't get all he wants, ev yet. But we're supplying hi with as much as we can, as oft as possible.

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onally should have had a common gov-
ment for centuries, resist it to this day,
every attempt to create one government
had to resort to force—the French at-
ipt under Napoleon; the German under
ler.

But now we are asked to imagine that we
join, under One World Government,
ssia, with its Byzantine and tyrannical
ory; Western Europe, Insular Britain;
Middle East, with its nomadic traditions
its cultural allegiance to the Koran;
na, Egypt, India; the South Pacific is-
ds, rebelling from European rule; the
ted States and Latin America! Why,
n the Americas could be put under one
ernment only by conquest, and kept
e by tyranny.

he concept is one of those mechanical
s that can be born only in the heads of
em builders, who more than any other
an species have trampled the world in
d to create world orders that have in-
ably been born in strife and dissolved in
s.

ne World Government could be imposed
by force and kept imposed by the most
nscionable despotism and a single mi-
ty international party, like the Com-
ist, which would hold all power ruth-
y. It could not possibly be "demo-
ic," for a democratic world government
ld break up at the first session.

is, nevertheless, conceivably possible
all nations might agree to the mutual
ptance of a single world law, prohibiting
settlement of disputes between them
orce—that is, war. Whether or not they
ld conform depends on the world law's
ing no *other* function of government ex-
that single one: the constraint of force
n instrument of sovereign states against
other—that is, a purely *negative* func-
. Sovereign states might put themselves
er the authority of an international law
ibiting war, only on condition that it
lved no further interference whatsoever
nd checks against armament. That is
greatest and only hope, and that alone is
what we should strive for. For the rest, our motto must be the old, tried political wisdom of "live and let live."

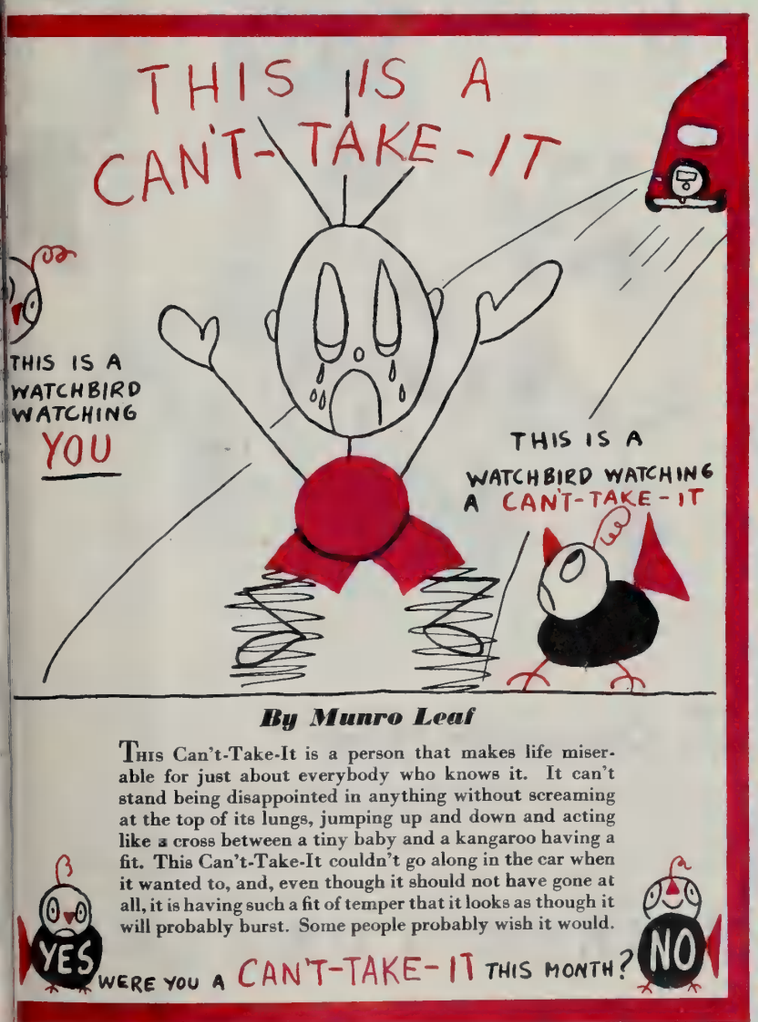
Any attempt at more than that purely *negative* function would inevitably mean the introduction of a world-wide reign of terror, the last and worst form of war. The attempt to create one world *civilization*—without which there is no possibility of one government—whether that civilization were American, British or Russian, would result *only* in a world-wide civil war, accompanying a world-wide international war.

Furthermore, the theory that the constriction of space by the increased speed of communication, having brought the world geographically nearer, will naturally bring peoples and civilizations closer, is highly dubious. The French hate the Germans and not the Chinese just because the Germans are closer. If the Chinese were on the Rhine they would hate the Chinese. The Roman imperialists never had a war with the Vikings because they were too far away.

Actually, if *war* could be abolished from the world, the French would like the Germans, at least more than they do, and vice versa. But if war were abolished, and with the abolition of war there were no more opportunity to unite mankind under one government by force, there would probably be a natural tendency of some civilizations to draw closer together and others to move apart. The natural affinities and disaffinities would operate, between civilizations, as they do between persons. Many of the existing "unities" would break up. Others would form themselves.

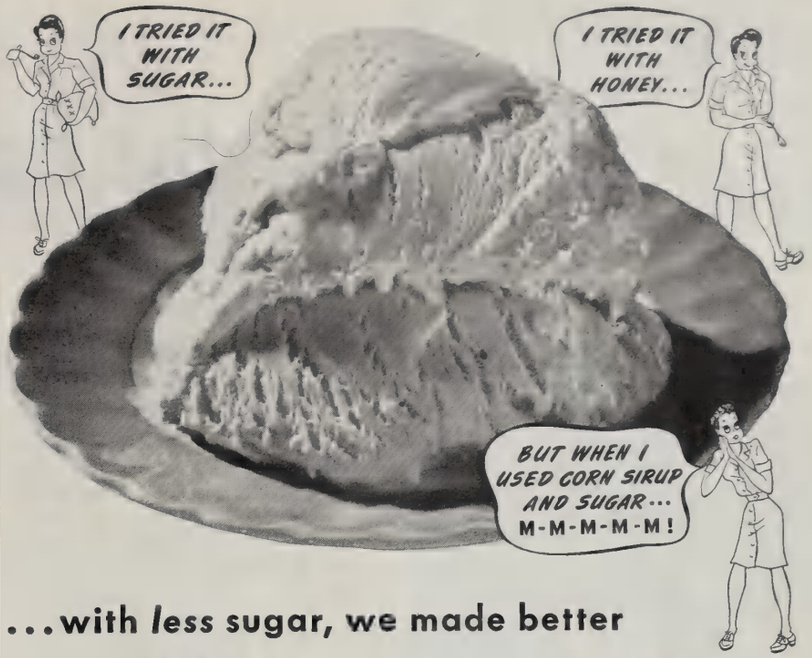
God would still "fulfil Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world"—to quote Tennyson, who, like all poets, saw the truth about humanity more clearly than do the system builders.

Our world is a "house of many mansions," and God forbid that it should ever be turned into the apartment house of uniform flats; for the day it is, that house will be a prison, with bars on the windows, and guards with machine guns at the gates.




***By Munro Leaf***

THIS Can't-Take-It is a person that makes life miserable for just about everybody who knows it. It can't stand being disappointed in anything without screaming at the top of its lungs, jumping up and down and acting like a cross between a tiny baby and a kangaroo having a fit. This Can't-Take-It couldn't go along in the car when it wanted to, and, even though it should not have gone at all, it is having such a fit of temper that it looks as though it will probably burst. Some people probably wish it would.


...with *less* sugar, we made better

# RENNET-CUSTARD ICE CREAM!



*by Mary Mason*
DIRECTOR OF THE TEST KITCHEN

We've just made a wonderful discovery! We've learned how to make the smoothest, most delicious rennet-custard ice cream ever turned out in our test kitchen—and we've done it time after time, so it's no accident. It happened when we were seeking ways to help homemakers save sugar and still enjoy incomparable rennet-custard ice cream. We found that half sugar *and half corn sirup* made that wonderful ice cream even smoother—even more lusciously like Grandma's unforgettable hand freezer ice cream. It's so smooth and satisfying that once you try it in your automatic refrigerator, you may never want to make any other kind again! Try these recipes—and see the amazing difference for yourself!

*'Most everyone said, "It's out of this world!"*

## VANILLA ICE CREAM

1 "Junket" Brand Rennet Tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
2 cups light cream
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup corn sirup (Karo, Sweetose, etc.)
1¼ teaspoons vanilla

Dissolve rennet tablet by crushing in cold water. Mix light cream, sugar, sirup and vanilla. Warm slowly, stirring constantly. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. When COMFORTABLY WARM (110° F.), *not hot*, remove at once from heat. Add dissolved rennet tablet and stir quickly for a few seconds only. Pour at once, *while still liquid*, into freezing tray. Do not move until set—about 10 minutes. Then place in freezing unit and freeze *until firm*. Remove to bowl, break up, and beat with rotary beater till a thick smooth mush. Finish freezing.

*Some folks preferred our . . .*

## HONEY ICE CREAM

1 "Junket" Rennet Tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
2 cups light cream
⅓ cup strained honey
¼ cup chopped nuts (if desired)

Follow same directions as above. If nuts are desired, stir in when ice cream is beaten, after first freezing.

*Old-time favorite—with all sugar*

## CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

1 "Junket" Rennet Tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
2 cups light cream
½ cup sugar
¼ cup cocoa (*not* Dutch process)
1¼ teaspoons vanilla

Mix sugar and cocoa; add cream slowly, mixing to smooth paste. Add vanilla. Then follow directions above.




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. . . Please send me enough "Junket" Rennet Tablets to make more than a quart of ice cream . . . also many more exciting sugar-saving recipes.

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*"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the U. S. and Canada.*

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**KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST**

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## UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

# Mothers—Teach Your Child to Swim When Young

**BY VICTOR E. LAWSON**
*International Swimming and Athletic Coach*

ONE of the first questions asked me by the mother of each of my swimming pupils, as she brought her child to me for instruction, was invariably, "Victor, is my boy old enough to learn to swim?" or "Victor, what is the best age for my little girl to begin?" It seems that every mother wants to have that question answered, for whether she was Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean at Palm Beach, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan at Long Island, or Lady Lauderdale in England, each mother, though eager to have her child take up swimming, was uncertain as to the child's having reached the right age.



*Mr. Lawson, proof of his word, shows swimming builds muscles.*

Usually I would explain that it is a very short step from crawling on the floor to swimming, which is, roughly speaking, just crawling in the water. You mothers have seen how well and how unbelievably fast a child can get around the floor, using his arms and legs in the motions we call "crawling." Well, provided that the water is as accessible as the floor, a child will take that step according to his own desires and just as naturally as he crawls. No one has to teach a child to crawl on the floor, as you well know. So, the earlier you take your child to the water, the earlier he will learn to swim. The first stroke a child learns, called the "puppy paddle," is as instinctive as that crawl along the floor.

Children love motion and action. I have seen tiny tots of but two years going through on the dry sand the arm motions of a swimming stroke after watching some children or a parent swimming in the water. How well you know what a little mimic your own child is in every way. In general, however, I believe that a child will be anywhere from four to six years of age before he or she can become an accomplished child swimmer. Only a little one who is taken to the water at an early age, who practically grows up beside the water, can acquire the confidence in his buoyancy and the knowledge and love of the water that make him an intelligent and fearless swimmer at an early age.

Fortunate is the child whose mother gets him off to the earliest start possible in learning how to swim. I happen to be one of these fortunate sons, for I am able to cherish the happy memory of such a wonderful mother and always remember with appreciation the opportunities she opened up for me by giving me an early start at this great health-building and body-developing sport. A splendid swimmer herself, she was eager for her son to appreciate the great pleasure of this sport and its value in keeping fit. Today, even at her advanced age, she enjoys good health and still maintains the lovely, graceful figure that swimming builds for women and helps them to retain through the years. It is my opinion that a son or daughter can never be sufficiently grateful to such an understanding mother.

Start your child, then, as early as possible, for swimming is more than just fun. As you have watched your child develop from a wee bit of humanity with a tiny wobbly head, you must have observed the demonstration he gives of what muscles can do for a human being. You have seen him kicking away for all his worth as he developed his muscles and finally was able to stand erect, and walk, and talk.

This need of the muscles for activity is one that never ceases. Your child's body will grow and develop throughout life to the extent that he participates in proper muscular activity. This is true not only of a baby or young child, but of children of all ages and of adults too. But whereas the child goes at his muscular activity guided by instinct, it is strange to find that adult men and women often have to become ill before they realize how much the body requires muscular activity.

Swimming is a sport that stops for building muscles—not big, bulging ones, but long, flowing muscles that give poise and power to the body, and develop good posture and well-shaped limbs.

In addition, however, to this body-building activity, swimming gives your child the advantage of hours of wholesome fun in the great outdoors—the stuff that teaches him self assurance and gives him the feeling that there is so much to see and do, so much to learn, and that the world is a great place in which to be alive.

Now, while swimming is a wonderful means of supplying the body with proper physical activity, there are still other tremendously important reasons why you should teach your child to swim.

You have learned, for instance, how necessary it is for your child to have a continuous supply of fresh air, so, as he grew, you have wrapped him up and set him outdoors to drink in his fill of the air. In that air is oxygen. It is a gas that the body uses to promote the growth of the body tissues. Do you know that the oxygen that is taken into our lungs as we breathe is then carried along hundreds of miles of blood vessels to every part of the body? It would seem that Nature planned very carefully for the body to get its quota of oxygen, and it would seem also that Nature intended every human being to swim.

Let's do a little comparing, and you will soon see why I make that claim. If you place a human body in the position in which the lungs can breathe in the largest supply of air possible, the amount of air taken into the lungs will be seven quarts per minute. Remember that figure, please:

*7 quarts of air per minute.*

Now, look what happens in swimming. That same person by doing a swimming stroke in the water can breathe in

*45½ quarts of air per minute.*

Roughly speaking, that is 6½ times as much air.

So, you see, when your child swims, he or she can take in 6½ times as much oxygen into his body. That extra oxygen intake is one reason why swimming is such a wonderful sport for strengthening the body. As you know, oxygen is used by the body to hasten the removal of worn body tissue, thus making way for the new growth. The process of renewing the body tissue is continuous throughout life, and therefore we should all try to get as much air into our lungs as possible.

Still another reason why every child should swim is that the water itself has therapeutic value. Also, the action of the water, as the body moves through it, is very soothing to the nerves and therefore helps to strengthen them. These facts about the value of swimming are now very generally recognized by all health authorities. Swimming has been made a part of the Army program—especially for promoting the health of wounded men. The swimming pool at Army hospitals is considered a very important department.

So you see there are many scientific and logical reasons why your child should learn to swim as



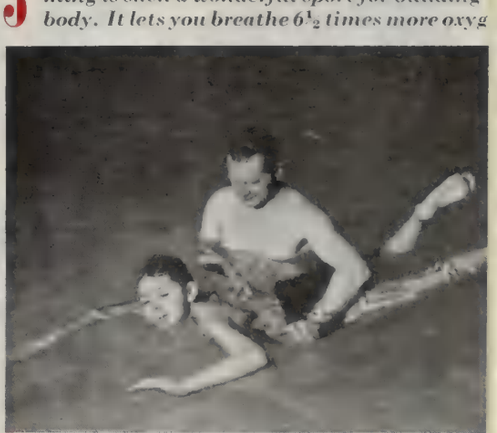
1 *The first swimming stroke is as instinctive a baby's crawl. The sooner you take yo child to the water, the better it is for hi*



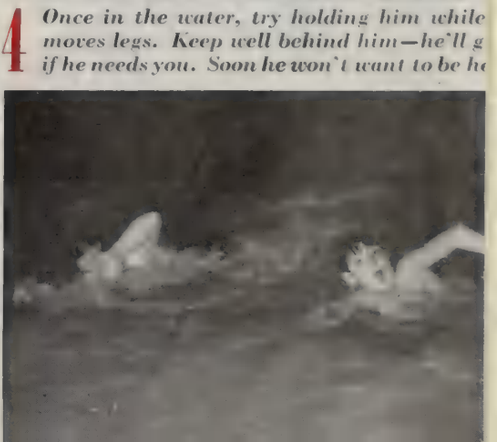
2 *Your child can practice the motions with the water. First let him "paw" the air, rea out and then bring his arm way back to his si*



3 *Extra oxygen intake is one reason why swi ming is such a wonderful sport for building body. It lets you breathe 6½ times more oxyg*



4 *Once in the water, try holding him while moves legs. Keep well behind him—he'll g if he needs you. Soon he won't want to be he*







early as possible. If you choose an opportunity when you are at the beach, you can begin by placing your little child at the edge of the water to play—where the end of the wave will wash gently over his legs. That is his first swimming lesson—getting properly acquainted with the delightful waves. He will want to see your face down beside him, so do not stand up, but sit down or squat down and play a game with him.

Most children love the thrill of the ever-coming and ever-running-away water. However, if your tiny tot feels strange or timid, you can get him to build a big sand castle and let him enjoy the fun of the wave washing the castle away, a sight that never fails to delight the young folks. Pretty soon he will want to run after the water as it recedes, and in no time at all he will have overcome any strangeness he may feel at the start. If you keep him interested and occupied, he will not have time to feel afraid and will adjust himself to this new situation.

Another way to do is to dig a big hole and let the water in. He will sit on the side, splashing with his feet and having a grand time, then he will experiment and explore.

Little boys in particular love to dig a big hole or trench and make a pond for the water to flow into. If you help them and encourage them to make it deep enough, the hole will form a fine little swimming pool, where the child can practice his beginning stroke with perfect safety and get the feeling of the water supporting him. This pond should be near enough for water to reach it with each incoming tide, so that the pool will be constantly freshened. A little digging each day will keep the pool from filling up with sand.

Suppose, however, you have a timid little girl on your hands, who does not seem to be progressing as you would like. You may want to try playing pickaback. Walk out in the water and bend down, letting the waves come over both of you a little. In this way she will get used to the feeling of the water and will soon realize that it is good fun. If you duck your face into the water, she will want to try that too.

When your child begins to feel at home in the deeper water, about up to his chest, so that he can scramble up again if a wave has bowled over him, show him how to crawl along in the water, using hands and knees. Stay with him at the start, moving along beside him to give him confidence. Have him watch some other child if possible, and soon he will catch the rhythm of the arms as they move in the "puppy paddle" stroke, as the child's first stroke is called. You will understand the advantage of watching another child, but you can also show your child how you move your arms, reaching forward one after the other.

Next try holding him, while he practices moving his legs. Keep well behind him and hold him very gingerly by a piece of the bathing suit with your right hand, being ready to grasp the child's body from the underside with your left arm—scoop him up easily, out of the water and into your protecting arms—should a strong wave catch him unprepared. Be sure to laugh and make a game of any such happenings, and set the child back in the water again immediately and very casually.

You will have to use good judgment at this stage. The child will be eager to go ahead on his own, and you must not destroy this self-confidence. After one or two attempts, most children do not want to be held—boys especially. So, you see, you will have to keep well behind the child and carefully conceal from him your hold of his swim suit. It is usually enough for the child to know that you are there, and in case of difficulty he will grab you—have no fear of that, for his instinct for self-preservation is primitive. If

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# It's a Mystery to Me

*By Constance J. Foster*

THE latest whodunit has nothing on the things that go on at our house. *Why* is the cooky jar always empty? I have examined it carefully and it has no hole in the bottom—only a crack where it was mended after it had been knocked off the shelf by a wicked little gnome, no more than a foot tall. Johnny *saw* him do it, so who am I to doubt?

*Who* vanishes my scissors? *What* happens to all the screw drivers? *Why* are there never any pencils when it is time to start for school? It makes me suspect that a genie lives in our house, but though we have set bottles for him, baited with everything from a full-masted sailing vessel to a drop of champagne, we have so far been unable to trap him.

Why is it that rubbers are all invariably at school when we wake to a rainy morning? Surely some malicious spirit must be responsible. Perhaps, Ruthie suggests cheerfully, he isn't really bad, but just web-footed himself and doesn't know that wet feet can cause "new-monya." (She spells it that way herself, which is another mystery, because all the other children take after their father and never misspell a word!)

How come that brothers and sisters who disagree so violently that strangers in the neighborhood are directed to "go up the hill and turn left by the house where the children are always quarreling," suddenly turn into a United Nations when any one of them is attacked by an outsider?

"Scram—he's my brother, see?"

"But you just pulled his hair yourself," I remind them.

"Sure, what do you expect? He's my brother, isn't he?"

Page Sigmund Freud, friends. This one is a real psychological mystery, too deep even for Ellery Queen or the Shadow.

Why does Janet, whose room resembles Hiroshima after the atomic bomb struck, always emerge from it looking as if she came out of a bandbox, while Ruthie, who is as fussy as an old maid about her belongings, invariably looks as sloppy as a washday clothesline, flapping in the breeze?

How can it be that when I scold Pete for rushing out coatless, hatless and rubberless to take a crack at a squirrel with his new shotgun in a driving downpour, *he* is always perfectly dry but demands, "Where's an old rag? Gotta wipe off my gun. It's soaking wet!"

I've tried to solve these mysteries in the scientific spirit. When the large cut-glass rose vase was found in fractured pieces, I applied the fingerprint powder that came in Johnny's G-Man kit. The evidence pointed conclusively to the involvement of all four, though each had stoutly denied the crime. So they were punished, looking innocent to the bitter end. The next day came a letter from Great-aunt Sis, who had been visiting us. "Am sending you a new container for flowers. Sorry I forgot to tell you I broke your other one the day I left."

Mysteries like these abound in our house. I'm completely baffled trying to fathom them. But the weirdest one of all is the Mystery of the Perfect Child. I never meet him, but apparently the neighbors do. The myth is always coming back to me. It goes like this:

"Johnny is such a perfect gentleman. At the party he was really an example to the others. How in the world do you manage to to make him so courteous and polite?"

Or the school report goes: "We find Janet a well-adjusted child with socially responsible traits and emotional maturity."

How did it happen? It's a mystery to me!

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you are not a swimmer, you should remember that the human body floats very easily when relaxed—when there is a complete absence of any tautness of the nerves or muscles. As most children are relaxed, they float easily.

You can also let your child practice the arm motions while out of the water. Build a big heap of sand. Place him face down on it—his tummy on the sand heap and his body balanced, leaving arms and legs free to move. First let him "paw" the atmosphere, reaching out and bringing his arm back again to his body. Remember that one arm should be reaching forward while the other is moving back to the hip. That is the way I used to do when coaching little Brenda Frazier, who became a prize swimmer and developed into such a glamorous beauty with a lovely figure.

This "pawing" stroke, the puppy paddle, is the stroke that comes naturally to all children, as it is just a simple pawing motion of arms and legs similar to those made by a dog when swimming. However, it will also form the basis of a good American crawl stroke, which the child will learn later.

Practice in the puppy paddle should always be a form of fun. You should avoid any discipline. Give your approval freely. Be sure to avoid any display of nervousness on your part. Avoid raising your voice as you give instructions, but use your clearest, but soft and encouraging, tones. If he moves his arms incorrectly, do not call attention to what he is doing wrong, but rather say, "Can you do this, dear?"; "Try it this way"; or "Here's a better way to do that." Show him the how and why and what of the matter.

As a rule, a child will try very hard to do what he should, in order to win your approval. Be very patient and show him as often as necessary. However, do not tire him out. If he is trying too hard, just say, "You're getting along fine," and then add, a minute or two later, "Now it's time for a run on the beach!" It is very important that he leave the water, feeling he has done well. He will have made some progress, even though it may not be apparent at the moment. Remember that the body, legs and arms and head must all be relaxed in swimming, so if the child is timid or nervous do not expect too much, but endeavor to build his confidence in the meantime.

I have saved one important point, because it should be handled by you at your discretion, but as early as possible. That is, always to tell the child to close his mouth if the waves come at him or if his face is in the water, and also to "Spit out the water if it gets into your mouth." The action is something that the child very quickly learns to do in the water. An adult must also learn to spit out the water if it gets into his mouth. Tell the child that the ocean is very salty and is not for drinking. You can even scoop up a little in your hand and let the child taste how salty it is and then spit it out.

I haven't mentioned the breathing method for this puppy-paddle stroke, for it is just the normal method of breathing, which the child will perform naturally; that is, in through the nose and out through the mouth.

Most children take naturally to the water if allowed time to get used to this new sensation. Some, however, are timid at first, but I have seen even the most timid and scrawny little tots develop into fine strong swimmers and well-developed and lovely shaped bodies.

I wish that every mother could realize how much swimming means to the development of her child and to the fine opportunities for good, clean fun and sociability this sport presents for everyone. Remember, too, how the precious vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin—is absorbed by the body at the same time the child is out for an afternoon of swimming or when spending the summer vacation at the beach.

Go to it, mother, with your child's first swimming lesson. Who knows, you may have a fine Olympic swimming champion in your family! And though I have mentioned the ocean, a lake or other waterway adapted to your needs will be suitable. So I say again—*teach your child to swim when young.*

When tiny tantrums mean
"Childhood Constipation"



...give Fletcher's Castoria!



*"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."*

WHEN your baby shows his temper, and those unhappy tantrums come from "Childhood Constipation"... it's time for you to do the wise thing:

Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively—yet, it's so gentle it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

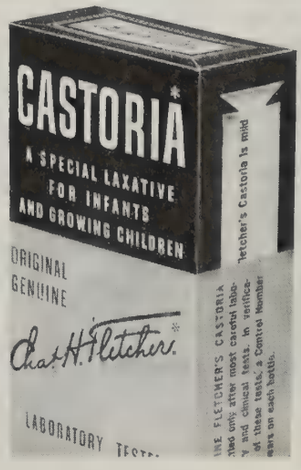
Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

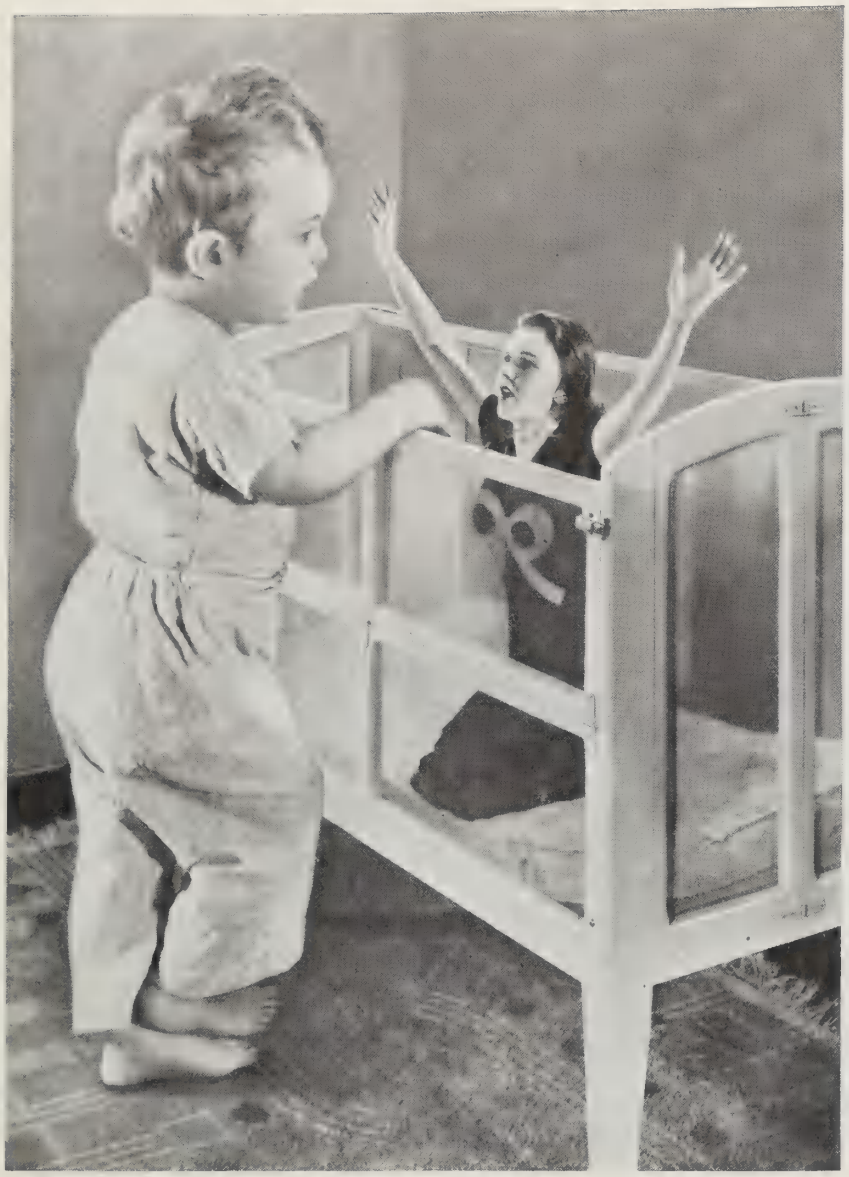
And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly without forcing.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria*** *at your drugstore today. Look for the green band and laboratory control number on the package.*

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
*The original and genuine*





"I know it's no picnic, Mom!"



**BABY**: Didn't I *tell* you a baby's life is tough, Mom? But you had to *try* it—to believe me!

**MOM**: Lamb—you were so right! I *hate* being parked in one spot. I'm *miserable* from wriggling around. Does a baby's skin always feel as uncomfortable as this?

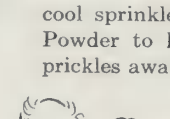
**BABY**: That depends, Mom. A baby's skin *can* be smooth and soft as a stork's wing. Providing, of course, his mother treats him right with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

**MOM**: Darlin', I didn't *know!* But I'm willing to learn!

**BABY**: Okay, Mom. First lesson—smooth me down with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil, after my bath. Use some more at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

**MOM**: Yes, teacher. And then?

**BABY**: Lesson two—Don't forget there'll be times when I need lots of soft, cool sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder to help keep chafes and prickles away!



**MOM**: Let's go—for the Johnson's! Here's where I start taking honors as a mama!

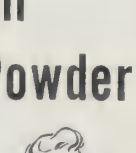






Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson



WAYNE F. MILLER



*Baby won't die of pneumonia unless mother is blind to the signs. But fever plus pain is reason to think a cold is more than just bad.*

# PNEUMONIA

***By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen***
President, Chicago Board of Health

ONCE a name to strike terror in the hearts of mothers, pneumonia is no longer the dreaded disease that, only twenty years ago, killed nearly a third of the babies who became infected with its germs. Today, medical science fights back with telling effect when pneumococci attack. Except in rare cases, children do not die of pneumonia any more—*unless mothers fail to recognize the signs and act promptly to get medical science on the job.*

Still, pneumonia is a treacherous adversary, quick to take any advantage that is offered. Especially when children are weakened by fatigue, undernourishment or previous illness, it may spread so rapidly that within a few hours the child is in grave danger.

So here is the most important rule for mother to remember: When there is any reason to suspect pneumonia, call the doctor *now!* It is never safe to "wait and see" when pneumonia could be the cause of sickness.

Chiefly, the signs to look for are chills and fever; pains in the chest or side; general soreness, raspy breathing and coughing. Sometimes one or more of these symptoms are missing; fever plus any one of the others is reason enough to be doubtful that it is *not* "just a bad cold."

Until the doctor arrives to determine specifically whether or not the sick child has pneumonia, keep him in bed—and make certain that he stays covered and quiet. A little aspirin may be given to relieve chest pains and general discomfort, but don't give any sirupy cough medicines; these can easily get into the air passages and add to the difficulty. Instead, use a steam kettle in the child's bedroom; this will make breathing easier and help the cough some. Sponging with lukewarm water will bring the fever down a little, but, if this is done, particular care must be taken to prevent exposure and chilling. If possible, give the child some warm, nourishing food and fluids to keep up his strength. However, he may not feel like taking anything, and food should not be forced on him.

One way the doctor can tell immediately whether or not the bronchi and the lungs are involved is by tapping the chest with his fingers. Where the air passages or cells are filled with infectious matter, he hears a comparatively high-pitched, dull sound instead of the low, resonant tone which is the response of the normal lung. When congestion is found in the bronchial area, the diagnosis is likely to be bronchopneumonia; when the

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.




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THE YANKEE SHOEMAKERS

LITTLE YANKEE

GREAT SHOES FOR LITTLE AMERICANS"


**If someone betrays you once, it's his fault. If he betrays you twice, it's your fault.**

—RUMANIAN PROVERB.


*greet the* **NEW BABY** **with a**



*Cuddle-Nest*

3 GIFTS IN 1

**PAD, PILLOW AND QUILTED COVERLET**

Cuddle Nest is the perfect gift. In pink, blue, or white quilted satin with Kantwet's famous wetproof lining to keep a chubby angel socially acceptable. For trips in the car or his own carriage. Any new mamma will bless you for it.

**AT LEADING STORES**

A "KANTWET" PRODUCT


entire lung is involved, it is called lobar pneumonia.

Depending on the severity of the disease, the general condition of the child, the distance to be traveled and the circumstances in the home—including the likelihood that other children might become infected—the doctor will decide whether or not hospital care is necessary. The fact that he rules in favor of the hospital is no cause for alarm; on the contrary, it means added protection in the form of constant attendance by professionally trained people who have all the drugs and equipment that might be needed.

The sulphonamide drugs are now the most widely used weapons to combat pneumonia. Taken by mouth in pills or capsules, these lifesaving chemicals act with dramatic swiftness to check the multiplication of pneumococci, so that the body's own disease fighters, the white cells of the blood, can destroy the germs with comparative ease. Often this happens so rapidly that the fever is reduced and the other symptoms are noticeably diminished within twenty-four hours after the drug is first taken, though usually from four or five to seven or eight days are needed before all signs of disease disappear. If the child is kept at home during the acute period, it is mother's responsibility to continue the same care—chiefly rest, warmth and nourishment—that is required from the very beginning.

Many times nowadays mothers ask the doctor to give their children penicillin instead of the sulphonamide drugs, believing that this will make recovery quicker and surer. While pneumonia is treated successfully with penicillin, it is no more effective than the sulphonamides in most cases—and it has the great disadvantage of having to be given by intramuscular injection instead of by mouth.

To answer another question that mothers are asking in increasing numbers: There is no evidence yet that streptomycin, another new "miracle drug," is useful at all against pneumonia. None of the drugs, moreover, is effective against one form of the disease, known as virus pneumonia or pneumonitis. Fortunately, this type is usually short-lived and is almost never fatal.

Because its germs invade the respiratory tract, pneumonia is passed easily from person to person by coughing and sneezing—and often by the "hand to mouth" route, when germs are deposited on objects and picked up by the fingers. During the war, its infectiousness made pneumonia a major medical problem among troops living close together in barracks. So Army doctors worked to develop a vaccine which would aid in preventing the disease. Successful results were obtained with vaccines made from a starchy substance which surrounds or encapsulates pneumococci in the body. However, it will be some time before these vaccines are widely available.

Some pneumococci are found in the membranes lining the mouth, nose and throat of healthy people all the time. Doctors do not yet understand just what it is that suddenly makes some of these germs active in those who get pneumonia. It is known, however, that they are most likely to become virulent in people whose general condition is poor. Mother's job, then, week after week throughout the year, but especially during the winter season when pneumonia is most prevalent, is to see that the children get plenty of rest and sleep, and regular, well-balanced meals. Excessive fatigue and exposure to cold and dampness are hazards which must be avoided. Above all, the child with a cold, sore throat or cough should be kept home in bed until these symptoms have disappeared. The day will never come when mothers can be excused for carelessness resulting in exposure to pneumonia.




ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Traveling around the countryside near my home, I can see the farmers busy in the fields. It gives me deep satisfaction that many of these crops in the form of prepared baby foods will help to feed America's babies!

Mrs Dan Gerber



# Hello, Mom...Time to eat?

Every mother knows that newly waked look just before feeding time! Yes, eating can be the greatest pleasure your baby knows. You can be sure baby will enjoy every spoonful of Gerber's. For Gerber's Baby Foods are made to taste *extra* good, with smooth, uniform texture just right for easy digestion. The selected vegetables and fruits are first carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked the Gerber way *by steam* . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label!

## *Two Excellent Starting Cereals*

Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are made to suit babies' needs as starting cereals, and all through babyhood. Both mix to a creamy, smooth consistency; both have generous amounts of added iron and B-complex vitamins needed by most babies. Serve by adding milk or formula—no cooking.

Remember, it is wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor



Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

*Baby Foods*

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

*19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 2 special Baby Cereals.*

*Free sample* ..... © 1946, G. P. C.

My baby is now ..... months old; please send ... samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept. 86-6, Fremont, Mich.

*Name*.....

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"I hate to be a meddling neighbor...but"

**NEIGHBOR:** I notice Tommy practically lives in those sneakers. And I was...

**MOTHER:** Certainly he does, darling. You see, Tommy's shoes have "P-F."



**NEIGHBOR:** "P-F" indeed! Never heard of it.

**MOTHER:** Then it's high time you did. "P-F" means Posture Foundation. This special, built-in feature keeps the bones of the feet in their natural, normal position, and . . .



**MOTHER:** "P-F" guards against flat feet and strained, tired leg muscles. I have it in my own tennis shoes, and I know!

**NEIGHBOR:** Well, I declare. Do all canvas shoes have "P-F"?



**MOTHER:** No, "P-F" is a Patented Feature. It's found only in canvas shoes made by B. F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company.

**NEIGHBOR:** Well, I'm certainly glad to know about it. That's just the kind of shoes I ought to get for Johnny!

HOW "P-F" PROTECTS FEET




1 This orthopedically correct, rigid wedge keeps the bones of the foot in their natural, normal position.

2 This sponge rubber cushion protects the sensitive area of the foot.

"P-F" means Posture Foundation

—a Patented Feature found only in canvas shoes made by

B. F. Goodrich or HOOD RUBBER CO.


## NOT BEAUTIFUL

*(Continued from Page 20)*

it! It was so little her own private property that she had forgotten it. He would not have believed it of anyone else. Standing there, he felt tears sting his eyes. It brought back everything: the ship, the men, everything moved before him as a motion picture run too rapidly and blurred a little, but with a continuity all the same.

They had been a long time in Massacre Bay. The long slow patrol, back and forth, the fog, the silly piping birds, the snow and the broken back of Attu; back and forth, back and forth, with chilblained hands and faces and the rough wool hoods under their thick coats and oilskins. He had certain deck duties, though he was a pharmacist's mate.

The men were not busy enough. They seemed to pass into a strange hiatus where they waited for something that would never happen. That was when they talked too much. If he himself hadn't talked, it was only because he felt he had not much to say. They talked about their wives, their sweethearts, and other women too. He saw many a curvaceous beauty tacked to a bulkhead. He heard many a man say things he would never have said to other men under other circumstances. Lying in his own bunk, or sitting watching the card game and listening, he had remembered that there was a story about a man named Tarquin he had read. Some man had boasted once too often of his wife's beauty and favors and had inflamed the brutal Tarquin. It was something like that now, except that the girls were safe at home and no one to harm them—none from this ship, anyhow.

It was Proctor who had the beautiful wife. Walter felt a pang of envy—he could not deny it—when he looked at the pictures Proctor was always showing. "They really don't do her justice," Proctor said. "Her skin's kind of translucent, if you know what I mean. And her eyes are really and truly like violets. They are dark blue." Her hair was beautiful, her face and figure were perfection. Walter did not believe he had ever seen a more beautiful woman. Whether the pictures were smiling or serious, whether she was dressed elegantly or just had on old ski clothes, she was so beautiful it took one's breath away. Now and then she sent Proctor a new picture, a snapshot or a big new tinted photograph. Proctor was madly in love with her. He could think of nothing, talk of nothing but her beauty. He was enthralled by it. She was to get a movie tryout. She had won a contest.

WALTER looked at the small, smiling snapshot he carried in his own billfold, but he didn't pass it around. It wasn't that he was ashamed of Ilene, in her trim little suit and narrow high-heeled pumps, with the beret on her smooth hair. No, not at all. But it was a picture that wouldn't mean anything to anyone else. And all the time he was away she had never had her picture taken, or sent him a new one. He had wondered if she had changed. But she had not. She was not more beautiful, nor less so either. She was just Ilene. One night Proctor wakened them all with a terrible dream. He cried out in his sleep, he wakened sobbing. He was so shaken that Walter took him in charge and gave him a sedative. He held onto Walter's arm a few minutes after he drank the bromide. He looked at Walter haggardly.

"I dreamed she was old," he whispered. "I dreamed she was very old—and ugly. My great-grandmother lived to be ninety. She had things—like warts, they were—on her face. I dreamed Marybelle had them, that her skin was brown and wrinkled."

"Nuts," said Walter. "She's still twenty years old. You'll be dead long before she's ninety."

But he lay awake in his own bunk. Marybelle would get old, he thought. No matter how well she took care of herself. If she didn't die, she would get old—and ugly! Not that Proctor would mind, when the time came. He'd be old himself. By that time,




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Everywhere you go, you see babies being fed with handy Evenflo Nursers. Mothers, and sometimes fathers, write us that modern Evenflo is far superior to the old type pull-on nipples. They say Evenflo makes baby feeding just as easy while traveling as at home. They report, too, that Evenflo's valve-action nipple enables babies to finish their bottles better and get more benefit from their food. Evenflo Nursers are 25c at baby shops, drug and dept. stores.



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The newest in smart Maternity Dresses for home and street wear. Darling frocks for comfort and concealing lines. surprisingly low prices. A dress for every o

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AT PAINT AND HDWARE STORES WRITE FOR CIRCULAR K

THE SAVOGRAN CO., BOSTON 10, MASS.

y, there'd be more to his love than just young worship of her young beauty. e should be, anyhow!

was Benson who had the clever wife. ad met and married her in college and ad taken all the honors, to hear him tell he had a wonderful job in New York. had made a great deal of money and about with smart people. Now and she sent Benson a clipping in which columnist mentioned her name along the names of the great and famous. was devoted to Benson, she was abso- y loyal to him. She was interesting the people in a good job for him when his was done. Benson had never had a job is life. He had come into the Navy ght from school. It didn't seem to worry He had no trade or profession of any just a medium education and a clever Maybe it was enough. Benson bragged t her. He was satisfied, but it would not left Walter very peaceful. He'd have worried if he were Benson.

ut though they all bragged and talked f turn, it was Clarke who really said too . Clarke thought his wife more beau- than Proctor's, but no one else agreed him. She was, in fact, a sultry-looking ber, the men agreed behind Clarke's , looking at her picture, whistling le. In the photograph her head was ng back on a satin pillow and her dy dark hair was loose, curled softly the pillow. Her face was turned three ters toward the camera, with plead- eyes and softly shining lips. Those were made for kissing, and Walter felt e others felt. He felt desire and was med of it—and ashamed of her and e too. But Clarke was in love with her. ad what he wanted. It was all he ed. She was Eve herself. Perhaps they all a little jealous of him. Perhaps they ed her, too, or someone like her!

s own marriage, Walter knew, was of the fabric of his own character as as Ilene's. Kindness and restraint and rdless affection had been their portion. small golden flame of passion they had d, but never mentioned. It was some- that might disappear if they ever e of it. But Clarke's wife wrote long t letters to him. He left them lying t. Some of the younger men had picked r two up and read them, their faces et with mirth. Ilene's affectionate, times whimsical letters would not in- t anyone but him.

, well, every man got what he asked for, er supposed. Maybe he himself had for too little. He had been a kind of ent, he knew, always working and try- o get through school with no one to help But it was a strange thing to learn t such women here in this frozen, fog- d waste, this timeless, lightless end of orld.

ne of them was really surprised when te went into his slump, when he quit eating and ended in sick bay. The word went around the ship. His wife had gone off with some other man. It was inevitable, Walter felt. She was not to blame. The very thing that Clarke loved her for made it inescapable that she could not endure separation. It was her function to delight, to stir. She had to be what she was. They were all cold and hard toward her now, and hated her. Someone tore down the picture of the head on the satin pillow, and when Clarke came back he never asked about it. He hadn't much to say.

There were others too. There were the glamour girl, and the actress, and the fashionable girl, who was always broke, buying clothes. Of course there were dozens of girls and wives like his, just good girls that no other man would even think about or look at. There were a lot of them, he knew, and their men didn't show their pictures or their letters or talk about them, save to some special friend, and then guardedly. Just ordinary girls.

But somehow the conviction had grown on Walter. He didn't know when it started, how it came to be not just an idea, but a conviction that he, himself, had missed romance. Yes, he came to believe it. He accepted it as true that he was not in love. He was just one of those to whom a great love never came. No great beauty, no great or stormy passion, no glamour or excitement or tragedy or power! Just a girl he'd always known and liked, who waited for him until he got through school, and helped to buy the house and postponed her desire for a baby till his long service was ended. Just a girl who saved his money and loved him and no one else.

No, it *wasn't* the money! He could have managed that, or done without it. It was just what all of this suddenly meant to him. He drew a deep breath. He caught her hand in his and looked at her.

Not beautiful; but, oh, it was so pleasing just to look at her!

Not voluptuous; but, oh, the comfort of her small firm hand!

Not ardent; but every thought she had was turned to him!

Not fashionable; but she was neat and orderly, and this would last as long as there was bone or bit of flesh to her!

Not clever; but here was all this money she had saved!

Not glamorous. Oh, no! She was, in fact, almost invisible to a stranger's eye, but her honor was as sturdy as her health!

What did a man want, he asked himself. There she stood, and she was his. His honor, his good name were safe with her. His children would be safe with her. His health and his comfort, as well as theirs, could not be in better hands. His money was safe with her; his getting on in the world. And his love! No love was ever safer than his own!

His heart swelled to bursting. He caught her in his arms and held her hard.



*"Believe me, if there were a woman running this country we'd have two-way-stretch girdles back by now."*





Glass PROTECTS. And baby's food can be heated and refrigerated right in the jar.

# It guards his health .... the Duraglas Jar!

YOU: I always feel so safe about buying my baby's food in glass. I know that a glass jar just *can't* affect its contents.

US: And after you get it home—

YOU: Oh, it saves me so much work. I heat my baby's food right in that clean little glass jar—

US: And when your baby has finished eating . . . ?

YOU: I re-seal the jar and pop what's left into the refrigerator in the self-same jar. Saves using extra dishes —and saves waste, too.

US: D'ye mean not a bit is wasted?

YOU: Not a *smidgin!* I buy all the family's fruits and vegetables in glass . . . It's so thrifty to see *exactly* what you're getting . . .

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides the same ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Duraglas
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# His father's a Doctor—



**Tommie Q.*** is a doctor's son. So he's being raised with all the benefits of the most modern scientific care. Isn't he a healthy, bright-eyed youngster?

**Tommie at 21 months**
Weighs 34¼ lbs., is 37½ in. tall. *(At birth he weighed 7 lbs. and was 18½ in. tall.)*

# His cereal is CLAPP'S!

**Why so many doctors feed their babies Clapp's Baby Cereals**

—because, in addition to fine whole grains, these special cereals provide extra food elements such as dry skim milk, wheat germ, and brewers' yeast.

—because every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives a baby—



**3 times as much iron** as unfortified home-cooked cereals.



**2½ times as much vitamin $B_1$** as most of the unfortified home-cooked cereals.

—because every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal provides:

*Vitamin $B_1$*—0.3 mg.
*Vitamin G*—0.1 mg.
*Iron*—6 mg.
*Calcium*—96 mg.

—because the texture of Clapp's Baby Cereals is fine but definite.

—and because preparation is so simple.




PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

No cooking needed. You just add milk or formula right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Name on file at CLAPP'S BABY FOOD DIVISION, American Home Foods, Inc.

# Ask your Doctor!


★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# The Facts About Left-Handedness

*By Roy E. Hoke, Ph.D.*

MANY a mother is unduly concerned about the problems of a left-handed child. If the child has difficulty with reading, writing, spelling or number relationships, if he develops a hesitation or stutter in speech, parents wonder whether the trouble may not have been caused by the child's confusion about handedness. Especially is this true when the child has been changed from a left-hander to a right-hander. Let us review the facts of the subject as they are known.

Some individuals are able to use either hand with equal facility in all types of manipulation. This is called ambidexterity, or both-handedness. The great majority of people use the right hand only to make the finer manipulations, and use the left hand for holding. This is called dextrodextrality, or right-handedness. Some few people use the left hand for the finer manipulations, and this is called sinistrodextrality, or left-handedness.

To be a left-hander does not mean that one is odd; it simply means that one is in the minority with reference to his preferred hand. It rather implies difference, and in no sense inferiority. There are advantages and disadvantages for left-handers. It may at times be an advantage to use the left hand, as in some positions on the baseball team—where, by the way, the left-hander is referred to as a southpaw. While a left-handed catcher or third baseman probably would not prove satisfactory, left-handed pitchers may be very good. A football player who can pass with his left hand is dangerous. In writing shorthand, left-handedness is a decided disadvantage, in the opinion of some teachers. In typewriting it may be an advantage, as most of the work is done by the left hand on the standard typewriting keyboard.

All animate nature shows the principle of duality, or right and left handedness. Plants twist and turn and climb mostly to the right, but some few to the left. Animals are probably more ambidextrous than man, but we do find left-handed flounders, left-handed lobsters and left-whorled molluscs. There is a twinning of amethysts where there is a union of two crystals, one right-handed and one left-handed. Quartz is found in right and left handed crystals. Of course, there are right and left handed sugar, dextrose and levulose, as is well known.

SAVAGES of the present day have approximately the percentage of handedness that is found in civilized races. Many of the arrows and artifacts of the early American Indians were made by left-handers and for left-handers. Two of the oldest skulls of primitive man—the Neanderthal and the Cro-Magnon man—were both right-handers. This can be determined because a right-hander has a larger left side of the cranial vault or skull. While there is some evidence that there were left-handed tribes in the early days of the world's history, it seems clear that the usual condition was one of right-handed predominance.

The percentage of children who are left-handed varies in different parts of the world and in different countries. In the United States there are four boys and two girls out of a hundred in the general population who are left-handed. Children at birth are fairly ambidextrous. About 72 per cent of babies show their final hand preference before eighteen months of age. Most mothers, however, at some time or other are convinced that their child will be a left-hander.

While it is true that left-handedness is not an oddity today, it is also true that primitive man did so consider it. To him it appeared different or awkward. In fact, in some languages the word for left-handedness a awkwardness are one and the same. C numbers have always been considered l handed and even numbers right-handed, p haps because odd numbers give child most trouble in arithmetic. A left-han oath became one which was not to be ke A "left-handed wife" was the term used mistress. A left-handed marriage was a m riage of convenience or morganatic. through history the right is considered male and the left as female. Man with right hand placed the ring on the woma left hand in marriage. This was intended show the dominance of the male over the male. It is also interesting to note t Galen, the great physician of about 150 A. claimed that there was left-handed pote for drugs. He directed to "pluck cert herbs before sunrise with the left hand."

THE Bible mentions the right hand eig times, ambidexterity twice, and the left h twelve times. Not once is the right hand ferred to in dishonorable fashion, and once is the left hand referred to in honor fashion. The blessed are always on the r and the damned on the left.

What is the cause of left-handedn Many explanations have been offered, no one theory is universally accepted. S say that handedness is determined by tr ing. Civilization tends to encourage ri handedness, it is said. Heredity is the ca others claim. The speech center in the b seems to have something to do with hand ness. The position of the baby in the ute seems related to it. Primitive man cove his heart with his left arm and used the r for fighting. This habit, some say, fi right-handedness. One outstanding psyc ogist says he can train any child to be a l hander. If this is true, handedness woul a matter of environment. The left side of brain has the better blood supply. might cause right-handedness, and is perh the most widely accepted theory. The e cause of left-handedness has never b discovered.

Benjamin Franklin at one time wro letter advocating the training of the left h up to the level of the right. In England s societies stress this ambidextrous deve ment. Psychologists generally do not f this movement today.

There is a formula which indicates degree of handedness for any person. arrived at by means of a test which show what extent a child or adult is given to use of either hand. For instance, one will be found to be practically 100 per left-handed, and another 65 per cent handed.

Some children who are changed from handers to right-handers do stutter. A number who are changed experience no effects.

A left-hander has a large dominant brain and his speech center is on right side. The left-hander is also left-e When a child who was born a left-hand changed to a right-hander, there is a turbance of the dominance of one side o brain over the other, his eye dominanc also affected, and the speech center likely receive conflicting impulses from hemispheres of the brain at one time. may lead to slowness in speech or a stu Coupled with all this is the emotional produced by the nagging of parents teachers who correct him whenever he the "wrong" hand.

Many children are so weakly left-ha that a change will produce no bad eff Other children are so strongly left-ha that they violently resist the change.

Your Stanley Card,



Gives so much pleasure



Through thoughts of you



That Mothers treasure.

STANLEY
GREETING CARDS

this latter group the emotional upset may be alarming. Nervousness and stuttering and other defects may appear. Before the handedness of a child is changed a very careful psychological study should be made.

Why should any child be changed from left-hander to a right-hander? There are laws against it in many states, and it is not done as a rule in the better schools. Left-handedness is just as natural as right-handedness and should be so considered. People must be educated to an appreciation of this fact.

Right-handers have plenty of trouble in school with reading, spelling and number relationships, and they also stutter. Any teacher knows that these difficulties are by no means confined to left-handers. In fact, some investigators have changed a number of children from left-handers to right-handers and produced no speech defects. In one school system it was found that only 10 per cent of the stutterers either had been or were left-handers.

On the other hand, it often happens that a man who loses his right arm and must, therefore, use his left arm for working, begins to stutter or hesitate in speech. The problem is not altogether clear, nor is all the evidence on one side.

A mother should seldom mention the matter of left-handedness to the child. He should never be made to feel different or inferior in that respect. If the child has difficulties in his studies, these difficulties should be dealt with as if the problem of handedness were not involved. Neither the mother nor the child should ever develop a complex on the subject. The child should use whichever hand he chooses in performing his duties. If the child appears to be left-handed, he should not be corrected whenever he uses the "wrong" hand. If a left-handed child has been changed to a right-hander and he later begins to have a speech defect, he should change back to the left hand, which was originally preferred. If handedness was the cause, the hesitancy or stuttering may in time leave.

Left-handedness is not an oddity or an affliction or a sign of inferiority. It is entirely natural. Remember that Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, President Garfield and many others of the world's great men and women were left-handers!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## *I Saw a Dream*

**BY JANET WEINBERGER**

I saw a dream last night and you
were there;
Could almost touch you, felt the
distance close,
Then held your head well molded
in my hands,
And bending low your lips reflecting mine
As if their mirror wore a gauzy
film
And I were not the substance that
I am.
Elusive lips, how tenderly I strained
To reach beyond the film, to touch
your kiss,
To finger well the motion of the
hair
And turn to tangible each formless
glance!

And now, beyond the dream, the
film is still
About your eyes like gauze; I am
a form
That, passing, nods and swiftly
moves along,
Touching your shadow carelessly
with tears.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SURE IT LOOKS CLEAN BUT *play safe*



BANISH TOILET ODORS WITH

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- Removes a major source of toilet odors
- Leaves fresh minty aroma
- *Used as directed*
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IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
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ON SALE AT YOUR GROCER

JUDSON DUNAWAY CORPORATION
(formerly Expello Corporation)
Dover, N. H.

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Each time we develop a new pattern, sole, heel, tip, or any other feature, we build it into at least a hundred sample shoes. Then scores of lively boys and girls Pre-Test them in actual wear for several months.

We keep records, keep testing, keep improving until each part has successfully survived the most grueling punishment. Then—and *only* then—are Poll-Parrots approved for *your* children. We've done this for 18 years.

That's why Poll-Parrots have hidden reinforcements at vital points. That's why they give your child the kind of fit, style, and wear no ordinary shoes can match.



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ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, ST. LOUIS, MO.
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EVERY IMPROVEMENT PRE-TESTED!

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**& STAR BRAND SHOES**
*with BUILT-IN FIT for Boys and Girls*



Mrs. James C. Cooke of Sunnyside, Long Island says: "I HAVE TO KEEP BARBARA'S AND CATHERINE'S CLOTHES SPARKLING CLEAN ALL THE TIME

# —EVERYBODY NOTICES TWINS!"

**The Cooke Twins** are 8 years old and full of fun. Cathy is impulsive and curious. Babby is cautious, shy with strangers. Their Dad is teaching them to swim. They make up games to play with their twin baby dolls and their brother, Jimmy, who is just 4. Jimmy is the doctor; they're nurses.




**"Twins make** lots more wash," says Mrs. Cooke. "When one gets her dress dirty I have to change both. But clothes wash clean as a whistle in Rinso's soapy-rich suds. Undies come Rinso-WHITE. Washable colors come Rinso-BRIGHT."




**Lucky for Mommy** that Rinso's long-lasting suds make short work of washing! Besides playing with the turtle, the twins like to play "bus" with chairs. Jimmy is driver; they're passengers.




**The Twins love** to wash their doll's dishes or clothes in Rinso. But they'll jump at the chance to go in the car with Dad who is on the way to business. Their favorite outing is a picnic at the beach. Dad's waiting there to swim.




## RINSO IS ANTI-SNEEZE

(PATENTED PROCESS)

— the only granulated soap 98% free of irritating sneezy soap-dust

# SUDDEN DEATH IN THE HOME

*(Continued from Page 29)*

will ever be rid of the hollow in the calf of her left leg where the muscles never reconstituted.

Good but unintelligent intentions can be hazardous too. Mrs. Grace Anderson, a very tidy type, always scalded out her glass milk bottles after washing them—a sanitary procedure, but useless, since the milk company is legally obliged to sterilize them at the plant. On a very cold morning she scalded her bottles and immediately set them out on the step. The sudden shift in temperature, amounting to between 150 and 200 degrees, cracked a bottle in her hand and sent a long splinter of razor-sharp glass to slash the arteries in her wrist. If she had been alone in the house, her chances of bleeding to death would have been first-class. As it was, a clumsily applied tourniquet—you remember that first-aid course you never quite got round to taking?—did hardly any good, and from now on Mrs. Anderson is very definitely living on borrowed time.

Vanity, too, plus hurry, misplaced thrift and absent-mindedness, play vicious shares in these tragedies. Little Frances Hirsch had a lovely, fuzzy new sweater, bought downtown that very day and put on in anticipation of her husband's return from work—he liked his wife in sweaters, sometimes calling her Lana Turner with evident appreciation. Frances waited a thought too long before applying the match to the oven when she started supper, and a gust of igniting gas resulted. Many a housewife has lost eyebrows and front hair that way. In this case, the fuzzy sweater turned instantly into a seething shirt of flame.

Levelheaded even in her agony, she ran into a bedroom and rolled in a bedspread to smother the fire. But by then only a charred strip or two was left of the sweater and, waist to throat, front and back, she was a crimson statue of screaming pain. That much burned area can kill you. Frances survived. Now she knows about woolly sweaters too close to flame.

There was the thrifty girl who decided to dry-clean an evening gown herself instead of sending it to a professional. She dutifully remembered to do the job in the open air, knowing that to use inflammable cleaning fluids in the house is an excellent way to commit suicide and blow up the premises to boot. But she did not remember to overallow drying time for the gown after it had been saturated in high-test gasoline. It felt dry and had lost practically all its odor when she put it on for a gala evening at a friend's party. It still felt dry when she moved up closer to the leaping wood fire after dinner. She survived, too, largely because her host immediately knocked her backward on a large rug and rolled her in it. A second's delay and no hospital could have saved her. While the doctors were battling to give her a chance to live, she would actively have preferred to die and be rid of her shuddering agony. People sometimes wonder why, when she tans up in summer, freckles develop on her left arm but not her right.

Many a housewife has told many a daughter to make sure that all pot and saucepan handles are turned in toward the back of the stove. They get hotter to handle that way, but it is good insurance against accidental scalding. And many a daughter proceeds to forget this part of the time—like a certain mother of three last year whose apron string caught in the outward-jutting handle of a large kettle of water boiling in preparation for cooking sweet corn. Her smallest boy, just a little tyke, was tagging around after her in the kitchen. He got the full gush of the capsizing kettle, head to foot. His death was much less merciful than if his mother had picked him up by the feet and dashed out his brains on top of the stove.

The fact is that civilization—implying explosive fuels, domesticated fire, electricity harnessed in gadgets, cleanliness, medical use of poisons, artificial environments—has made the modern way of life a conglomeration of lethal traps. Mrs. Verna Muller had a fine old-fashioned, glass-doored, towering china closet. When the household moved, the heavy silver and china were taken out of its lower shelves for packing and it stood waiting empty, doors unlatched, for the men to lug away. Making a final checkup of the dining room, Mrs. Muller stood with her back to the thing, not noticing that the vibration of her steps on the bare floor had jarred its doors into slowly swinging outward. A creak warned her to glance round; but the closet, unbalanced, was already falling forward.

When they lifted the brutal mass off her, the doctors found a cracked shoulder, a lacerated ear, one arm broken above the wrist, the other wrist broken, four fingers broken, one ankle broken, and bruises all over her. She spent two months in a plaster cast, was on crutches for three months, walked with a cane for four and limped for six months longer still.

That was not bad luck. No piece of furniture should ever have been in so unstable a condition that taking out its contents would produce a crash.

**In his old age the English statesman, Lord Balfour, was invited to speak at a banquet. The introductory speech was long and tiresome. As his Lordship was accustomed to retire early, when his time came to speak he arose and said, "You have asked me, gentlemen, for an address. Mine is No. 40 Carlton Gardens, and with your kind permission, I shall go there immediately."**

—J. TAYLOR.

Those risks, bad enough for adults, are especially hazardous to children, who are not yet psychologically ready for the forethought and common sense that would save most adults, if they bothered. Left alone for a few minutes, a small boy electrocutes himself by biting moistly into an electric cord, as innocently as he bites into a wooden toy. Not that the toy is so safe either, if ignorant or careless parents have failed to make sure there is nonpoisonous paint on it.

A small girl decides to wash her doll clothes just as mother does and proceeds to feed her own arm into the electric wringer, which she has learned from observation to turn on. Her screams bring mother running to reverse the rollers and call the doctor. But it is too late for that blackening, swelling little arm. For all their usefulness, electric wringers can do worse than that unless their owners take precautions. Mrs. Harriet Cameron had heard she ought to tuck up her hair in some sort of turban while doing her wash, but she actually worked with her longish hair in neat braids. And one morning they found her, head jammed backward against the wringer, strangled in her own hair.

The loose window screen, the too widely spaced balustrade, even warm and protecting bedclothes—1500 babies die yearly of accidental smothering—lie in wait for small fry. Sometimes the devil exercises special ingenuity. A while back a neat small-town housewife finally got around to a long-planned cleaning out of the family medicine chest. She eliminated some thirty little boxes and bottles, the need for which had long since lapsed, and poured them into the ash can which, almost full, was waiting at the back gate to be emptied.

Two small boys exploring the alley after school found the collection in the can and seized the opportunity to play doctor in genuine style.

Gravely the doctor selected the proper pill for the patient's complaint—a dull blue affair that looked much fancier than the plain white and conventionally pink specimens in the other boxes—and gravely administered it, washed down by a swig from a bottle of defunct mouthwash. The mouthwash was harmless. The dull blue pill was bichloride of mercury, which the neat housewife had once used to sterilize things with during a family illness.

It seems unfortunate that the small boy had to die just to dramatize for his neighborhood that medicines are a hazard.

Every day in the week somebody somewhere succeeds in or comes close to involuntary suicide by taking the wrong pill in the dark or by failing to check the label before taking. It is not Milquetoastish, it is mere common sense, to stick pins in the corks of poison bottles or strap their tops with adhesive to call unmistakable attention to what is inside.

As for leaving medicines within children's reach, that goes in the same feckless category as putting pills in odd boxes or bottles without changing the labels. For drugs being what they are, actual poison is not the only risk. A youngster died not long ago of the consequences of finding, liking and eating most of a bottle of cascara pills.

The presence of medicines in the cabinet over the washstand helps the bathroom run a good second to stairs in the relative efficacy of the traps that civilization lays for its inventors. But the case for stairs is superlative. Few engineers could devise a better killing device, as some of the above shows, particularly when the fundamental ingeniousness of the contraption is supplemented by stair carpets, run-over heels, throw rugs at top or bottom, graceful curves and bad lighting. Slip on a level surface and you get only one blow as the floor comes up to meet you. Slip at the top of a stair and down you go with the hard edge of every tread hammering on the back of your skull.

Safety crusaders are consequently delighted with the modern trend toward all-on-one-level house design which, they hope, modern innovations in heating have now made practical in all climates. Cutting out cellar, attic and second floor cuts out at least three of those yawning pits for the careless, the sleepy, the unwary and the immature to tumble into.

Yet, until the world is rebuilt that way, a simple thing like an all-night dim light at the stairhead would keep many a drowsy man getting up to investigate a noise from taking the wrong turn—people do this even in houses in which they have lived for years—and getting thoroughly killed. The mere lettered word "Stairs" might have saved the life of a woman in a strange house a few years ago who, being called to by her hostess, opened the wrong door in a corridor full of similar doors and went hurtling down to smash herself up on a concrete floor in the dark.

But bathrooms cannot be discounted at all. Their lovely white or delicately pastel surfaces have tragically often made a shocking contrast for blood and violent death. Tub, toilet and washstand are all made of glass-hard porcelain or enamel baked over cold steel—sanitary but shatteringly dangerous to fall on, particularly on those numerous rounded edges which have about the same profile as a savage's skull-cracking stone war club. Add the slipperiness of soap and water, or just water, on such surfaces, lack of proper handhold bars to grip when getting into or out of the tub, and the quaint and prevalent habit of drying the feet while standing one-legged without a nonskid mat in the bottom of the tub.

Of course you may merely break a couple of ribs. But not long ago a girl who slipped in a tub knocked herself out face downward while the water was still running and was still dead hours later when they gave her up, drowned for all that artificial respiration could do. An elderly judge, a valued pillar of the community, slipped in the tub, accidentally turning on the hot water—which had been dangerously overheated—and scalded himself to death before anybody could reach him.





THEY dry in record time, indoors or out. That's one of their many advantages, which include —

**1. Faster drying** speeds diaper laundering, indoors or out.

**2. Highly absorbent** — surgical weave absorbs more thoroughly.

**3. Foldline,** woven permanently into fabric, makes it easy to adjust the fold to growing babies.

**4. Have no hems** to irritate baby's tender skin.

**5. Easier to wash** — open weave speedily cleansed with pure Ivory Flakes.

Mothers, medical authorities, and leading hospitals use and endorse Curity Diapers. Buy Curity Diapers at your favorite infants' store.

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"I GOT the RECIPE for beyootiful baby skin"

"Here's the recipe: Sprinkle mild, soothin' Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder on baby's skin every day, for lovelier skin, 'glowin' with health! Mennen is *smoothest*—that means extra comfort. It protects better against diaper rash, urine irritation, many other troubles. No wonder *more doctors prefer Mennen* than any other baby powder. And new scent makes us babies smell so sweet!"

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TAN MORE BEAUTIFULLY, SAFELY, COMFORTABLY . . . new beauty secret—mothers rave about their beautiful suntans (and baby's, too) with soothing, protective Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil. *Try it yourself now*—best for baby, best for you!



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QUEST

*All-purpose* DEODORANT

The positive deodorant powder that destroys all body odors!



HEY, MOM! Don't be a Diaper Drudge! Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasantness in changing and washing my diapers. Just fold a Liner inside diaper next to my skin. When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing. Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. BABYPADS: 200 for $1. DOWNEE-SOFT: 200 for 69¢.

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DIAPER LINERS
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Time for Baby? Give her the right start!

When baby arrives, nurse her if you can. If she's a bottle-baby start her on the Davol "Anti-Colic" brand "Sani-Tab" nipple. This natural-way nipple helps to develop the muscles of mouth, jaw, and tongue. You'll find the complete and informative story in our free booklet offered below.

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FREE! Our helpful booklet *Baby Feeding Made Easy.* Send for it now! Write Dept. L-66, Davol Rubber Company, Providence 2, Rhode Island.


Being the wettest place in the house besides, bathrooms specialize in electrocutions, for human beings conduct electricity far better when in contact with water, even if it is merely a damp surface. No matter how cleverly modern bathrooms are planned with no electric switch within conceivable reach of the tub, there will still be plenty of unimaginative people who insist on taking in there and using electric heaters, electric razors, electric curling irons. Such things no more belong in that environment than lighted pipes belong in powder magazines. Or than the Luger pistol that Uncle G. I. brought home from Germany as a souvenir belongs anywhere but on a top shelf in a locked box with the ammunition drawn.

There is a great deal of luxurious comfort in taking a little oil heater into the bathroom when the house is chilly. Since the thing uses up a lot of air in burning—too much when the door is closed, as bathroom doors usually are—this makes a very luxurious way to die, if that is what you are after. A lady who tried that combination last year did have the gumption to be alarmed when she felt herself growing inexplicably sleepy in the tub. She managed an effort to get up and out, but dizziness overwhelmed her halfway and she tumbled groggily over the edge in a faint. All that saved her was having fallen with her face close to the crack under the door, through which could come enough life-sustaining air to stall off death until her sister found her.

**There is nothing man is so anxious to preserve, yet takes less care of, than life. If some died and others did not, death would be a terrible affliction.** —JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

Human error again. Oil heaters don't know, and can't be taught, that, under those circumstances, they should obligingly go out. You have to think for them a little.

Nor do stepladders know that, when stood up unfolded with inadequate bracing so the lady of the house can wash a high window in a stair well, they should considerately refrain from falling. In that particular case the housecleaning lady found herself hung screaming by a broken wrist caught between the two window sashes. She was alone in the house. Her screams kept up for a while, but she was dumb with exhaustion, pain and fear when rescue appeared, hours later. In medieval times such a hanging was considered one of the higher and better tortures.

Such things happen too often, but the wonder is that they don't happen as much as human error prepares the way for. Visiting nurses are often supposed to report—as well as try to get corrected—safety hazards in the houses they visit. What they often find makes them wonder why half the world is not in a plaster cast. Here is a small footstool left in the middle of a badly lighted room through which people frequently pass. A closed staircase with three milk bottles on various steps. A baby playing on the floor within two feet of a frayed electric cord.

Many public institutions, such as the New York State Board of Health, are working hard to bring home safety into the public mind. So is the National Safety Council, the Green Cross outfit, working as hard in this field as it does in industry—just now, for instance, it is promoting co-operation among architects and contractors to see that new buildings and old buildings under remodeling incorporate elementary safety features. Much can be done by such organizations. But the thing worst needed is individual imagination—as in the case of the pensive wife and mother who, as it happened, didn't get hurt.

This is back on the cellar stairs again, the conventional tripping over an empty fruit jar that should not have been there. Fortunately, she merely lost her balance momentarily and only slid down three steps, finding herself sitting, sore and extremely shaken, on the fourth. As her breath came back, apprehension came with it.

Her year-old baby was in his play pen in the kitchen so she could keep an eye on him while she worked. On the gas stove was a kettle of water heating toward a boil. Nobody was due at the house for at least six hours. And just what would have happened to that baby if, instead of being there jittering on the fourth step, she had been lying unconscious—or worse—at the foot of the cellar stairs?

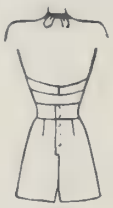
From that day to this, she says, she has never parked anything on the cellar stairs for any purpose at any time, and has had a far keener eye for hazards throughout the house. Maybe what the nation needs is a Fourth Step Club. Only, in the initiation ceremonies, be very sure that you manage to stop at the fourth step.

## Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on Pages 40 and 41

1822 Coat, bra and shorts; 12 to 20; 25c.
1823 One-piece dress; 10 to 18; 25c.
1825 One-piece sun dress and bolero to match; sizes 10 to 18; 25c.
1837 Bra, skirt and bloomers; 10 to 18; 25c.
1839 One-piece dress; 12 to 42; 25c.
1845 One-piece dress; 12 to 20; 25c.

**Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.**


1822


1822


1837


1837


1839


1845


1825


1825


1823


1823

# Trying to skip a week with us watching?

## You'd think we were born yesterday!



**MOLLY:** Our own mother! Taking chances with us babies around!

**POLLY:** She told us *herself* how many germs can collect on the kitchen floor!

**MOLLY:** Well, there she *goes!* Mopping it up this time without "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

**POLLY:** Remember what she said about mothers who wait till somebody gets *sick* 'fore they add "Lysol" to the cleaning water, instead of using it every single time?

**MOLLY:** I recall the conversation exactly . . .

She said, "I wouldn't *trust* to just a washday bleach or cleanser if I *knew* germs were around. The doctor told me it takes a *real germ-killer!*"

**POLLY:** So . . .

**MOLLY:** "So I'll play safe *every* time I clean," she said, "because how do *I* know when germs may be *lurking?*"

**POLLY:** Those were her very words!

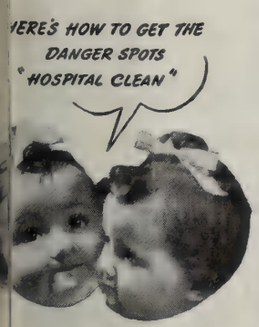
**MOLLY:** Of course, if she's *out* of "Lysol". . . .

**POLLY:** She better get right down to the drug store. We should *never* risk being without it!

**MOLLY:** Well, what are we waiting for? I could *use* a buggy ride right now!

## MORAL: Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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**"Lysol" the floors:** Quick and easy. Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm paint, varnish or linoleum.



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**"Lysol" the toilet:** Actually helps remove stubborn stains because it's "soapy." Deodorizes, too!

**More women use "Lysol"** than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!




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*For* **FREE** *booklet on family health protection, send postcard or letter to Dept. G-46, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.*



"Wait till my bridge club sees them now"

*"I guess I'd become used to those old curtains. At least I hadn't particularly noticed how wilted they looked until I overheard my bridge club gossips call them 'Droopy Drapes'. Well, something had to be done!"*

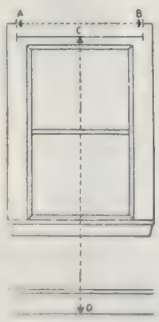


"Lovely, crisp, new curtains

Vogue panels, floor length

Dainty and graceful, yet with tailored formality. That was the answer. And I found *just the curtains* . . . Vogue Tailored Panels. They're perfect! And they're tailored to fit my windows properly. (Oh, yes . . . there's a proper length and fullness for curtains.) Just wait till my bridge club sees them now!

"So take a tip from me. Don't *you* be embarrassed by 'Droopy Drapes'. Get crisp, new Vogue Curtains today! The better stores from Coast to Coast are showing VOGUE Curtains this Spring. Watch for their advertisements of 'Tailored-to-fit' Vogue panels and other Vogue styles—the Ruffler, the Priscilla, the Criss-Cross, the Flora Dora in these exquisite Vogue fabrics —the Bridal Veil, Clearweave, Cloudspun and Sheer-delite Marquisettes; Organet; Shadownet; and Triplnet."




MEASURE YOUR WINDOWS BEFORE YOU BUY CURTAINS

*Diagram illustrates how to measure floor length curtains. Always measure to top of rod and add ½" for heading above rod · For sill length, measure to the sill · For apron length, measure to bottom of apron · For width, measure the width of the rod · A pair of curtains should be twice the width of the rod.*

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*From now on, Snow and Hildegarde will take up the sun chairs, the house will be full of flowers, and June again will be too short.*

# Diary of Domesticity

## By Gladys Taber

IT might seem as if June were an old story, with so much poetry written about it, and so many songs sung. And yet every time it comes it is as much of a wonder, as much of a delight.

If I had Aladdin's lamp and the usual three wishes, the first would always be, "Give me the first day of June." The whole, complete day, with the sky-blue dawn and the golden noon and the violet dusk and the silvered night. With early roses unfolding and a hummingbird over the border. And a whole packet of smells too. New-cut grass, and pea vines, and freshly hoed garden soil.

When I was growing up, June meant the end of school, and going away for the summer to the cottage. Such packing and unpacking and buying of groceries! And when the car was loaded, there was room for everything except me and one large Irish setter. Papa and mamma were in front, the lunch basket under mamma's feet. We always started off with a flourish and got as far as Kaukana before we remembered something had been left behind. Then we drove back madly and retrieved it and started all over again.

Nothing was more wonderful than the first sight of the cottage. Pine needles had drifted over the steps. The water was that deep June blue, which made me always wonder why they called it Green Bay. Timmie would leap through the car window and frantically begin on the squirrels. We would go into the cottage, and the smell of winter was still there, and the good odor of unpainted pine boards. There was never any dust. Mamma could whisk the newspapers from the kerosene stove and have a hot supper in no time. I always flew into my heavy wool bathing suit and rushed to the shore. The icy water was delicious. It was almost like being born again.

Now in New England, June brings many activities. The late planting must be done and Jill is eternally in the garden, bent in a permanent curve. The rabbits are there, too, at dusk. Somehow, no matter what damage they do, I cannot work up any resentment toward rabbits. They are so soft and their eyes have a melting wistfulness. I like their lopping gait too.

The pest that causes us the most tr is the mole. Not only the ridges he rais the lawn are bad, but the digging the co do makes it worse. Once the moles ate whole tulip bed which we expected to b pecially beautiful, since the bulbs were greed.

There are many remedies for m but none of them have been very succe for us. Pouring old crankcase oil in the is a good one, provided the dogs do no in the same spot and get a good oilin muzzles and ears.

June is one of the easiest months as f menus go. With the first fresh garden c meals can be simple and quick. And oh, first salad of baby lettuce leaves just curling, crisp red radishes, young c sweet scallions! I use a plain French dre with a clove of garlic steeped in it.

Broilers are for Sunday. I do them u the broiler, rather far from the heat so cook slowly and stay moist. I rub them with butter and a cut clove of garlic, sprinkle them with paprika and salt. them with the skin side down first and them once.

FAY CLARK's baked broilers are elegant She piles cooked rice or well-seasoned po dressing in a baking pan and lays the br on top, seasoning them well. She bakes in a moderate oven (350°F.) until the br are tender.

When any chicken is done, a sharp will pierce down to the bone easily. hard to see why so often you get under fried chicken, for when you test with a if it is not done, red juice will ooze out the fork.

Deep-dish rhubarb pie or rhubarb co is my choice for June dessert until st berries are right. Of course strawberry s cake, made correctly, is the dessert abo comparison. A rich biscuit dough is wl takes, and no sponge or cake mixture. the berries must be partly crushed, sweet and set in a bowl near the stove so the be slightly warm. This brings out the rich flavor. The biscuit dough shoul baked in round tins, split and buttered

*(Continued on Page 208)*



# Imagine Waking up in this *Beautiful Maple Bedroom*

dream come true!

a thrill . . . having such handsome
maple Colonial pieces in *your* home!

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ned corners . . . you can dust them in a jiffy.



Let your hand run over the lustrous, marble-smooth, multi-coated Mengel finish. You can almost *feel* why it weathers the years so gracefully.

Turn around from the crystal-clear mirror of your vanity, and look at the bed. That's sleeping beauty, from head to foot . . . graceful, well-proportioned. Mengel excellence again!

Look for the "Mengel Man" trademark on the bedroom furniture you buy and, when you see all the Mengel features, you'll find it hard to believe that the price tag is right . . . that it isn't just a dream.

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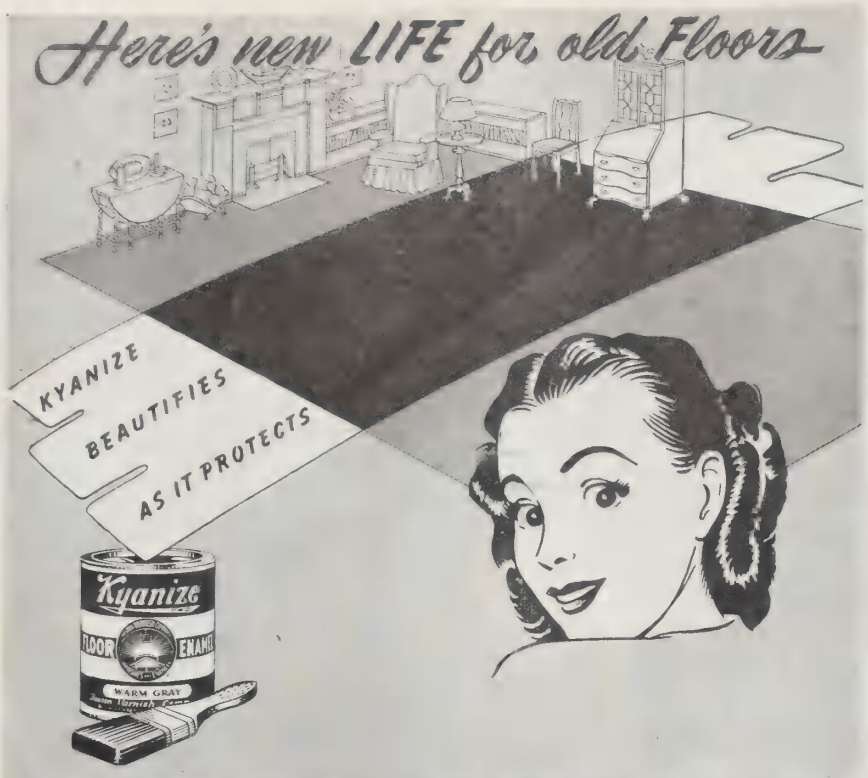
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Easy to brush on, it's hard to wear off. Bright or subdued colors. Washable. Clean and sanitary. Self-smoothing.

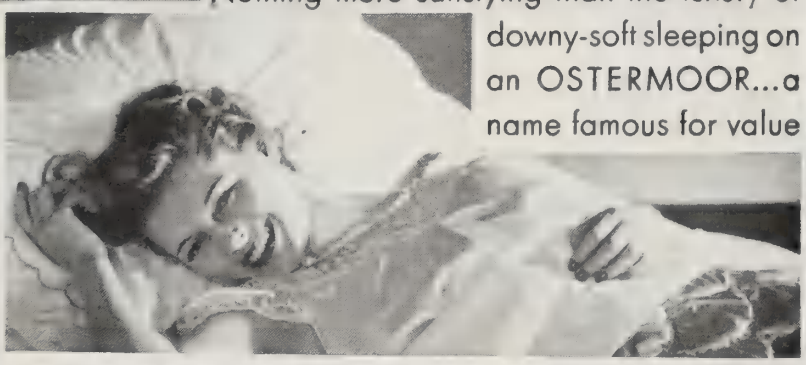
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Look for this tag in maroon and tan on every Carlton utensil.

FREE:
Beautiful folder of Carlton utensils. Write Dept. L. CARLTON MFG. CO., Carrollton, Ohio


(Continued from Page 206)

simply deluged with berries. Topped with a mound of fluffy whipped cream.

The best way to serve shortcake is to make it the whole meal. And eat all you can hold. We like it for supper, and if the day is fine, we can eat out under the apple trees. Honey especially loves whipped cream and the last bits of the sweet biscuit on the platter.

Melody and Hildegarde like to lie flat on the warm grass with their hind legs out frog-fashion. Silver is always near the picket fence, in case something should come down the road that she can leap at. The older dogs stay up on the terrace where there is the best view and the most sun. They form a frieze of cockers as you look at the house from the hill.

We try to have the house organized as well as possible before the summer rush sets in. Jill has cooked and frozen a number of meals, ready to thaw and heat and serve. If we freeze broilers, we have a good layer of wax freezer paper between the halves. And we wrap the giblets separately. It is important to seal the packages so that no air can possibly get in. If there is a pinhole anywhere, the chicken will turn dark and be dehydrated when thawed. If I think by any chance there was a flaw in the sealing, I steam the chicken in a covered deep fryer instead of broiling or frying it. In a creole sauce, it is delicious.

## PIN MONEY

During the sixteenth century in England it became the custom for husbands to give their wives a special allowance to buy pins, which were then important articles of adornment. To this day the term means money allowed by a man to his wife for private purposes.

In England among the wealthier landowning families it is often provided for by a small rent charge to be paid to the wife during the life of her husband. The wife has absolute control of it. Here in America it is commonly used to refer to money derived from any source for a woman's private and personal expenditures.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

From now on, the house will be full of flowers. I like a Victorian bouquet done in an old oil lamp that has lost the chimney and wick. My friend Ruth Kistner taught me how to fill the bowl of the lamp with water to which a tablespoon of milk and a teaspoon of dye had been added. Any of the package dyes at ten-cent stores is good. The milk makes the liquid opaque and the trick is to use a dye which is the same as the main color of your bouquet, or a little darker, but in harmony with it.

I make the bouquet with the darker heavier flowers at the base and the lighter ones at the top. And as for all bouquets, I make the height satisfying by measuring the height of the lamp, doubling that measure and having the tip of the bouquet equal it. Twice the height of the container makes your whole creation artistic.

An all-white bouquet is lovely. So is an all-white garden. Last year at the National Flower Show in New York, there was a white garden and it seemed perfect. There were tall pearly white tulips, and white massed shrubs—azaleas, I thought—behind them, and white blossoming fruit trees making a background. There were white pansies for ground cover under the tulips, and the little inner secret resting place was a frosty white iron Victorian bench. There were serenity and quiet in this little garden, and mystery. It seemed as if anyone who sat on the wrought-iron bench under the blossoming pear tree might find all her young dreams again.


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The Most Comfortable Cha in the World!



The BEAUTIFUL Streit "SLUMBER CHAIR

ON SALE AT FURNITURE AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 210)

the selection of the main dish. It e a production, a chef-d'œuvre im- enough to carry the whole enter- success; we want to concentrate on e spectacular, hearty, hot dish and involved in a long-drawn culinary t on a warm summer day.

es Newburg were my solution, and n be yours. They are a dish that has virtues—especially the supreme virtue iring very little last-minute work. ake the crepes into a big sea-food e pie—practically a meal in itself, need only a simple appetizer to pre- a salad to accompany it and a macé- f fresh fruits to follow.

ember the rule: do everything the ore that can be done then; and with nu you'll find that practically every- an be.

plan this as a luncheon or evening the menu is suitable for either—and pes will serve eight or ten people.

### GUACAMOLE AND RILLED BREAD STICKS

n 2 ripe avocados to a smooth paste. scant teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire 1 medium clove garlic mashed to a 4 teaspoon red pepper and 1 tea- inely grated onion. Stir until thor- blended and taste. If the avocados ite large, you may want to add a ore seasoning.

bread fairly thin, remove crusts t into slender strips. Fry in a little or margarine until golden brown rve with the bowl of guacamole. oth the day before. Store guaca- n refrigerator and reheat bread short time before serving.

### ES NEWBURG

, frozen or canned d can be used in ing this dish. um quantities, sh has been picked d is ready for use, ups crab meat, 2 hrimp, 2 cups lobster. The crab used in the filling between the pan- the shrimp and lobster are used in wburg.

lay before, shred crab and add to it can mushrooms cut into small clean shrimp and leave them cut lobster into large bite-size (If lobster is unobtainable substi- ore shrimp.) Store all sea food in rator, ready for use next day.

### E FOR PANCAKE FILLING

in a saucepan 4 tablespoons butter garine. Remove from fire, add 6 oons flour and stir to smooth paste. in slowly 3 cups hot cream or un- evaporated milk and add 1 tea- salt, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, ½ n Bahamian mustard or ¾ tea- other prepared mustard, 1 clove inely minced, ¼ teaspoon red pep- teaspoon ginger, ⅛ teaspoon nut- tablespoon soy sauce and ⅓ pound itey cheese cut into pieces. Return fire and stir constantly until mix- ils. This is pretty high seasoning. ittle more may be added to taste. his the day before and store in cool

### NEWBURG SAUCE

cream sauce (same method as in e filling) using 4 tablespoons butter garine, 4 tablespoons flour, 2½ cups or undiluted evaporated milk, 1 n salt and 1 teaspoon paprika. Set place ready for use next day.

prepreparation is complete, and that's jor effort in making Crepes Newburg. ell, but not too late in the morning if o be a luncheon.

to the assembly line.

### CREPES

together 2½ cups flour, 2½ cups (or 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk 2 cups cream), 6 egg yolks, 2 table- sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon powder and 1 tablespoon melted or margarine. Beat with rotary beater until very smooth and fold in 6 egg whites that have been beaten until quite frothy but not stiff. This thin batter should make about 12 pancakes approximately the size of a smallish dinner plate.

Select a skillet of the right dimensions, heat, grease with butter or a little salad oil and pour in a small quantity of batter. Quickly tilt the skillet from side to side until the batter completely covers the bottom surface and cook over moderate heat. When underside of pancake is a delicate brown, turn it over and brown other side. Repeat until all pancakes are made, storing finished ones on an oiled cooky sheet in a very slow oven.

While you make pancakes reheat sauces over pans of boiling water. To the pancake-filling sauce add the crab and mushrooms. To the Newburg sauce add 3 beaten egg yolks, ½ cup milk or, if you like sherry as a seasoning, ½ cup sherry instead of milk, and the shrimp and lobster. Stir this as little as possible after sea food is added.

If your serving platter for the Crepes Newburg is ovenproof, assemble the pie on it; if not, use a flat pan from which the pie can be transferred to serving dish. Place a pancake in the center, spread evenly with about a quarter inch of the crab mixture, cover with a pancake, then more mixture and so on until all pancakes are used, saving the most handsome one for the top. Cover the pie with wax paper and keep in slow oven until ready to serve. The pie can be made two or three hours ahead of time.

To serve, cut into pie-shape wedges, surround with shrimp and lobster Newburg and garnish with water cress or parsley.

> Never forget what a man says to you when he is angry. —HENRY WARD BEECHER.

### TOMATO ASPIC

Into a saucepan put 3½ cups tomato juice, 2 cloves garlic, ½ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon whole black pepper, 5 cloves and ½ teaspoon salt. Boil ten minutes uncovered, fifteen minutes covered, and strain. Soften 2 tablespoons gelatin in ¼ cup cold tomato juice and add to hot liquid, stirring until gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Add salt to taste, remembering that food tastes more highly seasoned when hot than when cold. Pour into well-oiled molds and store in refrigerator. Use individual molds or one large one. Tiny eggcups make very attractive small molds.

### ASPARAGUS

Cook the asparagus in salted water until barely tender. Drain, and when cool arrange neatly in dish and store in refrigerator. Frozen asparagus is perfect for this salad, uniform in size and color and a lot less work to prepare.

Make mayonnaise according to recipe in March Conversation Piece.

To assemble salad, line salad bowl or platter with crisp lettuce leaves and water cress. Divide asparagus into groups of 5 or 6 stalks, bind each group with a strip of pimiento and make an attractive arrangement of aspic and asparagus in serving dish. If a large mold has been used for aspic, empty it in center of serving dish. If small molds have been used, alternate them with groups of asparagus. Serve mayonnaise in separate bowl.

### MACÉDOINE OF FRUIT

Any fresh fruit can be used, and the greater the variety and contrast in color the better. Melon balls, both pale green and orange, strawberries, sliced peaches, sections of grapefruit and orange, pitted bing cherries, and so on. Keep the different fruits in separate containers, and when you arrange your serving platter have an eye for color and variety. The effect is bound to be lovely and the delightful taste of fresh icy-cold fruit will be a perfect climax.

***Service.*** This must be planned to suit the setting and your equipment. It can't present serious problems if you choose in advance the dishes, silver and linens to be used and have them ready on trays.

I hope your guests like the food as well as mine did and that the sun shines as brightly for you as it did for me. But don't worry too much about the sun. Obviously this is no picnic snack we've planned, and it doesn't *have* to be eaten alfresco.


# Next time they'll demand this new dressing!

IF YOU'D LIKE to be known as that charming girl who comes up with *divine* salad dressings—here's your chance! People won't stop at *praise*. They'll thump the table—calling for this new Sour Cream Dressing! The cream itself lends an interesting note. But the dressing's real claim to fame is its oil. Mazola Salad Oil, with that rare ability to blend flavors, yet accentuate them too. How wonderful—that you can have golden Mazola, and at such slight expense!




©Corn Products Sales Co.



## SOUR CREAM DRESSING

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 tablespoons corn starch | 1¼ cups milk |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | 2 egg yolks |
| 2 teaspoons mustard | ¼ cup vinegar |
| 2 teaspoons salt | ½ cup Mazola Salad Oil |
| ⅛ teaspoon pepper | 1 teaspoon onion juice |
| Few grains cayenne | 2 teaspoons chopped parsley |
| ½ teaspoon paprika | ½ cup sour cream |

Mix first seven ingredients in small amount of the milk until smooth. Add remaining milk. Bring to a boil over low heat and boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; gradually beat mixture into egg yolks with rotary beater. Return to heat and cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add vinegar; beat well. Gradually beat in Mazola Salad Oil until smooth. Cool; fold in onion juice, parsley and sour cream. Makes about 2½ cups.

*P. S. Ever try marinating hamburgers before you cook them? Two or three hours spent blissfully soaking in Mazola French Dressing makes them out of this world!*



"I'VE KNOWN EVER SINCE I WAS A BRIDE, ANNE—"

*It's Smart to Buy the* FINEST *Sterling*

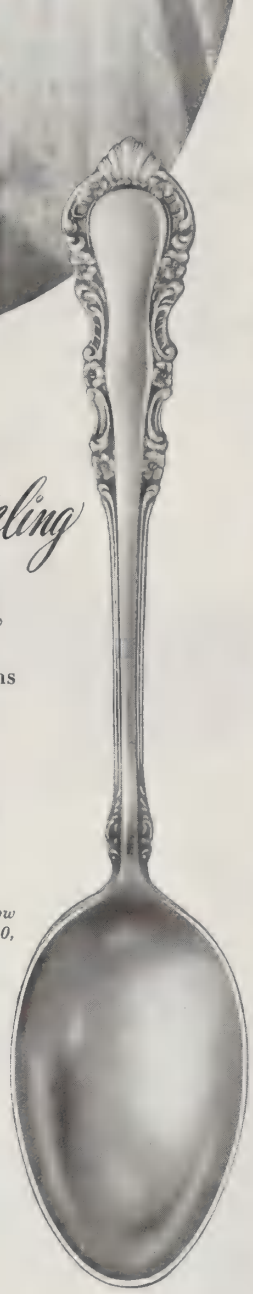
Your own solid silver pattern is the most personal, unchanging expression of your taste for now, for always. So choose the very *finest* sterling. Generations of American families have identified the *best* with Reed & Barton.

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# NEVER A DULL MEAL

*By Clementine Paddleford*

STUART



Clementine Paddleford

NEVER put off till tomorrow the good meals you can today. It's our notion that if every home adopted a good-meals-a-day system of eating, we could forget "basic seven" rule of nutrition and cook and eat just fo What's fun about cooking? Then you are bored with That is, with your own? The only cure is to find new w handling the same old stuffs, to forget the hidebound rule tie the cook's hands. There's excitement and thrill in disco a new approach to the daily bread. It gives a woman strings to her bow and endears her to family and friends.

Consider breakfast—and it's time we did. A national bre survey shows that less than 1 per cent of America's homem spend any thought whatsoever on planning menus for the ing meal. Yes, we know tastes are simple early in the day. even the basic breakfast patterns are improved with a frill or two. A mere shake of th gives the orange juice new sparkle. Remember, good beginnings make happy en There's no better time to begin the day with a good breakfast than summer. It's coo the morning. By high noon a salad, a sandwich, a glass of milk are luncheon en

### ★ ★ ★ MONDAY ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

*Citrus-Juice Frappé
*Sautéed Farina—Apricot Slices
Frizzled Ham
Coffee Milk

**Dinner**

Cold Sliced Meat from Sunday Roast
*Macaroni—Sour-Cream Cheese Sauce
Buttered Garden Peas
Crusty French Bread
Wilted Lettuce
*Jellied Cherries
Iced Tea Milk

### ★ ★ ★ TUESDAY ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

*Orange Slices with Fresh Mint
Wheat Flakes, Honey-Sweetened
Chipped Beef on Waffles
Coffee *or* Cocoa

**Dinner**

*Succotash *(Fresh Lima beans and sweet corn)*
Broiled Bacon
Whole Broiled Tomatoes Baby Carrots
Whole-Grain Bread
Cottage Cheese and Chive Mounds on Cress *(Garnish with radish slices)*
Deep-Dish Rhubarb Pie
Coffee Milk

### ★ ★ ★ WEDNESDAY ★ ★

**Breakfast**

*Green-Pepper Tomato Juice
Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Spread with Deviled Ham
Coffee Milk

**Dinner**

*Liver Potato Patties—Parsley Sauce
*Poor Man's Asparagus *(Scallions)*
*Seven-Minute Beets
Chutney
Assorted Rolls
*Honey Fluff *or* Berries and Crean
Iced Coffee

### ★ ★ ★ THURSDAY ★ ★

**Breakfast**

*Summer Fruit Medley with Tossed Cereal
Toasted English Muffins *or* Toast
Whole-Wheat Muffins
Jam *or* Marmalade
Coffee Milk

**Dinner**

Chilled Vegetable Juice
*Savory Veal
*Noodles Cooked in Bouillon
Steamed Broccoli

OUR guest of the month is a *food* reporter. She gets the low-down on the latest in food and where you can find it. Her name is Clementine Paddleford. She lives in New York, week-ends up in Connecticut where she grills the hours away over the outdoors fireplace and eats whereof she grills. She says so herself. Also she watches the weeds grow—or so she claims.

Clementine is a tallish, reedlike figure of a girl who gets around easy. Hither and yon she goes, looking up something new, exotic as the South Seas can send us, plain as corned beef and cabbage, but always new. Maybe her best-known reporting is done in New York's Herald Tribune, but her columns in This Week and The Gourmet Magazine are followed by a long procession of gourmets and would-be ones.

Well, Clementine, you've got here at last; and come right in and leave your hat on any handy chair. The caviar's in the refrigerator, and those Morro-crab claws are icing. I'm *real* glad you came.

*Ann Batchelder*

Tossed Greens with Sieved Egg Yolks
with French Dressing
Brown Bread and Raisin Bread
Cantaloupe
Hot *or* Iced Tea

★ ★ ★ **FRIDAY** ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

*Cereal-Peach Shortcake
*Egg Puff with Toast Triangles
Currant Jelly
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**

ellied Consommé with Lime Quarters
*Creamed Salmon in
Mashed-Potato Nests
Buttered Spinach
Mixed Vegetable Slaw *(side dish)*
Hard Rolls
Blueberry Shortcake
Coffee Tea

★ ★ ★ **SATURDAY** ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

*Sunshine Cocktail
*Oatmeal with Molasses Milk
Whole-Wheat Toast Sticks
Coffee Milk

**Dinner**

Cream of Onion Soup
*Budget Birds
Buttered Green Beans
*Grandma Flint's Potatoes
Bread Jelly
*Jackstraws
*ucumber, carrots, celery, green-pepper sticks)*
*Strawberry-Gelatin Pie
Iced Tea *or* Fruitade

★ ★ ★ **SUNDAY** ★ ★ ★

**Breakfast**

*Fruit-Plate Temptation
*lternate orange sections and sweet cherries circling mound of honeydew balls, served with sweetened lime juice)*
*Eggs à la Suisse on Buttered Toast
And More Toast
*Bacon Curls
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**

*Rolled Lamb Shoulder
*Currant Barbecue Sauce
Zucchini
Potato Soufflé
Tossed Green Salad with Diced Avocado,
French Dressing
*Hot Buttered French Loaf
*Ice-Cream Cupcakes
Iced Tea *or* Coffee

**FRUITS OF THE MORNING**

Take a day when every pore is panting and present the ***Citrus Frappé.*** Nothing to it but arm action. Orange or grapefruit juice alone, or in combination, a tear or two from the lemon, shake with finely cracked ice, and violently, for a five-carat-diamond gleam.

Sliced orange, it is found, gives more of the precious vitamin C than the reamed fruit. A picture plate of ***Sliced Oranges*** served with the slices overlapping, a miserly dusting of sugar, a liberal sprinkling of finely cut mint not long from its bed, will tempt both eye and appetite.

***Green-Pepper Tomato Juice.*** Give that changeless tomato juice a new palate smack. Open the can but halfway. Turn back and spoon in 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon celery salt and ½ green pepper, finely minced; mix well. Close down top, cover with wax paper, fasten with a rubber band. Chill overnight; strain before serving.

***Sunshine Cocktail.*** It's too hot to eat? Drink your egg for today. Beat together 1 egg yolk, the juice of 2 oranges, juice of ½ lemon and 2 teaspoons honey—call it a Sunshine Cocktail.

***Fruit-Plate Temptation*** is for a heat-wilted morning, a Sunday morning when half the thrill of the day lies in leisurely breakfasting, in serving those foods which have no niche in the daily timetable. Choose from the prodigality of the season—an embarrassment of riches! Here we suggest orange sections alternating with sweet cherries, circling a mound of green balls dipped from the honeydew melon. Just as well that the melon be cut into sticks and arranged in sunburst pattern around the sweet cherries, or there might be peeled peach halves, split and filled with dewy fresh raspberries or small clusters of the red ripe currants, sugar dipped, or the seedless white grapes coming now into market. Dress the fruit with lime juice sweetened with maple sirup; this passed in a small pitcher—each helps himself.


Party-pretty luncheon plate

Cucumber-and-Lime Aspic

Ritz Crackers

Shrimp

Fill aspic rings with shrimp and mayonnaise, circle with radish slices, serve with Ritz Crackers. Scrumptious luncheon for the girls—lovely to look at . . . *luscious* to eat! For tangy Ritz brings extra sparkle to salad—makes the flavors bloom like roses in the sun. So golden-good . . . so crunchy-crisp—Ritz is the darling of every hostess, the *love* of every guest. Here's something to remember when you go to buy crackers—

NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ—BUT RITZ!



# NOW- a bowl cover that's odor-proof



## make it yourself in 30 seconds

TRY IT YOURSELF—see how simple it is to make bowl covers with waxed-through, odor-proof Cut-Rite. No rubber bands or strings needed. And Cut-Rite covers never stretch and never have to be washed.

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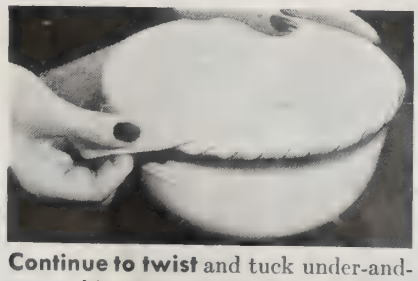
***Get Cut-Rite with its famous sawtooth cutting edge in the big 125-foot roll***



**Tear off** enough Cut-Rite to extend beyond rim of bowl at least an inch on all sides. Center Cut-Rite on bowl; hold firmly in place with left hand.



**Pleat and twist!** Still holding the wax paper firmly in place, start by pleating a corner, then twist and tuck under-and-up to the rim of the bowl.



**Continue to twist** and tuck under-and-up, working on the bias and turning bowl away from you as you go . . . until you have completed a snug-fitting roll.




**TEARS QUICKLY - EASILY - ALWAYS!**

"Cut-Rite" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


### CEREAL-FRUIT BLENDS

Leading them to breakfast, that's one thing; getting them to eat is something else again. Coax with fruit-and-cereal blends. Peel and slice the fragrant peach, add quarters of nectarine or apricot, and the berries of your choice. Heap these jewels of the orchard high in a glass bowl; drizzle over warm honey. Toss together à la tumble a medley of ready-to-eat cereals—puffed cereals, crispy oats, wheat flakes, what you will. Fruit and cereal come to the table together. Help yourself to cereal, then a topping of fruit, a pouring of cream.

Another day, another way: ***Cereal-Peach Shortcake.*** Split a shredded-wheat biscuit oven-crisp. Sandwich with a generous filling of sliced peaches or berries. Now, fruit over top and serve with light cream.

Something else to do with that shredded-wheat biscuit: Oven-heat and serve with a stuff called peach cream. To 1 cup milk, add ½ cup fresh sliced peaches, a wee pinch of salt, sweeten to taste and mix thoroughly with a rotary beater or the electric blender. This rosy thick cream over the crisp biscuit gives a dish nutritious and irresistible.

***Oatmeal and Molasses:*** A new team is oatmeal served with milk, sweetened and flavored with a few glups from the molasses pitcher. To 1 cup milk, add 1 tablespoon of the sirup, or more as you please.

***Sautéed Farina With Apricots:*** Farina climbs out of the bowl onto the breakfast plate. Cook farina in advance, and just before removing from the heat add finely cut dried apricots, soaked and drained, but not cooked. Turn into loaf pan, chill until firm. Unmold, slice thin, sauté in a little fat, turning to brown on both sides. Pass along thin slices of boiled ham sautéed in melted ham fat, one side, then the other, until their edges curl and crisp—that's a love match. Or do it this way: add a speck of onion and sautéed crumbled sausage to the hot cereal; chill; slice to fry like mush and serve with preserves.

### TEMPTING WITH TOAST

Endless are the ways of presenting the toast. And toast is a fine user-upper of stale bread—something to keep in mind today. Cut the toast into triangles, into sticks, into fingers.

Make ***Toast Wafflettes:*** Put together two thin slices of buttered bread lightly spread with jam. Place in heated waffle iron and bake to a crisp perfection.

***Jelly-Toast Rolls*** make a festive service. Cut crusts from bread, spread lightly with jelly. Roll each slice as for jelly roll. Hook with toothpicks, place on baking sheet, seam side down. Toast under medium broiler heat, turning until evenly browned.

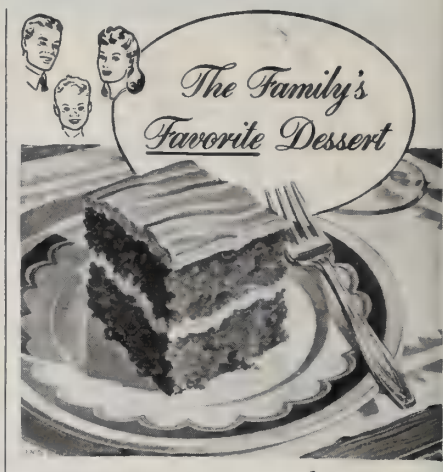
Eat your toast spread thickly with a highly spiced deviled ham, a poached egg nested tiptop. Toast is a cozy couch for creamed foods such as dried beef or those eggs à la Suisse.

Another little stunt: Cut whole-wheat bread into one-inch-thick slices, remove crusts, cut into three strips. Place on buttered tin and toast quickly on all four sides under a hot broiler. For a sweet bite, brush the sticks well with melted butter or margarine, roll in sugar combined with cinnamon.

### THE EGG QUINTUPLETS

Eggomaniacs want their eggs plain boiled, fried, scrambled, poached or in omelet—but plain! Others get bored with these monotonous quintuplets. Then it's time for a change on the five basic themes.

For a happy variable, ***Eggs à la Suisse,*** so the French call them; we call them slick. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in an omelet pan, add ½ cup cream or undiluted evaporated milk, slide in 4 eggs, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a few grains of cayenne. When the whites begin to set, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons grated cheese. Finish cooking and serve on buttered toast. Strain hot cream over each serving. Add 4 handsome ***Bacon Curls,*** and that's a good breakfast. Bacon will curl like the little pig's tail when sliced very thin, placed in pan and boiling water poured over, then let stand a few moments.


## Spicy Gingerbread

*. . . with Creamy Mocha Icing*

Sure to win approval is a dessert featuring gingerbread . . . especially when you add a tantalizing contrast like Mocha icing, or some other fancy topping. For finer flavor, lighter texture, make your gingerbread with Duff's.

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## WILSON'S B-V "MEAT MAGIC" for SOUPS





*George Rector*
Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.
*gives you this soup secret:*

It's so simple. Cook vegetables, noodles or "what have you" until tender, add as much boiling water as is needed for quantity desired, and then add Wilson's B-V to taste—about ⅔ tsp. per cup of soup. Wilson's B-V is a delicious blend of concentrated meat extract and selected vegetable flavors.

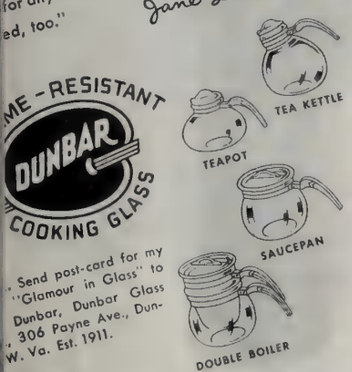



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W. Va. Est. 1911.


Drain, roll, fasten with toothpicks and broil to a crisp.

***Egg Puffs*** are a fine take-off to the day. Beat 2 eggs to a froth, season, add 2 tablespoons cream and pour into small skillet lubricated with melted butter or margarine. Right through the cooking, keep the mixture twirling. You won't believe it, but those eggs rise to the top of the pan and, what's more, stay there. The yellow puff is served with triangles of hot buttered toast and a big dip of sparkling jelly, either crab apple or currant.

### LEFTOVER ROAST

Roasts belong to Sunday. Sliced cold roast belongs to Monday—it's second-day feasting! So eye-arresting and cool is a platter of sliced meat, garlanded with cress. Pass along one hearty hot food such as the macaroni done in a sour-cream sauce. That's a dish first met at Herman Smith's table; he's the author of Stina, a book about an Alsatian cook. The dish was originally served by this Stina long ago at the Smiths' table in a little Michigan town.

***Macaroni in Sour-Cream Sauce.*** Double-boiler heat two 14½-ounce cans evaporated milk, add ½ pound grated sharp Cheddar cheese and stir into milk until melted and blended. Add 1 teaspoon dry mustard and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire with salt and pepper to taste. Cook to the consistency of thick cream, then thicken a bit more with a paste made by blending 1 tablespoon cornstarch with 1 tablespoon water. Cook 1½ boxes macaroni until tender, drain, rinse in cold water. Drain again, mix with sauce and turn into a broad casserole. Pour over 1 pint sour cream; sprinkle with ¼ cup finely cut chives or scallions. Top with mixture of ½ cup crushed corn flakes and ¼ cup grated cheese. Place in slow oven until well heated and the topping has browned. That's macaroni for six with second helpings around—and these never refused.

**It is never the woman who makes good biscuits that lures a man away from his fireside and his bachelor comforts, but the one who wears a rose in her hair.**

—HELEN ROWLAND: The Digressions of Polly (The Baker & Taylor Co.)

***Jellied Cherry Dessert*** is a sweet without sugar. Chill 1 pound pitted big black cherries (sweet) and pile in mound in serving bowl. Melt together over hot water one 8-ounce glass apple jelly and one 8-ounce glass raspberry jelly, stirring until smooth. Let cool until thickened; pour over the chilled cherries and place in refrigerator for thirty minutes or until the jelly is set. Serve at once with plain cream, garnishing plates with mint leaves.

### SUCCOTASH DINNER

Corn's ripe, and no finer way to eat the sweet harvest than straight from the cob. Next best is succotash, the garden-fresh Limas joining with the milk-blessed kernels—a dish for the gods. Cook 2 cups fresh Lima beans in a small amount of boiling water until tender but not broken. Add 3 cups fresh corn and cook five minutes more. Drain, add 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika. Hold your hats—add ¼ pound butter or margarine and ¾ cup light cream. Place over hot water five minutes, serve piping. Yield: six polite portions. Pass with a platter of crisply broiled bacon, whole boiled tomatoes and whole baby carrots.

Ever boil a garden-fresh tomato? Don't wait a day longer. Drop firm ripe tomatoes into boiling salted water and clock for five minutes. Stick tines of fork into core, remove from water and peel quickly. Dig out a cozy little hollow in the top, drop in a dot of butter or margarine, sprinkle with pepper, serve immediately.

Garden carrots, the little ones, about the size of your middle finger, take kindly to the whole treatment—so shapely and handsome on the dinner plate.

*(Continued on Page 219)*





**S STILL SCARCE**




**BUT THERE'S MORE COMING!**

**JUST GRIN AND SPREAD IT THIN!**

**HE SANDWICH SPREAD OF THE NATION**
*anded with the devil...but fit for the gods!*




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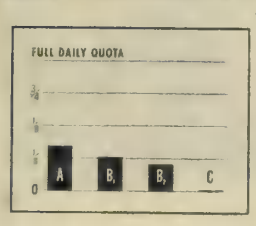
"Flint" is a registered trademark of Ekco Products Company

# DO YOUR BREAKFASTS MAKE THESE MISTAKES?

**DO THEY SKIMP?**

*Break fast* means just that. More than any other meal, it must build up pep and energy. You'll do that, and get many vitamins, too, from a cereal with milk, buttered toast, and an egg. But without orange juice, even this substantial breakfast gives your family almost no vitamin C. And because so few foods are good sources of C, health authorities say it's best to get your full day's share at breakfast.

***Without California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of day's vitamin needs:***

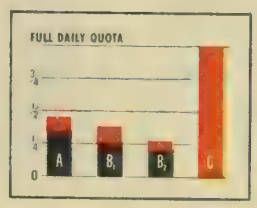



**DO THEY SKIP?**

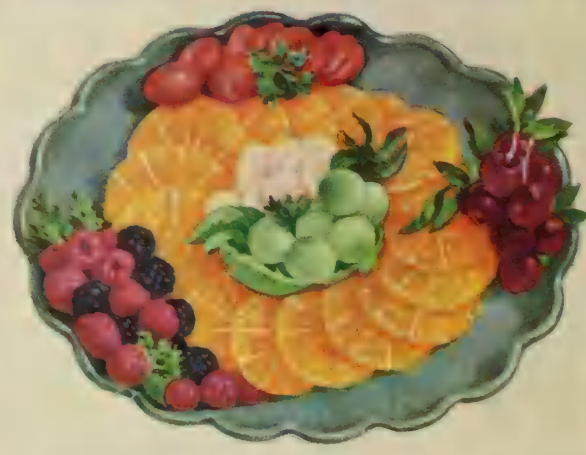
*Don't miss* your California orange juice. Besides supplying many added health values, it fills your day's quota of vitamin C. You need this vitamin every day to fight fatigue and infection, protect teeth and gums, and keep feeling young.

So let every breakfast start with California orange juice—even when you have other fruit. There's no brighter, cheerier, more delicious start for the day.

***With California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of day's vitamin needs:***




*It's America's health habit—California orange juice every morning. Nothing else so delicious is so good for you. Sunkist Oranges are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.*



**NO FANCY RECIPE NEEDED**

—start with orange slices, add any other fruits you choose. Easy-to-peel California oranges are favorites for the lunch box and eating between meals too. For free Orange Recipe Book, write to Sunkist, Dept. 206, Los Angeles 55, Calif.

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

**Sunkist**

**BEST FOR JUICE**—*and Every use!*

*(Continued from Page 217)*

### ONCE A WEEK, LIVER

***Potato Liver Patties.*** Do appetites sulk when it's liver again? These patties won't cause a stampede toward the table, but they do get eaten to the last bite. Simmer ½ pound beef liver two minutes in boiling water. Drain well and put through the food chopper with ½ small onion. Combine thoroughly with 1½ cups mashed potatoes, 2 tablespoons pickle relish, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Form into small balls, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs and pan-fry until brown. Serve with parsley sauce.

With this we like a dish known in France as ***Poor Man's Asparagus***—dainty green onions prepared asparagus style. Gather the onions fresh from the garden, allowing 8 to a portion; or if purchased in the market, 1 bunch apiece. Wash and strip away thin outer membrane. Remove roots and a part of top, leaving perhaps three inches of the green. Lay onions all one direction in pot wide enough to accommodate their length and cook in boiling well-salted water until just tender, twelve to fifteen minutes. Serve with melted butter or faithful margarine. Hear that round of applause?

Now a speedy way with beets: Peel the vegetable raw, then slice very thin, shred or dice fine and into a saucepan or skillet with barely enough water to cover. Cook seven to ten minutes, add butter or margarine, season and meet beets at their best—better texture, better flavor, a joy to the palate and all done in jig time.

***Honey Fluff.*** No precious sugar is required for that fluff dessert made with a prepared vanilla pudding, and simple as shucks! Follow package directions, and the minute before removing from heat, stir in ¼ cup honey. Set aside until almost cool, then fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites and serve well chilled.

**The late Simon Bolivar Buckner used to tell a story of an old resident in his Kentucky home who was celebrated for his wisdom.**

**"Uncle Zeke," a young man once asked, "how does it come you're so wise?"**

**"Because," said the old man, "I've got good judgment. Good judgment comes from experience, and experience—well, that comes from poor judgment!"**

### JUST A NICE DINNER

The mood shifts. Come Thursday, you'll be wanting something substantial in the meat line to sink the teeth into. ***Savory Veal.*** Order a 4-pound leg or rump of veal, wipe with damp cloth. Make a paste of 1 teaspoon sage, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon salt and 3 tablespoons vinegar and spread over meat. Place in roaster, skin side up; arrange 4 strips of bacon over top, cover and roast in a moderate oven (350° F.) allowing twenty to thirty minutes per pound. Approximate serving: 8 portions.

Plain wide noodles are the right thing with this, and twice as right when cooked in a chicken bouillon. Just before serving drain noodles and add about 1 tablespoon finely cut parsley. Freckle with freshly ground pepper. If you can spare it, stir in a lump of butter or margarine, nut size, to glaze the noodles in a golden sweetness.

Greens for the bowl: garden lettuce, water cress, chard, a few heart leaves of spinach. Send the leaves to the table washed, dried and wearing a halo of gold—this a sprinkling of ¼ cup sieved hard-cooked-egg yolk, with a pinch of curry powder mixed in. French dressing joins the salad at the time of serving. Toss well, that every leaf be shining with oil.

### A WORD IN YOUR EAR

Salmon returns to the grocer's shelf. How good it tastes creamed and dipped into fluffy mashed-potato nests. ***Creamed Salmon in Potato Nests.*** Add about 1 tablespoon finely minced scallions and 1 tablespoon finely cut green pepper when you whip up the "spuds." That garden edition does something divine for the fish. But fish, you say, is not your dish? Here's a substitute then. Pour creamed June peas over deviled eggs arranged in a casserole, then oven-heat. Use the same menu as for the salmon, but plain sliced tomatoes instead of the mixed vegetable slaw. This, by the way, is but shredded cabbage, carrots and green pepper, in a French dressing, faintly scented with garlic.

### OTHER IDEAS

***Budget Birds.*** Balm to the budget are these. An easy way to dress up a half-dozen slices of cold boiled ham: Make a moist bread dressing, season with onion and thyme. Mix in a bowl well rubbed with a cut garlic clove. Place 1 tablespoon dressing on each of 6 slices of ham. Roll, then wrap with a bacon slice, fasten with toothpicks. Brown quickly in hot fat. Reduce the heat and cook until the bacon is crisp.

***Potatoes in Cream.*** It was Grandma Flint, a farm woman in Riley County, Kansas, who taught us her way to do potatoes in cream. Pare potatoes and put through meat grinder. Cover at once with coffee cream, dot with butter or margarine and season with pepper and salt. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) thirty minutes or until tender and cream has been absorbed. Eight coarsely ground potatoes provide portions for six.

***Jackstraws.*** Sophisticates who like their garlic can perfume the jackstraws this easy way. Rub both sides of a piece of wax paper with a freshly cut garlic clove. Spread matchsticks of cucumbers, carrots, green pepper and celery over one side of paper. Roll as for a jelly roll, and wrap the bundle in a clean cloth. Chill in the refrigerator until the sticks are snapping crisp.

***Strawberry-Gelatin Pie*** stretches 1 cup of sliced berries to serve a party of six. Bake pastry undercrust and set aside to cool. Line with cup of firm sliced strawberries. Whip the whites of 4 eggs, add 4 tablespoons granulated sugar and whip until the whites look glazed. Dissolve 1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin in ½ cup boiling water. Cool the gelatin slightly and add to the egg white. Pour over the sliced berries in crust. Chill until firm.

### IT'S SUNDAY AGAIN

If Gertrude Stein ever lets loose and writes on America's Sunday dinner, you will read something like this: "A roast is a roast is a roast." But roast, too, can be different.

***Rolled Lamb Shoulder.*** Have the meat man bone and roll a shoulder of lamb. When you take over, rub it well with 1 tablespoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper and place on rack in uncovered roasting pan. Let roast, without water or flour added, for approximately forty minutes per pound or until meat thermometer registers well done. During the last hour baste frequently with this ***Currant Barbecue Sauce:*** Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ½ cup currant jelly and 2 tablespoons vinegar together with ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Serve additional barbecue sauce with the sliced meat.

Usually one looks at a loaf of bread as a finished product. We like to use it as a point of departure. Buy a long crisp crusted loaf, French or Italian. You know the kind, white of crumb with an all-over quarter-inch crust, brown as a hickory nut. Thickly slice, cutting to the bottom crust, but not through. Ten minutes before serving, drizzle melted butter or margarine over, letting this run between the slices. Now into a hot oven until the loaf is piping. Serve on your best breadboard—the eaters pull off pieces, but only as needed, of course.

***Ice-Cream Cupcakes.*** Sunday, and men want dessert with a capital *D*. Fruit fresh from the limb doesn't quite satisfy. Give them cake and ice cream and serve the two as one. Scoop centers from 6 cupcakes and fill with ice cream (1 pint is enough); beat 3 egg whites and ½ cup honey until stiff and canopy the cakes in meringue. Brown quickly in a hot oven (425° F.). Rush tableward in a double hurry.


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*. . . and we've treasured every piece of it for almost 50 years"*



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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

# Here Comes the Bride

*By Iris Wilken*

WAY back since the days when the first bride got a glow in her eyes, picked herself a new set of fig leaves and said, "Today is the day," weddings have set an etiquette standard all their own. And now, whether a bride is planning to say her vows simply or arranging a wedding complete with rice and flower girls, there are still definite rules to be followed. Maybe you're the bride this season, maybe just a wedding guest—but bride, groom, best man or bridesmaid, you must know your wedding "do's and don't's!"

**YOU ARE THE BRIDE**—then this ur day of days, the day when all eyes admiration are focused on you. You t to be lovely and you will be lovely, but ything must be smooth as satin—bridal at that.

ou are in the spotlight from the day the ations are mailed out. They should be out three weeks before the wedding, two ks if the wedding is small and simple. Anncements and invitations are selected by and your mother; your mailing list is piled by you and the mother of the groom. ouncements go into the mail as soon as ceremony has been performed.

nancial responsibility he wedding, reception trousseau is yours and family's. The groom give you jewelry and . but your going-away t is your own selection. ur parents are divorced, onsidered your mother's to give the wedding, your father will still give away.

ur wedding dress sets tyle standard for those ur attendants and it is who decide what they ll wear. Gifts to your atants are presented be the wedding—usually uncheon or tea—and it stomary to give them thing they can wear . Jewelry is the most lar gift.

nless the sleeve of your n are long, you will gloves, and unless the s are short, and can be ved easily, thethird finger of the left- glove is slit ad simply turned back the wedding ing is slipped on your r.

the day of te wedding leave your gement ring at bme or wear it on your hand until afte the ceremony.

ur bridal bouqut is a gift to you from room, although ou plan the style and e on the flowers ou will carry. The ex- of decorating te church, fees for the nist and soloist ad the photographer's re on your accout.

u may present a edding ring or gift to room if you wis. If it is a gift, this ntation also takeplace before the cere-. It is quite cusomary for you to acany the groom when he buys your wedring, whether or ot you are buying a or him.

the wedding reheasal you are in charge, a substitute takes your place and no s of the ceremonyare used. You walk the aisle only when it is the real !

e hour set for th wedding depends y on your choice and the matter of is governed by theime and size of the ding. You are the lat person, accompaby your father, to ave for the church.

And you time your arrival for one minute past the hour set for the ceremony to give late-comers a last moment's grace. You proceed down the aisle on your father's right arm and, as you meet the groom, change your bouquet to your left arm and give your right hand to the groom. At the termination of the processional the bouquet is handed to the maid of honor. If the groom is to have a ring, you receive it from the maid of honor at the same time the best man hands your ring to the groom. The ring is placed on his finger immediately after you receive your ring. At the beginning of the recessional your bouquet is returned to you. The maid of honor assists you with your veil and train.

At the reception you will stand on your husband's right, the maid of honor on your right. After the guests have all arrived and you have had refreshments, you may leave to dress. This is the time to gather your bridesmaids about you to toss your bouquet. If you are having only one or two attendants, the young girls present may be included in this group.

In the excitement of leaving, remember your husband's parents. Ask them to come to say good-by before dashing down the stairs.

With a shower of rice you are off—but there is still an after-honeymoon duty. Thank-you notes in the bride's own handwriting are a social must. When gifts have been received from married couples, the envelope is addressed to the wife, but the salutation also includes her husband. Never send engraved cards, but acknowledge every gift personally—no matter how small.

**IF YOU ARE THE GROOM**—then you, too, are sharing the spotlight. And besides putting a flower in your buttonhole, you have "do's and don't's" duties as important as those of the bride.

Buying the engagement ring is your first big expense. After that you can rest in relative peace—supposedly, at least—until shortly before the wedding.

You are expected to buy a gift for the bride—always something for her personal adornment. And you will also buy her bridal bouquet, but she will decide what she wishes to carry. You may present a corsage to the bride's mother, and of course you are responsible for the marriage license, wedding ring, clergyman's fee (which is placed in an envelope and turned over to the best man) and the honeymoon expenses.

Gifts to your attendants will be presented at your bachelor's dinner or sometime before the ceremony. The expense of that dinner is yours.

What you wear is determined by the time and size of the wedding, but cutaway coats

## *Magic*

**By Kingsley Tufts**

The weather is fair,
  The leaves are green;
The apples are there
  Unripe, unseen.

Time passes his hand
  From an old habit
Over the land,
  The hat, the rabbit.

His fingers snap;
  He jerks the shawl
And into my lap
  Red apples fall.


*Home...*
is where a bride looks loveliest



...when Daniel Green Slippers are in her trousseau!

THE MILITAIRE
Heaven Blue rayon satin mule for every occasion. Also in bridal white. Around $5.00.

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For the loveliest—in blossom pink rayon satin. Around $4.50.

THE MOLLY-O
A dainty, lime rayon satin mule. Also in bridal white. Around $4.50.

The final, perfect touch to make a bride or *any* woman look her loveliest at home—dainty, exquisite Daniel Green slippers.

And the brightly styled beauty of the first day you wear them, will *last* for countless wearings. For Daniel Green tradition is enduring, painstaking craftsmanship—right down to hidden details you never see or think of. For "stay-in-shape" beauty, your wisest choice in slippers . . . is beautiful Daniel Greens.

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COMFY SLIPPERS
THEY STAY IN SHAPE

Follow your secret heart with



SunBird

Louis Philippe's new lipstick shade

Count your heart lost when your lips meet Sunbird. Your new love . . . your new loveliness . . . will be Louis Philippe's enchanted red! Lipstick in a golden-colored metal case of jeweler design. $1. Matching rouge, creme or cake, 49¢. (Plus tax.)




require high hats and a stick for the groom. The bottom of your soles should be blackened so that when you kneel your shoes will be neat and not detract. Make sure the polish doesn't come off, however—particularly if a white carpet is used.

In most instances you and the best man will follow the clergyman from the vestry into the chancel. Usually it is considered more gallant for you to wait on the right side until the bride approaches and then to go down the steps to meet her. If there are no steps, you merely take a step forward. You will then take the bride's right hand in your own right hand and draw it through your left arm, at the same time turning toward the chancel.

The best man will hand you the ring at the proper time, and if it is a double-ring ceremony, you will receive your ring immediately after the bride has received hers. After the ceremony you leave the church with your bride on your right arm. She will also stand on your right in the receiving line.

All reservations, tickets and other arrangements should be ready when it is time to leave on your honeymoon. You do not wear your boutonniere after leaving the house. When the bride is ready, she will call you and you will meet with your attendants and parents for a last good-by. Then it's a dash down the stairs and you are off—from then on all responsibilities are yours.

**IF YOU ARE THE MAID OF HONOR**—you have the second feminine lead on this special day, and it is your duty to be pretty, pleasant and available whenever the bride needs your assistance.

● Your costume is your expense, but the bride selects it. The flowers you carry will be given you as a gift.

You meet the other attendants at the bride's home and leave from there for the church together.

At the time of the wedding you walk down the aisle alone behind the bridesmaids. When the bride and groom ascend toward the altar, you move out of line until you stand immediately below the bride. After the processional the bride hands her bouquet to you. If it is a double-ring ceremony, you will hand the groom's ring to the bride when the best man hands the groom the bride's ring. As the recessional begins, the bride again takes her bouquet, and if she has worn a veil over her face, you turn it back at this time.

As the bride descends the altar steps, you will hand your bouquet to a second attendant or hold it in your left hand if you are the only attendant and see that the bridal train is properly arranged. At a very formal wedding, you will walk up the aisle alone, otherwise with the best man.

In the reception line, you will stand on the bride's right. There you will remain until the bridal party is served, but after taking your chance at catching the bouquet, make sure there is some rice on hand to join in a traditional farewell!

**IF YOU ARE THE BEST MAN**—then you are Johnny-on-the-spot. You are the groom's right-hand man and serve in every capacity from ticket buyer to personal valet, besides being escort-for-the-day to the maid of honor.

● You will help the groom make all necessary arrangements for his wedding trip, and on the day of the wedding you will think for him as well as for yourself.

You wear precisely what he does, with the exception of a smaller boutonniere, and it is up to you to keep the ushers in line and see that each one knows what to do.

You must make sure you have the ring ready for the proper moment, and you take charge of the clergyman's fee. The groom should put the money in an envelope, and you should make sure you have it before the ceremony.

You follow the groom from the vestry and take a position opposite the maid of honor. Should the ring be dropped as it is being handed to the groom (and who said grooms don't get nervous?) you pick it up, and you had better practice doing that gracefully! When the bride and groom descend the altar steps, you return to the vestry, pick up the groom's hat and stick and proceed to the front door, where you see the couple into their car. In some instances, however, you may be asked to walk with the maid of honor up the aisle.

When the newlyweds are off, you return to the vestry, give the clergyman his fee, pick up your own hat and go to the reception. You are never in the receiving line, but be on hand to give the bride and groom a last good-by and a hearty send-off!

**IF YOU ARE A BRIDESMAID OR AN USHER**—you are just part of the wedding scenery and your duties are few.

● Be punctual and available whenever needed.

You are responsible for your own costumes. Bridesmaids' dresses are selected by the bride. Ushers will dress in conformity with the groom. Flowers or boutonnieres are given you as a gift.

Bridesmaids meet at the bride's home where they receive their bouquets, and proceed to the church from there. Ushers arrive at the church about an hour before the ceremony. They meet in the vestibule, where their boutonnieres should be waiting for them. The brother of the bride, if she has one, and a brother or relative of the groom are usually selected as ushers for the center aisle because they are most familiar with the relatives and friends.

Ushers offer their arm to each lady as she arrives. No one is seated in the family pews after the bride's mother is in her place.

Bridesmaids should not walk either up or down the aisle with the ushers. The ushers enter first, the bridesmaids leave first.

As soon as the recessional is over, the ushers hurry back down the aisle and escort the ladies in the first pews back to the church door.

Ushers do not stand in the receiving line but bridesmaids do—usually to the right of the maid of honor, depending on the size of the reception room. At a small wedding reception, ushers may bring guests up to the bride and groom.

If you are the lucky bridesmaid who catches the bride's bouquet, it is considered a thoughtful gesture to offer it to the bride's mother. After all, *catching* it was the significant thing and the bride's mother will value it as a keepsake.

Bridesmaids will assist the bride as she changes to traveling cloths, and both ushers and bridesmaids are present to say good-by before the other guests realize it is time for rice and slippers!

**IF YOU ARE THE PARENTS OF THE BRIDE**—this is a day you have been thinking about for many years. And since it is the biggest moment in your daughter's life, you are in charge of what you want to be a "perfect" weddig.

● Father has little to do but dress for the big day—his boutonniere is the same flower as that of the groom. (Of course the bills are his big headache.) On the day of the wedding he will ride to the church with his daughter and will walk down the aisle with her on his right arm. He remains at the spot where the groom meets the bride. At the proper time the father steps forward, places the bride's right hand in that of the clergyman, thus sig-

**Women, especially very young women, have a curious habit of attaching themselves to what *is* successful—never to what *will be* successful.** —PAUL MORAND: Delineator.

**There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.** —ANON.

**It is more to one's credit to go straight than to move in the best circles.** —ANON.



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nifying that he gives the bride in marriage, and then takes his place next to his wife at the end of the first pew on the left of the church.

The bride's mother has been busy with guest lists and other arrangements weeks before the wedding, and now that the day has actually arrived she serves in the capacity of hostess and must see that different duties have been allotted to specific persons and that all plans will work out efficiently.

As the bride's mother, you are the last person to be seated before the ceremony and are the first to leave after the bridal party has gone down the aisle. You and your husband leave the church together. At the reception you will receive first at the door of entrance. You may do this alone, or you may ask the groom's mother to assist you. Your husband may stand next to you or he may mingle with the guests.

You will help your daughter change to her traveling outfit, and you and your husband will join the couple to say good-by before they dash for the door.

**IF YOU ARE THE GROOM'S PARENTS**—your role is little more than that of a guest, especially for the groom's father.

● Before the wedding, however, the groom's mother prepares a list of relatives and friends for the bride's mother to combine with her list for invitations.

On the day of the wedding you will wait in the vestibule until the entire wedding party has arrived. The groom's mother is then escorted by the head usher to the first pew on the right, her husband follows alone and stands beside her. The same usher then returns to the vestibule to escort the bride's mother to her place. The groom's mother is escorted from the church immediately after the bride's mother.

At the reception you may be asked to receive with the bride's mother, or you will take your place beyond the bridesmaids. Your husband mingles with the guests.

When the bride is dressed to leave, she should ask you to join her and the groom upstairs for final good-bys.

**IF YOU ARE A GUEST**—you have the least important role, but even that has rules attached!

● You will receive an invitation to the wedding and reception. An invitation is considered a higher compliment than an announcement, and it is quite proper for you to receive an invitation although you may live at too great a distance to attend. The couple wished that you might be able to be there.

As soon as possible after receiving the invitation, you should send a wedding gift to the bride at her home. A card with your name, or that of both husband and wife, is enclosed.

Since duplication is easy, don't feel hurt if the bride wishes to exchange your gift. No one can use ten pairs of crystal candlesticks in a three-room apartment!

Be punctual at the wedding, and don't expect to be seated after the bride's mother has gone down the aisle. Neither do you make any move to leave the church until the guests and relatives on the first pews have been escorted from the church.

At a wedding reception conversation centers on the bridal couple. Congratulations are in order for the groom, but it is a breach of etiquette to offer the same to the bride, implying that she is to be congratulated on finding a husband! Make your greeting brief—others are waiting behind you. You will introduce yourself to the bride's mother and to the groom's mother if you have not met.

After congratulating the groom and expressing best wishes to the bride, you will mingle with the guests and enjoy the refreshments which are served. If gifts are being displayed, join the other guests in viewing them.

When the bride and groom are ready to leave, it's "Here they come, there they go," and you go too! With a final handful of rice and a last good-by, the wedding is over.


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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

# ACCENT ON ARRANGEMENT

*(Continued from Page 168)*

accomplishments. It is a skill, really, and you can have as much fun arranging flowers as if you were painting a masterpiece in oils. So, let's get going!

### CONTAINERS AND HOLDERS

Having the right containers for various types of flowers is important, and Mrs. Stassen picks up bowls and vases, urns and odd jars for her bouquets, keeping in mind the places she will use them. For large flowers, like gladiolus, long-stemmed roses, peonies, tulips and chrysanthemums, she uses deep containers which support the long stems and are properly scaled for lamp and magazine tables. Deep jars and bowls are necessary also. For the dining table, she prefers the daintier flowers, such as sweet peas, cornflowers, tea roses and lilies of the valley. For intimate spots about the house she has collected smaller bowls and vases to suit every native flower from the first delicately stemmed violets of spring to autumn's last courageous aster.

Needle holders of various shapes and sizes are a must. Heavy frogs are good for small-stemmed flowers. Fine chicken wire bent into a mushroom and placed over the holder helps the arrangement stay put.

### REMEMBER

Here is Mrs. Stassen's basic rule for successful bouquet making: Build your bouquet to a design, natural or modern, placing each flower separately and in the exact spot where it will show to best advantage. In other words, make the arrangement a picture. Natural grace gets top consideration. Stylized or modern arrangements are fun to make, and you can use flower heads or short-stemmed blossoms to advantage this way; and if you are wondering about Mrs. Stassen's pet rules for handling flowers to make them behave well and last longer, here is top information:

### TO MAKE FLOWERS LAST

Gather garden flowers before the sun is hot, preferably while the dew is still on. Put them in a deep temporary container so that the water comes almost up to the blossoms, and set them in a cool dark place. That big, long drink makes them keep fresh much longer. This goes for out-of-season cut flowers too. Remove the foliage from the part of the stem immersed in the water. The bouquet stays fresh longer if the water is not made acid by decayed foliage.

Clip off part of the foliage on leafy sprays or branches, such as lilacs or syringa, as the stem cannot supply all of them with enough water to keep both flowers and foliage from wilting.

### SPECIAL TIP

In the case of woody branches, such as dogwood, evergreens or foliage, scrape the bark away for a few inches, and split the stem with a knife. Good for dahlias, gladiolus and lilies, too, as it augments the water intake of the stem.

### STEM TECHNIQUE

Use a small wire to reinforce limp stems. This is regular florists' wire, which you buy in bundles, cut to appropriate lengths. Don't twist it all the way down the stem; just stick one end into the base of the flower, go once or twice around and secure the end near the base of the stem. The wire won't show and the blossoms will all look alert and stay that way to the very last, even in a warm room.

Cut the stems of hothouse flowers when it will improve your arrangements to have some blooms placed low. It takes courage, of course, to whack off inches from a long-stemmed flower, but it is worth the emotional strain. All stems the same length make stiff, artificial-looking bouquets that lack artistry, show up your lack of imagination and of course defeat your efforts at composition.

### FLOWER SALVAGE

Learn a technique for using the heads of flowers and those with short stems. Needle holders make it easy to use flower heads effectively, especially with the addition of fresh foliage. Such arrangements come under the head of modern—look sophisticated.

### ORIGINALITIES

Try new tricks, such as using a variety of odd foliage in with more familiar flowers. Float flower heads in a crystal bowl. Make nosegays from tiny flowers such as violets, pansies, crab-apple blossoms and phlox, and use groups of them for a really dramatic effect.

### FOR ROMANCE

Grow some fragrant herbs such as rosemary, mint and basil to give a potpourri fragrance to your bouquets. Don't forget the six or more varieties of geraniums with aromatic leaves which are perfect for the added bit of fragrance and whimsey, to say nothing of their beautiful design and color accent. Always grow a few plants of heliotrope, mignonette and lemon verbena for the romantic note in your bouquets.

### GROOMING

Change your dining-table flowers every day. They must be as fresh as your salads, and the sweeter you can make them, the better.

Using a few lumps of charcoal keeps water sweet in long-lasting bouquets, and commercial chemical tablets to dissolve in the water *do* make flowers last longer.

If you want certain bouquets to last and last, take the flowers out of their vases and immerse their stems in deep, cool water every night, covering over their heads with wax paper.




*"This is the fifth anniversary of my 29th birthday."*

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